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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Volume 34

March 1906—August 1906

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INDEX

TO THE

New England Magazine

VOL. XXXIV. MARCH, 1906—AUGUST, 1906

American Barbizon. An	*Grace L. Slocum*	563
American Sewing-machine. The: A Boston Yankee Invention which has Conquered the World	*Alexander Hume Ford*	443
Ancient Pemaquid: The Jamestown of New England	*H. O. McCrillis*	278
Attorney. Our District	*Vere Goldthwaite*	450
Barbizon. An American	*Grace L. Slocum*	563
Bench and Bar. Massachusetts (June)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	433
Bench and Bar. Massachusetts (July)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	529
Bench and Bar. Massachusetts (August)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	643
Books As I See Them (March)	*Kate Sanborn*	253
Books As I See Them (April)	*Kate Sanborn*	373
Books As I See Them (May)	*Kate Sanborn*	499
Books As I See Them (July)	*Kate Sanborn*	636
Books As I See Them (August)	*Kate Sanborn*	764
Boston and the Woman's Club	*Inez J. Gardner*	597
Boston Clubs. A Chronicle of	*Julia Ward Howe*	610
Brockton, Massachusetts	*Elroy S. Thompson*	233
Canton Among the Blue Hills	*Mary Stoyell Stimpson*	111
Chronicle of Boston Clubs. A	*Julia Ward Howe*	610
Combined Millions. The Despotism of (April)	*J. W. Ryckman*	224
Combined Millions. The Despotism of (May)	*J. W. Ryckman*	336
Combined Millions. The Despotism of (July)	*J. W. Ryckman*	543
Conundrum. A Literary	*Holman S. Hall*	187
Conventions Down East. Teachers'	*Mary C. Robinson*	204
Crew. A Pirate	*Thamas J. Partridge*	353
Curse in the Blessing. The	*George H. Westley*	745
Daltons and the Legacy. The	*Eleanor H. Porter*	584
Despotism of Combined Millions. The (April)	*J. W. Ryckman*	224
Despotism of Combined Millions. The (May)	*J. W. Ryckman*	336
Despotism of Combined Millions. The (July)	*J. W. Ryckman*	543
Diplomats. Summer Life of the	*Waldon Fawcett*	521
Disappointing Magic. A	*Alice Calhoun Haines*	540
District Attorney. Our	*Vere Goldthwaite*	450
Doctor Wentworth's Patient	*Minnie Barbour Adams*	663
Duties of a Modern Mayor. The	*Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston*	483
Early Evolution of the Public School in Massachusetts	*F. Spencer Baldwin, Ph. D.*	424
Editorials (March)		97
Editorials (April)		211
Editorials (May)		343
Editorials (June)		488
Editorials (July)		626

23384

INDEX

Editorials (August)		740
Editor's Table (April)		256
Editor's Table (May)		382
Editor's Table (June)		502
Editor's Table (July)		639
Editor's Table (August)		761
Facts About Santo Domingo	*Winthrop Packard*	1
Five Thousand Miles for a Farm	*George Billings*	105
Footnote on Whittier	*Charles F. Carter*	432
Fritz Puffer's Trouble	*Pauline Carrington Bouve*	196
Glimpses of Washington	*Winthrop Packard*	393
Goblet. Story of the	*Pauline Carrington Bouve*	322
Goorroogoo: An Epic of the Australian Bush	*Leighton Demain-Grange*	289
Grandma's Surrender	*A. H. Houk*	493
Handel and the Messiah	*H. O. McCrillis*	169
Historic Houses and a Noted School	*Sarah B. Lawrence*	465
Homesick Soul. A	*Juliette Golay*	31
Ideals of New England	*Kate Upson Clark*	618
Idyll of Tristam Shepard	*Jeanette Marks*	273
Immigration. The Modern Problem of	*Winfield S. Alcott*	553
Jamestown of New England. The (Pemaquid)	*H. O. McCrillis*	278
Lancers. The National	*John Stuart Barrows*	401
Legends of Old Newgate (March)	*George Henry Hubbard*	17
Legends of Old Newgate (May)	*George Henry Hubbard*	296
Literary Conundrum. A	*Holman S. Hall*	187
Longing. A New England	*Abram Wyman*	140
Making Maple Sugar	*Harry A. Packard*	145
Masked Courtship. A	*Stephanie Forster*	150
Massachusetts Bench and Bar. The (June)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	443
Massachusetts Bench and Bar. The (July)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	529
Massachusetts Bench and Bar. The (August)	*Stephen O. Sherman, Weston F. Hutchins*	643
Marketing of Fake Masterpieces	*Frederick W. Coburn*	308
Memory of Deacon Poole. The	*Abbie Farwell Brown*	58
Modern Mayor. The Duties of	*Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston*	483
Modern Problem of Immigration	*Winfield S. Alcott*	553
Mormon. The Trail of the	*Clifton Johnson*	131
Mt. Holyoke (See Three Famous New England Colleges)		628
Nancy May's Blossom-Time	*Mabel S. Merrill*	417
National Lancers. The	*John Stuart Barrows*	401
New England Energy Abroad	*Mary Stoyell Stimpson*	572
New England Longing. A	*Abram Wyman*	140
New England Women (May)	*E. Marguerite Lindley*	378
New England Women (June)	*E. Marguerite Lindley*	504
New England Women (July)	*E. Marguerite Lindley*	633
New England Women (August)	*E. Marguerite Lindley*	759
Newgate. Legends of Old (March)	*George H. Hubbard*	17
Newgate. Legends of Old (May)	*George H. Hubbard*	296
Nolo Contendere	*George William Gunn*	724
O'Brien	*Lucy M. Thornton*	458
Old-Home Week	*Thomas F. Anderson*	673
Our District Attorney	*Vere Goldthwaite*	450
Over the Spite Fence	*Muriel A. Brady*	313
Patriotism and the Patriotic Societies	*Edward L. Underwood*	102
Pictorial or the Creative. The	*Leonora Beck Ellis*	179
Pirate Crew. A	*Thomas J. Partridge*	353
Problem of Immigration. The Modern	*Winfield S. Alcott*	553
Quarantined Quarrel. A	*Eleanor H. Porter*	657
Revolutionary Heroine. Vermont's	*Helen Vanderheyden*	162
Rose Garden Story. A	*R. McD. Daniels*	606
Santo Domingo. Facts About	*Winthrop Packard*	1
Schoolmaster of Bagaduce. The	*Joseph Woodbury Strout*	689
Sewing-machine. The American	*Alexander Hume Ford*	443
Smith College (See Three Famous New England Colleges)		628
Srig of Rhodora. A	*J. W. Strout*	616
Story of the Goblet. The	*Pauline Carrington Bouve*	68

Story of the Rug. The	*Pauline Carrington Bouve*	322
Succesful Cast. A	*Thomas J. Partridge*	590
Summer Life of the Diplomats. The	*Waldon Fawcett*	521
Teachers' Conventions Down East	*Mary C. Robinson*	204
Three Famous New England Colleges—Wellesley, Smith and Mt. Holyoke	*Alice Stevens, Alice S. Jenkins, Mary Phillips Mallory*	628
Tickle-Town Topics (March)		93
Tickle-Town Topics (April)		215
Tickle-Town Topics (May)		348
Tickle-Town Topics (June)		477
Tickle-Town Topics (July)		606
Tickle-Town Topics (August)		743
Trail of the Mormon. The	*Clifton Johnson*	131
Tree of Knowledge	*Isabella Howe Fiske*	686
Uncle Billy's Legacy	*David Carroll Gale*	165
Unexectedness of the Widow Phelps	*Margaret Ashmun*	79
University of Illinois. The	*Stephen Sheldon Colvin*	43
Up Top	*Ellen J. Cooley*	749
Vermont's Revolutionary Heroine	*Helen Vanderheyden*	162
Worcester's Great Opportunity	*Frederick W. Coburn*	35
Washington. Glimpses of	*Winthrop Packard*	393
Whale and the Whaleman. The	*William S. Birge*	265
Whittier. A Footnote on	*Charles F. Carter*	432
Wellesley (See Three Famous New England College		628
Weymouth, Ancient and Modern	*George Walter Chamberlain*	705
Works of the Watch City. The	*Percival R. Eaton*	360

POETRY

April's Call	*Nella Ursk*	193
Amazi's Courting	*Dora Read Goodale*	306
Birth. The	*Aloysius Coll*	214
Carven Christ. The	*Clinton Scollard*	149
Comrades	*James L. Elderdice*	431
Coming of May. Thee	*Grace Stone Field*	295
Forest Child. The	*Cora A. Matson Dolson*	739
Duet. The	*Pauline Frances Camp*	656
Grandmother's Wish. The	*Daisy Wright Field*	498
Half-Memories	*Eugene C. Dolson*	30
Illusion	*Edwin Henry Keen*	42
Isle au Haut	*Charlotte Porter*	562
June-Song	*Louise Lewin Matthews*	423
Lyric in May	*Hallett Abend*	312
Laurel	*J. C. Crowell*	581
Nathaniel Hawthorne	*Joseph Lewis French*	101
Nevertheless	*Charles Hanson Towne*	110
Old Familiar Town	*Lillian Hinman Shucy*	672
Old Lace (1776)	*Eunice Parke Detweiler*	487
Old Landmarks	*Eugene C. Dolson*	305
On a Corot Landscope	*Margaret Ashmun*	696
On Easter Morn	*Henri Lauriston Germain*	194
Patriotism and Peace	*Eugene C. Dolson*	305
Pine-Tree and the Dew-Drop	*Carroll Dean Murphy*	108
Right of Way. The	*Aloysius Coll*	92
Search. The	*Pauline Frances Camp*	482
Shadow of the Night. The	*Cora A. Matson Dolson*	67
Song of the Dawn. The	*William Stanley Braithwaite*	635
Song of the Pines. The	*Winthrop Packard*	359
Song of the Woods. A	*James Buckham*	562
Torch. The	*Elisabeth R. Finley*	347
Voice in the Night. A	*Louella C. Poole*	632
Where Succory Grows	*Aimee Benedict*	449
Woodland Meeting. A	*Burton Ives*	164

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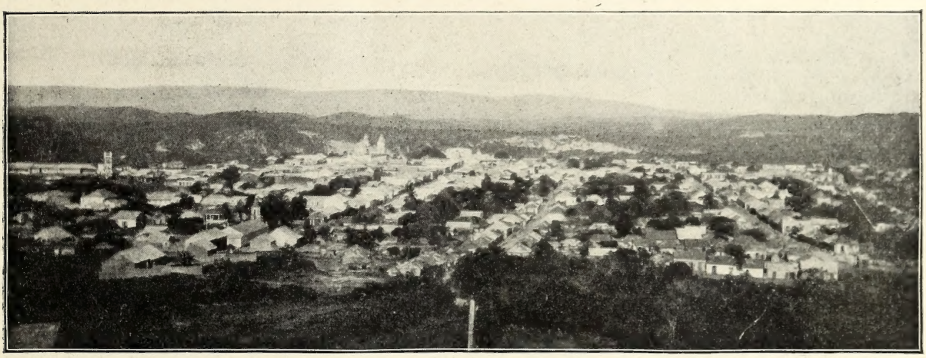
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

March, 1906

VOLUME XXXIV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 1

Facts About Santo Domingo

By WINTHROP PACKARD

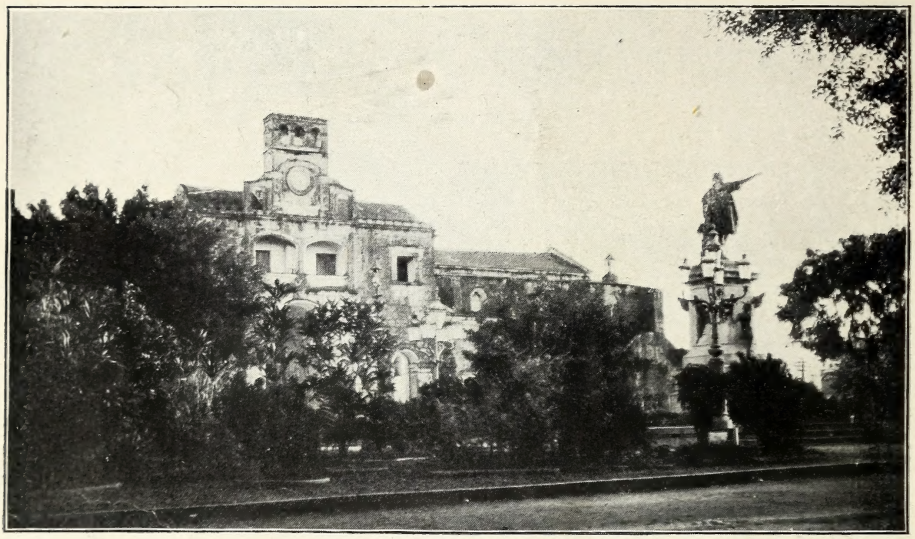


CITY OF SANTIAGO

WHATEVER else may be the outcome of President Roosevelt's Santo Domingo policy one result seems certain. That is that the truth about the island will come out. The place has been for half a century a breeding ground of strange tales. Its people have been said to be truculent and cruel, dangenerous to all strangers and foreigners; voodooism and human sacrifice has been pictured as rampant among a savage crew of degenerates who practiced all the rites of fetish worship that have come down from aboriginal African ancestors; in fact the island has been described as dangerous to visit, unhealthy to inhabit and peopled by a mongrel mixture of races in whom there is no hope of good.

Now there is just enough truth at the foundation of all this to uphold a tottering structure of misstatement which has endured for years. The facts are entirely another matter. The island is inhabited by two "republics," one that of Santo Domingo, the other that of Hayti. Mighty mountain ranges divide the two and the inhabitants have but little intercourse

with one another. When you land in Santo Domingo and try to trace the origin of the tales of voodoo and fetish worship, cannibalism and barbaric practices, you learn that those things take place, indeed, but not there. They prevail over the mountain range to the westward, among the Haytians. I have not visited nor studied the Haytians. I have an idea, however, that when you reach them you find that the end of the rainbow with its pot of gold is over on the next hill. Probably the Haytians can prove that these things occur, indeed, but not there,—only over in Africa.

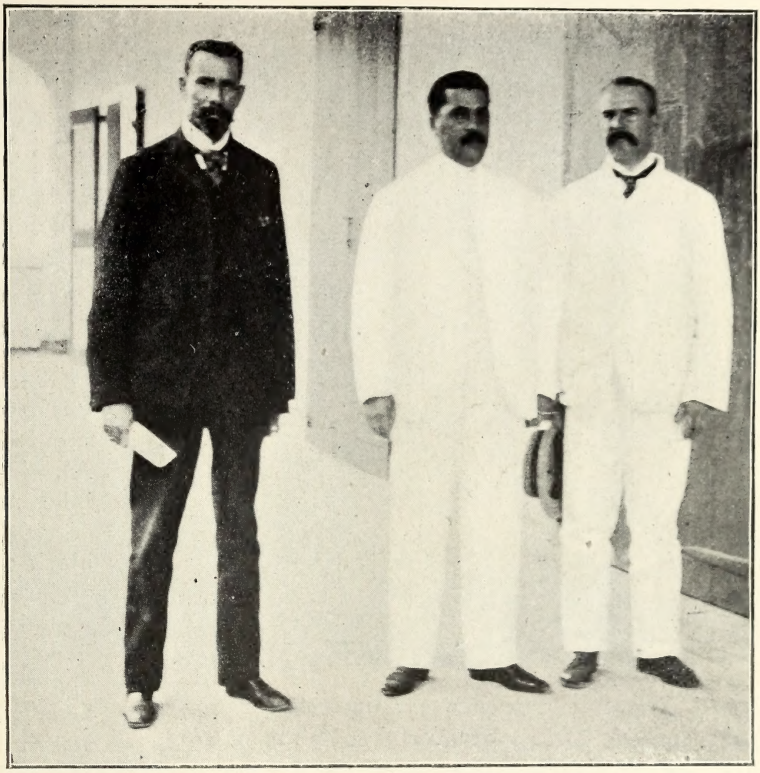


COLUMBUS CATHEDRAL AND MONUMENT, SANTO DOMINGO CITY

A mixture of races does not necessarily mean degeneracy. The Saxons grafted their stock upon that of the Britons, the Normans came and mingled with the two and the Celt adventured among them all. Yet the outcome of it all was the England which has ruled the sea and shaped the forces of civilization —through various channels—ever since. The product was a race of sturdy, adventurous, ambitious, fearless, intellectually dominant men. The better characteristics of each race seem to have survived in the stock and welded into a harmonious whole. That is to say, the result is a race still, and a better one not a nondescript nor a mongrel. Things have happened otherwise in Santo Domingo. It had a race once, a gentle people who thrived there in peace. Then came the Spaniard and with unexampled cruelty and ferocity wiped this race from the face of the earth. Later came thither the buccaneers and pirates who were the offscourings of Europe, and later still the slave traders brought the negroes.

The Spaniards laid the foundation of an old world civilization deep in Santo Domingo. They established cities, cut roads through the tropical wilderness and gave the island a code of laws which has prevailed in large measure to the present day.

They built churches of great architectural beauty, some of which have survived the decay of the centuries. Others are but crumbling ruins. Could they have remained there, their blood unmixed, it is easy to believe that the island would have to-day been civilized, a place of fair cities, prosperous plantations and no political problem for the United States or Germany or might well have been another England, but it was not; it was a mixture of races which cannot weld into a harmonious whole. The result was not a race, but a mongrel. That is what the Dominican is to-day and that is what is the matter with his republic. You find in the island a few men of the uncontaminated Spanish stock. Of such is Don Emiliano Tehera, well

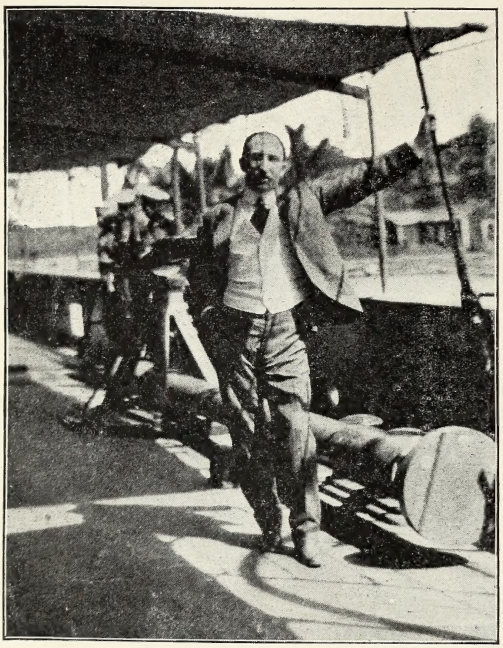


EX-PRESIDENT MORALES, CENTRE; U. S. MINISTER T. C. DAWSON, RIGHT; SANCHEZ, MINISTER OF FINANCE, LEFT

anybody else to grapple with. Unfortunately there were the negroes. They thrived and multiplied in the favorable climate and their blood and that of the Spaniards mingled. Could it have been Saxon, Norman, Celt and Briton, Santo Domingo named "the grand old man" of the island. Another is Miguel A. Roman, governor of Santiago province in the interior. These, and a few like them, are the brains and the stability of the people, and when the mongrels reach a deadlock in

their tribal quarrels they turn to these men of pure white blood to help them out with sound advice. In the most recent of the island's troubles the name of Tehera is mentioned frequently as that of a man in whom the people have confidence and whose advice they are willing to follow.

On the other side of the equation you have the pure blacks, of whom there are quite a few in the island. These seem to be better men of their class than the people of mixed blood to whom I have applied the rather unpleasant term of mongrel. The great Hereaux, who ruled Santo Domingo vigously for many years, was of this type. He was a bloody tyrant, but he was a strong and fearless man. His rule was that of the barbarian, but it at least had the elements of strength and courage. None of his successors seems to have possessed those elementary requirements. It took a strong hand to rule England in the days of the feudal system and England bred such men in plenty. Santo Domingo does not breed them, and it is doubtful if she ever will; yet her people, in spite of their constitution and claims to civilization, are living in feudal times still.

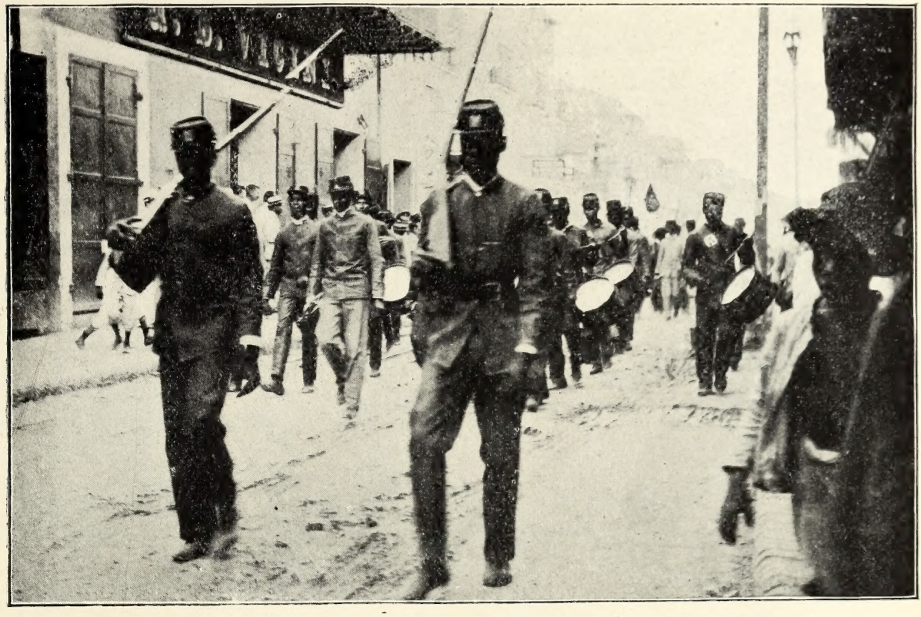


FRANCISCO CATRAIN, COMMODORE OF DOMINICAN NAVY ON HIS SHIP

That brings us to a consideration of the qualities of the people themselves. A student of ethnology, or at least of miscegenation, might spend a lifetime of study here and still find raw material ready to hand. The strange creature of vaudeville who has a black face, red hair, blue eyes and freckles is no joke here; he is a native and the color will not rub off. You see people as white as yourself with kinky hair and unmistakably negro features. You see blue eyes, straight yellow hair and dark skins. All the possible mixtures of white and black are here and some you would not believe possible. There has been added to the mixture Indian, Chinaman, Syrian, and I don't know what else.

Rich or poor, black or white, educated or savage, I have found the Dominican uniformly polite, gentle, and in personal dealings, honest. In the city he is a good deal of a Yankee. He knows how to skyrocket prices on the approach of the Americans, and he will beat you in a horse trade with all the holy joy

of a David Harum. Yet you may trust him with your purse and your personal safety without fear. I have wandered about the purlieus of the cities of the island at all hours of the night, have travelled two hundred miles in the forests and savannas of the interior, and have met nothing but unfailing courtesy and hospitality. I have talked with most of the Americans in the island, foreigner to be mistaken in this matter of voodoo. One night, travelling alone between La Vega and Santiago in the interior, I lost my way and made the latter city only with a very tired horse under me at midnight. In a little village on the outskirts I came upon a singular scene. An unfinished house stood there, its gaunt rafters bare in the brilliant tropical moonlight. Its



GOVERNMENT TROOPS, SANTO DOMINGO CITY

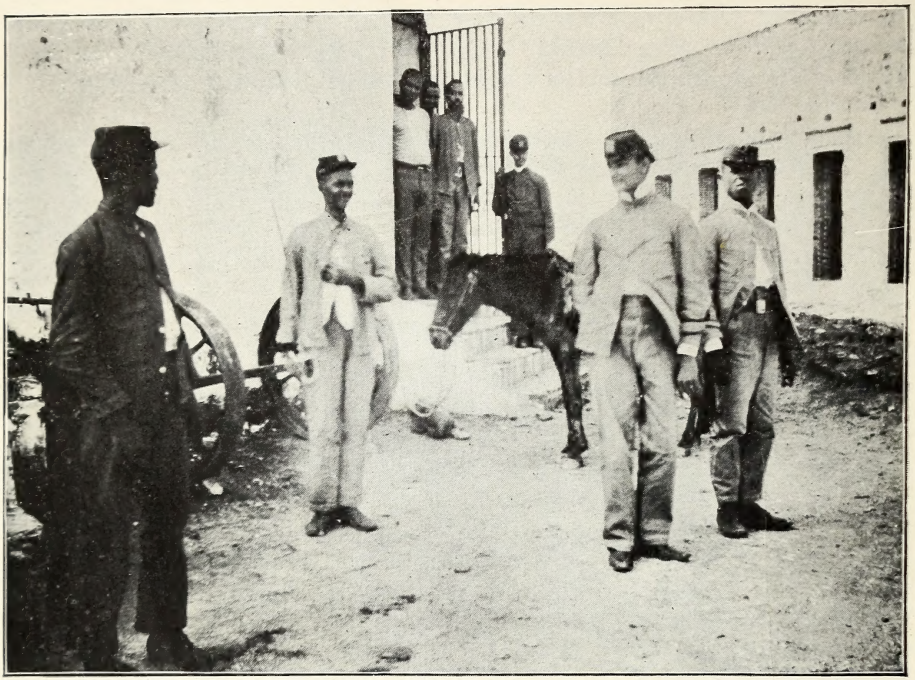
and the report from them all is the same. No honest, fair-dealing foreigner need fear to be molested by any Dominican either in purse or person.

San Domingo has been described in recent magazine articles as a black republic, in which no white man is safe, in which black rule only is desired, and where voodooism "thinly disguised as Catholicism" is still rampant. All this is sheer nonsense. It is easy for a upper part was black with people who moved rapidly about, uttering wild cries, beating the rafters with palm leaves, and acting in general as if possessed. My horse shied at the sight, and I stopped him on the farther side of the road and watched for some time. Uncanny worship I believed it to be, or at the best, a witch finding. What unseen demon were they chasing about this building, thrashing with palm leaves and driving away with wild cries? For

some time I watched them, feeling sure that I was present at the preliminary rites of voodoo. In the house at my side all was silent, but lights gleamed through the cracks of the closed door. Here might already be the preparations for the feast on "the goat without horns." I shuddered and rode on much depressed.

The next morning I mentioned the affair in confidence to a Dominican whom I knew I could trust. He laughed heartily. "What you saw," he said, "was a 'junta,' where all the neighbors come and help a man put the roof on his house—what you call in America a 'raise-up-the-house.' They strike the palm leaves to drive out insects. Then when it is all done they go to the other house and have sanchoco and much to drink. So. It is no harm. There is no voodoo in San Domingo."

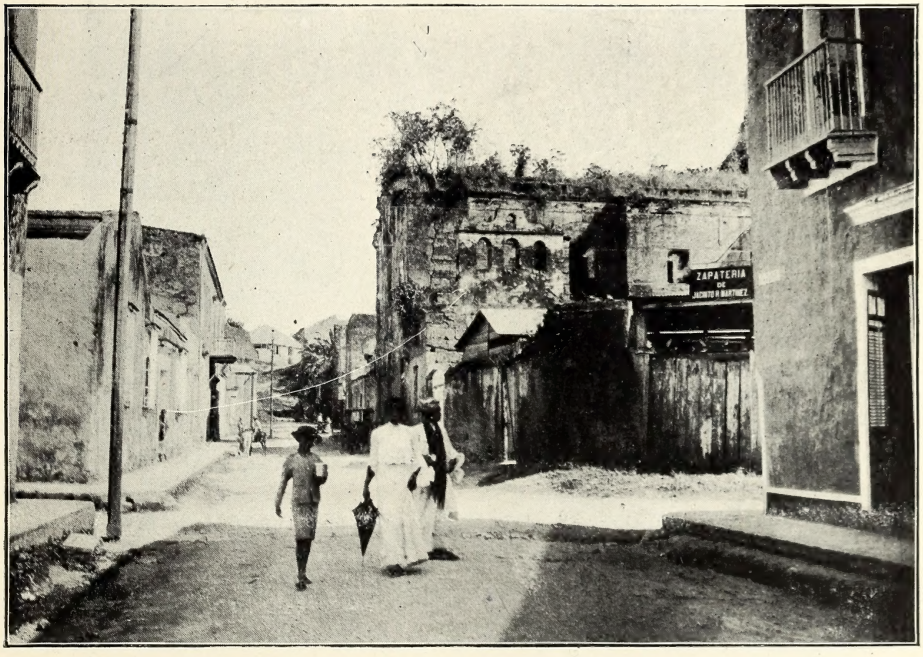
Buckle, who wrote the history of civilization, would have loved the island of Santo Domingo. Here he would have found to-day all the earlier stages of the process, from the savage who dwells in a primitive hut, wears little clothing, and subsists on the unprepared fruit of the earth; the tribal state, the feudal system and the age of chivalry, up to and a little way into the complexities of nineteenth century civilization. You may see it all in the city of Santo Domingo to-day. Here is the magnificent cathedral built by the successors of Columbus, where in a great iron chest, still repose his bones, according to Dominican belief; here in the plaza



POLITICAL PRISONERS AND THEIR JAILERS ON VIEW AT PUERTO PLATA

is the fine statue to Columbus, surrounded by well-designed government buildings. You may hear the jingle of the telephone bell, and the cable flashes the news of the world to you daily, yet fifteen minutes' walk will take you to negro huts that rim the ancient city round, modelled after those of Central Africa, in which dwell people who are at least semi-savage. These are the lowest type of the Santo Domingo citizen. The others grade rapidly upward to Dominicans who have been educated in the colleges of the United States, and you may find them of all grades between.

Even the Spaniards, in many cases, seem to have left unfinished the fine edifices they planned. You see magnificent churches here by the score, yet hardly half of them are fit to be used for worship. Some were never roofed, and great tropical trees and plants stand in their aisles instead of worshippers; others have fallen into decay, and still others have been battered by the guns of revolutionists. On a hilltop within the city limits is a beautiful little chapel. Its walls and groined arches still stand, but it is roofless and its whole interior is a banana grove beneath whose broad leaves



TYPICAL STREET IN THE CAPITAL

There are many beautiful buildings in the city, public and private, relics of the Spanish builders. Little new building is being done by the Dominicans, and the old structures pass steadily into decay. stands a little thatched negro hut. Pigs, goats and naked children revel in blissful ignorance where, according to the plan of the ancient Spanish architect, should stand feet of reverent worshippers. Every-

where about the city you breathe this spirit of decay.

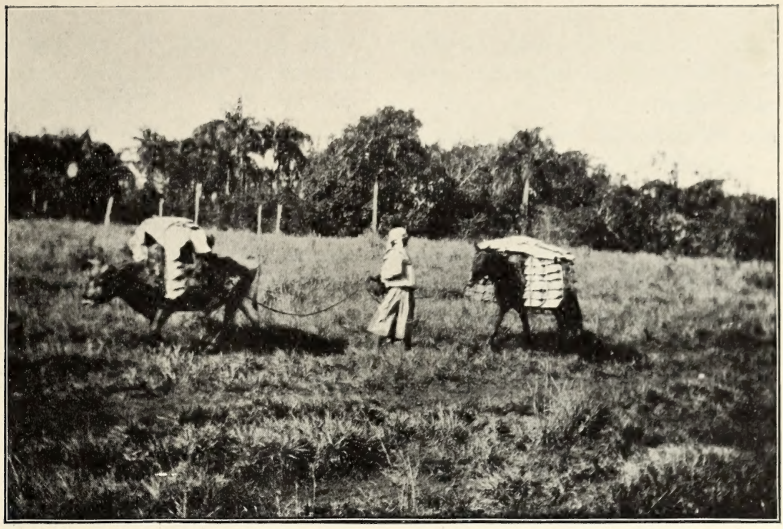
Such is the capital city and such are the people of this republic of strange contrasts. You find a limited class well educated. The great bulk of the populace are as President Morales described them, "semi-savage." In the smaller villages and plantations they live in huts modelled after those of their central African ancestors and live a life in most instances little above that of the savage. The island is in a continual turmoil of political upheaval, yet the bulk of the people know little about this and care less. They know their local chief, or "jefe," and do as he bids them. His is the local over-lordship just as it was in England in feudal times. He calls them out to fight for this president or that pretender, and they go or not as they feel inclined. The merits of the case they know nothing of. The local "jefes" owe in turn allegiance to a higher chief, perhaps the governor of the province, and he in turn is the ally of the president or of his opponent, as he sees fit.

The result of this sort of thing of course is chaos in a government nominally of and by the people. The only way out of it is a dictatorship on the part of some man strong enough to rule the contending factions by his personality. This is what happened in Hereaux's time, and what might have happened since had Hereaux left behind him any man strong enough to do it. But he did not. The number of his political enemies whom Hereaux is said to have killed in cold blood is set at two thousand. Every time a man gave evidence of such strength it was his death warrant.



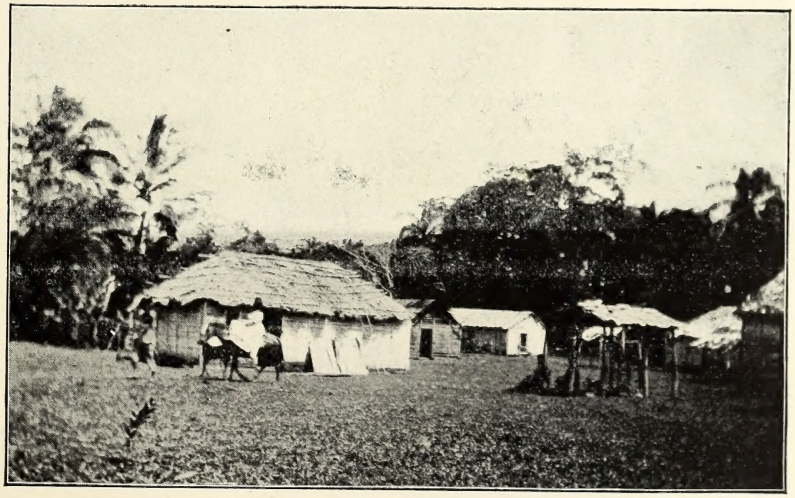
AMONG THE FORESTS OF THE INTERIOR

Whether the Dominicans themselves have in them the vigor



PACKING GOODS IN THE SAVANNAS

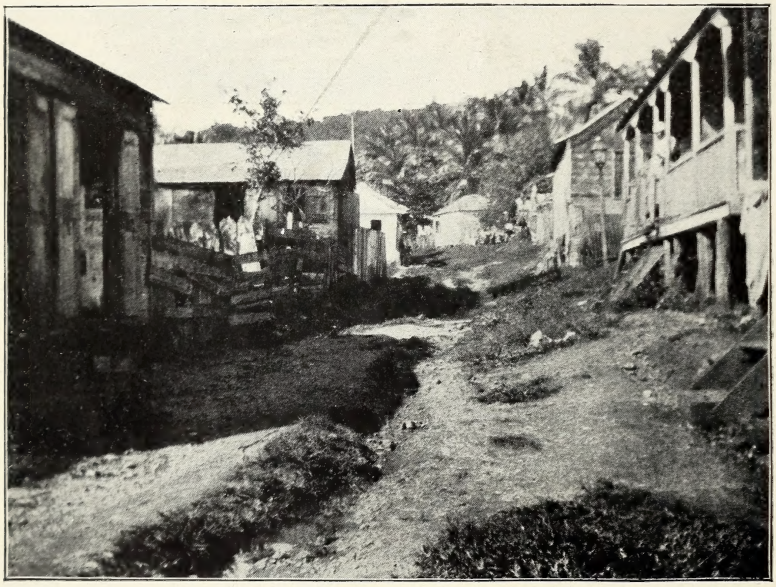
which will make them outgrow this state of savagery, leavened with the feudal system and ornamented with a modern republican constitution, remains to be seen. One fact is surely in their favor. They are gentle, honest, teachable, and in many instances eager to learn. Outside the cities there are few schools and few opportunities to learn. Yet many of the municipalities do what they can to provide schooling and find eager and responsive scholars. This is particularly true of Santiago de los Caballeros, a fine city among the hills of the interior, and



TYPICAL INTERIOR SMALL VILLAGE

of Santiago province, which is the wealthiest and most advanced of any in the island.

In the commune of Santiago, which includes the city and its suburbs, are fifty-four schools attended by nearly two thousand scholars daily, these numbers being made up of the sexes in about equal proportions. The republic has its normal schools, from the graduates of which these teachers are selected, and the branches usually taught in our own grammar grades are taught, as well as French and English. In the outlying towns of this province similar hopeful conditions prevail. In Puerto Plata, the largest town on the northern coast of the island, there is a population of about six thousand. Last year, out of the city's budget of $40,000, $12,800 was spent on the schools. Nine hundred scholars between the ages of five and fourteen attended—fifteen per cent. of the population. This is a percentage which compares favorably with that prevailing in many cities in the United States. The percentage of illiteracy is great in the republic, yet it is a question whether this is not to be charged to lack of opportunity rather than to lack of desire to learn. Many of the wealthier of the Dominicans are well educated, first in such schools as their republic provides, later, in many instances, in higher schools and colleges of the United States.



A STREET IN SAMANA

The island of Santo Domingo itself is a tropical paradise. It contains no venomous snakes, no dangerous wild animals. Yellow fever and malaria are unknown there and the climate is singularly salubrious. Among the hills it is like the best of a New England June the year round, and in it white men grow fat and "keep rosy." The soil is, in many of the valleys, an exceed-

ingly fertile red loam, seemingly decomposed volcanic rock and lava, of unknown depth. Where the rivers have gullied it you may see this red loam extending to the bottom of the ravines, and in it grow all tropical fruits in profusion. Coffee, cacao, sugar cane and tobacco thrive as well as anywhere in the world and in the interior are vast forests of valuable wood. Outside the principal cities all transportation is on horse—or donkey—back and the roads are execrable. That is to say: they are ungraded trails which follow fascinating ridges through rough woodland, dip into swampy stretches, drop at angles of forty-five degrees to rivers which you must ford at low water and swim in flood time. Even in the cities wheels are a novelty and paving a surprise. The streets of the capital city of Santo Domingo lie gullied by tropical rains and in most localities are so rough that carriages traverse them with difficulty. Hence the saddle horse is the favorite mode of transportation for the gentleman, the donkey for the man of the humbler classes. The whole thing shows merely lack of energy and development. And yet, the island is more splendidly endowed by nature than any other of the West Indies. Development would make of it a paradise of civilization just as it is now a paradise of nature.

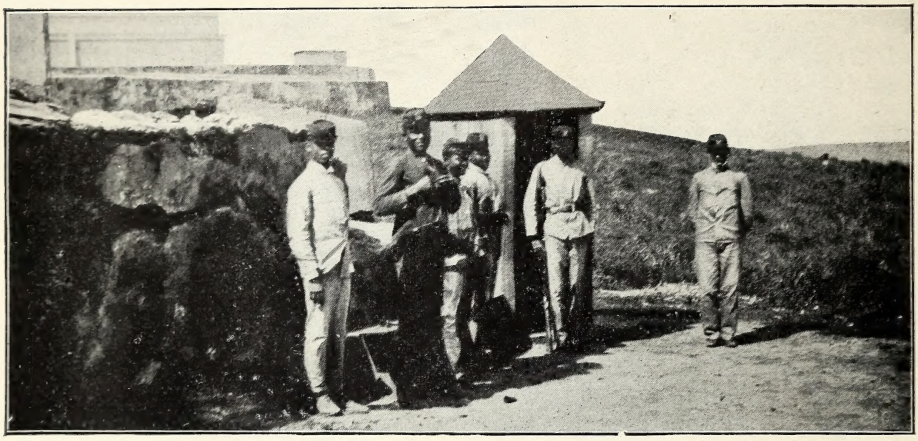
The question is naturally asked: what are the Dominicans doing with this magnificent property? The answer is: practically nothing. All the enterprises of any size on the island are conducted by foreigners with foreign capital. There are two short railroads on the island, owned and manned by foreigners. The large plantations are those of foreigners. The hills contain amber, gold and other minerals; these are mined by foreigners. Some



SCHOOL AND TEACHERS AT LA VEZA

of the Dominicans are merchants and traders, many of them are planters in a small way. Most of them are willing to work where there is opportunity to earn wages. Plenty of labor, such as it is, is to be had for fifty cents a day, in gold. The result of this labor is as a rule just fifty cents' worth, or less. The Dominicans are willing to work but they lack the stamina and staying qualities which make a good workman. They rarely have the physique to do hard work and keep at it. In a land where plenty is at every man's door they seem in many instances to be ill-nourished and to lack vigor. It is perfectly easy for them to lead an outdoor life in the finest climate on earth, yet consumption is prevalent among them. They lack stamina; they lack vigor, ambition and sturdiness. A German physician at La Vega in the interior, whom I questioned about this, ascribed it to the natural characteristics of a people resulting from centuries of miscegenation. He had but a poor opinion of the possibilities of the half-breed blacks, thinking them bound to pass away before races of superior virility. He had lived among these people for many years and as an educated man, a physician, and a student of the situation his opinion should have weight.

I am not so sure of this conclusion as he was, however. It is undoubtedly true of a considerable proportion of the people. On the other hand, among the wealthier, better educated classes you find many of much vigor and fine physique. All this, however, is aside from the question which is of main interest to Americans just now, which it seems to me is this. Are the Dominicans at present capable of self-government in its commonly accepted sense, and will they be for the next hundred years? The answer is undoubtedly: no. The government which they need, for their own good and their own future development, I do not believe them capable of supplying. My own experience among them bears out the testimony of other Americans and Europeans who have lived



SENTRY AND SQUAD—PUERTO PLATA

among them for years. That is, they need to be regarded as children; good children in the main, and perhaps capable of growing up, but needing for the present, and probably for a good while to come, a strong guiding hand. They learn readily. They will learn good things if they have the opportunity. That they can also learn bad things with equal readiness is evidenced by the ease with which they take up the ideas which unscrupulous promoters and self-seekers have set before their eyes in the last few decades. Sinister forces are at work among them and many of their worst performances in the last few years have been prompted from the outside. The better Dominicans themselves understand this. They know where the cheap political tricks which their own people have been playing in the last half-dozen years originated. They want that treaty with the United States because they believe the Americans know the games of their own shysters and will be strong enough and bold enough to stop them, once they have the requisite authority. The deep financial acumen and strategy of "improvement" companies and of other American promotions have deeply impressed them, in a way not over favorably. They feel the grip of the claws through the velvet now. They know that the weak and the willful among their own people have been taught how best to play into the hands of "these others," and they know that they are not strong enough to stop it.

Also they want the Americans to undertake this because—there is the German spectre. This is as difficult to find in tangible form as any ghost, but it stalks up and down the island. Wherever people discuss the future of Santo Domingo, there is the German spectre also. Few people down there say in definite words when and how they think this ghost will materialize. Few can tell you tangible reasons for thinking anything about it anyway; but they do think, and it is not Dominicans alone. Any American in the island will tell you that he has seen the same ghost walk at club and banquet as well as in private conversation.

The islanders realize their weakness—it's those who fear who see ghosts—and they have a vision of some strong nation stepping in and administering their affairs in decency and order as they should be administered and assuming sovereignty in consequence. Just why this vision of the devourer crouching for a spring should always wear the German helmet, nobody can tell —unless it is the Germans. On the other hand the feeling toward the Americans is a different one. They believe that any arrangement made with this country will be such as will give them a chance to stand alone without the threat of immediate absorption. They believe moreover that the abuses which they now suffer at the hands of Americans privately will be corrected by the strong hand of the American public when once that hand has the legal right to shut upon the misdoers. There are a few loud-voiced dissenters to this. Those are the Dominicans of education and influence who have learned to feather their own nests at the expense of their countrymen, to whom the old time régime was the golden age which suddenly van-

ished when the United States took control of the customs.

And there you have the keynote to all the political dissensions that Santo Domingo has had or can have,—the control of the customs. The government of Santo Domingo has practically no other source of revenue. Whichever political coterie there can control the money coming in by way of the custom dues controls the revenues of the island. But there again there is ample opportunity for intrigue. The ports are widely separated and communication between them overland is difficult. It has been possible in times past for one faction to control one port, another a second and still another a third. With the custom dues it was easy for each faction to secure arms and ammunition through our steamers which visit the island and smuggle them in freely. The action of President Roosevelt in taking control of the customs, then, was the one thing which would stop these dissensions and give the stable, patriotic people of the island a fair show to work out their own salvation. Had the United States Senate ratified this action at the first opportunity, the mutterings and threats which finally culminated in the recent outbreak would never have been heard. The prize of free access to all this income may now at any time be released through the refusal of the Senate to ratify, hence it was worth one more fight.

Such is the present day situation at Santo Domingo. It is a magnificent island, one of unlimited possibilities. It is one of the beauty spots of the world and has the finest climate ever seen. It is inhabited and misruled by a mongrel population which, in spite of many virtues and abilities, is not, and I fear never will be, of a type strong enough and vigorous enough to control its own destinies and advance in the paths of civilization of its own initiative. For its own good and for the good of the world in general it should be controlled by a stronger nation. It knows this and wants that nation to be the United States. But it is superstitious and sees ghosts,—and they always wear the German helmet.



Legends of Old Newgate

By GEORGE HENRY HUBBARD

I

Old Newgate Itself

A CENTURY ago "Old Newgate" was one of the most famous prisons in America. Criminals of all sorts had a wholesome dread of its frowning walls; and children trembled with fright at the stories told of its inmates. To-day it is well nigh forgotten. The old wall and buildings are fast falling to decay, and save for an occasional visitor who explores its gloomy caverns with gruesome wonder, the present generation knows little of the place. Yet for its own unique character as well as for its many associations with colonial, revolutionary and early state history the institution is worth visiting though it were at the cost of a hundred mile pilgrimage. I venture the assertion that there is not a more interesting spot anywhere in New England nor one more replete with memories of the Colonial period. It is to be hoped that the state may yet acquire possession of what remains of the ancient prison and carefully preserve it as a monument of early and ruder days.

In that range of hills that crosses the state of Connecticut a few miles to the west of the great river and terminating in East Rock near New Haven is one elevation higher than its fellows and known as Talcott mountain. Far up the western side of this mountain on a precipitous and craggy slope distinguished from the rest by the specific title of Copper Hill, from the mines that honeycomb its interior, the early inhabitants located their colonial prison. In memory of the land from whence they came, and perhaps, also to add to the terror which the institution was designed to inspire in the hearts of evil-doers, they named the prison "Old Newgate" after the older and more famous prison in London.

The site of the prison was originally included within the limits of the town of Simsbury; but by subdivision of townships this region has since become a part of Granby and more recently of East Granby. It is less than twenty miles from Hartford, which lies to the south and about equally distant from Springfield, Massachusetts, to the northwest. On a clear day one can easily discern the glittering dome of Connecticut's state capitol from the guard house of the jail or from the road passing by its gate.

The location of the prison was first suggested by considerations of economy and fancied security. It was thought that the abandoned copper mines would in themselves furnish a place of secure confinement for the most desperate criminals, requiring little preparation and no watchfulness to prevent escape.

As early as the year 1705, copper had been discovered upon the mountain and mining operations

had been carried on at intervals for more than fifty years. But each attempt had ended in failure; for, although there was copper enough and of good quality, the ore was of such a nature that it could not be extracted profitably; consequently the effort was sure to be abandoned within a few months or years at longest. As a result of these mining operations the mountain side was pierced in various directions with the shafts and chambers of the mine.

It was in 1773 that the government of the Connecticut colony appointed a committee to explore these mining shafts in order to learn whether they could be used as a colonial prison. After careful investigation the committee reported that by expending about thirty-seven pounds upon them the caverns could be so perfectly secured that it would be next to impossible for one confined there to escape. The property was accordingly purchased and fitted up by the placing of a heavy door or hatchway over the entrance to the mine and another similar barricade at the inner end of the drain. It was then considered impregnable, and in December of the same year the first convict, one John Hinson, was committed to the gloomy caverns.

Probably he did not enjoy the lonely life underground; for, notwithstanding the confident assurance of the committee, he made his escape after a stay of eighteen days, being drawn up in the night through a seventy foot shaft by the aid of his lady love. Soon afterwards three more prisoners were received, all of whom escaped within two months, and a fifth found his way out in just four days. When the prison had been in operation nine years it was reported by the officials in charge that more than one-half of the convicts who had been confined there had made their escape.

These frequent breaks led to constant improvements in the prison such as the closing of all shafts however deep with iron hatches or gratings, the guarding of the place by night as well as by day, the building of a block house over the main shaft through which the prisoners were admitted to the caverns and the adoption of various precautions in the management of the men. Later, in 1790, when Newgate was established permanently as the Connecticut state prison further improvements were made. A wooden palisade surmounted with iron spikes was erected, inclosing a half an acre of ground and all the mining shafts. Within the enclosure thus formed were built several workshops in which the convicts were employed. At first the purpose had been to employ them as miners; but it was soon discovered that the tools required for this work were the very ones best suited to aid them in escaping. The original plan was therefore given up and other employments were found for them. Soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century, the wooden palisade was replaced by a massive stone wall twelve feet in height with an arched gate and bastion which remains to the present time. On the keystone of the arch one may still read the name, "Newgate Prison," chiseled there so many years ago.

Passing through the gate the visitor is shown the ruins of the buildings which were used in the

most recent period of the prison's history. At the southeast corner was a building about fifty feet long, the lower part of which was sometimes used for cells and the upper part for a chapel. Here religious services were held every Sabbath, and during the week the same walls witnessed many a jollification of the prison officers and their families with friends from the neighborhood.

Adjoining the chapel on the west was another building having various rooms which were used for a cooper shop, hospital, kitchen and shoe shop. Deeply imbedded in the walls of this building are the iron staples to which the convicts were chained while at their work. For criminals were looked upon in those days more as dangerous beasts than as human beings, and one might almost fancy from the appliances for restraining and punishing them that this was a place for keeping lions and tigers rather than men and women.

Beyond the cooper shop is the latest and largest building of the prison, still in a good state of preservation. This is a structure of stone and brick containing five stories and towering high above all the other prison buildings. From its old belfry one may take an extensive survey of the surrounding country besides obtaining an excellent bird's-eye view of the prison grounds. In this building are the remains of the treadmill, once the terror of refractory convicts, various other pieces of machinery used in the manufacture of flour by convict power, the brick oven in which the prison baking was done, and cells for the confinement of male and female prisoners when the advancing spirit of humanity revolted against confining human beings in underground caverns. This building is entered by plank bridges spanning a deep ditch, so that it must have been difficult if not impossible for one of the inmates to leave the building without passing in sight of the guard who patrolled the bastion near the top of the opposite wall.

At the northwest corner of the yard a pile of crumbling brick marks the spot where the nail shop or smithery formerly stood. And about the centre of the enclosure stands, in a good state of repair, the warden's house from the stone basement of which descends the shaft which gives entrance to the mines below. Two other shafts may be seen, one near the great gate of the prison, seventy feet in depth, which was made for the admission of air; and the other, not far from the nail shop, which is the old well of the prison.

The visitor who has sufficient curiosity and courage may descend and explore the underground chambers if he has twenty-five cents for the guide who must accompany him. He must, however, array himself in outer garments for this purpose made and provided, otherwise his good clothes would suffer from contact with the dampness and dirt of the caverns. Thus prepared the first stage of the journey is down a perpendicular ladder in inky darkness. The descent is thirty-two feet through the solid rock.

At the bottom of the ladder one finds himself on a level platform of rock where the guide hands him a rude torch consisting of a tallow candle fastened to the end of a stick and then himself leads the way

carrying a lighted lantern. The progress continues down a series of roughly made steps and through numerous winding passages where the explorer must often stoop to avoid the low roof or crouch against the side of the rock to escape the water which stands ankle deep in some parts of the chambers.

A glimmer of light ahead after you have walked several rods indicates that you are approaching the bottom of the seventy-foot shaft. And when you actually stand beneath its opening you can look upwards and see the blue sky and the stars even at midday. A large and lofty chamber from which many passages diverge in all directions was once the sleeping apartment of the convicts; and here are still the remains of the wooden bunks upon which they slept, the hardness of the planking being relieved only by straw so damp and foul that to-day it would not be thought fit for the bedding of cattle. As the prisoners were left pretty much to their own devices at night and were allowed to purchase liquor with the money earned by extra labor, this cavern was the scene of many a drunken brawl in which bunks were destroyed and not a few wounds given and received. The only restraint at such times was the fact that the prisoners were invariably manacled when sent down for the night. But the more ingenious convicts often found means of removing their irons as soon as they were left to themselves, carefully replacing them however before they were called up by the guard in the morning.

Following the passages towards the northwest, we come to the prison well which descends from the surface to a point about fifteen feet below the floor of the mine. The lower part is filled to the brim with water so clear that at first the visitor supposes it to be empty. A few rods further in the same direction is the solitary cell or "sounding room" as it is sometimes called. Here is a cell made by cutting off the end of the chamber by a stone wall and heavy door. In this place the most refractory convicts were placed for a few days at a time, bound fast arms and legs to staples fastened in the solid rock. The staple still protrudes from the rock and a stream of water trickles into a hollow as of old, though no lonely prisoner needs it to quench his thirst. Words spoken in a deep bass voice awaken echoes in the rock and suggest the oaths and curses that have resounded there in days gone by.

From this place the visitor always returns to the entering shaft eager to escape once more into the free air of the upper world. It is with a distinct sense of relief that he steps from the top of the ladder and rushes out into the glorious sunlight. Probably every visitor asks the question, "How did men ever live in those damp and chilly caverns? Did not many of them sicken and die in confinement?" And all are astonished to learn that those damp caves were actually healthy places of abode, and that many a convict went forth at the close of his term of imprisonment in better health than when he entered. For skin and blood diseases in particular the minerals in the rock seemed to possess certain curative properties.

When the prison was first located at Newgate, an act was passed fixing the terms of imprisonment at

not over ten years for the first conviction of burglary, robbery or counterfeiting and life imprisonment for the second conviction. To maintain the discipline of the prison the keeper was authorized to punish offences by moderate whipping not exceeding ten stripes, and by putting shackles and fetters upon the offenders. Later, neglect of duty or rebellion were punished by the treadmill, severe flogging, confinement in the solitary cell and in the stocks with bread and water, double and treble sets of irons, hanging by the heels and the like. The system then in vogue tended to harden the criminals rather than to restore them, and appeals were seldom or never made to their reason nor to their better feelings.

The history of Old Newgate prison falls into three distinct periods. It was first established as a colonial prison fitted for the most desperate and dangerous class of criminals. Then, during Revolutionary times it was selected as a suitable place of confinement for tories. And when the war was ended and the colonies had secured their freedom, it was retained as the state prison of Connecticut till the completion of the new prison at Wethersfield in 1827.

The number of persons confined in the caverns at one time occasionally exceeded one hundred, and not a few noted convicts served terms of imprisonment there. Many are the legends that cluster about the crumbling walls, and every turn in the underground passages suggests some story of one or another of the convicts who have been confined in their dark recesses. As he leads the way from point to point the guide delights to recall these tales, and before you leave the place you feel that you have added to your circle of acquaintance a number of more than doubtful characters. Among them are the negro Jake, Dublin the incorrigible, Henry Wooster the daring tory, "Priest" Parker and "Old Guinea," with many others of less note. Some of the most interesting of these legends are given definite and permanent form in the chapters that follow.

II

How Jake Gained His Freedom

Jake was a negro, very large, very black and very powerful. His surname has not been preserved in the prison lore of Newgate, nor is it to be found on the pages of more exact history. To his fellow prisoners and his keepers, as well as to succeeding generations, he was known merely as "Jake."

Neither do we find recorded the particular crime that brought Jake to Newgate. Indeed that is little matter, since his crimes and wrong doings were numerous. His had been a wild and reckless life, and his fierce disposition and terrible temper, especially when intoxicated, made him the terror of the town in which he lived. His complete life history would include many a tale of desperate assault and of vindictive acts such as the burning of buildings and injuries done to horses, cattle or dogs to spite their owners. It may have been for a number of these that he was at length condemned to spend twenty years in the prison mine.

However that may be, he quickly became almost as great an object of terror within the prison as he had formerly been without. His great

strength and ferocity made it extremely difficult for the officers of the prison to control him and keep him in submission to the regular order of prison discipline. Every day witnessed some new revelation of his criminal instincts and character. Among the convicts he held undisputed sway because of superior brute force; nor was he wholly unpopular, since he readily entered into any scheme for mischief or rebellion that promised trouble for the keepers. In fact he seemed to possess a most extraordinary faculty for devising new schemes and inciting his companions to constant insubordination. He was a ringleader also in the scenes of riot and debauchery that so often turned the underground caverns into a perfect pandemonium, and more than one of his fellows barely escaped being murdered by him in these midnight brawls.

On entering the prison he swore that he would escape at the first opportunity even though he should kill half the keepers in the attempt. And he was constantly on the alert to make good his threat. Hardly a month had passed from the date of his admission when a chance seemed to offer as he was working one afternoon in the cook room.

According to the usual custom, the main body of convicts, having completed their day's labor at three o'clock in the afternoon had been marched into the "stone jug," as the basement of the warden's house was called, there to remain for an hour or two before being ordered down into the mines for the night. When they were thus secured, the outer gate of the prison yard was thrown open for admission of teams and of persons who had business with the prison officials. A few convicts who acted as cooks and waiters were permitted to remain at their tasks under the surveillance of guards, and Jake was one of these. The guard in the cook room was a very pious man more intent on reading his Bible than attending to his duty. Watching his opportunity, Jake caught up a stick of wood intended for the fire, struck the guard a terrible blow upon the head which felled him to the floor, and started on a run for the open gate.

The captain of the guard, more watchful than his subordinate, was on duty in the yard, and seeing his levelled gun, the rebellious negro turned and fled back into the kitchen, jumping into a half empty meal chest and shutting down the cover. From this place of concealment the captain soon dragged him well powdered over with the meal, and he was severely flogged and put in irons. The guard of the cook room never fully recovered from the effects of the blow upon his head, and Jake received an additional sentence of five years for murderous assault upon a prison official. This failure with its added penalties only served to increase the surliness of his disposition and to make him more refractory than before.

In efforts to escape or in plots for evil no labor appeared too hard for him to undertake with alacrity; but the regular work of the prison, however light, seemed to arouse all the evil spirit of the man. To shirk his task or to injure his tools or destroy his working material was almost a mania with him. Again and again he was flogged or otherwise punished. Many were the hours spent by him on the treadmill; but all

were alike unavailing. His spirit seemed utterly untamable.

During the third year of his imprisonment, Jake was one day given a task in the shoe shop, and leather supplied him for the work. Long before the time for quitting, and when his own task was scarcely half done, Jake was seen to be idle. His overseer, expecting trouble, as the black was clearly under the influence of liquor, came to him and told him to go to work and finish his job. In a sulky tone he replied that he had no more leather. The truth of this statement was self evident as there was not a scrap of leather on his bench. Being questioned he at first declared that the supply given him in the morning was insufficient and that he had used it all. When this was disproved, he accused the other convicts at work in the same shop of stealing his leather for their work. But a thorough investigation disclosed the fact that from time to time throughout the day he had cut his leather into small pieces which he had smuggled into the prison stove and burned.

This was a serious offence and called for severe punishment. Flogging and the treadmill, however, seemingly had little terror for Jake, and it was at length decided to place him in the solitary cell for a week with bread and water diet. This would at least restrain him from active rebellion for that period and would give the prison authorities a much needed respite from the constant anxiety resulting therefrom. So, heavily ironed, the culprit was taken down into the mine and led to a cell at the remotest end of the caverns cut off from the rest of the mine by a thick stone wall and heavy iron door of oak and iron. Here he was chained to the solid rock with double fetters about his wrists and ankles, a single day's rations were placed within his reach and he was shut up in total darkness with nothing to do.

For a person of Jake's temperament the solitary cell was a more terrible punishment than the treadmill or the whipping post. He had but limited mental resources, and he craved society even though he were not allowed to talk. To be shut up in this impenetrable darkness with no one near him and nothing to occupy his hands or mind was unendurable.

The first moments, perhaps hours, of his incarceration were spent in the vain endeavor to break or unlock his fetters. Every part of the staples, chains and manacles were carefully examined with the tips of his fingers for some flaw, but without success. Then he tugged and jerked and pounded one part upon another until both wrists and ankles were sore. Still nothing was accomplished. The smith who forged the fetters and fixed the staples had done his work well and even the gigantic strength of the burly negro was not sufficient to loosen them at any point.

At length convinced of the futility of further efforts in this direction, he gave himself up to loud cursing; and as his deep bass voice awakened the echoes of his resonant cavern a new turn was given to his thoughts and for the time wrath gave place to childish curiosity. He spent some time amusing himself with the hollow sounds which he evoked, now singing, now shouting till he grew hoarse and at length tired of the novel experience.

Finally he sat down on the hard seat roughly hewn out of the solid wall of the cell and, groping about with his hands, found the bread that had been left with him, which he eagerly devoured. Whatever his temper or misfortunes, Jake always had a good appetite, and so long as he was hungry and food was within his reach, he never stopped to consider what he should do when the next meal time came and no food remained. The last crumb of food gone, he began to plot new schemes of revenge upon the guards who had shut him up in this dark place; but even that could not interest him long. Then he began to play with his fetters and to slide them up and down upon his legs. In a thoughtless moment he even drew the ankle irons up over the calves of his legs, supposing, if indeed he thought about the matter at all, that he could replace them at will. To pull them up was not an easy task; but by dint of persistence he finally succeeded, for he had no lack of time. But when he tried to reverse the process and restore them to their original position he found that quite another matter. No most careful working, though with untiring perseverance, could force the rigid iron rings over the large muscles of the calves; and the fetters that hung loosely about the ankles were uncomfortably tight when placed just below the knee.

Of course Jake was conscious of the discomfort. More than this he was angry at his inability to push the fetters down. But beyond that, he had no thought of serious results to follow. Many a time he had been less comfortable, so, weary with his self-imposed labors, he soon laid him down upon the hard floor and quickly fell asleep.

Conscience had long ceased to be a factor in Jake's make-up, therefore we may safely assert that for a few hours he slept peacefully and dreamlessly as any weary man might sleep. No need of quieting draught after the tremendous exertions of the preceding hours. Though his bed was hard he was not unaccustomed to such resting places; and there was no noise to disturb his slumbers.

Towards morning he had a fearful dream. He had been at work in an old sawmill near his early home and had quarrelled with his fellow workmen. Overpowering him by force of numbers, they had bound him upon the car on which logs were placed for sawing, and he was gradually being drawn forward while the upright saw slowly cut off his legs just below the knees. Most horrible of all was the fact that while the saw kept continually cutting and tearing at the flesh it made no perceptible progress and the agony was prolonged with no prospect of coming to an end. How long this dreadful nightmare continued he did not know; but very early in the morning he awoke with the perspiration standing in great beads upon him to discover that the reality was unspeakably worse than the dream.

From the knees upwards excruciating pains were shooting through the muscles of both legs, while he was not conscious of possessing any feet. As soon as he was fully aroused to the situation, he discovered that the stricture of the fetters had caused the legs to swell, entirely cutting off the blood supply from the extremities. He felt his calves.

They were hard and cold. He struck his feet with his iron handcuffs, and the blow caused no sensation. So far as any feeling was concerned they might have been of wood. On the other hand, the slightest motion of the knees or the most gentle pressure upon the flesh above the fetters caused intense pain.

Frantic with terror and anguish the lonely prisoner screamed for help and tore at his fetters to get them free. His cries were, however, as fruitless as his struggles since his fellow prisoners could not have heard him had they been in the mine, and it was now more than an hour since they had "heaved up" for duty in the shops above. Gradually the appalling truth dawned upon Jake's mind that he was alone in the heart of the solid rock nearly one hundred feet underground, and that there was no help for him until his keeper should come with food.

Then he settled down to helpless waiting. How slowly the hours dragged along, every hour seeming an age to the miserable victim of his own thoughtlessness enduring tortures surpassing the most fiendish inventions of the Spanish Inquisition. At length even his massive strength could endure no more, and Jake found a blessed relief in unconsciousness.

Hours passed. It was late in the afternoon, only a short time before the sending of the convicts below ground, when the warden brought the day's rations to the solitary cell. Cautiously he undid the fastenings of the door, and quickly stood back with drawn pistol ready, in case by any means his prisoner had freed himself from his shackles. The guards had learned to take no chances with Jake. But this time care was unnecessary. Imagine the surprise of the warden on finding his hitherto unconquerable prisoner lying apparently lifeless upon the floor of the cell. Still he suspected a trick and approached with extreme caution. Letting the full light of his lantern shine upon the man's face he was quickly assured that here at least was no deception. The usual ebon black had turned to an ashen gray and the eyes were closed as if in death. Clearly the man was unconscious, while his legs, bare for some inches above the knees were horribly swollen and completely covered the fetters from view.

Hastily calling for help he carried the unfortunate fellow above ground and summoned Dr. Buck, the prison physician. Every effort was made to remove the fetters, but without success. As a last resort and as the only means of saving the prisoner's life, both legs were amputated above the fetters, and for many weeks Jake was kept in the hospital. For a time it was doubtful whether he could recover, but at length his iron constitution triumphed over the fearful strain that had been put upon it and the man came out of the hospital walking on a pair of wooden stumps.

The experience of that terrible night wrought a complete transformation in the spirit of the negro. Those long hours of indescribable suffering wholly subdued him as nothing else had been able to do. In less than twenty-four hours his hair had turned a snowy white and his fierce disposition was perfectly tamed. During his stay in the hospital he received the care of the attendants with genuine gratitude.

And after his recovery, as he hobbled about on his wooden substitutes for legs, he was most submissive and obedient to every command of the prison officials: for he was fully convinced that the horrors of that night were a judgment of heaven upon his life of wickedness.

At the next session of the Connecticut legislature a special enactment was passed giving Jake his liberty. The act was based upon the change in the man's temper and also upon the fact that his self-inflicted punishment was more than equivalent to the remaining years of his unserved term. So Jake went forth from Newgate a changed man. He had gained his freedom but in a manner utterly unexpected. For many years he lived in the neighborhood, working at his trade of cobbler or doing odd jobs for the farmers, and no one ever feared to trust him, nor was he ever known to indulge his old appetite for strong drink.

III

Dublin, the Incorrigible

That was a red letter day in the history of Old Newgate when Dublin—Dublin, the Incorrigible—was brought to the prison. True, he was a desperate villain and caused the officers no end of trouble, furthermore he was wholly unscrupulous and would doubtless even have committed murder to secure his ends, yet he was so jovial and good natured in his villainy that he proved a real acquisition to the prison society and the savor of his name clung to the prison long after his final departure.

Not even the whipping post could long repress Dublin's blarney. And when some escapade worse than common had doomed him to the treadmill he would solemnly assure the officer in charge that "it remoinded him of the toime whin he wuz cloimbing the Alpses." His Irish wit and irrepressible spirits often served as a good foil to the surly vindictiveness of the darkey Jake with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy notwithstanding their contrasting dispositions. In fact they were equal partners in many a dark plot against the peace and safety of the prison authorities, and opinions were divided as to which of the two was the more dangerous criminal. Yet Dublin caused far less apprehension and uneasiness among the keepers than his mate; for, as one of them said, "It would be much pleasanter to be murdered outright by the jolly Irishman than to be compelled to live long in company with the brutal black."

Dublin's real name no one knew. Many doubted whether he knew it himself. He had borne so many aliases in the course of his checkered career that the original name had become lost in the crowd and was supposed to be forgotten. His unmistakable brogue as well as his ready wit left no doubt as to his Irish origin, and as the scenes of many of his stories were laid in the capital of his native isle his companions and keepers nicknamed him Dublin, and from that time he was known by no other name.

Burglary was the crime for which Dublin was committed to the state prison and his term was a long one. In company with another he had entered a house in one of the smaller Connecticut towns and, after securing a large sum of money and not a little other booty

of considerable value, they had destroyed many things that they did not care to take in a spirit of wanton mischief, and finally had set fire to the place. The occupants of the house were an aged couple, and as they had been left bound and gagged they would both have perished in the flames but for the timely assistance of neighbors who came to their rescue.

It was surmised that Dublin came to this country to escape the penalty of crimes committed across the sea, but of that nothing was definitely known. Certain it is that he often entertained the group below stairs with thrilling accounts of his early adventures, and many a tyro in crime received lessons from him at these gatherings that served to confirm his evil tendencies and send him out into the world at the end of his brief term a mature and astute criminal. In conversation with his keepers, on the other hand, when not indulging in ribald jokes, Dublin posed as an innocent and guileless traveller who had seen a good deal of the world and who had been convicted of crime simply as the result of mistaken identity.

Unlike Jake, Dublin was a cheerful worker and seemed really to enjoy the labor required of him. At all events he seldom complained of the work and never rebelled against doing it nor openly shirked. His work, however, though done with apparent readiness and good will, was often of poor quality, and frequent and serious were the accidents to his tools. Hammer handles were always breaking, or hammer heads forever got loose and would fly in dangerous proximity to some of the guards while Dublin was innocently pounding with all his might upon some refractory piece of iron. There were grave suspicions that most of these accidents were carefully planned and that his poor work was wilful; but the imperturbable good nature of the man together with his well feigned surprise and regret usually disarmed official wrath, while his readiness and wit in the invention of excuses saved him from many a punishment.

Once while he was at work in the nail shop, or smithery as it was called, Major Humphrey, the warden of the prison, reproved him sharply for making defective nails, and even threatened the treadmill if his work was not better done. "Why, Dublin," he said, "you never make two heads alike!" "I know it, sor," replied Dublin with a sly wink, "but wud ye be expectin' a fellow like me to do betther wurruk than the Almoighty? If he'd made our two heads aloike, I moight have been wearin' the warden's clothes instid of me own this day. But never you fear, Major Humphrey, I wouldn't be afther sendin' ye to the threadmill. Divil a bit of it. I'd jist say, 'Here, my poor fellow, is a drap of the craythur. Take a good pull now, for it'll do ye good and maybe stidy yer hand so that ye can do betther wurruk.' "

At the time of Dublin's introduction to the prison the wall had not yet been built. The enclosure was protected by high wooden palings surmounted with iron spikes. One day Dublin was sent from the smithery to another part of the institution to work, and while crossing the yard he managed to elude observation and steal away behind

some of the buildings to a portion of the palisade that was concealed from view. With the aid of a piece of timber he quickly succeeded in climbing to the top of the barricade and jumped for freedom. But, alas for his calculations! His ankle fetters caught on one of the iron spikes and in a trice Dublin was suspended head downwards several feet from the ground. The position was a most trying one, and the shock of his fall dazed him for a few moments.

At first he thought he must call for aid or perish where he hung. But his spirits soon returned and in silence he worked with tremendous energy to get free. At length he succeeded in lifting himself once more to the top of the fence and regaining an upright position though at the cost of terribly lacerating his finger ends and tearing off nearly all his nails. Then disentangling his fetters from the spike he dropped to the ground and without further loss of time made his way to the neighboring woods where he remained safely hidden for a number of days, subsisting upon the berries and roots which he was able to gather in that region.

Roots and berries, however, did not long satisfy the dainty appetite of Dublin, and he resolved to improve his bill of fare. Impeded by his fetters he had not attempted to go far away from the prison, but lingered in the vicinity hoping that some other convict might escape and join him and the two might succeed in breaking one another's manacles. He therefore came by night to a farm house which he had frequently visited as a laborer under guard of some of the prison officials, and breaking into the well stocked pantry, feasted on the bread, cheese, pies, cakes and other good things which he found there. He also took with him a bountiful supply for future needs and went into hiding once more. With the spirit of recklessness which at times seizes the most wily criminals, he concealed himself this time under the barn of the farmer whom he had robbed. His hiding place was a dark and foul cellar which he entered from a sheep pen.

The farm being almost within sight of Newgate, and farmer Beecroft or his German hired man making daily trips to the prison with vegetables or other farm produce, the recent escape was well known to the household. Naturally enough they at once suspected that the theft from the larder had been committed by Dublin, and that he was probably lurking in the immediate vicinity. Word was therefore sent to Michael Holcomb, one of the guards, to come over and watch the premises. Late at night when the household were supposed to be in bed and sound asleep a noise was heard at the barn which afterwards proved to have been made by Dublin in his efforts to break his fetters with a stone.

Stealthily going to the barn, Holcomb followed the sound and finally located his prisoner. As he came to the opening in the side of the sheep pen he called out, "What are you doing in there?" "Driving the shaap out of me pasture," said a familiar voice within. "Well, Dublin, you had better drive yourself out and come along with me," said the officer. Again came the reply in a rich Irish brogue, "Faith, Misther Holcomb, and sure it's not me at all, at all. It's farmer Baycroft's big

Dutchman." But a lantern being brought and a pistol pointed at him, Dublin came slowly and ruefully forth and returned once more to the prison.

For this escapade Dublin was condemned to the stocks and the solitary cell for three days. On his way thither he assured his keeper that he was indeed grateful to the prison authorities for permitting him a few days of absolute rest and quiet meditation after the recent excitement and fatigue of foreign travel. He even argued with Holcomb the justice of dividing with him the reward of ten dollars received for his capture on the ground that his had been the greater labor and hardship.

At another time, Dublin and one of his fellow convicts, an Indian, were permitted to work for this same farmer Beecroft during harvest time. They went out from the prison under convoy of a guard, Ephraim Shaylor by name. One evening on their way back to the prison the convicts asked permission to gather a few apples for themselves and their companions in durance. Shaylor not only consented, but joined them in picking up the fallen fruit. In an unguarded moment the two sprang upon him, bore him to the earth and secured his weapons. The Indian at once seized a huge stone and was about to dash out his brains when Dublin interposed saying that it would be safer to take him to a clump of bushes close by and there dispatch him where no one would be likely to discover the deed till they were far away.

Ordering Shaylor to rise, Dublin seized him from behind by the sword belt with his left hand while in his right he flourished the cutlass belonging to the guard and bade him march forward to the place of execution. The Indian followed a few paces in the rear with levelled musket. Before reaching the fatal spot, however, Shaylor's wits returned to him and slipping the buckle he left the belt in the hands of the Irishman and made a break for liberty. The Indian fired but missed him, and as they did not dare follow, the guard soon reached the prison in safety.

The two convicts secreted themselves in the woody hills and the Indian proposed to Dublin that they break each other's fetters, to which Dublin agreed. But after he had successfully performed his part of the bargain, the crafty red man took hasty leave without returning the favor fearing lest the noise should attract attention and he might not have a chance to make good his escape. One or two nights later, however, Dublin entered a blacksmith shop in Suffield and with a chisel cut off his own fetters. But soon the two were recaptured, and it was with no little relish that Shaylor availed himself of his privilege of applying a few keen lashes to both their backs.

It was perhaps a year after this event that the new wall was built, and a number of the prisoners were employed on the work as hod carriers and under men. None worked more zealously at this task than our friend Dublin. Apparently he took great pride in the work, and he had much to say about "what a foine prison it wud be whin the wall was done." With frequent and somewhat suspicious emphasis he declared that no convict would ever escape then. And one might almost

fancy that he rejoiced at the prospect of the increased security of the prisoners.

When the wall was completed there was a great jollification in which those convicts were allowed to share who had taken any part in the work of building. At this feast Dublin was a prominent figure. His Irish wit lent not a little spice to the occasion, and his sarcastic toast is handed down among the prison legends,—"Here's to the health of the Captain and all the rest of the prisoners!"

In less than a week after the completion of the wall Dublin made his final escape from Newgate. During the progress of the work he had made the acquaintance of a workman who lived in the vicinity and who was not above being bribed to aid him in escaping. The prisoners were allowed to earn money by extra work, and Dublin had amassed quite a sum by his diligence in hod carrying. The greater part of this he willingly offered for the needed assistance. With the completion of the wall, too, there was a considerable relaxation of watchfulness; for many believed, as Dublin had said, that with the new fortification escape was impossible unless when the gate was open.

Following almost the same tactics as in his first attempt to escape, Dublin climbed the wall by means of a rope that had been thrown over from the outside, and fled to an appointed rendezvous in the rocky fastnesses of the Turkey Hills. There he paid the price stipulated for his release and then promised an additional five dollars for the removal of his fetters. This being done, and the money paid, the confederate started for his home; but in a few moments Dublin quietly followed him, knocked him senseless with a stone, robbed him of the money so recently paid, and decamped for parts unknown.

The witty Irishman was never recaptured in Connecticut: but his name has graced (or disgraced) the criminal records of other states, and his genial wit has served to enliven the tedium of several other prisons.

Half-Memories

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

Ah, sometimes, when the year is at its Spring,
When young buds, opening, deck untrodden ways,
A breath from woodlands, odorous of bloom,
Is wafted through the quiet, open room;—
Then round the heart a mystic sense will cling
Of some long-lost or long-forgotten thing,
The unremembered raptures of dead days.

A Homesick Soul

By JULIETTE GOLAY

IT was recess time, and out from the doors of the red brick schoolhouse the children came streaming. The boys ran to the well trodden yard to play "three old cat" or "duck on the rock"; the girls gathered in little groups, or walked about in twos and threes with arms entwined. But one little girl, snatching her hat hastily from a hook in the girls' entry, had started alone on a run down the long hill on which the schoolhouse stood. Her little feet struck the ground sturdily and her fat, flaxen braid bobbed briskly in unison. Bright autumn leaves fell across her path; blue gentians grew near, reaching out to be picked by a small brown hand—but she heeded them not. Her little blue figure was now at the middle of the hill, now in its hollow and now on the crest of the next. Here she stopped; for from this point she could see, above the trees, faint and white against the clear sky, the smoke from the chimney of her home.

She gazed intently at it and sighed with relief. The house was safe then; no harm had come to it, in the long hours since she had left it in the morning. It was half past ten, she thought, so her mother was sitting by the kitchen window; no doubt the Maltese cat was near by, sunning herself on the sill, and dinner was simmering on the stove. She could almost smell the savory odor and see the yellow painted floor, the braided rugs and her mother's face. Was her mother thinking of her, too, and longing for the noontime? Two tears rose slowly to her eyes, but she brushed them bravely away, tied on her hat, which she was still carrying in her hand, and turned resolutely to the school again. She must hurry to be back by the end of recess, that she knew well, for she had come here every day since she had began to go to school a week ago. She gave one backward look, poor little feminine Odysseus, yearning still to behold even the smoke of her home, and then like a light-winged bluebird sped away.

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"O patria, O deoum domus
Ilium et incluta bello
Moenia Dardanidum!"

began a young girl's voice, then hesitated, stumbled and stopped.

She was standing in a large school room; but for a minute she did not see the rows of desks, the blackboards and the faces of poets looking down from the walls, nor, even in fancy, famous Ilium. It was only a low, brown house she seemed to see, a house much worn by winds and rains, from whose walls the woodbine was falling, and whose blinds were closed except one that creaked dismally, swinging backward and forward on its hinges. Grass was growing in the driveway and in the garden only a few straggling flowers showed

among the weeds. The whole place had the pathetic look of a home that has been loved and deserted.

"Why have you left me?" it seemed to say. "Had I not sheltered you for fifteen years from the heat in summer and in winter from the piercing winds? Is your new home more snug than I was? For surely I was cozy, you yourself have often said so. But now the rain leaks into the pantry, the snow drifts into the chamber where you slept, and in the hall, mold is gathering on the figured paper which you used to love. Often before, some one of you went away for a season, but you always came back. Long-closed chambers were opened and I was decked with flowers to welcome the return. But now you have all gone. Will you never come back? Shall human feet never walk again upon my floors? Shall spiders and bats be my only tenants forever? Or will you give me over to strangers? Shall the afternoon sunlight shift gently through the woodbine leaves into the parlor for strangers? Shall a strange face look out of your window at bedtime to see Cassiopeia rising over the crab apple trees?"

"Try the lines again," the teacher's voice broke in upon her dream. She saw the school room and her book; and blushing, yet with a clear voice, she read on.

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She had awakened in the early morning with the first faint twittering of birds; and she lay still for a little, her thoughts confused at first, as the thoughts of one who awakens in a strange place are apt to be. Then she remembered where she was and how she had come to teach in this great city, a thousand miles from home. Though the light in her room was faint, it was already dawn, she reflected, in the city she had left. The thrifty housewives were sweeping the front steps and opening the windows to let in the clean, fresh air; and the milk carts were running quietly over the unpaved streets.

"O little birds," her thoughts cried to those chirping on the roof, "you that may fly whither I cannot go, eastward and northward turn and carry my greetings! Go to that land whose coast offers a hundred harbors to fishers returning from the sea! Where nature, like a stern mother, gives to hard toil alone her reluctant fruit, but where she has no cyclones to terrify her children, no fever in her evening breezes, no poisons in her forests, but in her smile one may trust. There cry aloud to the winds, 'O Maine, Maine, in a far inland city, a child of yours yearns for a glimpse of your sea, faints for a breath of your forest! Send her a wind from the north! Then onward, little birds, to that city where low-lying hills forever keep Sober Thrift and Peace within her boundaries. Light in the dove-haunted square and chirp to whomever you meet: 'The body of one who loves you well toils in a great, smoky city, but still with you her heart abides. It walks daily on these streets and stops at each well known door. Then watch for it and greet it kindly when next you meet.'

"One flight more, little birds, to a square, white house. Four tall trees shelter it from every wind that blows. In summer time you could not miss it, the scent of its garden goes so far. There you

need leave no greetings. It needs no flight of western birds to make those who dwell there think of me. But for your own sakes, fly thither, for of all places in this big world, there it is best to be."

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She was a wife and mother now, sitting in her own home, resting the feet that had been busy all day —her nimble fingers were never idle. Her children clustered about her. "Tell us about your old home," they urged. And nothing loath she began.

Stories of snowdrifts and coasting, the creaking of sleds on clear cold days, of wood roads winding through evergreens bending beneath their white burden, over snow covered with telltale marks of who had been astir in the woods that night, snowbirds or rabbits or wandering fox. Stories of the meeting house and the sociables, of the little graveyard, too, behind the meeting house, where the sea hushed weary souls in sleep till the last awakening. For her home was beside the ocean, not inland as theirs was. In the evening the lights on the fishermen's boats in the harbor answered the lights in the village. Sometimes, too, great vessels would come into the port, vessels that had been even to Africa; and there was hardly a house in town that had not on each side of its front door a pink shell that had come from over the sea.

Then, passing from her native city, she loved to dwell on the beautiful great state. The upland pastures where sweet fern and blackberries grew; the red raspberries by country roadsides and the blueberry fields—none knew what blueberries were like, who had not eaten them there. And the flowers of the fields and woods, how fondly she dwelt on each name: the trailing arbutus, that comes when the snow still lingers in shady hollows; the frail windflower, the painted trillium, the lady's slippers and wild purple clematis, the twin pink bells of the linæa borealis, whose home is beneath the evergreens and whose breath is the sweetest breath of all; the white and gold of daisies and buttercups in mowing fields, June's sweet clover, the speckled yellow lily of meadow brooks, the red ones of the pasture, the carnival of autumn, and last, "late and alone," the fringed gentian.

She told of the low, friendly hills and the deep blue lakes at their base, the mighty pine forests and the wonderful clear sky; and the air,—as one breathed it, one breathed courage and strength and life.

"Mother," the children cried, "let us go back in the summer!"

And she smiled and sighed: "Not this summer; next—perhaps."

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She was an older woman now. Her husband was dead and two of her children. She was going on the morrow to the home of the one remaining, following him to the Pacific coast even as she had left her eastern home to follow his father to the Middle West. She had been packing all the morning, but now in the afternoon everything was ready. She sat down in the sitting room, by the window out of which she had looked for thirty years. The window faced the street, a street like any street in any suburban town, and she had been used to thinking the view restricted. But now, how pleasant it was! the well-

paved walks, the maple trees and Queen Anne cottages with small neat lawns. Was she to lose her home, she questioned, because she had not loved it enough and sent back lingering thoughts to the old one?

She could sit still no longer. It was her favorite chair she missed that had been packed to send to her new home. The greater part of the furniture had been sold.

She passed hastily through the hall,—for the sight of her trunk and her corded boxes gave her a pang, —and went upstairs. She hesitated at the threshold of her own room. How desolate it looked, with all its small adornments packed, and how glaring in its unfaded brightness was the place on the wall where her husband's picture had hung. She could not stay there. In the other chambers the beds were made and fresh bureau covers and splashers put out. She had helped the maid get the rooms ready that morning. They were tidy, certainly, and a credit to her housekeeping; but so cold and cheerless in their prim order. They looked familiar, yet strange, even stranger for their familiarity. They had the look, she thought, of a dear familiar face from which the life has departed. There was no place of rest upstairs; she went down again and into the kitchen. There was little change there; it was warm and tidy and the maid was out. How homelike it was! She sank down gratefully in the rocking chair with its patchwork cushion. And suddenly she could not see for tears. She brushed them hastily away. She must not cry; her son, her good son, who had come to help his mother on her journey west, might enter any moment. And what excuse had she for tears? Was she not going with him of her own wish and will? Yet if tears were due the parting from her home of thirty years, why weep to-day? Was she not still among all that was familiar and dear? When she had left all to-morrow, there would be time for tears.

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She was an old woman now, sitting in a cushioned chair with a footstool at her feet. She had left the merry party in the parlor a little while ago, and slipped away to her own room. She loved her grandchildren; but she was feeble, and laughter and many voices confused her. The quiet of her own room was better. The coals of her cedar fire sent out a warm glow and the light of the gas came softly through the red shade, and yet her eyes had a wistful look. But it was not now of Maine woods or western plains she was thinking. It was of the New Jerusalem she dreamed, of the crystal river there that flows more silently, more majestically than all earth's mighty streams, of the tree of life whose leaves are more healing than the breath of eastern pines; and the many mansions and the radiant hosts.

Then she heard steps at the door. It was her grandchildren coming to say good night. She sighed a little at the awakening from her dream, but turned—if not with the courage of her earlier years, yet with patience—her thoughts to her present life.

True she had here "no continuing city," but there was laid up for her, and she had seen it from afar, "the inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away."

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Worcester's Great Opportunity

By Frederick W. Coburn

WHEN the will of Stephen Salisbury, who died on November 16, 1905, was opened it was discovered that he had made the Worcester Art Museum, originally founded at his prompting, his residuary legatee, and that property the value of which is estimated at between three and four millions of dollars will shortly be available for the creation of one of the largest depositories of art objects in the United States. The resources now at the disposal of the institution to which Mr. Salisbury gave largely of his thought, care and private means during the last years of his life will make it, even if no other accessions follow, one of the three or four richest museums in the United States.

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The establishment in an inland New England city of an institution destined presumably to gain international as well as national fame vitally concerns not only Worcester but this entire section. As an aid to material progress art has already become one of the vested interests of New England, since only with its assistance can the competition of other portions of the United States which have readier access to raw materials be adequately met. In a spiritual sense, too, art has become a necessary asset in order that for as many as possible existence may be commuted into living by exercise of the creative imagination.

Since the announcement of Mr. Salisbury's gift leading citizens of Worcester, in interviews given to the newspapers, have been unanimous in expressing their appreciation of the wisdom of the plan and of the magnificence of the opportunity which it offers not to their city alone, but to New England and to the whole country. As regards the final character of the museum, some have emphasized the possible material achievements, including the facilities offered by a great museum and school of industrial arts and crafts. Others have spoken seriously of the uplift to be exerted by examples of the best art of the ages in a community in which, without art, life would tend inevitably toward monotony. But there has been no dissent from the thankfulness to the donor and the determination to execute his ideas for a comprehensive museum of fine arts.

What has already been accomplished in Worcester gives at least a hint of what may be done with the larger means now at hand. To most people the present museum, housed in a moderate-sized building in the style of the Italian Renaissance, is known, if known at all, as the scene of the summer exhibitions of paintings which for several years past have brought together each summer a good proportion of the best contemporary art from the exhibitions in the larger American cities, and have enabled

the public of Worcester and the nearby cities and towns to see advantageously displayed the best that is now being done in America. These summer exhibitions have acquired national celebrity, and the best painters of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago contribute to them gladly, not only on account of the prizes offered, and the chance of making sales, but also because of the certainty that their picures will be well hung in thoroughly suitable galleries.

Although these summer art shows are a principal attraction they are by no means the sum total of accomplishments in the decade of the museum's existence. That includes the erection of a well equipped building, the creation of a promising school, the beginnings of collections in several departments and frequent minor exhibitions in various branches of the fine arts.

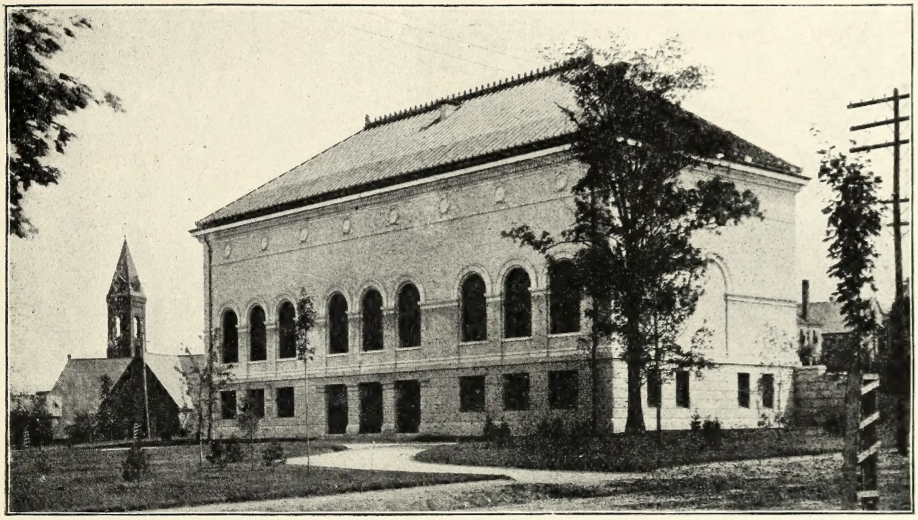
The institution is just about to enter upon its eleventh year. It was organized at a meeting on February 25, 1896, at which Mr. Salisbury presided and at which he announced his purpose to give to the new corporation the sum of $100,000, as well as a tract of valuable land fronting on Salisbury street and lying between Tuckerman and Lancaster streets. Plans were drawn by Stephen C. Earle, a local architect, for a building of fireproof construction, with low plinth, steps and basement of granite and with a superstructure of light brick with marble trimmings. The visitor enters the building by a recessed main entrance, having three openings each eight feet wide, and giving into an open porch seven feet wide. A corresponding doorway leads into the main staircase hall, which is of imposing dimensions and in which appears a marble and iron staircase connecting the several stories. In the basement are four rooms for classes and administration offices, and on the other floors are the usual galleries for exhibiting sculptures, prints and pictures.

The cornerstone of the museum was laid June 24, 1897, and the structure was turned over to the corporation on May 10, 1898, simultaneously with the opening of an exhibition which was arranged by coöperation of the Worcester Art Museum and the Worcester Art Society.

Since that auspicious opening the growth has been moderate and thoroughly normal. An art museum is not to be created out of hand, especially if its resources are comparatively limited at the outset. The Worcester museum was recognized as being largely experimental. The directors were trying to discover in what way they could make the institution most useful to the community. Throughout the early years Mr. Salisbury was its guiding genius. The benefit of his intelligence and good taste was felt at every turn, though the scope of his intentions was not known. Hardly a day passed—so we are told by the manager of the museum, Mr. John G. Heywood—that Mr. Salisbury did not make his tour of inspection through the building. Every object in the collections he knew intimately. His frequently expressed desire was to have built up in Worcester a good all-round art museum rather than one especially strong in a single department or in two or three departments.

In accordance with such wishes good beginnings in several directions were made in his lifetime. The gallery of oil paintings, for example, contains a number of notable works—among others Edmund C. Tarbell's "The Venetian Blind," one of the best pictures of a man whom some critics have come to recognize as the strongest living painter; "October Sunshine," rich and warm in tone, by Ralph A. Blakelock; Gilbert Stuart's "Mrs. Perez Morton," one of the good portraits from the earlier period of American art; Eugene Boudin's "The Port of Trouville," gray and exquisite as is this master's manner, and a very decorative "Woman Bathing," by John La Farge. These and several other works belong to the museum, and there are at this writing in the gallery pictures or collections of pictures loaned by Mrs. J. C. Bancroft, Mr. Robert C. Vose, Miss Norcross, Miss Williams, Mrs. Henry Holt, Mr. William T. Richards and Mr. Waldo Lincoln.

The other departments include the customary casts, so invaluable to students, and a large gathering of Japanese prints and books, said to be one of the strongest in this country. These are the gift of John Chandler Bancroft. There are articles in terra cotta, glass and bronze, including a number of objects from the Troad, bought of Frank Calbert, who spent most of his life in excavating the cities of northeastern Asia Minor. An original marble head of Sappho, which was purchased in 1903, has lately been mounted and placed on exhibition. Various small collections of objects of applied art constitute at least a respectable nucleus from which to build up.



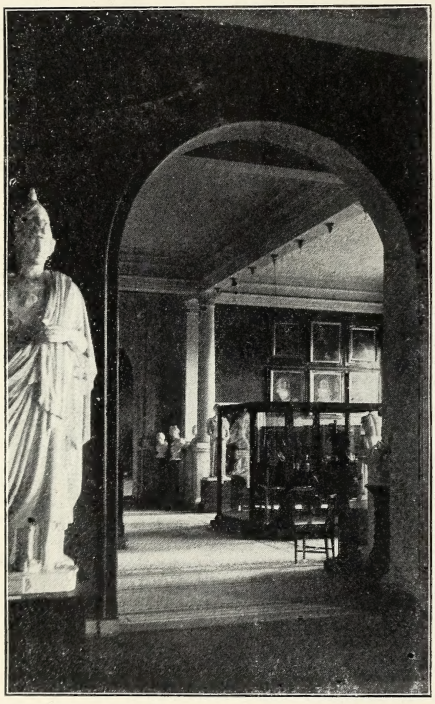
PRESENT WORCESTER ART MUSEUM

To render these departments more useful and to extend the influence of the museum in the com-

munity an art school has been started. This has a present respectable standing and excellent prospects. The instructors are Philip L. Hale, who teaches the classes in drawing from the cast and the live model; Hermann Dudley Murphy, who has charge of the painting classes, and Gustaf Rodgers, whose department is the arts and crafts. The last named instruction is something that was introduced for the first time last autumn. It bids fair to be remarkably successful.

The foregoing results have set a certain standard. From the unanimity with which a few general ideas were advanced in a recent symposium of opinions in the Worcester "Telegram," as well as from present day tendencies in museum making, it may be possible to make two or three unofficial conjectures as to the direction in which this art museum, the perfecting of which affects every breadwinner in New England, may be expected to develop.

An enlargement of the physical plant is to be looked for. Plans have been considered for a structure of which the present building will be only a small part—one that will have a front of 270 feet on Salisbury street, a wing of 270 feet along Tuckerman street, and one on Lancaster street of 340 feet. The present building, which will thus be relegated to the rear side, is 120 feet long by 60 feet wide. The entire structure will cover a lot of about ninety thousand square feet, and will enclose a courtyard, offering such opportunities for decorative treatment as are found in the courtyard of the Boston Public Library.



FROM CLASSICAL SCULPTURE HALL

The museum will be three stories high, with a basement for offices and workshops. No date has been set for its completion, since some of the funds consist in investments in real estate upon which it may be decided best to realize slowly It has been stated, however, that the new building may possibly be completed within four or five years. Whether the photometric experiments which have recently been going on at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston will be taken cognizance of is a matter that has perhaps not yet been considered. The conclusions reached by the scientists in these investigations will, no doubt, be worth examination in perfecting the plans of the Worcester museum, as of every art museum subsequently to

be built. During the time needed to plan a building of such importance there will be ample opportunity for such work.

Regarding the departmental collections, one of the most frequently



IN THE RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE HALL

expressed thoughts is that the museum should be made as far as possible to supplement the industrial life of the city and of the entire section. This means specifically that good collections of the so-called minor arts should be brought together, as well as appropriate instruction in the arts of design. New England manufacturing, as is well known, not only in the textile but in other industries, is gradually accommodating itself to a new set of conditions. In the higher grades of industry it matters little if raw materials are a trifle more expensive in Worcester or Lowell than in Pittsburg or Birmingham, for it is the city whose citizens are able to impart greatest value to the mate-

rials through exercise of artistic skill and taste that will have the advantage over the others. Prosperity by grace of the art school is judged in Worcester to be preferable to prosperity by grace of the railroad rates.

Another idea that is frequently advanced is that the Worcester museum should give more attention than most museums in this country have given to gathering the



HALLWAY AND CLASSICAL GALLERY

best available examples of American painting and sculpture. Few of the leading art museums, as has frequently been pointed out, have representative collections of the works of artists whose names now rank high among the world's greatest. Viewing the subject from the purely financial standpoint, an institution which thirty years ago, should have bought good canvases by George Innes, A. H. Wyant and Homer Martin would have realized largely on its purchases. There is little chance of being tricked by spurious works in this field. The prices put upon European old masters on the rare occasions when an undoubtedly genuine work comes upon the market are almost prohibitive, even for the richest of art museums. Meantime the works of several American landscape and figure painters are believed by many critics to have the promise of becoming old masters. They are often available at moderate prices, and although some of them will drop in value instead of increasing, there is no question but that a museum or an individual collecting them judiciously on a large scale is

certain to find them on the average a good investment.

One of the uses to which the Salisbury millions will, apparently as a matter of course, be put will be the creation of an art school of national standing. The educational institutions of the city are already many and famous. The museum school will be a valuable addition and will normally have the effect of bringing strong young painters, sculptors and designers to Worcester.



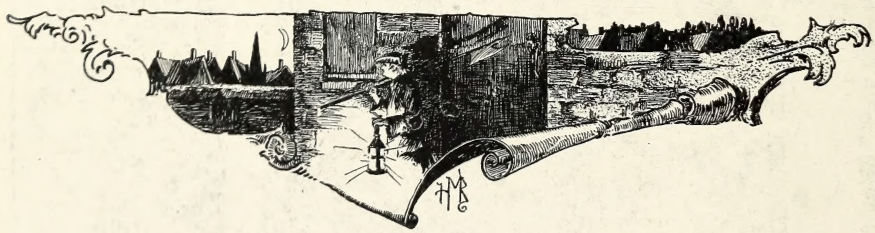
A HALLWAY VISTA

The attendance at the school has up to this time come mainly from

local sources. Conceivably the institution may within a few years be nationalized and incidentally rendered nearly or quite self-supporting. The establishment, for example, of resident scholarships and travelling fellowships for the best students from other places would have the immediate effect of inducing promising young people from other cities to flock to Worcester with a view to getting in line for one of the prizes.

The directorate by whom the foregoing and many other matters will have to be decided in the next few years consists at present of Daniel Merriman, president; Francis H. Dewey, vice president; Thomas H. Gage, Jr., clerk; Lincoln N. Kinnicutt, treasurer; Lyman A. Ely, George E. Francis, John G. Heywood, Nathaniel Paine, Austin S. Garver, Charlotte E. W. Buffington, Frances M. Lincoln and Helen Bigelow Merriman, directors, and John G. Heywood, manager of museum.

What with the growth of this institution in Worcester, with the textile schools in Lowell, New Bedford and other cities, the museums already well started in Providence, Hartford, Springfield, New Haven, Northampton, Brunswick and several other cities, and with the general awakening of interest in art matters, there is a likelihood that the twentieth century may find New England as prominent in the fine arts as it was preëminent in literature in the nineteenth century. Coördination of arts with industries is going on apace and life is being quickened by such activities just as it was quickened by the literary awakening of two generations ago. The problem of giving to the average man an incentive to struggle toward that form of self-mastery which produces art — a self-mastery that is the outgrowth of a vigorous individual, local and national life — is to be solved in this section. For his part in bringing forward a rationalization of American material civilization, the future is likely to be grateful to the memory of Stephen Salisbury.



Illusion

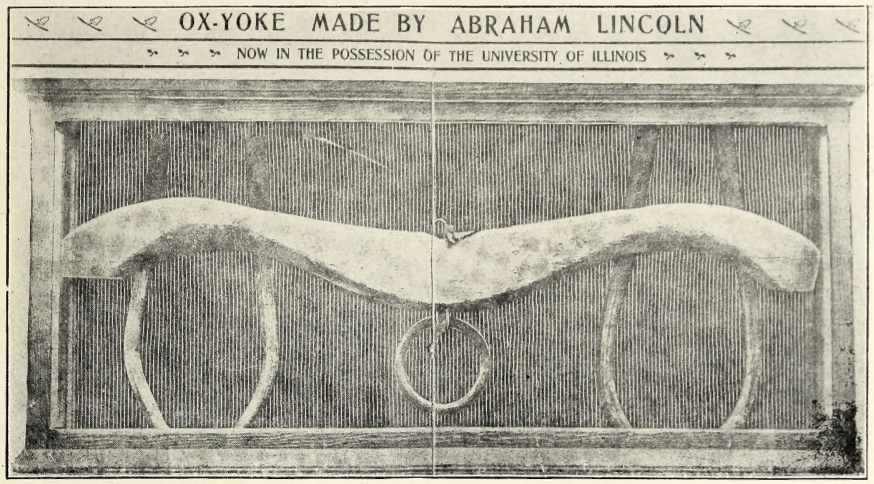
By Edwin Henry Keen

In gay attire, life looks a living smile,—
A broken heart beneath it all the while!
The dewdrop glistening in the sunlight clear
Shines like a diamond,—touch it, 'tis a tear!

The University of Illinois

A Sketch of Its History, Its Present Accomplishments and Its Ideals

By Stephen Sheldon Colvin



THERE has been, perhaps, no more interesting nor significant phenomenon in the history of higher education in America than that afforded by the remarkable growth of the state universities of the Middle West. These institutions have been pioneers in breaking away from the conventional ideals of learning, intrenched in the endowed institutions of the East. They have felt more accurately the pulse of the times, and have responded more quickly to the needs of the civilization in which they are implanted. They have developed their curricula to include instruction in practically every branch of human enterprise, and have realized, in part at least, the ideal that a university is a place where everything is taught to everybody. It has recently been pointed out that of the twenty largest educational institutions in this country, twelve are state universities, while of the first five, three are supported by the state. The six largest state universities of the West had last year a total attendance more than two thousand greater than that of the six corresponding institutions in the East. These statistics are principally valuable in showing the ever growing importance of this new factor in our education.

The University of Illinois, which

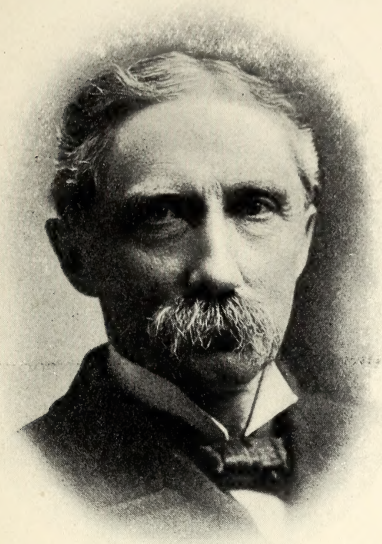
is the greatest of the so-called Land Grant institutions, and which stands at the head of the public educational system of the state in which it is situated, is typical of the universities of its class. Its growth in the last decade has been greater and more uniform than that of any other state university in the Middle West. It now ranks with Michigan and Minnesota. In 1868 it had seventy-three students and three professors; to-day there are more than four hundred instructors of various grades and a student body of over four thousand. In 1868 there was one building; to-day there are more than thirty.

Harvard University had long passed the second century of its existence before Illinois, which now ranks fifth in size among American universities, had been thought of. Like its sister institutions it owes its origin to the Act of Congress of 1862, "looking to the founding of higher institutions of learning relating to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, without excluding other scientific and classical studies." This act was the slow fruition of an agitation for a people's college that should suit the needs of the industrial classes, including farmers, mechanics and merchants. It is significant that this movement was first started in Illinois, being championed by Professor Jonathan B. Turner of the college at Jacksonville, and that the act in which the movement culminated became a law by the signature of Illinois' greatest son, Abraham Lincoln. Professor Turner stands forth as the advocate of higher education for the masses in the days when university training was reserved for the few and select. The education that inspired his zeal was to be practical and thoroughly adapted to the needs of the plain people, who have made Illinois and the entire Middle West the great industrial, political and social power that it is to-day. They were to have an ample training suited to their calling, just as clergymen, doctors, lawyers and teachers had an education adapted to their special needs. This was the ideal which lay behind the act that was passed by the Illinois legislature that convened at the close of the Civil War, by which the "Illinois Industrial University" was established; an ideal which dominated the earlier history of the institution, and one for which it has always found a place, although in its development the institution has grown far beyond even the dreams of its founders of forty years ago.

In the early days, however, there seemed to be little thought in the minds of those who directed its affairs, and who were interested in its progress beyond making it an industrial institution, though it had been in existence scarcely more than ten years when an agitation was begun to change the name of the University, because of the meaning which the term "industrial" carried in the minds of many, namely of a manual labor and reformatory institution. This agitation resulted in an act passed by the legislature in 1885, by which the more appropriate title was given to the University, the one which it now bears, the University of Illinois.

Instruction began at the University in 1868. The institution then had a material equipment of one brick building, an endowment

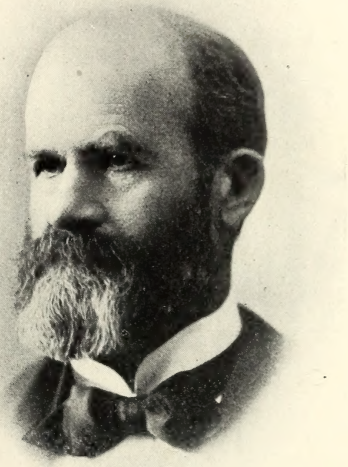
of $150,000 and an abundance of fine farming land. To indicate its aim, the founders of the University selected as its motto the homely English words, "Learning and Labor," and compelled each student



PROFESSOR STEPHEN A. FORBES

to work a certain period each day on the University farm, a practice, however, which was soon abandoned. As a further carrying out of the industrial ideal the University equipped a machine shop, and thus gained the distinction of being the first institution of higher learning in the country to establish practical technical courses. Other instruction beside the merely industrial was not ignored, but was more or less incidental to the main aim. Gradually, however, as the great commonwealth in which the institution was located, grew in riches and culture, and as the people of Illinois, after practically ignoring its needs during the first quarter of its existence, began to recognize the University as their institution and the proper culmination of the free education of the state, the University of to-day began to take on its present form and to develop to its present proportions.

The early days were full of struggle and hardships. The state appropriated no money for its current expenses until 1881, and then but a few paltry thousands a year. It was not until the nineties that the state began to take a genuine interest in the institution, but since then its growth in numbers and equipment has been rapid. The first two heads of the institution,



THOMAS J. BURRILL, VICE PRESIDENT

regents as they were called, were Dr. John M. Gregory, who resigned in June, 1880, and Dr. Selim H. Peabody who served the institution until 1891. It was under Dr. Andrew S. Draper, now commis-

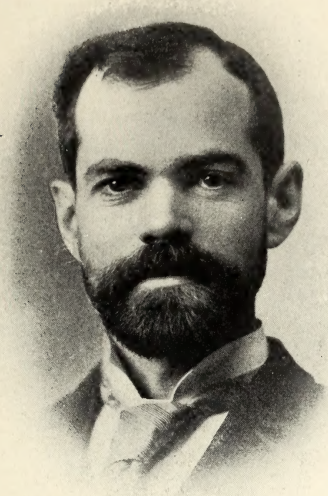
sioner of education of the state of New York, that the modern life of the University began. Dr. Draper entered upon his administration in 1894 and continued in office until June, 1904. Since 1895 the institution has increased from a student body of eight hundred to its present proportions of over four thousand.

The University since its foundation, with the exception of the College of Medicine, and the Schools of Pharmacy and Dentistry at Chicago, has been located in the two towns of Champaign and Urbana, situated one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Chicago, and about forty miles west of the Indiana border, in a farming country, the very heart of the corn belt. Beyond the towns, level prairies stretch for miles, in all directions, diversified only by fields of corn, grain elevators, farmhouses and scattered clumps of trees, planted to break the winds which sweep across the vast, level areas, unhindered by natural obstacles. It is a rich land, monotonous but wonderfully productive. Farms are worth a hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre and often more, and the farmers are exceedingly prosperous.

The University campus, which but a few decades ago was covered with long prairie grass, growing in natural wildness, is to-day a beautiful lawn of magnificent distances, diversified by imposing buildings, and adorned by the arts of the landscape gardener. The buildings, the majority of which have risen within the last twelve years, are all constructed with the idea of service, yet several of them are of marked architectural beauty, destined to form a part of the University Beautiful yet to come, which has already been conceived and which will take substantial form in the new period upon which the institution is now entering.

The campus proper is long and somewhat narrow, extending from the athletic field on the north to the barns of the College of Agriculture on the south, a distance of nearly half a mile. Near the centre of this space is situated University Hall, the oldest building now standing, a brick structure built in 1872. It is occupied principally by the College of Literature and Arts, and the School of Music. To the west is the beautiful library building, with its fine Gothic tower, built in 1897 of Minnesota sandstone. In the lunettes of the delivery room are four mural paintings, representing Literature, Agriculture, Science and Engineering. The scheme of decoration is entirely Byzantine, and for this reason it is unique among structures in this country. The delivery room is made in representation of the throne room in the palace of King Ludwig of Bavaria. This building is a type of the achievements of the new Illinois since its graduates and instructors had an important part in its erection. Professors Ricker and White were its architects, Professor Wells its decorator, W. R. Roberts, '88, was president of the construction company, and State Senator Henry M. Dunlap, '75, was largely instrumental in securing the legislative appropriation which enabled its erection. In the building is located the State Library School, which ranks second in importance to the famous school at Albany. Its students come from all parts of the country, the East being well represented. At present it is the only

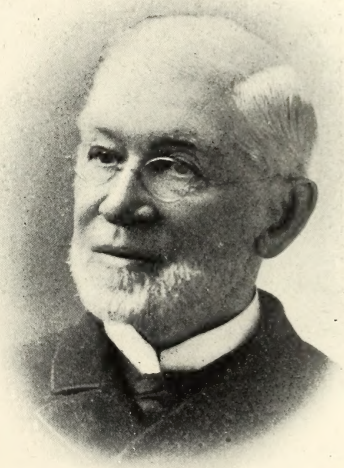
school in the Middle West offering a complete course of instruction in library science. The library possesses more than a hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets and is being rapidly increased. A large



PROFESSOR EUGENE DAVENPORT
DEAN OF COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

portion of the equipment has been added in recent years, and, unlike many university libraries, has little that is not directly serviceable for modern needs. In the main portion of the library is preserved an interesting relic, carefully protected by a glass case, — an ox yoke of rude construction, made by Abraham Lincoln in 1830. To the east of University Hall are the buildings occupied by the College of Law and the College of Science.

To the north lie the buildings devoted to the use of the College of Engineering. Here are the engineering building proper, erected in the early nineties, and near by, the laboratory of applied mechanics, the electrical laboratory, metal shops, wood shops and foundry, heating plant and the pumping station. The College of Engineering numbers at present more than a thousand students. Professor James M. White is at its head. It offers instruction in architecture, architectural engineering, civil engineering, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering and municipal and sanitary engineering. In its equipment and quality of instruction this department of the University ranks with the best in the world. In numbers it is two-thirds the size of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. President Pritchett has recently said that the real competitors of the school of which he

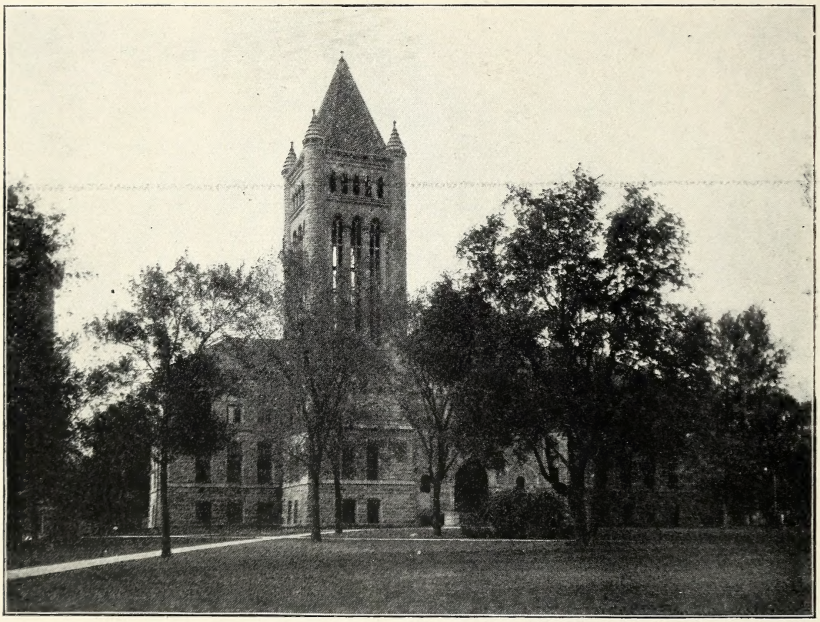


JOHN M. GREGORY, FIRST PRESIDENT

stands at the head are not such institutions as the Lawrence or the Sheffield scientific schools, but the great and powerful complex of the engineering schools growing up

within the state universities of the West.

To the south of University Hall and on the east stands the spacious chemical laboratory, completed in 1902. Near by stands the agricultural building which consists of four practically separate structures, built around an open court. The entire building contains one hundred and thirteen rooms, and covers nearly two acres. It is the largest single structure in the world devoted to the scientific study of farming.



LIBRARY BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The work that is carried on in this building and others lying still farther south on the campus is under the direction of the College of Agriculture and the Agricultural Experiment Station, with Professor Eugene Davenport, dean of the college, at its head. About a hundred courses are offered in the various departments of the college. Among the subjects considered are the improvement of soils, the successful production of crops, animal husbandry, dairy husbandry, the culture of fruits and vegetables, improvement of domesticated animals and plants, veterinary science and household science. The work of the Experiment Station is primarily that of research, and the farmers of Illinois and other states are kept informed of the most recent discoveries, and the most scientific methods in agriculture. The character of these investigations is indicated by the following subjects of some recent bulletins issued by the Experiment Station: The physical improvement of soils; fattening of steers, breeding of corn; construction of silos; the curculio and the apple; insects injurious to Indian corn. An extensive survey of the

soils of Illinois has been conducted under the direction of Cyril G. Hopkins, Professor of Agronomy, with the result that the various kinds of land throughout the state are to-day accurately known, and the methods of treating them so that they will give the largest yield an acre have been ascertained. This alone is proving of immense economic value to the state. Could this knowledge be extended to the entire country and be utilized to its fullest value by the farmer, the material results would be almost beyond calculation.



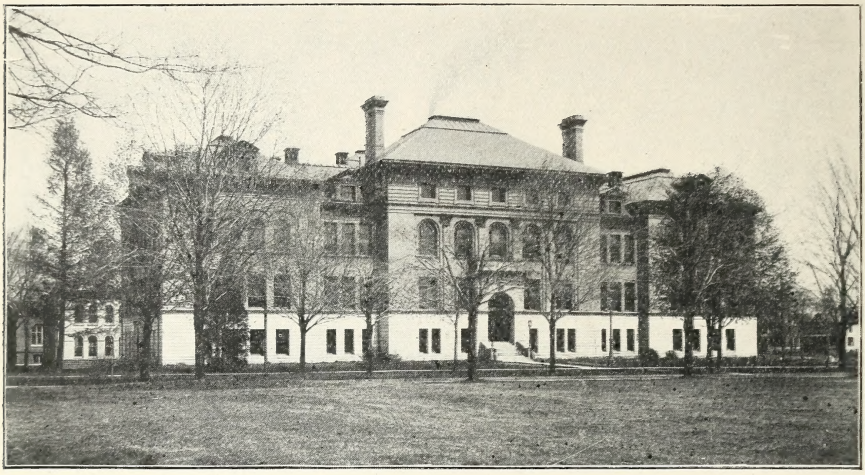
INTERIOR OF LIBRARY

The investigation of Stephen A. Forbes, State Entomologist and Professor of Zoölogy, in the field of economic zoölogy have given large results. The work of the farmer in the Middle West, where the corn seems literally to spring from the fertile prairies, may appear to be mere play to his eastern and less fortunate brother, toiling among the rocky hills of New England. Nevertheless the tiller of the prairie soil must be constantly on the alert from the time the seed is planted until the harvest is secured. His work is not merely of cultivating; it consists to no small extent in waging a continuous warfare against the multitudes of insects and worm enemies which assail the crop from root to stalk. Dr. Forbes has studied carefully the life history of a large number of these pests, and has shown how to combat them and minimize the evil that results therefrom. Often simple devices give large results. For example, the pernicious activity of the chinch bug, the most destructive to corn of all the insect species, may be prac-

tically prevented by ploughing and disking a strip of land from eight to ten feet wide around a corn field.

The work conducted by Professor Forbes and by the staff of the Agricultural Experiment Station in general, is illustrative of much that is done by the University in the direction of broad utility. It is expressive of the intense activity, the practical many-sidedness, the liberal view of what a liberal education is, that characterizes the institution as a whole. Nor is the work less scientific and accurate in its character, because it issues in some definitely beneficial result. The love for science is here joined with the demonstration of the results to humanity of the scientific method. It offers a splendid training to the advanced student in those fields of painstaking research that have done so much, and promise even more, for mankind. It furnishes a humanizing education in the broadest sense of the word. The state has not been slow to recognize the value of this work and has sustained the Experiment Station by appropriations more liberal than those given by any other state to similar work.

It would be an error to suppose, however, that the development of



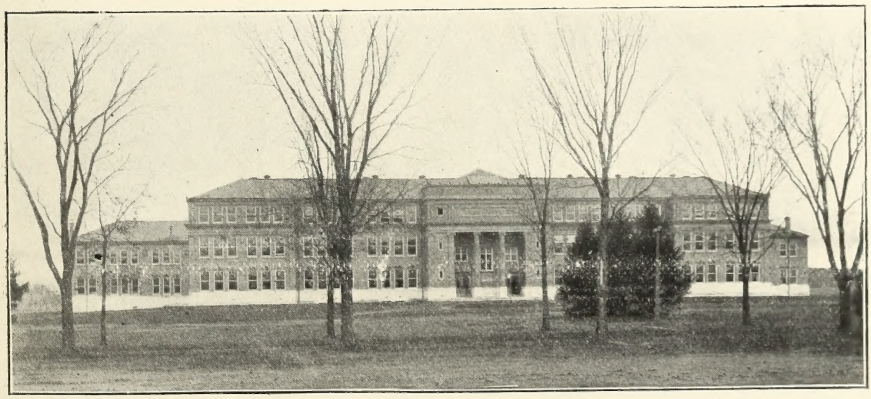
ENGINEERING HALL

the University has been entirely confined to its technical and agricultural courses. Those departments of the institution that stand for a liberal education in the narrower sense of the word; namely, the Colleges of Literature and Arts, under Dean David Kinley, and of Science, under Dean E. J. Townsend, have shown a corresponding growth. Together they enroll over eight hundred students and in point of numbers stand second only to the College of Engineering. Their curriculum is as varied as that offered by eastern institutions and has no suggestion of narrowness. They offer courses in sixteen groups of subjects and furnish laboratory training in botany, geology, physiology, zoölogy, chemistry, physics, statistics and psychology. One of the most recent developments has

been the organization of the economic studies, under Professor Kinley, into a group specially designed for training in business. These courses include general economics, economic history, sociology and statistics, finance, commerce and industry. The courses are designed to provide training for citizenship and for business life. Of particular interest in the light of recent developments are the extensive courses offered in insurance. In this respect the University has again been a leader, it being one of the first of the higher institutions in America to provide for systematic instruction in insurance along both scientific and practical lines. The study is supplemented with field work by the students.

Another department of the College of Literature and Arts, that of Education, has recently been organized into a School of Education, with Professor Edwin G. Dexter as its director. Here again Illinois has placed itself in the van of educational progress and has the distinction of being one of the five American universities which has recognized the importance of training teachers by providing a special college or school for the purpose. Especially important to the teachers of the state is the summer session of nine weeks conducted by the University. This department is growing rapidly in numbers and influence.

In the direction of the higher development of the institution has come the Graduate School, which numbered last year one hundred and twenty-six students. In the further development of the institution this school is destined to have an important part. It is under the direction of Professor Thomas J. Burrill, dean of the school and vice president of the University. Dr. Burrill has been with the institution since its beginning and served as its acting president from 1891 to 1894. Under his charge the affairs of the Graduate School have been conducted with conservatism and the highest standards of scholarship have been required for advanced degrees.



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

In connection with the courses of instruction at Illinois, the depart-

ment of Military Science, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Fechet, a famous Indian fighter, the captor of Sitting Bull, should be mentioned. The institution possesses the largest, best equipped and drilled university regiment in the country. Over a thousand students are in military training, and in every way the spirit of the law requiring such training is carried out.

residing in Champaign and Urbana shows the following facts: The eastern institutions have given sixty-four degrees to this number, Harvard leading the list, Yale and Cornell second, and Brown, Syracuse, Columbia, Princeton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Johns Hopkins, Clark, Worcester Polytechnic, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Kenyon, Rochester, West



WOMEN'S BUILDING

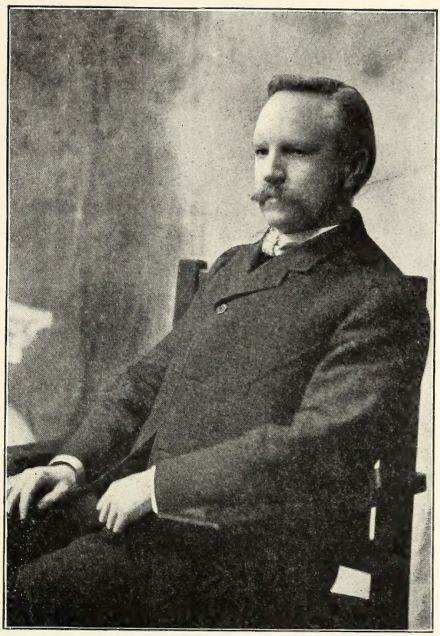
Certain officers in the regiment on graduation are made brevet captains in the state militia, and several have been given commissions in the regular army.

The faculty of the university have received their training in all parts of the United States, and not a few have also studied in Europe. A tabulation of the more important members of the instructional force

Point and Norwich following in the order named. The institutions of the Middle West have given fifty-four degrees, with Illinois leading. Northwestern, Michigan, Indiana, Chicago, Ohio State, Wisconsin, Iowa and Purdue and other smaller institutions also have representatives. Six have received degrees from western institutions, one from the South, and three from Canada.

Eight have been given degrees from German universities with Göttingen two, and Bonn, Halle, Strassburg, Würzburg, Munich, and Heidelberg one each. Fourteen others have studied extensively in German and French higher institutions. These figures represent a cosmopolitanship of learning and culture which suit the needs of an institution so diversified as the University of Illinois.

The student body of the University comes largely from the middle class of Illinois and the neighboring states. The students are as a rule earnest, hard working and with definite plans for their future. In a recent issue of the "Illinois," the magazine of the English Club at the University, Mr. Frank W. Scott has drawn an interesting comparison between the typical college student of the Middle West and of the East. Among other things he says: "The university student in the East is usually the product of a cultivated family. He enters the university refined in many ways. He may not have a large amount of what we call learning, but he has considerable finish. . . . What he wants is further finish; the pursuit of knowledge is to the average eastern college man a matter of culture. The typical college student here in the Middle West is cruder than his eastern brother. He comes from a newer family, in a newer country. His forbears have more thrift than Greek, more good corn land than genealogy. The youth has been taught industry and honesty; he knows the value of a dollar. . . . He is, above all things, practical. . . . Acquiring an education is a business proposition with him. Yet his commercial attitude does not brand him as narrow. . . . Instead of provincialism, he has a kind of Philistinism — a pride in his own community."



DAVID KINLEY, DEAN,
COLLEGE OF LITERATURE AND ARTS

Seriousness is a predominating characteristic of the student life, the instructor's little joke is received with respect, seldom with hilarity, never with derision. At Illinois a violent student outbreak is unknown, and the mild form of hazing that has found partial root there is dying out.

Like other institutions of its kind Illinois is thoroughly committed to the policy of co-education; a fifth of the students are women, and if the non-professional graduate schools are excluded, nearly one-third. They are not simply tolerated by the men, as is often the

case in the East, especially where there is a separate woman's college; they are welcomed. This attitude of cordiality has always existed at Illinois. Women were first admitted in the fall of 1870. Previous to the action of the Board of Trustees of the University, the men students heard what was likely to happen, and so interested were they in the outcome of the deliberations that a number secreted themselves in an adjoining room to hear what took place during the session. When the vote was announced by which women were admitted, the students broke into a rousing cheer for "the girls," a cheer which has often been repeated in the later history of the institution.

Some have claimed that co-education, as it exists at Illinois and elsewhere in the Middle West, has the tendency to make the men feminine and the women masculine, and that it favors the production of old maids and bachelors. There are certainly some problems left to be solved in a co-educational institution like Illinois, and those in authority are not blind to them, but on the whole the attitude is one of optimism and confidence. Perhaps the young men attend too many dances, and the young women "root" now and then on the athletic field, but these are incidental evils.

The department of Household Science is doing much for the training of womanly girls. Mr. Poultney Bigelow recently visited the University and later expressed himself as follows, in regard to this phase of the work:—"What poems could I not indite to classes in domestic economy—the ladies who are qualifying to make the home of the future not merely a thing of comfort and culinary delight, but a thing of beauty as well."

The centre of the social life of the women is the new Woman's Hall, dedicated last October, and recently opened for use. Like the library building, to the south of which it stands, Woman's Hall is one of the architectural features of the campus. It is of true colonial type, the purest example of this type in the West. It is of red brick with white stone trimmings, and surmounted by a modest white cupola, reminiscent of quaint New England towns among the green hills. The main portion of the building fronts toward the east, and there are ample wings to the north and south. The south portico opens on a spacious lawn, the girls' campus.

Within, the building is handsomely, almost luxuriously, furnished. In the main drawing room on the first floor the wide fireplace is an especially attractive feature. Directly over the drawing room are three smaller parlors. On the north side of the building is a gymnasium, ninety feet by forty-nine. The walls extend upwards twenty-six feet and support an iron framework. In connection with the gymnasium is a swimming pool. In the building the department of Household Science is located. Woman's Hall is intended, however, primarily as a place of rest and recreation. It is in fact a woman's clubhouse, and in this respect is unique.

Another phase of the student social life finds its centre in the Greek letter fraternities and sororities. As there are no dormitories connected with the University, these societies, all of which have

homes of their own, furnish an opportunity for the students to live together. There are at present thirteen fraternities, Kappa Sigma, Sigma Chi, Delta Tau Delta, Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Tau Omega, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Nu, Phi Kappa Sigma, Phi Kappa Psi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, and Delta Upsilon. There are five sororities, —Kappa Alpha Theta, Pi Beta Phi, Alpha Chi Omega, Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Chi Omega.

Fraternities were first established in the seventies, and two were in existence in 1881, when the trustees prohibited them, because they deemed such organizations among the undergraduates "detrimental to the best interests of the institution." The ban was removed in 1891 and since then the growth of such organizations has been rapid. The status of affairs during the ten years of prohibition is indicated by a poem which appeared in the "Sophograph" of 1882, entitled "The Frat's Soliloquy," and which ends: " 'Under the roses.' Oh, Frat! Thus thy motto." The Greek letter societies at present include about one-fifth of the student body at Urbana and Champaign.

Beside these there are other student organizations, which do a vast amount for the social life of the undergraduates. Chief among them are the two Christian Associations, the largest college associations in the country. The literary societies for both men and women are also important features.

There are five student publications,—the "Illini," established in 1872, an excellent university daily; the "Illinois," a literary monthly; the "Illio," an annual publication in book form; the "Technograph," presenting the work done in the College of Engineering; and the "Illinois Agriculturist," which is issued monthly by the Agricultural Club.

Student customs at Illinois are by no means as numerous or inviolable as in New England institutions with a more lengthy history and persistent traditions. There are the usual features attending fraternity initiations, an annual color rush, an occasional ducking of a freshman in the "Boneyard," a small and muddy stream that flows through the campus. The chief social feature is the "Junior Prom," given in the winter months. Customs are very much in the state of formation just at present. Fifty years hence they will have become hard and fast rules.

And what of athletics? Illinois has for some time had the best college baseball team in the West, winning the championship for four consecutive years and being defeated by Michigan last year by a narrow margin. During part of this period the institution has doubtless had the best university team in the country. Indeed, Illinois was first widely known through the East when in 1902 the baseball team paid a visit to the Atlantic coast, and discomfited Princeton, Pennsylvania, West Point and Yale.

In football there is little to say. The University is too far south and the weather too mild in the fall for a team to get into training early in the season, and the eleven has suffered many defeats from the "Big Nine," as the larger institutions in the Middle West are known athletically. So Illinois has luckily in

part escaped the football frenzy, which has proved so serious an obsession in many institutions. The attitude of the president, faculty and athletic management is for clean, simple athletics and diversified sports in which every student may have a share. In this way the absurd importance of football is diminished. The University is developing tennis, and this year has added the game of la-crosse to its list of sports, being the first university in the Mississippi Valley to do this.

Illinois is athletically clean. Last spring it ruled its five best players off its ball team for summer ball. It thereby lost the championship, but kept its athletic record untarnished. In a recent write-up of athletics in the West, which appeared in a popular magazine, Illinois alone among the big institutions escaped serious charges, not because of any tenderness on the part of the writer, but because there were none to make. Much credit for this state of affairs is due to Director George Huff,—"G." as the boys affectionately call him.

Mention of the new President of Illinois, Dr. Edmund J. James, has been reserved for the end of this article. He came to the University in the fall of 1904, and is an educator of pronounced achievement and wide reputation. He is an eminent scholar in economics, political and social science. He was educated at Northwestern, Harvard and Halle, Germany. For many years he was Professor of Public Finance and Administration at Pennsylvania. In 1896 he was elected Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago, and while there had charge of the extension work. In 1902 he was chosen President of Northwestern University. He was formally installed President of Illinois last October. The ceremonies on this occasion, which extended over nearly a week, brought together leading educators and men in prominence in various walks of life from all parts of this country and Europe as well. Dr. James's insight, energy, courage and devotion promise much for the institution of which he stands as the head.

The aspirations and ideals of the "New Illinois" can be expressed no better than in words taken from his inaugural address:

"The state university which most fully performs its function . . . will stand simply, plainly, unequivocally and uncompromisingly for training for vocation. . . . Such a training should and would result in the awakening of such ideals of service as would permeate, refine and elevate the character of the student. It would make him a scholar and investigator, a thinker, a patriot and an educated gentleman. . . . The state university will be essentially a democratic institution, as comprehensive as the population of the state itself. . . . It will stand for the fullest opportunity in the field of higher education of women. It will create new opportunities for them in the field peculiar to them, i.e. the home . . . it will give a distinctively woman's course in the field of higher education. . . . It is destined to be a great civil service academy, preparing for the civil service of the nation, state, county and town as clearly and definitely as West Point and Annapolis for military and naval service. . . . The state university is the scientific

arm of the state government. Modern government has become very complex. Its problems are many and difficult. For the solution of many of them extensive laboratories are necessary. All this work should go to the state university. . . . Finally, the state university represents the corporate



UNIVERSITY HALL

longing of the people for higher things in the field of education . . . and points to undreamed of outlooks when every man as a citizen recognizes that it is a fundamental duty of the state to look out adequately for those higher foundations of science and learning without which all else in educational system is headless—mere

blind elements led by blind leaders."

Thus President James epitomizes the purposes of an institution which, not in monkish seclusion and indifference, but in vital contact and sympathy with the community to which it owes its existence, shall formulate and realize the needs of such a community to their fullest possibilities; thus he re-affirms the ideals of the first President of Illinois, Dr. Gregory, who said: "Let us but demonstrate that the highest culture is compatible with the active pursuit of industry and we have made universal education not only a possible possession, but a fated necessity of the race."

The Memory of Deacon Poole

By Abbie Farwell Brown

WHERE the village street, with its rows of ancient elms a-line as for a stately contra-dance, reached out of breath the highest point of view, stood the White House on the Hill. I passed it twice a day on my way to and from school. In the morning I had no time to consider it, for panting and disheveled, with curls flying and hat flopping awry, I was always on the verge of tardiness. But when the day's lessons were over, and the children came straggling out by twos and threes, alone I could dally and wonder to my heart's content. The hollyhocks next door, inquisitive neighbors a-tiptoe behind the hedge, gave me the hint on my very first school day in Kimpton. I remember how I paused at the gate in the thorn hedge, and with a curious thrill gazed up the little flagged path that led to the green door. The hollyhocks too gazed eagerly. What did they suspect behind that stolid front with its tarnished knocker?

Daisy Green, who sat next me in school and sought to patronize, found me gazing thus and pulled me by the sleeve of my gingham frock.

"Come away, Rhoda," she breathed in a stage whisper. "The Deacon don't like folks to peek at the White House."

"Who is the Deacon?" said I, tossing my curls and continuing to peer. Something about the half-closed shutters fascinated me.

"Oh, he is the goodest man in town," she explained. "But he is queer, you know, and he don't like anybody to spy about the White House. He has collections, but nobody hasn't ever seen 'em."

"Collections!" Ambiguous word which meant nothing to me then, though later I came to associate it with the weekly offering of a pious congregation. Mysterious treasures that no one had seen! Here indeed was food for my fancy. Thenceforward no fairy prince ever eyed more longingly the hedge which bowered his sleeping princess than did I the barrier which separated me from the White House on the Hill.

It was a simple colonial house, hip-roofed and weather-beaten. But my fancy converted it into no less than Aladdin's palace, where who could say what wonders lay concealed? I heard of the Deacon buying "old things" with new ones,—sorry thrift in the eyes of Kimpton, but how significant to me! Nay more, he had actually offered to give a new lamp out of Cramp's store for an ancient candelabra! Surely, a magician this. The villagers pooh-poohed; but I listened with the widened eyes of a deeper knowledge. Gossip said that the Deacon would have no visitors, fearing lest they should handle his rubbish. Naturally; would he risk

having a stranger "rub" one of his wonders by mistake, and perhaps send the White House travelling off into space, with the Deacon himself inside?

The Deacon was a small man, but his dignity and manner gave him an impressiveness beyond his stature. On Sundays he strode pompously down the aisle of the church, tapping the floor at each step with his ivory-headed cane, and I shuddered. The Deacon was not mysterious, but awful. He was fearfully and wonderfully good. The testimony to his saintliness was on every lip, Little though the gossips understood his strange interest in all things old, historic and obsolete, they could appreciate the rectitude of his life. They might call him cranky and odd,—some even thought him crazy. But all respected him as a godly man.

I myself was far from being godly in the eyes of anyone. Fate had thrust me, orphaned, into the midst of Kimpton's Puritanism, but I never became a part of it. Instinctively I rebelled not only against a Sunday service which offended my taste, but against the village ideal of goodness, which I understood to be typified in Deacon Poole. I was, in fact, what my Aunt called "a limb"; which I take to mean that I was always in disgrace, —always, justly or unjustly, being punished and dissolved in woe. The Deacon's saintliness was a constant reproach to my sinner soul. When, fearful event! I chanced to meet him on the village street I wilted Semele-like, before his glory and averted my gaze from his own, while my curls trembled violently under my leghorn hat. I was morbidly self-conscious, as well as naughty, and I fancied that the Deacon had a special disapproving eye upon me. He became the bugbear of my childhood, for he represented Judgment incarnate.

Some months after I came to Kimpton a dreadful thing happened. One night my Uncle came home from church meeting looking very grave, and later I overheard him telling my Aunt that the church had been robbed. The old silver communion cup, gift to the church from its first Puritan minister, had disappeared from the box where it was kept in a closet of the minister's room. Robbery was unprecedented in Kimpton, and my Uncle confessed that they had been careless enough, feeling secure in the honesty of the townsfolk. There was no clue to the thief.

When I heard this shocking news my first thought was not disgust for the enormity of the crime, but pity for the criminal. How would the culprit bear the Deacon's godly wrath when the secret was discovered! I shuddered in my innocent person at the idea.

The thought of the accusing Deacon haunted me through weeks of horror, long after the first excitement of the theft had subsided. The minister and his congregation were not sentimental, and relics as such meant little to them. This was before the day of general antiquarian interest, and that historic cup, which had no fellow for age this side of the Atlantic, was valued only as so much solid silver, which must be replaced at a scandalous expense.

The cup was lost, and there was no clue; best let the matter rest. After prayer and meditation this was the patient verdict, and so the

quest was quelled. But its shadow haunted me from the bent brows of Deacon Poole. I knew that he was still seeking the culprit. He suspected everyone: he might suspect me. Horrible thought, once conceived never to be dispelled!

One day I met the Deacon on the street. It was near his own house, which even now I could not forbear to eye longingly. I heard the tap-tap of his stick on the gravel, and in a panic of terror sought a place to hide. There was no resource but to climb the stone wall and cower there behind. But, alas! My clumsy fate brought a stone toppling, I lost my balance and fell sprawling on the other side, with no time to recover myself and crouch invisible. Tap-tap neared the Deacon's stick. Surprised at the vision of plaid legs and whirling billows of pink gingham, he paused at the spot,—paused and spied me trembling in the grass beyond. His eyes glared at me through his big, round glasses, oh! how accusingly, I thought. He said nothing, but I guessed his horrible suspicion.

"How strangely this girl is behaving. She has something to conceal. It must be she who stole the silver communion cup. The criminal is found!"

My heart beat in my throat so that I thought it would burst. I waited for his awful accusation, but it did not come. After a few dread minutes of silent gaze under his bent brows the Deacon turned and walked away. I heard the tap-tap of his cane grow fainter as it descended the hill toward the village centre, and I breathed once more. Alas! it was but a momentary relief; for now I was to suffer the torture of awaiting his inevitable accusation.

With fearful misgivings I endured the approach of the Sabbath, always a day of wrath. I saw no way to avoid the ordeal. My Aunt never allowed a lapse from regularity for any excuse which I was clever enough to devise. Outwardly sulky and unregenerate, inwardly trembling with a morbid fear, I was driven to church.

With quaking knees I walked down the aisle behind my Uncle and Aunt, decent in their finery of gloom. Past the Deacon's seat I cringed, in my agitation almost dropping my blue silk parasol, and sank as low as possible into the high pew seat; but not so low that I could not feel the Deacon's gaze burning through my hat, crisping my hair. I curled my little legs, in their white stockings and ankle ties, and writhed silently, only to be seized and admonished by a vigorous arm, which left black and blue pinches under my white cambric sleeve. It was no new experience for Rhoda to wriggle in church, and the faces around me merely glared in self-righteous indignation. They could not guess the cause of my exaggerated contortions. I had no confidantes nor friends in all that white-plastered building.

The long-drawn-out horror of that service, shall I ever forget! I sat tense with awful expectation. For days I had imagined the moment which at last was at hand. The Deacon would arise, clear his throat, pound thrice on the floor with that cane of his, to call the minister's attention. Then, pointing with that same accusing rod straight at me, he would roar in stentorian tones:

"Brethren! I wish to state that I have discovered a dreadful secret. That little girl, Rhoda, there, has stolen the silver communion cup!"

What matter that I was innocent? Before the stern eyes of that congregation I should not be able to say a word in my defence. I should be disgraced forever, put in prison, perhaps for life! Tears of self-pity ran down my burning cheeks. And so I sat, the most wretched figure alive, I do believe; my little legs twisting and untwisting in anguish, until again the admonishing hand pinched reproof.

The sermon was over; the hymns; the prayers; and still the sword had not fallen. The service ended, and we were filing out again. Once more the torture of progression down the aisle, past the Deacon's pew. Now, *now*, surely it would happen! The starched ruffles of my dress quivered as they passed that ominous point, and my whole body turned goose-flesh. Now, *now* it would come! But no! The Deacon said nothing. The time was not yet. Then *next* Sabbath it was to be. Seven short days, and then! There was little comfort in my present immunity. Horror, like hope, deferred maketh the heart sick.

The week days that followed were hideous with the continual fear of meeting Deacon Poole. No criminal ever dodged and slunk more guiltily than did I. I dared not venture beyond the door without first reconnoitering from a window. I made wide détours through wood and underbrush to avoid the highroad near his House on the Hill. I was continually late to school, and suffered punishment. Once a sudden panic kept me hiding behind Uncle's barn for half an hour. Once, when sent on an errand to the store, I played truant, because I saw through the window that the Deacon was inside. But my efforts to evade my doom were in vain.

I was sitting under an apple tree in the pasture, invisible as I thought from the road. I was crying as though my heart would break, for my Aunt had been more than usually severe. Probably I had been naughty. Certainly she had lost her temper, as usual in punishing me. Doubtless she had said unforgivable things. I remember smarting with a sense of injustice and indignity, wounded in spirit as well as bruised in body.

I did not hear the approaching tread of feet until a sudden "Ahem!" made me jump. There before me under the tree stood the form which I most dreaded to see, —Deacon Poole in all his accusing righteousness!

"He has come to put me in prison!" my spirit shrieked, and I think I must have cried aloud. At any rate I rose wildly, seeking escape. But the Deacon's words were not so terrifying as I had expected.

"What is the matter, child?" he asked, leaning on his cane and peering at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"I—d-don't know," I stammered.

The Deacon looked keenly at me. "Don't know, eh? Well, I do. Someone has been hurting your feelings. They do that sometimes in this town. Sit down and tell me all about it."

To my amazement the Deacon seated himself on a rock under the apple tree and tapped with his cane

on the grass beside him. Presently, I cannot guess how, I found myself sitting there in the astonishing position of telling all the sorrows of my lonely little life,—telling all this with sobs and eager gestures to Deacon Poole, the grand, the righteous, the awful.

Suddenly I paused in my tearful narrative, realizing the situation. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I stared at him, babbling.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" he asked kindly, for the second time. "Don't look so frightened. Go on with your story, I am greatly interested."

"But—but—you think I am a wicked girl," I blurted out, unable longer to endure the suspense of fear. "You—you're going to take me to prison?"

The Deacon stared. "You're morbid, child!" he exclaimed. "They have punished self-confidence out of you, and left you too much alone. It is not good to be alone. H'm! I've been watching you for some time. I think you had better come home with me; I have some curious things in my house that might interest a child,—that is, a child like you. How would you like to see 'em?"

At these last words my spirit soared. If the genie had cried,—"I am the Slave of the Lamp. What wouldst thou?" I could not have been more enraptured. My fear vanished in a fever of curiosity.

"You mean—to let me see your House?" I gasped. "The White House on the Hill, that no one ever visits? Oh-h!"

The Deacon laughed drily. "Yes, that's the very house, child," he said.

In a few moments I found myself hop-skipping along the road, holding to the Deacon's hand. And presently we had passed through the gate, up the pathway to the green door, at which the hollyhocks still gazed curiously, envious of me, the happy child who was to be introduced to the mysteries of Aladdin's palace.

It was a wonderful moment when the door swung on its hinges and I passed over the magic threshold. But more wonderful still was the enchanted hour that followed. The folk of Kimpton might have railed at the treasures which Deacon Poole hid so carefully under lock and key; but to me they were more precious than a cave of gold and gems. What stories he told me of the old relics come down from historic days! How tenderly he handled them, the bits of satin and lace, delicate china and silver. From sweet-smelling boxes he lifted trophies of the East: whales' teeth tattoed with weird pictures, corals, fairy shells, carvings in wood and ivory, and necklaces of strange nuts. From cabinets and chests he took them out, one by one, and he let me touch them, too, the kind old Deacon, who was reported so jealous of his treasures. I touched them and I held them in my hand, and was transported to the seventh heaven.

In one corner of his "museum" stood a great mahogany desk, with tiers of crowded pigeonholes. At last, when he had shown me many treasures, the Deacon sat down in a stiff-backed chair before this desk, and pulling a little seat up to his knee beckoned me to sit there.

"Come, you are tired," he said kindly; "come and sit down for a

little while." And indeed I was exhausted by the succession of new sensations and sank down with a happy little sigh, resting my hand on the knee of my new friend.

"And now, tell me what you meant by asking if I were going to put you in prison?" he said with gentle abruptness. The question brought shadows of my forgotten fears, and I withdrew my hand, looking at him wildly, I suppose. For he sought the little hand and drew it back to his knee, holding it gently while he said:

"Tut, tut! don't be afraid, child. I have been trying to show you that I am not so terrible a person as you thought, and I believed that I had made you like me a little. Come, my dear. You have told me everything else. Tell me all about this. What did you mean by thinking that I could put you in prison?"

"I—I—thought—you thought—that I had stolen the cup. But I didn't! Oh, I didn't!" I cried in a passion of sobs, all the more anxious now to justify myself in the eyes of this kind friend. At my word the Deacon stared.

"The cup,—*what* cup?" he demanded, and I thought that his tone was severe.

"The stolen church cup," I answered, with heart sinking anew under his apparent coldness. "But, oh, indeed and indeed I didn't take it, though I know you have always suspected me."

"You thought that I thought—" The Deacon seemed overcome by the idea, and stared at me in the strangest way. Then without warning, even as I was beginning to despair, he burst into a queer little laugh and caught me in his arms.

"My poor, dear child!" he cried, and there were tears behind his glasses. "My poor, dear little child!" and he hugged me tight to his kind old heart, which had never before so held a child, I believe. And in this quaint way, out of a misunderstanding, grew up the strange friendship between Deacon Poole and myself.

That was a wonderful morning, as happy for the Deacon as for me. And when at last it came to an end and I had to be gone or face a second punishment from the Powers who ruled my fate, the Deacon came with me to the gate and kissed me good-bye, saying:

"You will come to see me again, Rhoda? Come to see the queer old man and his collections as often as you can. But sh! my child. We had best make a secret of it, and let no one know of your visits. We are two odd ones whom nobody understands. And if your Uncle and Aunt knew that we were playing together with these musty old relics they might take it into their heads to forbid you. So we won't talk about it, Rhoda, but we will be great friends; and you must come just as often as you can, for I am very lonely."

Fervently I promised that I would come every single day, and we parted regretfully. My feet went down the hill as if shod with winged sandals. I had been admitted to Paradise; and best of all, the door behind me was set ajar for my return.

Alas! Though the door might stand wide open, I was not again to cross that threshold,—not again for many years. The day that sealed our friendship was our last and only one together. I never saw the Deacon again, though his

memory followed me like a present blessing through my whole life. The very day after my blissful visit came the next move in the game of my already varied career. A distant cousin in an equally distant city, with whom it seems my Uncle had been in correspondence concerning me, wrote that she would adopt me, and I was to be taken immediately to her home. The day was spent in preparations for departure. I was not allowed to leave the house, my Aunt fearing that I might fall into some last mischief. There was no chance for me to see my new friend, to tell him what had befallen me or to bid him good-bye. At night I was sent early to bed, as we were to take the train at sunrise for a long and tedious journey. And so ended my last day in Kimpton,—a period to my sentence of long and lonely days, brightened only by that last happy morning which had seemed to promise better times than I had ever known. It was useless for me to cry, to protest that I did not want to go to a relative whom I had never seen. I was not needed in Kimpton, save by the Deacon who could not speak for me. My uncle's family was glad to be free of an uncongenial element. Indeed, I should have gone without regret, but for the memory of Deacon Poole.

And so, the next morning, we steamed away. From the car window I watched out of sight the White House on the Hill, last visible sign of Kimpton village. And my Uncle wondered when I burst into a passion of tears. He did not know, no one in Kimpton ever knew, that I had left one friend behind. In the years that followed we exchanged letters, the Deacon and I. My own were erratic and casual enough, but the Deacon's followed me regularly wherever I went, so long as he lived. Poor, lonely old Deacon! He shared my joy in my new, happy home; in my school days far off in that gay and brilliant city; in my later pilgrimage to lands across the sea. And in all those letters of his there was not one word of sadness or discouragement to dull my pleasure. Though as I read them over now I see between the lines what a bitter disappointment my sudden departure was to him. He too had seen the promise of happier days.

I am afraid that I was sadly selfish. I wrote to him less often than I should have done, I was distracted and absorbed by so many new interests and friends. But, indeed, I never forgot him, and loved his memory better day by day. Was he not my first friend? Had he not opened the door of Paradise to me and comforted me in my darkest hour? I could never forget the Deacon after that day of wonder which had changed him from a nightmare into a guardian angel.

The news of his death was a great shock. Though I had never seen him in fifteen years he was still so vivid a power in my life that I could not at first realize what his loss meant. It was pitiful, too, that it should have come at just that time, for I was soon to have seen him once more, to have fulfilled the wish that he had expressed so often in the last months for a sight of my face. The news met me on my return to America, after my long sojourn abroad. I had written the Deacon that I should come down

to visit him in Kimpton before leaving for my home in the West. But,—he could not wait for me. He had gone, and Kimpton lay in my homeward path with no one to smile a welcome. Yet I must visit it once more, to lay a flower on his grave, to pay my second and final visit to the White House on the Hill. There I was to claim my legacy, the Deacon's desk. The "collections" were to be preserved in the White House as a local museum, and proud was now the town of Deacon Poole's vagaries, for antiquarianism had become fashionable, and even this unsophisticated little village realized at last what treasures it had been sheltering unaware.

The old elms, still a-line for their contra dance, reached to me fingers of tremulous welcome. The inquisitive hollyhocks nodded me a greeting as I went up the path. They forgot that they could not know me; fifteen generations of hollyhocks lay between them and my childhood. But they had inherited curiosity, and watched me with envious eyes as their ancestors had done. How well I remembered that day as I paused on the threshold and took a long breath before turning the key in the rusty lock,—the key handed me by the caretaker next door.

I entered the little museum. It was exactly as I remembered it. There were the cabinets and boxes, the armor on the wall, the china and the plate. There was the little chair in which I had told the Deacon my wretched secret, and here he had sat to listen and reassure me. Ah, yes! how well I remembered it all. The tears stood in my eyes as I sat down in the straight-backed chair before the Deacon's desk,—my desk now. Had he left there some message for me? Something more precious and personal even than this legacy? His last letter, dated some weeks back, had hinted no intuition of a change, had spoken no significant farewell. But might he not have left some later word here in the desk which he knew would soon pass into my keeping? I would search it carefully.

The key I had in my pocket. It had been sent me by the lawyer who had apprised me of my legacy. I opened the front. Yes, there were the tiers of pigeonholes, filled with papers. These, however, were notes, historic and antiquarian. Perhaps some day I would make use of them in the Deacon's honor. I opened one by one the little drawers; they held nothing of special interest to me. The fourth drawer from the top stuck as I pulled it, warped by the dampness, perhaps. I took out the three upper drawers, the better to cope with the obstinate one. In doing so I must have touched the secret spring, for suddenly the fourth drawer yielded and came out in my hand, disclosing behind it a panel with a tiny keyhole. Eagerly I searched for a key, and found it at last in the lowest drawer, rolled in a wad of paper. I fitted it into the panel, and with pressure it turned. The panel flew open, and putting my hand into the space behind it I drew out something wrapped in chamois, something long and heavy. Nervously I pulled off the covering and disclosed, tarnished almost iron-black, a cup,—a communion chalice!

For a moment I sat stupefied. Then hastily I took a corner of the

chamois and began to rub the side of the cup where I could dimly distinguish engraved letters. Presently I was able to make out enough of the legend:

DONUM STEPHANI GAYLORDI—A. D. 1635.

I had rubbed the Deacon's treasure, and what genie of disillusion had I evoked! Alas! for the memory of Deacon Poole! Where was now my pattern of godliness, of all that my childish fancy, in revulsion from its first dread, had found ideal? What of the halo which during these long years had surrounded in my memory those silver locks? I had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of my childish saint. And I found the relics impostures, the shrine a mockery, my faith a superstition.

Yet who was I to judge him? A different duty was mine: to protect the memory of the old man whom I had loved and who had been good to me.

What was to be done? Whatever the Deacon had intended, I could not keep the stolen cup. It must be returned to its rightful guardians. Yet how disclose the secret without bringing disgrace upon the Deacon's name? The townsfolk would not understand—who might?—what the Deacon had done out of mistaken antiquarian zeal. Could even I who loved him pretend to see the matter as that crotchety, whimsical, queer old man, with his passion for ancient things, had done?

Certainly the Deacon's memory must be kept untarnished in all minds but my own. I alone had the affection which would sustain so severe a shock. The cup must be returned to the church. The Deacon might have been disgusted with the congregation of former days because they had not appreciated this treasure, but I knew that to-day they would do so. I had heard that the new minister was intelligent and progressive. Doubtless he shared the fashionable antiquarian interest of the day. He was the rightful guardian of the stolen chalice.

I closed the panel and replaced the drawers. After search I found a newspaper which I wrapped around the cup in its chamois covering, making a disreputable bundle. With one farewell look at the old room which I should never see again I went out, locking the door behind me. I hid my bundle among the inquisitive hollyhocks and returned the key to the neighboring caretaker, leaving directions for having the desk shipped to my home.

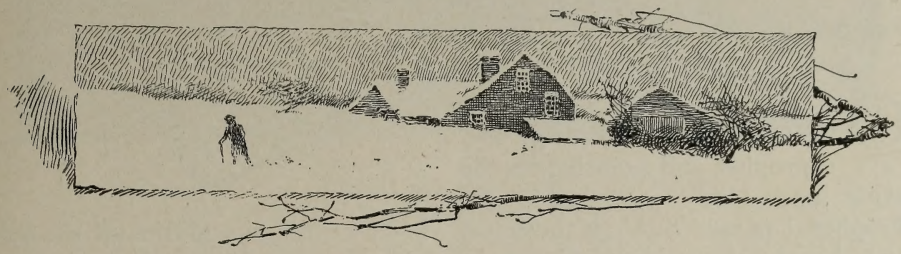
That evening, which was moonless, I left the hotel where, rather than in my Uncle's house, I had chosen to remain for my brief stay in Kimpton, and stole out into the darkness. I recovered my unlucky package and hastened with it to the house of the minister. It was strange to find myself after all these years slinking guiltily about the village with the stolen cup, quite in the character which as a child I had deprecated. It was strange to find myself taking such pains to conceal the fault of that judge whose censure I had once dreaded more than anything in the world.

I stole up to the reverend doorstep and deposited my guilty burden on the threshold. Then I gave a vigorous pull at the bell, and like a naughty little boy sped away into the dark, leaving the minister's

family to their mystification and surmises.

I never knew how the amazing restoration was regarded, for I left Kimpton early the following morning, and saw the place no more. No rumor reached me that the truth had been discovered; I do not think that likely. Indeed it may be that my unheralded reappearance and hasty departure after so many years of absence were regarded as suspicious circumstances connected with the return of the cup, and that the godly folk of Kimpton now feel justified in their early conviction that I was "a limb."

However, I am willing to bear more even than a vague suspicion, for the sake of my childhood's first friend, and to shield the memory of Deacon Poole.

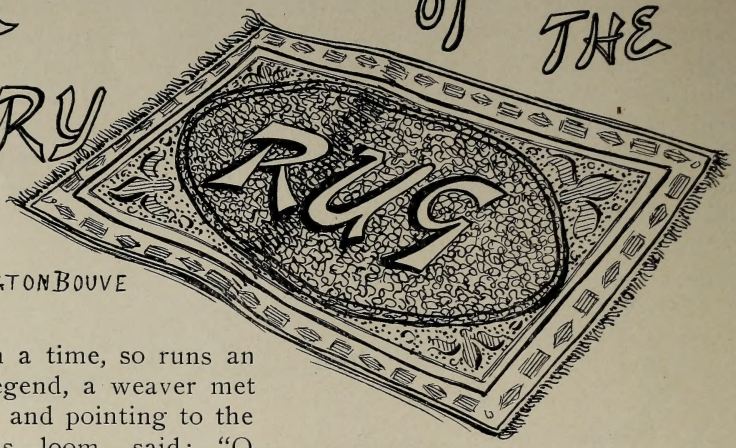


The Shadow of the Night

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

Near to my heart were you!
But then I knew
Not the white angel's brooding wings of joy,
Not the sweet, crowning hope for this, my boy.
I only felt the deep, dark billows sweep
  Between mine own and me.
I only tossed, on pillowed bed, to weep
  Or plead, with bended knee.
Fear, in my bosom held its sceptered reign,—
Fear of the woman's portioned dregs of pain.
  Now, in thine eyes, my little child, I see
  The wrong, unwittingly, I did to thee.
Dark eyes that hold, in shadowed depths, a grief
To which earth's gladness will not bring relief.
  Seeming to keep, while all about is light,
  A sadness stamped by that pre-natal night.
Yet I, who dared not breathe "Thy will be done"
Pray now, each day, for thee, my little one,
  That God will grant thee, child of tender heart,
  Knowing of grief, the spirit to impart
A sympathy for sorrows;
  That some good
  May grow from my mistake of motherhood.

THE STORY of THE RUG



BY

PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

ONCE upon a time, so runs an eastern legend, a weaver met a prophet and pointing to the work upon his loom, said: "O Prophet, I passed through the wood and heard the voices of young birds and I took and put them into my carpet, and their mother came fluttering about my head."

These lines from a Persian poet were quoted in an American publication not long ago by a writer who was discussing carpet weaving in the East and there is a deep and subtle meaning in the words of the weaver. Consciously or unconsciously, perhaps, the poet was emphasizing the truth that he who interprets that which is all about him, is greater than he who divines the future.

It is when one is standing before one of the comparatively few remaining antique specimens of Persian loom-craft, that the full significance of the weaver's words is understood, for in no other handicraft are the colors so wonderfully reproduced as in the oriental rug. The weaver, by some strange alchemy, extracts from root and bark, leaf and blossom, lotions that give back to him the glories of the sunset, the shadows of forest and jungle, the mystery of the sacred river. Under his hand, the roses so beloved by the Epicurean Omar, bloom again and the individuality of his soul and brain is wrought into the pattern of his fabric.

But for us the story of the rug holds very different associations from those suggested by rose gardens, royal palace hangings, and the ceremonials connected with the sacred bull.

For Jew and Christian the history of the handicraft of the loom holds an especial interest, and there is not a woman in Jewry or Christendom who can but feel a thrill of pride when she reads in that ancient chronicle of Moses of the "free gift offerings" given in response to the command: "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering to the Lord." The story is told simply, directly: "And all the women who were wise-hearted did spin with their hands and brought that



RUG NOW IN IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN MUSEUM AT VIENNA,
PROPERTY OF COUNT ARTHUR ENZENBERG

which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all of the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair."

Here indeed are two things of especial interest. In the first place, we find the earliest mention in sacred literature of the weaver's craft; in the second place, that spinning and weaving were especially woman's work. This is now and has always been true in all parts of the Orient. The earliest representations on Egyptian and Babylonian tiles show women at the loom with the figure of a man standing behind them, whose business it was to call out the number of knots to be tied in red, blue or purple, which were to develop the design.

The rug frames used to-day are like those used thousands of years ago. The structure is simply made of four poles lashed together upon which first the warp and then the woof is strung. Then, little by little, the design is made by tying in short bits of wool or silk, and the greater number of these finger-tied knots there are to the square inch, the more costly the rug. Sometimes there are as many as eleven thousand, two hundred and seventy of these knots to a square measuring twenty-seven inches, a space technically called a "pick."

In the Daghestan, Herat, and Bokhara rugs, one may,—if one has the fever of statistical accuracy upon him,—count from one hundred and forty-five to three hundred knots to the inch. Think of the patience, the skill of eye and hand, that must be acquired in slowly fashioning geometrical figures, flowers, trees, birds and in some instances, as in the Royal Persian Hunting Carpet, animal and human figures, through the long years of an uneventful life! Yet this is what the rug makers of the East have been doing for thousands of years gone, and will be doing for centuries to come, unless, indeed, the vulgarity of occidental commercialism and machinery and aniline



SECTION OF ANCIENT BAYEUX TAPESTRY

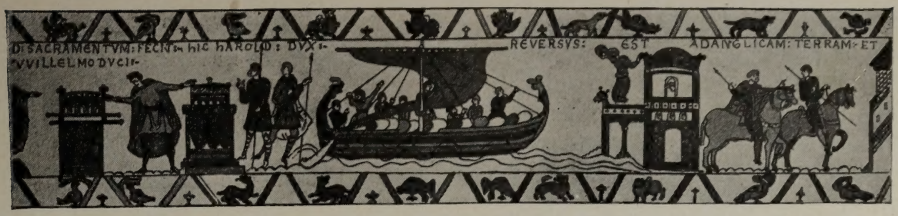
dyes invade the East and destroy an art whose origin is an unsolved mystery!

Egypt, the birthplace of so many of the arts, was probably the land in which the rug was first made, but since the time of the conquering Cyrus, Persia has maintained the first place in the rank of carpet makers, teaching in turn Greek Arab, Afghan and Hindu, how to make poems in color from the fleece of their flocks and the hair of their goats and camels; leaving in geometrical lines, flower and leaf, temple lamp and niche, textile records of the manners, customs and religion of the people of that region of mystery and prophecy that we generically call "the East."

The advent of the rug in Europe was the result of two contemporaneous events; the conquest of Spain by the Saracens and the wars of the Crusades. Curiously enough, the exchange of the cross of the cathedral for the minaret of the mosque in the West, and the conflict of Christian with infidel in the East, brought into Europe the first specimens of an industrial art hitherto unknown. Tapestries and embroideries were, indeed, fashioned by court ladies and convent recluses long before this period.

Tradition claims, and its appearance apparently justifies the claim, that it was Matilda, the wife of William of Normandy, and the first Norman queen of England, who left that famous historical record of the battle of Hastings and the events that preceded the defeat of Harold, written in worsted and known as the Bayeux tapestry. Master Wace, who extols the value of the chronicle, assures us "that short would be the fame of any after their death if their history did not endure by being written in the book of the clerk." The loyal wife of the conqueror thought likewise, perhaps, and determined to leave the story of her husband's fame, not indeed in the "book of the clerk," but in a scroll of needlework that should tell to succeeding generations how Harold fell and William conquered.

History and tradition agree that William, on the occasion of his first return to Normandy, took with him a train of Saxon nobles who had not yet realized how Norman ambition was to trample upon Saxon pride. In this train there were Saxon dames and damsels and Matilda eagerly sought to engage their skill in her enterprise, for "En-gel-land" was already noted for the beautiful needlework of its ladies. Imagination makes a pretty picture of the fair-haired, blue-eyed maids and matrons of England and the dark-eyed, vivacious French court ladies, sitting in Matilda's boudoir plying their needles in and out of the long linen scroll, fashion-



SECTION OF ANCIENT BAYEUX TAPESTRY

ing pink-legged horses and green and blue dogs as they worked and talked, but always making a faithful representation of the costumes, customs and manners of the period. Bizarre as the coloring of their work was, those high-born dames, all unconsciously, as they worked and chatted, were making history! This remarkable piece of early embroidery was preserved for centuries in the Cathedral of Bayeux. It contains an astonishing number of figures on the scroll, which measures two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length.

It is said that when this tapestry was exhibited in Paris in 1803, Napoleon, who was contemplating invading England, was singularly impressed by that portion representing the appearance of a meteor which presaged Harold's defeat. A meteor having just made its appearance in the south of France, might, he fancied, foretell a like conquest to the invader, and France once more might wield the sceptre in England.

The earliest production of the tapestry art made since the Bayeux tapestry, are the tapestry maps which were made in the sixteenth century, the date being 1579-1588. These curious relics of feminine patience are now preserved in the Lecture Theatre of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society Museum in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, York, and are said to be well worth an antiquary's journey from London.

But the story of tapestries, though akin, is different from the story of the rug, the latter becoming the symbol of home life and connected with religious observances from the earliest times. Such an authority as Sir George Birdwood, in speaking of the civilizations of the world, says: "I deliberately indicate Egypt first, and Chaldea, or archaic Babylonia, with Syria second."

Although tapestries and ecclesiastical embroideries employed the fingers of the ladies and maidens of castle and convent long before the war was waged in Palestine for the recovery of the holy sepulchre, the oriental rug was not known in Europe—certainly not in England—until the period of the Crusades, when sometimes a mailed knight with a cross on his breast returned from his wanderings in the land of Saladin with a gorgeous rug to lay before the altar of some cathedral or, perhaps, as a gift to the "faire ladye" of his love and devoir. Perhaps the offering might have been filched from some mosque or temple, or it may have been an heirloom for generations, or maybe it had been transferred from Moslem to Christian hands in the great tidal wave of exchange and barter that brought at the time much that was alien to both eastern and western

shores alike. Be that as it may, the rug of the Orient had found its way to the more progressive but less artistic West, and, as the centuries passed, it gave the impulse to a new industry in Europe, which had its initial movement in France.

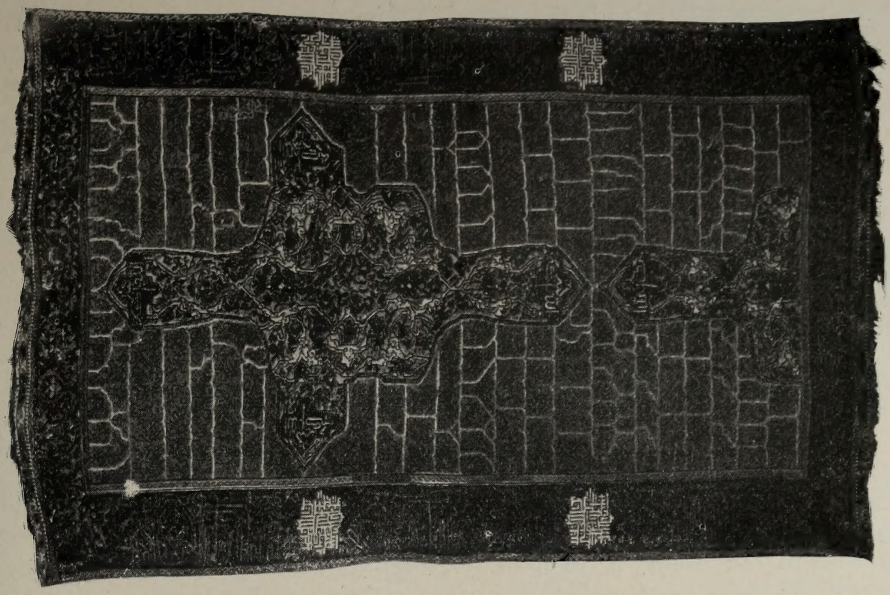
At first, only churches, castles, mansions, palaces and chateaux possessed these floor coverings, but gradually the rush-strewn floors fell into desuetude and floor coverings of European make began to be made.

Under the direction of Colbert, minister of Louis XIV, the manufactories of the Gobelins, and those at Beauvais and Aubusson were established, where an effort was made to weave carpets and rugs after oriental designs, and, in a certain sense, by oriental methods. At Mortlake in Surrey, England, James I established looms in the seventeenth century, but civil war is always destructive to the arts and crafts of peace, so the Mortlake looms stood idle while royalist and roundhead fought out their terrible battles. Then when France was deluged with the blood of Frenchmen and La Guillotine had martyred the good, unfortunate Louis XVI, frightened French dyers and weavers who were skilled in eastern rug art hurried across the channel and found a refuge in England, where they gave a new impetus to carpet weaving.

So we find that more than three centuries ago Turkish carpet looms were set up in France, yet in spite of this the long brown fingers of the eastern weavers were still making rugs and carpets which fetch the highest prices in the western markets.

It seems strange how all these products of many different tribes, who are unlike in faith, customs and speech could have at last reached a common goal, but the methods by which the seaside marts are reached and the wares of various localities are distributed until their final destination is attained is as ancient as it is interesting. King Ahasuerus held the first "exhibition," a learned archæologist has remarked, and the festival of "Shushan" which lasted one hundred and forty-four days, mentioned in the Book of Esther, was the forerunner of all the fairs that have followed that first great collection of handicraft. Many centuries later, in 1268, the Doge Lorenzo Tiepólo ordered the great fair in Venice where all of the guilds brought their wares,—gold, silver, glass,—every handicraft known by them, to be examined and praised by the "Dogaressa."

The idea of King Ahasuerus was one that easily found favor in the East, and from that day to this "fairs" have been an established custom;—once a week in populous districts, annually in the larger and more remote cities. In this way, for example, the traders journey to Baluk-Hissar in Asia Minor, where a great fair is held. Then three months later, they all hurry to Yaprakli which is packed with merchandise and humanity through the month of August and is tenantless for all the rest of the year. At Mousoul, the traffic centre of Mesopotamia, another great fair is held, and there gatherings of artificers and merchant traders from remote quarters effect an interchange of the products of the various localities, and by this means, rugs brought on camels across the sun-scorched



VERY ANCIENT PRAYER RUG WITH INSCRIPTIONS, FROM A MOSQUE AT ALEPPO

desert finally reach European collectors.

As the manufacture of textiles was one of the earliest of the handicrafts, Sir George's dictum strengthens the supposition that Egypt was the first home of the oriental rug, Babylonia coming next and one understands how Job might naturally say—"my days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope," for no doubt he had many times looked upon the weavers at their looms, either upon the hillside or within their humble dwellings.

With Orientals, their rugs took the place of general furnishings. Upon their rugs the family slept, entertained its guests, sat and prayed, each one having its special and individual purpose and use.

Although the oriental rug is universally used in Europe and America, very few people, comparatively, know very much about it, though certain types have become so familiar that they are easily recognized, as for instance the Bokhara.

Mr. John Kimberly Mumford has rendered a great service by his "chart," which shows the various oriental weaves and their classification as to locality. Under Caucasian, Mr. Mumford places Daghestan, Trans-Caucasian and Mosul. Under Turkish he places the Konieh with its five sub-classes: Konieh proper, Kir-Shehr, Kaba-Karaman, Yuruks, Anatolian; and the Smyrna, which include Ghiordes, Kulah, Demirdjik, Oushak, Bergamo and Ladik, Ak-Hissar and Miles or Carien. To the Persian nomenclature belong the three classes of Azerbijan; first Tabriz, second Herez, third Kara Dagh; also the six weaves coming under the general head Eastern Kurdistan: Sehn Sehna, Kurdistan proper, Kermanshan, "Sarakhs" or Bijar, Koultuk, and Sonj-Bulak. The third

group under the Persian is the Feraghan, to which belong the Sultanabad and Saraband (variously spelled), the Hamadan and the Kirmanich. The Shiraz, Mecca and Herat are included under the latter. Under Turkoman come the well known Bokhara or Tekke Yomud, the Afghan, Baluchistan, Smarkand, Yarkand and Kasghar.

The most striking and easily remembered Persian designs are the small palm leaf of the Saraband (or Seraband) rug, the large palm leaf of the Herat, the Tree of Life of the Kirman, the inscriptions and floral designs of the Sarak, the long floral design in the border of the Khorassan and in the Kierkish rugs. The Anatolians are very soft and of varied designs and are used as pillows by the natives. The Bergamo is distinguished by its soft, silky pile, its floral or large geometrical design. The small sizes only of this class are antique, as the modern Bergamo is always made larger. The writer of this article has lately seen one genuine antique in the collection of the Paul West Company in Boston. This rare textile poem is a brilliant yet soft mass of rich colors that harmonize as perfectly as a field of parti-colored flowers, and reminds one of Walter Crane's beautiful suggestion that these designs were meant to represent the walled-in garden that has always been so dear to the oriental heart. The idea is carried out all over the East, and in the story of the Garden of Eden it is recurrent. "The Angel of the Flaming Sword" might typify the outside world—the stranger at the door—all over the land of curious symbolism, dreams of prophecy and revelation. It is the idea of seclusion, the hint of mystery, that the weavers and designers—unconscious poets and historians—wrought into these products of brain and hand and loom.

The term Smyrna is rarely applied to rugs of oriental weave, because so-called "Smyrna" rugs are manufactured in large quantities in America. The Smyrnas, under the Persian grouping of Mr. Mumford, are so grouped because the city of Symrna in Turkey is the market for the angora goat's hair rugs made in the interior from simple old designs handed down from past generations. The Yuruks are made by the Nomad tribes, who possess large flocks of goats in the mountains of Anatolia.

The Ouchak rugs are called after the name of the chief city of Asiatic Turkey. These are woven by Moslem women and girls, and an antique of this class may be known by one thing: if green is seen in the coloring, the purchaser in spite of all the eloquence of the seller, may be sure it is a modern, for the Mohammedan law forbids the faithful to use green!

Of the Caucasian rugs, the Daghestans are most easily distinguished, because the figures are diamonds, octagons, hexagons and small hooks, and many of these are marked by the weavers. This district is under unholy Russian domination and many of the rugs may be known by that emblem so entirely the visible and only sign of Russian Christianity—the cross.

The rug weavers of Asiatic Turkey—these are classed Turkoman, —are conscientious workers. They are very careful that their dyes are "fast" and steep the wool in alum and water. The Bokhara, Miss Holt tells us, is the most popular



CORNER OF FAMOUS ROYAL PERSIAN HUNTING CARPET,
OWNED BY THE IMPERIAL ROYAL COURT OF AUSTRIA

eastern rug in America. Certainly it is one of the most readily recognized when once known. The octagonal figure is usually of white or ivory, laid on a soft red or old rose field; orange, blue and green are also often seen.

When rugs were first made they were intended for some specific purpose. For instance the Mamazlik or prayer rug was that upon which the faithful follower of Mahomet must kneel while repeating his devotions, with his head in the corner pointing towards Mecca. The Hammamlik or bath rug was an essential accessory of his ablutions, while the Odjaklik or hearth-rug, which was spread before the fireplace when a guest arrived, gave token in its beautiful design and texture of the dignity in which hospitality was held.

But it is with the ancient rug weaver and his work, not the modern with which this article deals. Though the methods are almost the same that were used thousands of years ago, western influences have recently tended towards degenerating this old industry that holds so much romance and poetry in its history.

That the eastern rulers are conscious of the threatened danger is evidenced by the edict of the Shah, issued January 1, 1900, and printed in French and Persian.

"We, Mazeffer ed Den, King of Kings, Absolute Sovereign of the Empire of Persia, Whereas, upon different occasions, our glorious Father Nasser ed Din Shah, whose memory is illustrious and revered, desiring to maintain the fine quality of Persian carpets, the fame of which is universal, forbade the importation of aniline dyes; which certain persons use to give a meretricious coloring to carpets; and

Whereas, It has come to Our knowledge that these prohibitions, as well as some others, are frequently disobeyed by Persian subjects as well as strangers, and since it is necessary to reinstate them, and at the same time give power to punish whosoever shall violate them hereafter, for all these reasons We utter the present law. Article 1: It is forbidden to bring into the kingdom aniline dyes,

whether in dry or liquid form, into which aniline enters as a component."

It has also been decreed in one part of Persia that any dyer found using aniline decoctions "should have his right hand cut off." This mandate has not, so far as is known, been enforced, but the severity of the penalty shows how much the Persian government dreads the deterioration of its most famous industrial art.

Through the entire existence of the native of the Orient—in his home life, in his spiritual life, in his social relations and at last at his death, for when he dies the Tuberlik or grave carpet is spread above his grave—the rug plays a prominent part. The sombre colored funeral cloth shows the cypress, the widow and the myrtle in its design, and has been completed by the combined efforts of each member of the household, from the eldest to the youngest, each one of whom has tied some of the knots so that it may express a general sorrow. Here and there the sombreness is relieved by bits of bright color which typify a happy future life.

Sidney Churchill gives some interesting facts about the Turkoman girl, which shows what a valuable accomplishment carpet weaving is considered in that region. "Among the Turkomans," says Churchill, "a young girl costs her husband one hundred tomans; should her husband die or be killed, her second husband has to pay two hundred tomans to be allowed to marry her. On her third, three hundred tomans, increasing by one hundred tomans each time up to the tenth time. . . . The reason for this increase in the price paid for the privilege of marrying the girl is that she is supposed to have acquired greater experience as a housewife, and also increased skill as a weaver." Certainly it would appear that widows are the vogue in the East at present, a great improvement upon the old custom in certain parts of the East where it was etiquette for the bereaved lady to cast herself upon her deceased spouse's funeral pile. The former fashion insured extreme care and solicitude for the husband's health and comfort. The modern arrangement puts widowhood at a premium.

In the secrets of the eastern dye pots lies a great part of the unrivalled beauty of the oriental rug. The colors themselves are significant and form part of the cabalistic meaning of the inscriptions and designs. The unsurpassed old Persian red is said to be made from sheep's blood by a secret process—all of the eastern dye processes are secret, however, and a lasting and curiously beautiful vermilion is the result. Odd reds are also obtained from onion skins, beets, ivy berries, and other indigenous plants, in a manner unknown in the West. The blues are based on indigo and the rich browns are secured by the application of indigo over pure madder. The Persian berries produce wonderful yellows, and their yellows combined with indigo form a number of greens.

A writer on rug making has broadly stated that the designs may be generally classed in this wise: Caucasian, Turkey, Turkoman, and Tartarin fabrics are geometrical; Persian and Indian are floral. The poems of nature have been represented by Caucasian and Turkestan designs, by geometrical figures,

while Anatolians have conventionalized the Persian flower and tree forms.

That Chinese art influenced Persian fancy in the sixteenth century, the famous "Royal Hunting Carpet" now the property of the Imperial Royal Austrian Court bears witness. This magnificent specimen of the loom is said to have been presented by Peter the Great of Russia to the Austrian Court, but this cannot be vouched for. This Persian Hunting Carpet, an illustration of which is here shown, was photographed from one of the plates of "Oriental Rugs," a volume published by the "Imperial and Royal Austrian Commercial Museum" by the order of the "Imperial and Royal Ministries of Commerce," the English edition of which was edited by Sir C. Purdon Clark. The "Hunting Carpet" is a textile picture of horsemen in full chase of deer and other small native animals, while winged gods do combat with lions and buffaloes. The dragons, and cloud bands and the line of mollusc shells in the border (the latter having the significance of immortality) are distinctly Chinese. The singular combination of Persian and Chinese art designs has produced a really wondrous fabric.

There is another remarkable antique Persian carpet which holds a special interest because of its inscription, which tells him who can read the woven words that it was made by "Maksoud of Koshan, the Slave of the Holy Place," in the year 1535. This carpet, which is known as the "Andebil Carpet" is owned by the South Kensington Museum, London, and was bought for $12,500. There are thirty-two million, five hundred thousand knots in the fabric! Think of how many years it must have taken Maksoud, the "Slave of the Holy Place," to leave the signed testimony of a patience and skill as great as his art!

Another rug of great interest is one now in the Imperial Royal Commercial Museum of Vienna, the main scheme of which in the centre and border consists of Arabic inscriptions. In the centre is a cross and all the other space is covered with arabesques, creepers, cup and palmette. At the four ends of the "cross-beams" twice upwards, twice downwards, runs the inscription which Professor Wahrmund says, means: "God is the greatest! He is great!" The inscription filling the rest of the centre consists of the ninety-nine names of Allah, partly in the form of a petition written upwards and downwards. Around the long sides and the narrow ends are inscriptions from the Koran, beginning:—"Allah! No God exists besides thee, the Living, the Eternal!" Professor Wahrmund says the meandering lines seen in the yellow facings signify the sacramental form of faith and mission of Mahomet.

The strong resemblance between Arabic characters and geometric figures makes the deciphering of these prayer rugs a matter of extreme difficulty. This rug was found in a mosque at Aleppo, and may be classed as a product of Asia Minor, woven probably from a Persian design.

The art of rug weaving, though it belongs in the East, where in the sixteenth century it reached the climax of its development, may however find a new outlet in another hemisphere! Products of the loom

have always attained their highest excellence in agricultural rather than commercial centres. This may be because the great harmony of nature can be best comprehended in open stretches of forest, vale or plain, or desert or in mountainous districts where lights and shadows are forever forming varying effects. In such environments life is more contemplative. In the still spaces imagination and thought begin their utterance.

Why cannot the loom and brain be put again to artistic uses here among us? In New England there has been an effort made to revive vegetable dyes and carpet making. In Donegal, Ireland, a Scotch firm has succeeded in establishing a local industry which employs hundreds of bare-footed girls, who like the nomad tribes of mountainous Arabia and Turkey, carry their portable looms with them and out on the hillsides weave floor fabrics, as they tend their grazing flocks. In certain parts of our "great West" we have ideal climatic conditions for such an enterprise. Near the great sheep centres the rug and carpet making might become a lucrative business, the ranchmen and weavers finding mutual advantage in an interchange, while a means of livelihood peculiarly adapted to female labor might bring about the much desired feminine colonization in the vast regions where a woman's face is a rarity. In localities unfitted for agriculture and close to commercial centres, such an experiment is likely to fail, but in our great agricultural and sheep-raising sections it might gradually become a profitable manufacture. But there is still another way in which hand woven rugs and carpets might become an American industry under government control in a certain sense. I mean the establishment of jail manufactories. At a small outlay apprentices could learn this industrial art, and in the mastering of an industrial art in which individuality is the keynote, what growth of inward harmony might be stimulated in the weaver?

Sir C. Purdon Clark says that only in the jail manufactories in the East, where the commission for a rare design of carpet is given, are the best results obtained. No mercenary motives nor undue haste nor intermittent effort retards the completion of the work, and meantime the sombre tone of prison life and prison work is touched with color. Under the hands of the rug weaver, the flowers, the vines, the trees he knew and loved bloom again and a new freshness comes to his heart and soul. If such a convict industry were established in America, the result might show not only practical profit to the government but spiritual benefit to the prisoners.

There is much that is beautiful in our country. Who knows but that some day in the future an American weaver might stand before an American inventor and say as he points to the fabric on his loom: "O Inventor of great machines, I passed through the forest and saw the sunshine through the tender green leaves and heard the songs of birds, and I put them into my carpet with love and thankfulness in my heart for them. And therefore is my work, O maker of machines, greater than thine because that I deprive not my fellow man of the right to work out from his soul the thought that is in him!"

The Unexpectedness of the Widow Phelps

An Episode in the Annals of the Soldiers' Home

By Margaret Ashmun

"GENERAL Grant he says to me, says he—'Pete,' says he, 'what's your notion o' layin' our breastworks skew-anglin'-like along the bank o' the river? I tell you, Pete,' says he—"

The speaker stopped, conscious that neither of his companions was listening. Twisting himself about on the bench, where he was sitting in the shade of a half-grown box elder, he saw what his interest in his own narrative had prevented his noticing—that the electric car from Ballard had pulled in at the Soldiers' Home station. The passengers were alighting, and mixing with the blue-coated crowd on the platform. Comrade Claflin forgot for a space his detailed account of the way in which he and Grant had put down the Rebellion, and gaped open-mouthed at the same figure that had arrested the attention of his auditors.

"The Widder Phelps, ain't it?" he murmured in a tone from which he studiously attempted to exclude his admiration. "So she's a-gettin' back, eh?"

EliasEldredge and Orson Stringer nodded silently.

The Widow Phelps was holding an impromptu reception at the station platform as one after another of the veterans who had been loafing about pressed forward to shake hands with her. The pink, cheerful face under the gray puffs of hair sufficiently explained the widow's popularity. Her generous form was resplendent in a black satin gown, whose glittering jet trimmings dazzled the eyes of the three old men under the box elder. The gloom of her black hat was tempered by a lavender rose on the crown and a white one under the brim.

"Swell get-up she's a-wearin'," ventured Comrade Stringer, pretending to whittle on the pine stick he was holding, but never taking his eyes from the widow.

"Pike left consid'able of a life insurance," murmured Elias Eldredge thoughtfully, still gazing toward the station. "His son was a-keepin' of it up for him. I s'pose he divided with his ma."

Comrade Eldredge's ambiguous remark was received in silence but by no means lost upon his listeners. The Widow Phelps had by this time concluded her greetings, and was moving toward the Home grounds, followed by a half dozen grizzled admirers.

The three old men on the rus-

tic benches remained several moments in ruminative silence. Orson Stringer was the first to speak.

"Four months, ain't it, come next week?" he said softly, counting on his fingers.

"Jest about," assented Comrade Eldredge, shifting his large bulk on the bench. "Jest about."

All three glanced across the smooth green lawn of the Old Men's building at the white headstones and little fluttering flags of the Soldiers' Home cemetery.

"Pike was a good fellow," murmured Orson Stringer in a subdued voice, "an' he fit well in the Rebellion."

Comrade Claflin moved impatiently. "Well, as I was a-sayin'," he broke in, settling his cane more firmly between his knees, "Grant he says to me, says he"—and the story proceeded, unrestricted, to the end. There was, however, as the tale drew its slow length out, a perceptible abstraction in the faces of the two who listened, as well as of him who spoke.

Comrades Claflin, Stringer and Eldredge formed one of fifty little groups and cliques that had evolved themselves in the Old Men's building. In fine weather the three old cronies occupied their favorite benches, where a good view of passing traffic could be obtained; in stormy times they took possession of a certain nook, jealously guarded from intruders, near the big fireplace in the Assembly Hall. All were widowers of some years' standing who had turned their little property over to relatives and sought the refuge of the Soldiers' Home, content in the comfort of their quarters and the affluence which their pensions afforded, to let the busy world roll on without them.

Orson Stringer and Elias Eldredge represented, perhaps, the opposite poles of human construction. Stringer was small and bent and shrivelled, with a tangled gray beard that hung down to his breast, and "saved," as he put it, "a mighty sight o' good coin in neckties." He walked with a queer, jerky limp—the souvenir of a hot skirmish on the borders of a southern plantation. He was a lively little man in spite of his infirmity, and on G. A. R. days there was no one who marched more briskly in the parade, or who looked about him with a brighter eye to catch the reverential glances of the crowd.

Elias Eldredge was a foot taller than Comrade Stringer, broad of shoulder, great of girth, firm of limb, looking a decade younger than the sixty-two years that he confessed to. His wide, ruddy face was clean-shaven, and his dull blue eyes held an infantile seriousness that his slow speech never belied. He was given to performing on the guitar, accompanying himself cheerfully, whenever pressed to do so, in a voice profoundly admired by his associates and apparently not less by himself.

Peter Claflin was a nondescript old man with a short, scrubby white beard and gentle, wrinkled countenance. He was of a friendly disposition, but spoke little, except when his more or less accurate memories of the Rebellion moved him to unexpected lengths of loquacity.

On the particular June morning when the Widow Phelps reappeared at the Home after a three months'

sojourn with her daughter in a neighboring state, Comrade Claflin's garrulous reminiscences served well to conceal the train of thought that was going on in his own and his companions' minds. Nevertheless it was with a palpable relief that the little party rose at the sound of the dinner bell.

Each of the three glanced furtively about the dining room, but the Widow Phelps was not to be seen. She had preferred a cup of tea with a kindred spirit in her own vine-smothered cottage, rather than the familiar volubility of the general dining hall. Though the Widow Phelps, not unlike others of her sex, doted on admiration, she was nothing if not elegant.

She and her departed husband had occupied snug rooms in one-half of a small double cottage and the management had seemed in no hurry to transfer the bereaved lady to the crowded dormitories of "Widows' Hall." Her cottage stood on the shady street that overlooked the picturesque waters of Mirror Lake, on the banks of which the Soldiers' Home was built. This street was a favorite promenade for all the inmates of the Home; it was, therefore, scarcely a noteworthy fact that at half past one on that particular afternoon two ancient blue coats covering two venerable but hopeful hearts should have been making an unsuspicious way from opposite directions along the shadowy street.

Orson Stringer's gait was as nimble as a boy's as he limped jerkily along with a cinnamon rose in his buttonhole and a cracked gutteral tune on his lips. Elias Eldredge's big frame lumbered slowly through the changing lights reflected from the lake and re-reflected by the new oak leaves overhead. His heavy face was illuminated by an inward glow of determination.

The two friends met just in front of the widow's neat, rose-bordered garden plot. Each brought up with a gasp of recognition and an awkward salute.

"Afternoon, Comrade," said Stringer.

"Afternoon, Comrade," responded Eldredge.

They hesitated. "Thought you said you was a-goin' to take a nap," queried Comrade Stringer.

"Changed my mind an' come out fer a walk. Thought you said you was a-goin' fishin'."

"Changed my mind an' started out fer a little stroll. It's gettin' consid'able warm, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'tis."

They looked off at the placid expanse of Mirror Lake and then up at the equally placid sky. No suitable topic of conversation seemed to suggest itself. They carefully avoided glancing at the widow's discreetly drawn window shades.

"Well, I guess I'll be goin' on," murmured Eldredge ponderously, at last.

"Well, see you later," answered Stringer with a nervous skip of relief.

Each continued his ostentatiously aimless stroll. At the end of the block each, in his innocent belief that the other was well on his way in the direction he had been pursuing, turned toward the widow's cottage and started back at an accelerated pace. Each perceived his rival afar off, but after it was too late to change his tactics. Each

assumed his former nonchalance. They stopped again before the Widow Phelps's door.

"It cert'nly is a-gettin' warmer," gasped Elias Eldredge, mopping his rubicund brow.

"Yes, most too warm to walk," replied the nonplussed Orson Stringer.

"Yes, 'tis."

Again they looked out across the waters and again at the unsuggestive sky. Again they avoided as much as a glance at the widow's inviting piazza. Silence ensued.

"I'll tell you what," said Stringer, brightening as if an idea had just occurred to him; "'s long 's it's too hot to walk, let's go 'n' call on the Widder Phelps. She's just got back, you rec'lect, an' it mus' be kind o' sad fer her; she'll need cheerin'."

"That ain't a bad idee," responded Elias readily. "It ain't no more 'n right that we should drop in, 's long 's we was good friends o' Piketon's."

The matter thus satisfactorily settled, the two old veterans marched solemnly up the walk—with much the same air as that they had worn at the funeral of the late Piketon Phelps. As Comrade Stringer rapped sharply on the door jamb they both became aware of voices within, and a subdued tinkle of ice against a glass.

The Widow Phelps came quickly to the screen door and opened it with a motion of surprise and pleasure. She had exchanged her black satin waist for a thin one very much lace-trimmed, through which her plump neck and arms and a certain lavender-beribboned undergarment were dimly visible. She shook each of her callers cordially by the hand.

"Now, Mr. Stringer—and Mr. Eldredge—I do think it's just lovely of you to come an' see me so soon after I got back. And you ain't the first, neither," she added, stepping back and disclosing through the cool darkness of the parlor the familiar form and face of Comrade Claflin, who sat awkwardly on the edge of a small, twisted-brass parlor-chair, holding a glass of lemonade in his uncertain fingers. He looked sheepish and uncomfortable.

"Afternoon, Comrade," mumbled the two callers in unison. They sat down blindly in the red plush chairs that the widow pulled forward for them.

"Thought you said you was goin' to Ballard this afternoon, to get your pension check cashed," said Orson Stringer, fixing a condemnatory eye on Peter Claflin. The old man shuffled his feet guiltily, drank a hurried gulp of lemonade and answered with an embarrassed air, "Well, I changed my mind, 'n' come out fer a trifle of a walk, 'n' then I thought I'd call 'n' see how Mis' Phelps felt after her long visit."

"I'm a-feelin' fine," put in the widow, adjusting her rhinestone-studded sidecombs; "just fine. Only it's dreadful warm, isn't it? Mr. Claflin 'n' I was just refreshin' ourselves with a sip of lemonade. There's lots of it here. Do let me give you some." And she poured out two generous glasses and handed them to the intruders, now somewhat mollified by the cordiality of their reception. "Tell me everything that's happened since I went away," she said, smiling impartially at her three guests, who were still

staring moodily at her; "I'm just dyin' to hear the news. Who's married an' who's died—since poor dear Piketon passed away?"

She touched her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief, and sighed. Then she smiled impartially again. Rivulets of news began to trickle from reluctant lips. Before long the four were talking steadily and amicably — ignoring persistently the shadow that lingered among them, which was *not* the shade of the departed Piketon Phelps.

The shadow followed the three old men to the supper table that night, and stayed with them while they sat out on the rustic benches in the cool purple dusk. Things were better the next morning, and almost the usual degree of friendliness reigned at dinner. In the afternoon, Eldredge and Claflin started out for a walk, wondering audibly as they went as to the whereabouts of Orson Stringer, who had left them abruptly as soon as the noon meal was over. The problem was solved unexpectedly when the two old men, seating themselves on the bank for a few moments' rest, espied their recalcitrant companion brazenly assisting the Widow Phelps aboard a hired rowboat at the dock below. A much-ruffled black and lavender sunshade hid the widow's shapely head, but her familiar laugh was wafted to the watchers on the lakeside. Comrade Eldredge snorted as the little skiff shot out over the vitreous surface of the water.

"Seems 's if old Stringer's plum crazy over the Widder Phelps," he observed scornfully. "I'd be fried in bear's grease afore I'd make such a ninny of myself fer a woman. He's actin' like a batty old simpleton—an' him with the spring halt, too." The speaker stretched out his two plump and sturdy legs before him as if to indicate that no one could rightly accuse him of either the physical or sentimental defects of Orson Stringer.

"I feel the same way, 'Lias," responded Peter Claflin, punching holes in the earth with his cane. "It's no more 'n proper that we sh'd show respect to Pike by a-callin' on her now 'n' then—but as to propellin' of her round the lake in one o' them tee-totterish little mussel shells, there ain't no airthly call fer it, an' to my notion, Stringer is makin' a holy spectacle of himself a-doin' of it."

"That he is, Comrade," rejoined Elias Eldredge. "That he is, 'n' I'm glad it ain't you or me that's got so far into our secon' childhood as to make steam enjines of ourselves fer the Widder Phelps."

The next evening, after supper, Comrade Claflin was unaccountably missing from the accustomed group. For four years the three old men if not to be found together could give an unerring statement of one another's whereabouts at any hour of the day or night. The unexplained absence of a member of the circle was a thing to be remarked.

"Supposin' we peg around a little an' see where he's a-disportin' of himself," suggested Orson Stringer, whose unimpaired eyesight had noted the Sunday necktie on Comrade Claflin's blue-checked shirt front at supper, and whose sharp little nose had detected the odor of cologne hovering about the table and had traced it to the red bandanna

handkerchief of Comrade Claflin. Accordingly, two-thirds of the usual little group set out in search of the remaining fraction, Orson Stringer limping along briskly by the side of the lumbering Elias. All at once Orson grasped his companion's arm.

"Look a' there," he exclaimed excitedly. "Look a' there!"

Comrade Claflin and the Widow Phelps were emerging from the ice cream parlor just across the border of the Soldiers' Home grounds. They were too preoccupied to notice their two friends standing at a little distance, regarding them with reproachful surprise.

"Ain't that a kid trick—a-takin' of her to eat ice cream, just as if they wan't more 'n sixteen 'n' a half, an' both of 'em goin' on a hunderd!" This from Orson Stringer whose withered little face was working nervously under the stress of his emotions. "I call that too condemned silly for nothin'." The bitterness in his tone awakened a like remembrance of yesterday in the mind of the lethargic Elias.

"I do' know as it's any worse," he retorted heavily, "than a-bustin' your backbone to slivers a-rowin' of her roun' the lake in a skiff-boat—an' her weighin' well nigh to a ton. It seems to me that's as silly a trick as I've seen in a dog's age."

Orson Stringer was fairly caught. He flushed sharply as he turned on his companion. "So you've been a-spyin' on me, hev' you, 'Lias Eldredge," he cried angrily; "a-spyin' on your old comrade that's always treated you as decent as any man a-livin' could. That's all I want to know o' you—" and he limped furiously away before the repentant Elias could apologize for his unguarded remark or explain the innocent manner of his "spyin'."

The next morning Orson Stringer did not breakfast with his former friends. He stalked in stiffly after they were seated and took a place at a table across the room. He did not so much as glance at them during the meal, and Eldredge and Claflin appeared not to notice his absence. Matters were the same at dinner and again at supper. Then Comrade Claflin, who was an inoffensive soul and could not bear hard feelings, came softly up to Stringer as he sat by himself on the steps of the Old Men's building. "Come on, Orson," he said, as if nothing had happened, "let's take a look around 'n' see what's doin' on the lake front."

Orson rose without speaking and the two made their way slowly to the shady street along the bank of Mirror Lake. It was almost dark, and the quiet coolness of the street threw an atmosphere of reconciliation around the two old friends. Suddenly Orson spoke.

"Seems to me I hear music," he remarked. "Where d'ye s'pose it comes from?"

"Yes, I hear it, too," answered Peter, moving forward a little more hastily. "An' ain't it a-comin' from —" He paused.

"Yes, 'tis," murmured Orson, "it's from her cottage as sure's fate. You don't s'pose that—"

"Let's go 'n' see," said Claflin.

They walked on a little distance and stopped in front of the widow's cottage. One shade was partly up, and the two observers could see the interior of the little parlor. The widow was in the most comfortable of the red plush rockers, her purple lawn gown overflowing the arms of

the chair and falling about her in billowy folds. Opposite her on the sofa sat Elias Eldredge, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling as he thrummed the strings of his guitar. From his big frame issued the tremulous soprano voice, the pride and admiration of his friends. He was singing lustily, pausing at the end of every line for breath:

"Oh, Allie, angel Allie, gentle Allie Ray—
Thou art gone to the lan-n-d that is star-r-r-ward—
Thou art gone like the summer flowers away-y-y."

The widow was visibly affected. She dabbed her eyes with her black-bordered handkerchief and rested her cheek passively on her hand.

The two old men outside stood transfixed to the sidewalk till the last note had shivered away through the treetops. Then they strode on in moody silence.

"Music always gits 'em," muttered Comrade Claflin at last, striking the trunk of a tree viciously with his cane.

"That's so," assented Orson, sadly. "You c'n spend your last cent f'r 'em an' wear yourself to a skeleton a-waitin' on 'em, but you ain't got no show with some red-faced old guy that c'n pound the catarrh a little, an' squawk like a hen with the weasels after her."

"Well," remarked the other after a reflective pause, "I s'pose it's a fine thing to have a musical gift—but if I owned a catarrh and looked like that a-playin' of it, I'd fire it where corn was four dollars a bushel—widder or no widder!"

The next afternoon Elias Eldredge seated himself on his favorite rustic bench, regarding with satisfaction himself and the world about him. Orson Stringer limped up soberly some moments after, and sat down silently in his accustomed place. He was followed a half hour later by Comrade Claflin. The three sat whittling and smoking without a word, one mutely complacent, the others mutely dejected, seeing him already as a rival assured of success.

"Car's a-comin'," remarked Orson Stringer with a show of interest.

The three turned to watch the yellow cage of the car as it slowed up at the Soldiers' Home station. Down the rear steps came a tall, thin gentleman with a frock coat, red side whiskers and gold-rimmed glasses. He turned with a proud gesture of ownership and assisted the Widow Phelps to alight, holding her hand tenderly a moment after he had deposited her safely upon the platform. The widow wore a gray silk gown with lavender chiffon trimmings; around her wide black hat was a wreath of purple roses. She caught sight of the three comrades, lost in wonder, gazing at her from the rustic seats under the box elders. Speaking a word to the stranger she led him to the place where the old men sat. They watched her coming, fascinated but speechless.

"Gentlemen," said the widow archly, "I'll give you the honor of bein' the first to meet my husband, the Rev'rend Dobson. He's from Grand Rapids, Michigan, where my daughter lives, you know. We was just married at the Methodist parsonage in Ballard."

Orson Stringer was the first to recover. He rose mechanically and took the white outstretched hand of the smiling Mr. Dobson. "Glad to meet ye," he muttered, incoher-

ently; "glad to meet ye. Take a seat."

Peter Claflin nodded in a dazed fashion but sat, open-mouthed, apparently unable to speak.

The color had left Elias Eldredge's face, but he stood up, in his turn, his big figure swaying a little, and shook hands with the beaming parson. "Bein' friends o' Piketon's," he said solemnly to the bride, "we all wish you a heap o' joy. We've all been takin' a friendly interest in your wife, Elder Dobson, bein', as I said, friends o' Piketon's."

Mr. Dobson smiled blandly. "Very kind, I'm sure," he murmured, with ministerial perfunctoriness.

"I told him he'd got to wait at least six months," said Mrs. Dobson, smiling impartially on the group, "but he got nervous and came on just a day or two after I left. He said," and her plump form shook merrily as she spoke, "that there was too many attractive old widowers around this institution an' he wanted to see that I wasn't givin' any of 'em too much encouragement." The three comrades smiled faintly at this sally, but seemed to think of no appropriate response.

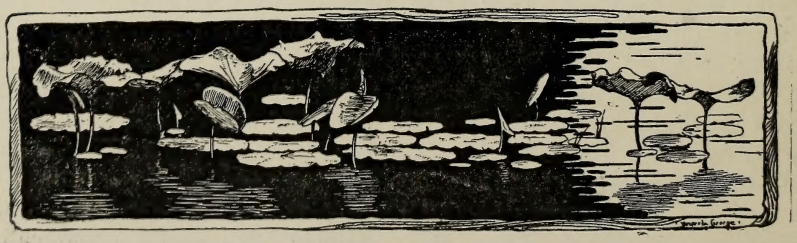
"Well, Mrs. Dobson," the bridegroom said, taking the widow (widow no longer) tenderly by the arm, "I guess we'll have to be going. We can see these kind friends some other time before we leave."

The three old men sat stupefied as the Reverend Mr. Dobson led his new-made spouse away through the syringa bushes. For a long minute no one said a word. Then Orson Stringer threw the piece of pine he was whittling far into the dust of the road.

"Boys," he said, "I've got a proposition to make. Comrade Claflin 'll treat us to ice cream, an' I'll hire a rowboat an' row ye both aroun' the lake, an' 'Lias here 'll take his catarrh along an' play 'n' sing fer us. I guess the joke is on us, an' we may as well get what we can out of it by celebratin' the weddin' o' the Widder Phelps."

"Good idee," said Peter Claflin. "Let's do just that. But first let's shake hands all 'round. There ain't nothin' to prevent our bein' friends now, as fer's I c'n see."

Elias Eldredge said not a word, but as he shook hands with the others his grip was the hardest and heartiest of all.



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The First Printing Press

ROBERT F. RODEN, in his "History of the First Printing Press Established in English America," relates that "in the summer of 1638 'the John of London,' bearing a printing press, a printer and three pressmen, approached the shores of New England, and ended one of the most memorable of voyages." This first press of the English colonies was by no means the first printing press in America. The Spaniards had antedated that by just a hundred years. In 1538 one Juan Pablos in the City of Mexico had set up a press and printed "a compendium of Christian doctrine" under the auspices of the regnant Spanish church. Thus Mexico led Massachusetts by a century. The first work of the new press of 1638, however, was of a far different order. This was the "Freeman's oath" which every man, over twenty and six months a householder, must take in order to become a legal citizen of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. This oath in its original draft was the work of John Winthrop and is now one of the treasured possessions of the Boston Public Library. It reads as follows:

"THE OATH OF A FREE-MAN

"I (A. B.), being by God's providence, an Inhabitant and Freeman, within the Jurisdiction of this Commonwealth; do freely acknowledge my self to be subject to the Government thereof; And therefore do here swear by the great and dreadful Name of the Everlasting God that I will be true and faithful to the same, and will ac-cordingly yield assistance and support thereunto, with my person and estate, as in equity I am bound; and will also truly endeavor to maintain and preserve all the liberties and priviledges thereof, submitting my self to the whole-some Lawes & Orders made and established by the same. And further, that I will not plot or practice any evil against it, or consent to any that shall do so; but will timely discover and reveal the same to lawfull Authority now here established, for the speedy presenting thereof.

"Moreover, I doe solemnly bind my self in the sight of God, when I shal be called to give my voyce touching any such matter of this State, in which Free-men are to deal, I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may but conduce and tend to the publike weal of the

body, without respect of persons, or favour of any man. So help me God in the Lord Jesus Christ."

It is a noteworthy matter and shows the trend of thought and single-hearted groping toward the path of personal freedom that was characteristic of the thought of the day that the first printed matter issued in the colony should be this oath. Moreover the last clause in the oath is one that every voter of the country to-day would do well to subscribe to and follow freely. It would seem to prove that the independent voter, the man who follows his conscience only in his action for the welfare of the state, was logically born of Massachusetts long before the term "mugwump" came to be applied to him by men of less broad gauge.

This first press was set up in the house of Henry Dunster of Cambridge, the first president of Harvard College, and there it continued for years to do good work for the colonists, printing next "an almanack made for New England by Mr. Peirce, Mariner," a publication which might well have been the germ from which grew Franklin's idea for his "Poor Richard's Almanack." Later it issued "The Bay Psalm Book," showing that though the first idea of the colonists was toward the upbuilding of the state, the church came not far behind in their thoughts. Later came "Spiritual Milk," by John Cotton, which with the "New England Primer" no doubt puzzled the wits of our ancestors with its reasoning on theology and its hints of eternal damnation. The weightiest and most noted work of this old press was without doubt the Indian Bible of the Apostle Eliot. Prodigious labor went into the translation of this work and equally prodigious labor into the printing, which was completed in 1663.

Stephen Day was the first printer, followed by Matthew his son and later by Samuel Green. In its later years the old press led the life of vicissitude which is common to most printing presses. It wandered from its Cambridge home to Connecticut, thence to Vermont, where it came to be consigned to attics and barn lofts with other relics of the pioneer days of New England. The newspaper men of that state, with commendable patriotism, rescued it some years ago and presented it to the Vermont Historical Society. It now adorns their rooms in the State House at Montpelier, one of their most prized historical relics. The work that this humble hand machine did for the enlightenment of the colonies cannot be overestimated, and its very first issue cannot be too highly recommended to the freeman and voter of to-day.

Old Home Week

IN a recent address before the Twentieth Century Club Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, secretary of the Massachusetts Old Home Week Association, gave some facts and figures which deserve to be widely quoted. He said:

"In 1899 New Hampshire enthusiastically adopted the Old Home Week idea, organized a state Old Home Week association and inaugurated its first Old Home Week celebration in nearly one hundred different cities and towns, and has

ever since continued to loyally support the institution.

"The movement was no sooner launched than it brought to light some surprising facts regarding the number of natives of the Granite state that had become residents of other states. Nearly 125,000 of its sons and daughters—two out of every family of six—have left their old homes there; while from Massachusetts 300,000 have gone forth, and Maine has lost 216,000, Vermont 168,000, Rhode Island 61,000 and Connecticut 142,000—a grand total of about 1,000,000 for all of New England.

"The other New England states were not long in deciding that what was proving to be such a good thing for New Hampshire ought to be equally good for them; and, so, in 1900, Maine adopted the Old Home Week reunion idea; in 1901 Vermont took it up, and in 1902 Massachusetts fell into line with considerable enthusiasm, followed later by Connecticut and Rhode Island.

"In Massachusetts the Legislature has legally recognized the institution by enacting a law giving cities and towns authority to appropriate money for Old Home week purposes, and many have availed themselves of the privilege. Reunions have thus far been held in something like one hundred and twenty-five different Bay State cities and towns, some of them of a very elaborate nature, and a number of the towns have annually observed the festival without a break since 1902.

"To give even a brief history of all these happy reunions, with their long list of banquets, entertainments, trade processions, floral parades, concerts, exhibitions, carnivals, picnics, illuminations, religious services and other features, would require a volume of ponderous dimensions.

"The success attending the social and sentimental side of these reunions has been marked; but the best and most hopeful thing about it all has been the fact that the people in the far West and South, for whom all these elaborate receptions were gotten up, have really been glad of the opportunity to come back to their old homes and meet once more their old friends and schoolmates, some of whom they had not seen for twenty, thirty and even forty years.

"Not only have they come back and pulled the latchstring by hundreds, but they have given, in many instances, substantial evidence of their reawakened interest in their native place. Some have erected public drinking fountains, some have donated public libraries, and others have helped to lift the mortgage on the local church, or have presented the town a park or memorial.

"Many, also, have shown their interest in the very practical way of determining to hereafter spend their annual vacation at their former home, which is the next best thing to coming back for good.

"In other ways, too, Old Home week has proven itself to be a helpful influence, and one that should be heartily supported by every public spirited citizen. Among other results, it has caused a great awakening of interest in the local history of towns, and will in time lead to the compilation of many permanent histories. This interest has also

found expression in the marking of scores of historic sites and landmarks by tablets and monuments, so that in some towns to-day the salient points of history may be read by all who walk abroad.

"It has brought new hope and spirit to more than one discouraged hill town—for communities can become despondent, as well as individuals. It has had some good influence upon the industrial life of many a town and city, its social benefits have been immense, for not only has it brought the permanent residents of country towns into closer touch with one another, but it has made for a distinctly better understanding between the natives and the wealthy city people who have summer homes in many of these places, both working together for the common interest during Old Home week.

"There is at least one instance where an organization of city residents composed of natives of a country town—the Candia Club of Boston—takes full charge of the Old Home week observance in the little New Hampshire town from which its members came; and not satisfied with that, holds an annual winter "new home" reunion in the metropolis.

"These are a few of the concrete results that have already been obtained from the observance of Old Home week in New England. Surely they are all well worth the while.

"The movement has already spread far beyond the confines of this section. It has been adopted with success in Ohio, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Ontario, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, and this year Louisville, Kentucky, is going to take it up on a most elaborate scale, dedicating special days to Daniel Boone, Stephen C. Foster and other illustrious Kentuckians, and keeping "open house" for such survivors of Kentucky's six hundred thousand absent sons and daughters as are able to attend the reunion.

"If only a small percentage of New England's absent natives can be induced to come back and settle down among us again, if merely in the capacity of summer visitors, something will have been accomplished toward counteracting the drain upon our resources that we are now feeling so seriously.

"The general and hearty support of Old Home week will unquestionably do much in this direction, and it should receive practical encouragement from every local board of trade, improvement society, historical association, civic club, grange and woman's organization in New England."

Northampton's Opportunity

PROFESSOR HAYS of the University of Minnesota said a few years ago: "Five hundred are taking our agricultural High school course, and two hundred or three hundred other agricultural courses. The farm, the farm home and the farm community are being greatly enlarged in the minds of our young people."

Professor Hays went on to show how the spirit of such a school dignifies the country life and sends all its graduates back to build up their fathers' acres and keep the old spirit of the farming community

alive. It was such a spirit as that which made the farms of New England a century ago blossom and bear fruit on every hillside and breed men who, while they held strong allegiance to the soil, were yet masters in the community and the strong men of the nation. They sent their sons out to the then new West, and it is their spirit which has made the West what it is today. Somehow we are losing that strength and spirit among the hills of New England, have lost it in a great measure, and the problem before us is: how shall we bring it back?

Northampton seems to have the opportunity to make an experiment in the right direction through the trust fund of "Uncle Oliver" Smith. Uncle Oliver lived in Hatfield a century and a half ago. He was a Yankee with all the thrift and shrewdness which the name implies. In a community where few men made more than a bare living he amassed a considerable fortune, a part of which he left in trust to be used, when it had accumulated a certain amount, for the foundation of a school for the indigent youth of the Connecticut valley,—a school conducted upon peculiar ideas of his own which should not only teach its pupils to be good farmers, but should start them in life with a modest sum as capital.

This sum is now ready and amounts to something over $300,000. It is turned over to Northampton to be used in founding the prescribed college. The trustees of the fund seem to be in some doubt as to the exact use which they will make of the bequest under the will. It is argued that the state already has an agricultural college at Amherst and that, while this does much to promote agriculture indirectly it does not as a rule send its graduates back to the farm. The farmers of the neighborhood seem slow to send their boys to Amherst. In fact the institution is said to be desirous of getting the word "agriculture" out of its title. Only ten Franklin county youths are this year taking work of any kind at the institution. The fact seems to be that the college does its work too well. It fits its students for positions which are outside the average work of the farm, and the men go to those positions, leaving the farm work to be done by men of less specialized education. There is talk of making some sort of trade school out of the Smith bequest.

But after all, was not Uncle Oliver wiser than his later critics, and would not a school such as he devised and left money for do just the work which he hoped it would? There seems to be a great opportunity for some school of this sort to idealize, not the finer scientific principles, but just plain farming. A school which would teach the young man how to rotate crops successfully and how to make a living while building up his farm, then give him money enough to take an opportunity near home and apply those plain principles to practical farming, would seem to fill a long felt want. There are plenty of scientific schools in New England now. There are enough colleges where the deeper technicalities are taught. These will not do it. They send the boys not to the farm but beyond it, into positions which keep them off the farm, rather than planting them

there to grow up in the good old sturdy New England life of a half century ago, the life which we should like to see more men living.

The new Smith College would better be a college which teaches the plainer and simpler principles of agriculture, such as will send boys, unable to go farther, back to the farm rather than letting them grow up to storekeeping and factory life, as they do now. They are doing it in the West with grandsons of New England farmers. Surely we should be able to do it here if we get hold of the right sort of boys and train them in the right way. Northampton has a splendid opportunity of this sort. If it can make the experiment a success it will carry out the idea which Uncle Oliver Smith had in mind when he made the bequest, and will do the finest thing for New England which any college has ever done. New England farms are being taken up at present by immigrants. That is better, perhaps, than to have them grow up to wood lots, but it is not half so good as to re-people them with the good old New England stock, which is in a way to leave them for the factory or the shop. The finest men in the world have come out of the New England farmhouses in the past. It seems a pity to have the source of such a stock lost or turned over to the blood of an alien race.

The Right of Way

By Aloysius Coll

No matter how deep the selfish store
  Of folly, greed and sin,
Never the heart of man too small
  For a woman to enter in.

Perhaps for good, perhaps for ill,
  Forever, a year, a day;
Perhaps to come, repent, and go,
  To hesitate—and stay.

But whether she comes, a gift of gold,
  Or a bubble of folly and sin,
Never the heart of man too small
  For the woman to enter in!

Tickle-Town Topics



Polly Maria's Wish

By Doris Redfern

POLLY MARIA, wife of Jed Weed, looked at the world, her world, with tired eyes. The fall work on the farm had been unusually heavy, and there was a comparatively new baby, heavier still, who almost always insisted on being carried on his mother's left arm.

The nearest house was a mile away; the nearest store, two miles. Calls and visits were as scarce as hidden gold, and recreation of any kind a thing unheard of. It was all the life that Jed Weed's wife had ever known, however, and she could not have told what else she wanted nor why she wanted it. She only knew that for a month at least, she had wished that "something would happen," and felt as if she should "jest stand still and scream" if it didn't!

Everything continued to drag along in the same dull routine, however, and Polly Maria grew so nervous and irritable that she was literally on the point of screaming when her Aunt Patience entered the kitchen one forenoon and sat down in the old-fashioned rocker with an emphasis that belied her name.

"I declare, I'm 'bout tuckered out!" she gasped, with a rapid, checked-apron accompaniment. "You wish't suthin' would happen, Polly Maria, an' it has! Three of my best broilers hev' gone—what do yer think of that? I hunted all over the farm for 'em, an' what yer 'spose I found?"

"The—chickens?" ventured her niece listlessly.

"Chickens! No—nor I don't expect to! I found that new cow, the humbly one, staggerin' round broader'n she is long! She's eat 'bout all those cider apples, an' she's real intoxicated!"

Polly Maria, deep in the dishpan, showed but mild interest.

"An' that ain't all," continued the fretful voice. "The sheep broke through that weak spot in the fence—jest as I allus said they would—an' I couldn't git 'em back in to save my life! Hed to drive 'em up to the mountain pasture!"

The tired eyes opened wide at last. "Good land, Aunt Patience!" she cried. "You never went clear up there? Why, it's more'n a mile—over ploughed ground, too!"

"A mile! I s' think 'twas ten! I

never was so near winded in my life, though I stopped eight or ten times to empty the stones an' stuff outer my shoes. My feet feel so gritty that I bet I'll hev' to wash 'em!"

"Wal', you lay down an' rest now, Aunt," said her niece, falling back into her former lethargy. "I'll do the ironin' jest as soon as I get the dishes wiped an' the baby to sleep an' the cookin' done."

Aunt Patience looked around and sighed. "It's jest cause there ain't a man on the place to-day!" she exclaimed. "If Jeddy leaves for a minnit, every critter here gits possessed with an evil spirit! Wal', I'm so dead beat that I guess I shall hev' to git on the sofy for a spell. You call me when you git the baby off sound, an' we'll see if we can't git some of this work done 'fore noon!"

She settled herself heavily on the sofa and by the time the dishes were finished was fast asleep. Polly Maria moved noiselessly about tidying up the room and then sat down near the fire and sang softly to the restless child. The teakettle hummed cheerily and the audible snores of Aunt Patience added bass notes to its song.

The baby, for a wonder, slept almost at once; but, loath to stir from the pleasant warmth, its tired mother lingered until she too dozed, slept—and dreamed that some one was knocking. It was many weeks since such a thing had occurred, and Polly Maria, half waking, smiled at the mere thought; then suddenly the outside door was thrown wide open—and three pairs of eyes opened with it. Aunt Patience stumbled to her feet and demanded the intruder's business in tones that were not remarkably pleasant. She always felt cross when awakened. The baby, frightened at his mother's nervous clutch, screamed lustily.

"Hope I didn't disturb you, Madam?" asked the intruder apologetically, as he came forward, hat in hand, and deposited a small satchel on the floor. "I have here a little article that every one—positively every one—needs and wants, Madam. So in justice to yourself, I felt it my duty, when I received no response to my knocking, to open your door and hunt you up Madam, allow me!" He deftly tucked a pair of side combs among the tumbled locks of the astonished woman.

"Price only fifty cents, Madam—think of it! And for the young Madam," he cried, triumphantly rummaging his satchel, "I have something simply won-der-ful! Just the one thing she most requires! Here you are, Madam—a baby pacifier—and only twenty-five cents! Made of rubber and ivory, a rattle in the handle and a lunch in the middle. There! See! It has quieted him already!"

"It's real nice," began Polly Maria timidly, "but I'm afraid we—we can't afford to—"

"Be without it. Of course not!" interrupted the big voice cheerfully, turning back to Aunt Patience. "Why, Madam, Madam!" he cried in ecstacy. "How those fine combs do improve your appearance! I wouldn't have believed it—you looked so extraordinarily nice before!"

Aunt Patience eyed him doubtfully. "I guess I'm too old for such fixin's. I guess I won't—"

"Let such a bargain go by!" interrupted the big voice again. "A wise decision, Madam, very wise!

Now, Madam, while you go after your money—let's see, fifty and twenty-five make seventy-five cents —I will go, with your permission, to that pail and quench my thirst. Ah, pail is empty! Shall I fill it for you, Madam? Always a pleasure to assist the ladies—particularly such ladies! Out this way through the woodshed? Ah, yes!"

The door banged behind him before Polly Maria or her Aunt could speak. They stared at each other in astonishment.

"Wal'," said Aunt Patience finally, as faint squeaks of the pump handle reached them, "his mouth may need water, but his tongue don't need no oil! I snummy, I never see sich a fast runnin' tongue, nor sich a thin man, in my life! The idea of tellin' me I looked—looked—"

"He makes me think of a boy I use' to go to school with!" broke in Polly Maria as she gazed at the completely pacified baby. "I wonder if it could be the same one growed up? They called this one 'stuffed string.' He was awful, awful thin! He always et enough for three men, too, but he jest wouldn't flesh up any—"

"Tapeworm, probably," interrupted Aunt Patience, twisting and turning before the cracked glass over the sink in an effort to see the ornaments in her hair.

"I wish't we could buy that pacifier," said Polly Maria suddenly. "We never buy nothin'! Wouldn't it seem pretty good to hev' somethin' new for once?"

"Now, Polly Maria, you know we can't afford to spend a cent! I don't care anything 'bout gewgaws myself, but this fellar is sich a nice-spoken chap, that I should kinder like to help him out—that is, *if* we could afford it," she added, meeting Polly Maria's eye.

"We might take seventy-five cents out of the hen money!" suggested that young woman eagerly, "and make it up by—good land, what's that?"

Both listened and then rushed to the woodshed door; for instead of the squeak of the pump, came a strange muffled cry.

"What's that pesky peddler doin'?" demanded Aunt Patience irritably.

"Sounds as if he was down the well!" cried Polly Maria, turning pale. The cry was repeated more clearly.

"Help! Help!"

"He is! He's fell down the well!" cried Aunt Patience, starting for the woodshed on the run. Polly Maria instinctively grabbed the baby and, unheeding his loud protest at being disturbed, deposited him and the pacifier in a room at the other end of the house. Locking the door with trembling fingers, she hurried back to the kitchen—in time to see her worthy aunt dodge inside and bang and bolt the door just as something came against it with a thud that shook the house.

"'Tain't the well!" she gasped. "It's Bartholomew—he's out! What shell we do, Polly Maria? Speak, can't yer! My sakes—I never see anything like the critters on this place—they ain't half civilized! Polly Maria Weed, if I hadn't been quite so spry, that beast would have killed me dead—did yer know it? Can't yer speak?"

Her niece stood staring with almost a smile on her lips. Fright at the unexpectedness of the thing rendered her speechless—but something had happened at last—was

happening now. The tired look left her face and her eyes grew big with excitement.

"Hev' yer gone clean daffy, Polly Maria? Can't yer speak?" demanded her aunt impatiently.

"Do—do you s'pose he's dead by now?" asked her niece, drawing a long breath.

"Dead! Who's dead?"

"The peddler. Bartholomew's killed folks before, you know—that's how we got him so cheap. Oh, the constable'll come for us an' we'll hang, Aunt Patience, we'll hang!" she cried in sudden terror.

"Help! Hi, there—help!" came a mournful, yet angry cry from the woodshed. "Gol darn it—help!"

"Humph! Guess he ain't dead yet—he's profanin'!" observed Aunt Patience, with evident relief. "Wal', we've got to do suthin', Polly Maria, an' do it quick. Fust, we must find where that dratted ram is now!"

"Why, Aunt Patience Weed! That's an awful word!" exclaimed her niece, visibly shocked.

"Wal', it matches the ram then! You remember we was warned 'fore we bought— There's that peddler yellin' again! Where are yer, Mr. —Mr. Peddler? Are yer hurt?" she called anxiously, opening the woodshed door about an inch.

"My name, Madam, is Barrowscales—Lemuel Huntington Barrowscales," came the muffled reply. "I am on the top of a large woodpile, in a corner up next to the roof. I do not remember how I came—but I am here, and the waterpail is with me. In reply to your inquiry about my injuries, Madam, I will inform you that my feelings have been decidedly hurt and I am also seriously injured—elsewhere! Such an unprovoked assault will be awarded heavy damages in court, and—look out!—he's coming again!"

Aunt Patience bolted the door in a hurry, and Polly Maria gave a stifled scream as it shook on its hinges two seconds after.

"If he keeps on buttin' that way, he'll smash in here and kill us—and the baby!" cried Polly Maria, again overcome with fright.

"You—you varmint!" screamed Aunt Patience angrily, her eyes glued to a tiny crack near the casing. "You'd better stand there an' stamp yer feet! You'll stamp harder when I scald yer! That's jest what I'll do! Polly Maria, is the water in that kittle bilin'? Give it to me then!"

"Now, Aunt, don't yer do nothin' rash. You wait—I'll get some cayenne pepper, an' we'll both go for him!"

Gathering a good supply of ammunition, they peeped cautiously out and waited for Bartholomew's next appearance.

"Madam—er—what's your name!" yelled the peddler. "Come! Aren't you going to call off your pet brute? I'm getting tired of this!"

"We're tryin'—but we can't do nothin with him!" cried the two women.

"Now, Madam, you let me down out of this and I'll agree not to take this case to court. That is fair, is it not?"

The women stared at each other in astonishment. "Guess you ain't acquainted with our Bartholomew!" said Aunt Patience contemptuously. "Let me tell yer thet he's the biggest an' ugliest ram in the state! An' he can't be called ner coaxed, ner driv'! He's killed folks, they say—trampled 'em ter death after

he'd knocked 'em unconscious! We'll do all we can ter scare him away somewhere, but it looks ter me as if you'd stay where yer are till Jeddy comes home, 'long towards night, Mr. Peddler."

"Barrowscales, if you please. You will remember that name when you are sued for damages by its owner, Madam! But come, come. Time is money with me, and I am losing a lot of it. Now, I will drop the case I have against you, and you may keep the side combs and the baby pacifier too, Madam, free of charge —absolutely free—if you'll let me down."

"Git down any time yer want to! I ain't stoppin' yer! Here he is comin' again! Don't yer be scared an' run now, Polly Maria!" cried Aunt Patience in a shaking voice. "Wait till he gits up close!"

Round the corner of the woodpile came a streak of gray and black.

"D-don't yer run, Polly Maria!" ordered Aunt Patience again. "Now holler awful! Here!—Hi! stop, Bartholomew! Dear little Tholly! Stop, yer brute! Nice little lambie! Throw, Polly, throw! Ouch! Cher —chew! Cher—chew! You've hit your own aunt in the face! Cher—chew, cher—"

"Oh—oh, Aunt! Look out—scald! quick!" cried Polly, wringing her hands in despair at what had happened and what she thought was going to happen. Sneezing so she could hardly see, Aunt Patience let drive. She used such blind force that the kettle left her hands and circled gracefully around Bartholomew's head, landing right side up on the ground, with its contents almost intact. The ram stopped to consider the strange object and the women dodged inside. Red pepper filled the air and the steam was not to Bartholomew's liking either. He sniffed angrily, ran backward a few steps, charged forward—and the kettle took a trip to the woodpile, just missing the man on top.

"That ought to be good for a home run, old boy!" chuckled the peddler, forgetting his own troubles for a moment. "I say, Madam," he shouted, "I thought it was about dinner time. Is this the first course? Seems to be rather thin—is it consomme or ox-tail?"

A succession of loud sneezes from behind the kitchen door was his only reply. He called again, and then, as the full humor of the situation dawned upon him, gave way to roars of laughter that penetrated the kitchen and brought Aunt Patience to the door with red, indignant face. She was still sneezing and Polly Maria echoed each one.

"Coast is clear, ladies!" called the voice from the dim corner of the shed. "I'm getting hungry, however, so send up the fish and meat courses at once, if you please. And a soapstone for my feet—it is getting chilly here! If you could get me a cushion for my back, and one—no, two, to sit on—" He went off into another hearty roar.

"I hope," snapped Aunt Patience, between sneezes, "thet you'll hev' ter stay up there three days! An' yer will fer all me! I vum, I won't do nuthin' more ter amuse yer!"

"Why, Madam! My dear Madam! You misjudge me!" exclaimed the peddler, becoming sober instantly. "There was nothing funny in what you did. I was just laughing at his honor there! I'm tired of cussing, you know, and thought I might as

well laugh. Your side comb is slipping, Madam. The left one—that's it. Now, Madam, I must get down from here and go about my day's work. Can't we use a little diplomacy and get him through that door into the barn, and shut him in?"

"If you think so, you jest try it!" said Aunt Patience bluntly. "He's jest hidin' round the corner now, ready to butt in at the littlest sound!"

A lively discussion followed and various plans were tried with no result. Dinner time came and went and the situation remained unchanged. The peddler grew tired, hungry and cold, and was indignant, jocular, and decidedly angry by turns. When he had about concluded that he could only accept the inevitable and wait until "Jeddy" arrived, Polly Maria suddenly appeared with a lot of apples.

"He's 'way out in the barnyard now!" she cried excitedly. "You take these, Aunt Patience, an' git to the haymow, an' drop some right down into his pen. He'll hear the noise. an' come in an' eat—an' we'll shut the door!"

Aunt Patience's mouth closed grimly. "I s' think you was crazy, Polly Maria!" she exclaimed in a disgusted stage whisper. "D' you expect me to go to shinnin' at my time o' life—'fore a strange man, too?"

"No—no! Go up the ladder that Jeddy left over in that corner—see? I can't leave baby, so you'll hev' to go, Aunt Patience! I'll make a racket out by the front door an' 'tice Tholly round there, so he won't hear you."

At first Aunt Patience flatly refused. The continued urging of the peddler and Polly Maria, however, and the thought of long hours before the return of her nephew, finally induced her to doubtfully agree to the plan.

"Go on, Aunt," shouted Polly Maria from the front room. "He's way up in the north pasture now, eatin' grass! Go on!"

"So do, Madam, so do!" encouraged the peddler. "Put the ladder right against that beam—firmly—now climb!"

Filling her apron with apples, Aunt Patience Weed began her upward journey. The ladder seemed longer and steeper than she had thought, and was not so steady as it might have been. When it wobbled, she swayed dizzily, and her skirts were such a handicap that her progress was not fast. As she neared the top, there came two warning shouts. In wild terror she let her apron go and scrambled for the beam—just in time,—for Bartholomew came against the foot of the ladder like a thousand bricks, and when it fell broke it into three pieces as easily as if it had been kindling wood. Aunt Patience turned white and trembled so that she had difficulty in retaining her footing.

"There! Now yer see what he can do, don't yer?" she cried to the peddler, directly opposite, although not so high up. "Thet's my second narrer escape ter-day. It's a wonder I ain't in Kingdom Come this minnit! I bet I'll never step my foot on the ground agin 'til thet beast is shot!" she cried angrily, steadying herself against a post. "Guess I'd hev' ter stay anyway—don't know how in sancho I could git down even if I wanted to! An' now I'm here, I ain't got no apples.

Jest look at that beast gullopin' 'em down! I'm so mad I could bawl! Con-confound yer, Mr. Peddler, why d-don't yer do suthin'?"

"There, there, Madam, don't get nervous," was the soothing answer. "You had better get to the haymow; yes, get to the mow, Madam. That beam can not be comfortable. Come to this end of it—a little further. There—now step across to that flooring."

Aunt Patience turned to stare at him in angry amazement, and nearly lost her balance again. "There! Step across there? Why, it's more'n ten feet! Yer're an idiot—an' Polly Maria too! Why—what ails—Polly! Polly Maria! Yer sick? Yer hurt?"

The figure in the doorway swayed and rocked. Then there was a sound that literally took Aunt Patience off her feet, and she sat down heavily. Polly Maria was laughing—laughing until she cried! When she realized the awful fact, Aunt Patience addressed her niece with all the dignity she could command.

"I 'spose, Mrs. Jed Weed," she said sarcastically, "thet yer're laughin' at me. An' I 'spose yer'd laugh harder if I should slip off here into the lion's jaws—"

"Ram's, Madam!" corrected the peddler, laughing almost as hard as Polly.

"An' be chewed up into hamburg steak," went on Aunt Patience, not deigning to notice the interruption. "You an' thet precious peddler got me up here a purpose to make a laughin' stock out of me! Old as I be, if I could git at yer, I'd trounce yer both well!" she declared, striking her heels together angrily.

"Careful, Madam, careful, or you will fall!" cautioned the peddler. "And if you insist on calling me pet names, I prefer 'dearest' to 'precious' any day."

Aunt Patience glared, too angry to reply, and Polly Maria and the peddler went off into another outburst as they saw her martyred expression. Of their excuses, after it was over, she took no notice; their apologies were received in stony silence. Polly Maria's earnest and pathetic explanation that she "hadn't laughed before, nor even smiled, for ages," failed to move her, and she gazed, sphinx-like, at some dusty cobwebs in a distant corner.

"Come, come, Madam!" cried the peddler, pulling out a small pocket dictionary. "You must forgive us, you know,—with your name! Just hear what this good book says about it—'patience: the suffering of afflictions, pain, toil, calamity, provocation, or other evil, with a calm, unruffled temper!' So you see, Aunt Patience, that—"

"I ain't no aunt of yours, an' you needn't call me so!" snapped the lady above him, goaded to speech at last.

"Ah, ha!" roared the peddler, striking the most approved attitude that his position on the woodpile would allow.

"'She speaks:—
Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals—'"

"What's that?" demanded Aunt Patience.

"That, Madam," was the suave reply, "is what Romeo said when Juliet was on the balcony. You reminded me of her up there on that beam—so different, you know! I

could recite that whole play, Madam. I know all the characters."

"I don't," snapped Aunt Patience, "an' I'm sure I don't want to, if they're anythin' like you, Mr. Peddler!"

"Barrowscales—as I have said before, Madam. Your right side comb is slipping—that's good now. His honor has finished all your apples and I think, Madam, that I will now give him this woodpile, stick by stick, for dessert."

The first stick was deftly dodged and greeted with contemptuous snuffs and snorts and stamping. Then "dear little Tholly" began to cut circles, some fast, some slow, over the pieces of the broken ladder. In the half light of the place, his eyes gleamed a dull red and he rolled them wickedly from one captive to the other. The second stick struck him broadside, and he danced with fury, butting the ground, the partitions and the woodpile.

"Ah, ha! Trying to shake me down, are you? Well, take that—and that—and that!"

Three well directed sticks hit him squarely and he wheeled, blind with rage, and charged the pigpen at the far end of the shed. Two boards split and an angry grunt came from the dirty white head that was thrust out to see what was doing.

"Polly! Polly!" shrieked Aunt Patience, "you goin' ter stand there an' gawk while Bartholomew kills the pig?"

"He jest won't then!" cried Polly, furious at the thought. Grabbing a flatiron from the stove, she rushed out. Vengeance had driven fear from her mind, but Bartholomew saw, and wheeled in her direction. The flatiron narrowly missed his head—and Polly Maria, panic-stricken at what she had and what she had not done, fled. With Bartholomew close at her heels, she scrambled to the top of an old bureau and from there to another woodpile. Bartholomew stamped and snorted, and Polly Maria sat down awkwardly and sobbed.

"Come, come, ladies," cried the peddler, trying to keep back a laugh. "Liven up a little! Just look on the bright side of things—as I do. Now to pass the time away we might play games. Come, puss! come, puss, puss, puss, puss!"

"I think you're jest as mean as mean!" sobbed Polly Maria. "If the b-baby should cry, I couldn't—"

"Never mind; let him, if he does. It is great for the lungs—bound to make a singer out of him!"

"Look at that dratted ram!" shouted Aunt Patience suddenly. "He's gone inter the kitchen an' laid down front of the stove! Thank yer lucky stars, Polly Maria, thet yer locked the baby up!"

The three captives looked at each other miserably. Bartholomew had played his trump card and lay on the rug before the fire, listening for the slightest move in the woodshed.

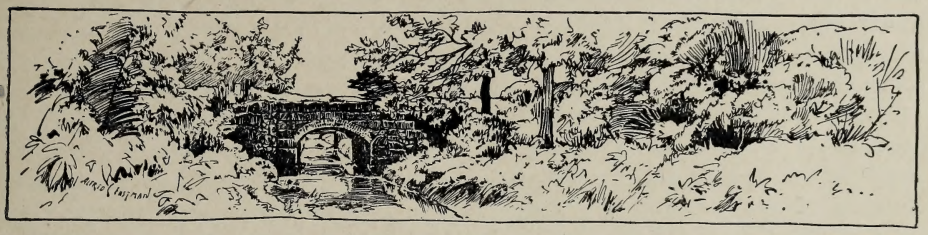
At the least sound, his eyes opened wickedly, and he stood ready to take his trick. Disgusted, angry, cold and hungry, the trio waited—there was nothing else to do. They waited one, two, nearly three, full hours. When Jeddy finally came,—and saw—they had to wait some time longer, for him to recover from what nearly proved to be a fit of hysterics.

At bedtime, Aunt Patience applied salve and liniment freely, as she reviewed the events of the day.

"I'm pretty well bunged up," she declared. "I feel s' if I'd been through the wars. I guess Jeddy wouldn't 'a' thought things was so tarnation funny, if he'd been in our shoes. There he goes laughin' agin—I'll bet folks can hear him clear down to the village! I hope he won't be sick—an' I hope this will be a lesson ter yer, Polly Maria—don't yer never wish fer nothin' to happen agin, never! Do yer hear me?"

Polly Maria, looking brighter and younger than she had looked for many weary months, glanced toward the side combs, the baby pacifier and some new neck ribbons—all gifts of Mr. Lemuel Huntington Barrowscales—who had insisted, in a Chesterfieldian speech, that she take them in memory of a pleasant day's entertainment, which had been forced upon him.

"If I thought 'twas my wish that done it," she laughed, " I should wish agin right off, Aunt Patience!"



Nathaniel Hawthorne

By Joseph Lewis French

Two centuries had molded him: he stands
The epic of the Puritan; his gift
To genius; where the sternness and the thrift,
The consecrated conscience still commands
Our western world, he sat with patient hands
And praying eyes; far from the careless drift
Of untaught worldlings: now and then the rift
That broke the clouds proclaimed him of all lands.

And so he wove his spell: Hawthorne the mage!
Who held the genii of romance in fee,
Who loosed the fetters of our primal rage,
And set the spirit of Columbia free,
Exempt, attune to that fine ecstacy
Wherein old Time brings back the Golden Age!

Patriotism and the Patriotic Societies

By Edward L. Underwood

An act of vandalism, the defacement of a bronze tablet erected to commemorate an historical event, caused the writer, who witnessed the act, to wonder whether law or sentiment would ultimately check such occurrences. Patriotism is the devotion to the interests and welfare of one's country; the passion that aims to maintain its laws and institutions, and the theory of patriotism and patriotic living can no more forcibly be brought to the fore than by a concrete example of the reverse of that devotion. The man born in this country is born to a patriotic regard for it. The immigrant may consider either the land in which he lives or that in which he was born as his country. The stronger passion of his patriotism reverts to the latter, and must by educative means be weaned to a realization of unattained possibilities in the country of his adoption. One of the worst evils in this connection is the application of a qualifying word before the name American, such as German American or Irish American.

No divided patriotism is possible; that pseudo-patriotism which is not rational but passionate, never discerning danger from within as quickly as from without, is but provincialism — that is, prejudice against the outsider, and is born of ignorance.

The Spanish mob that wrecked an American consulate and tore the American flag into pieces, and the American mob that later burned the King of Spain in effigy, trailing the Spanish flag through our streets, committed essentially treasonable rather than patriotic acts; and these acts might well bring the nations into conflict. The hatred of other countries is no sure sign of the love of our own; for example, the American hatred of England is most unpardonable and most unjust. The stupidity of the King and of Lord North and the heroic deeds and assertion of great principles by our forefathers make us the rival of England to-day; while England, from her experience with us, learned the art of colonial government. The patriotism of our ancestors was not shown by bitter words but by deeds of valor.

Another type of pseudo-patriotism shows itself in the filibustering patriot (?) who holds it debasing to arbitrate questions of moment or make searching inquiry into the moral status of national action, and considers such as may believe in these ideas little less than treasonable citizens. The ideas of an investigator popularize patriotism, while those of the filibuster plebify patriotism.

Our dangers are from within and not from without; our field is the domestic, not the international. Militarism, which has led the nations of Europe into a labyrinth of disorder, if we engage in it will surely check our mission among

nations. He who thinks his country acts wickedly and has the courage to say so, even though he be mistaken, acts patriotically. If his contention is true, what a debt his nation owes him! Patriotism and practical politics (the methods of the politician) are widely divided entities. One is easily persuaded into thinking that the interest of his party and the interest of his country are one and the same thing.

Unrestricted immigration and universal suffrage are the two great evils in our midst to enlist the attention of patriotic citizens. The former evil may, in time, be checked by the laborer under press of an overplus of labor; the latter can be put out of the way only by requiring a longer period of residence before obtaining the right of suffrage.

This immigrant menace brings us to the subject of patriotic societies, and suggests a possible failure in their efforts thus far. Of the thirty or more organizations the keynote seems clear; namely, "to foster true patriotism and love of country." The newly-arrived immigrant, accorded the right of citizenship, needs enlightenment on the responsibilities prematurely thrust upon him, and at present this is wholly lacking. He usually falls into the hands of unscrupulous party leaders, and is influenced by money or prejudice to favor by his vote methods most likely to bring disaster upon a system of free government. The responsibilities of citizenship are unknown to him, nor is any effort put forth, by direct means, to instruct him. He has neither time for, nor interest in, tablets, memorial arches, statues or relics nor even in history itself, whatever benefit his children may receive in the public schools from the interest fostered therein.

It would seem, then, that the societies of which we speak should aim at the enlightenment of the immigrant voter as the most important object of their existence. Instruction in civics of the most elementary sort could not fail to do a vast amount of good, and thwart the efforts of the ward politician to further his own unholy aims.

The demagogue is always in evidence in public places preaching theories subversive to good government and the preservation of good order. No listener is more attentive or more easily influenced than the stranger from a land of oppression, who is bitter with resentment against methods at work for centuries for the degradation of the lower classes.

That something ought to be done to offset these conditions seems unquestioned. Who should further such work more zealously than an organization which adopts as a part of its constitution a clause from Washington's Farewell Address,—"to provide institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, developing an enlightened public opinion to perform the duties of American citizens"? The constitutions of the patriotic societies are expansive and lacking in uniformity; the keynote is dominant, yet the variation in the harmony is evident.

To maintain a social basis seems a prominent feature of these organizations, and it is true that the value of an association is, in a measure, benefited by its position in the social strata, for the plebity recognizes the touch of dignity in the membership of orders and societies as giving them standing and prestige.

The celebration of anniversaries of national importance is observed annually by these societies, chiefly by banquets, at which orators of prominence discourse on themes of historical interest to the descendants of men who helped make those events famous. The various social functions indulged in by societies of the feminine persuasion, according to press reports, are marked by elaborate dresses and display of jewels which befit the receptions of the aristocracy held for purely social reasons. That part of the constitution of one prominent organization of women—"to promote sentiments of friendship and common interest among members"—is weekly accentuated to an undue extent, and causes the anticipation of the event to lose the significance which should attach to a society devoted to the upbuilding of a nation's welfare. Then again, a society which is a close corporation—as close indeed as the secret orders and with similar tests for membership—which avows, in a rehearsal of its objects, "the creation of a popular interest in colonial history," seems an anachronism. Is there not danger that such exclusiveness may thwart the purpose it is intended to advance, and cause the same distrust among the masses as was engendered by the famous Society of the Cincinnati? This society based its future membership upon a line of heredity, and inspired the enmity of public-spirited men of national reputation to inveigh against it, and later brought into being the Columbian Order or Order of Tammany. The enlistment of the interest of all properly qualified descendants of patriots is desirable, independent of their ability to pay dues and attend functions, and a tendency to restrict membership appears to be a danger to the perpetuity and valuable influence of organizations that maintain such notions. Another danger, too, seems to be a tendency to lapse into self-gratification if not self-glorification. Patriots of old were men and women who sacrificed. Their descendants often do not imitate these sacrifices, but merely praise them.

The achievements of the patriotic societies in question are worthy of note and commendation. The greater part of them had their origin in the celebration of the centenary anniversaries of prominent Revolutionary events between 1875 and 1890. To recite in detail the many really valuable ideas that have been carried out by the interest and vigor of the members of these societies would be unnecessary. In every part of our country monuments, statues and tablets have been erected. Sites and buildings have been purchased, and documents and records in great numbers rescued from oblivion. The interest of school children has been stimulated in matters allied to the history and growth of the country. The flag has been protected from uses profane. The central government again and again has felt the force of popular sentiment, aroused by these societies, when suggestions have arisen threatening to lessen the regard for the deeds of our forefathers.

In those parts of the country where exist no historic battlefields, and no material expression of the sacrifice of our founders can be seen, the coast-born descendants of patriots keep alive—and very much

alive—the ideas of devotion to liberty and freedom for which the nation stands. The achievements already manifest justify the existence and show the mission of American patriotic societies. Like church organizations, their value will depend on the zeal of their members.

Active work among immigrants in this land of heterogeneous population, the teaching of civics and the art of making a country great, is the noblest expression of patriotism. That we may be strong and great without martial power or mere bigness of territory —strong in the might of justice and honor—great in the moral and civic qualities—is the crying need.

We should impress the immigrant with the grandeur of our isolation from foreign entanglements, and the possession of an empire of unlimited extent. With our heritage of ancestral examples that stand for liberty, defended by law, and for an equality, based on actual character and not on accidental birth, these societies have an ample working capital sufficient to carry on a successful business of incalculable value.

Nevertheless

By Charles Hanson Towne

Thou hast shown me the roads I must take, O Love,
The roads that are steep and long;
Thou hast told me my heart must break, O Love,
And forget its olden song.

Nevertheless, though the way be rough,
Though my heart shall break in twain,
The road shall be sweet to my pilgrim feet,
I shall choose Love's paths of pain!

Thou hast shown me the wounds thou dost make, O Love,
And thy crown with thorns inlaid;
Thou hast told me the tears thou wilt take, O Love,
Till the price of my joy is paid.

Nevertheless, though thy wounds be sore,
Though thy crown may pierce my brow,
I shall let thee take my heart to break,
For alone it is breaking now!

Five Thousand Miles for a Farm

Diary of a Journey from the State of Massachusetts to the Southwest as far as the Territory of Arkansas

By George Billings

AUGUST 27th, 1832—Started from Canton, Massachusetts, and travelled through Sharon, Wrentham, Franklin, Bellingham, Mendon, Upton, Grafton, Worcester, Leicester, Spencer, Brookfield, Palmer, Williamstown, Springfield, Westville, Granville.

September — Granby (state of Connecticut), Hartford, &c. Most of the above towns have a good soil, and are well cultivated. I passed many fine farms, particularly in Worcester, Grafton, Upton, Brookfield, &c. The country after leaving the Connecticut river at Springfield begins to assume a hilly aspect as you travel toward Westfield, at which place it becomes quite mountainous, yet in the valleys there are fine farms, with large stocks of cattle. This is a great country for butter & cheese. The country around Hartford & along the Connecticut river down to its mouth has a rich soil and produces great crops of hay & grain. I observed large fields of broom corn, which had a beautiful appearance to the eye as one travelled along the road. While at Hartford I went to the Asylum for the deaf & dumb. The institution is situated on an eminence commanding a full view of the surrounding country. The scholars are orderly & well behaved & have a very neat and decent appearance. The boys & girls have separate apartments to study in. There is about an equal number of each sex—I saw Julia Brace, the girl who is deaf & dumb & blind. She is rather small in person, of a pale look & tolerable handsome. I saw her walk about, as well nearly, I thought, as though she could see. It was very interesting to see her way of communicating her ideas to her schoolmates & showed how great improvements the human faculties are capable of. From Hartford I took passage in steamboat for New York, this in the summer & fall is a very pleasant voyage. The passage through Hellgate in Long Island sound is a great curiosity to a stranger. It is sometimes dangerous for ships to attempt a passage through without quite a strong breeze. But steamboats pass in safety at all times except in very rough weather. As you approach New York through the sound you have a very fine view of it & of Brooklyn, situated on the island south of New York. When I arrived the cholera had abated some, but still raged to quite an extent 40 & 50 dying daily. This alarmed me some at first, but notwithstanding I

stopped here a few days to see the place & at last became quite unconscious about the cholera. How strange it is; when at a distance I was somewhat fearful, but in the midst of it I was perfectly at ease, fearing nothing, so it is familiarity with danger makes us fearless of its consequences.

October—From New York I started for Pittsburg by land & on foot, crossed the ferry at Jersey City, state of New Jersey, travelled through Newark, Camptown, Springfield, Morristown, Mendon, Chester, Easton (state of Pennsylvania), Bethlehem, Allentown, Hamburg & other small towns to Rheveesburg, Jonestown, small towns to Harrisburg, capitol of Pennsylvania, seat of government. From Harrisburg to Carslile, Strausburg, Vanetsburg, Greensburg to Pittsburg on the Ohio river, a distance of 361 miles which I travelled in 12 days on foot. The country from New York to Strawsburg, state of Penn, is generally level, more so than in New England, & the soil is richer. In some of the towns are large villiages, as Newark in New Jersey, Easton in Penn, Allentown, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Pittsburg. The inhabitants through New Jersey & Penn are many of them of Dutch descent. They are a very neat, industrious, frugal people, they are good farmers, they raise much wheat, the land being very suitable for it. Some of them keep large dairies. Their houses & barnes are often made of stone or brick. They most all have what is called a spring house to keep milk in summer & for other uses. Their houses are small in general, their barns large & well filled with hay and grain & most of them have a lightning rod on them. In some places I saw threshing machines which would thresh out 100 bushels of wheat in a day. I saw at one house a dog performing the operation of churning butter, which he was made to do with an ingenuity that would surprise a yankee as much as he might pretend to know. From Strausburg on west the country becomes more uneven & broken till you arrive at Fanetsburg, when the Allegahney Mountains are in full view. They are a number of hills rising one above another like stairs, till at last you arrive at the top, where you can look either way for a great distance, a view from the top of those mountains is truly romantic & picturesque, here we see nature in some of her grandest works, here is a huge craggy rock overhanging your head, there a deep valley with a small rivulet rushing through its centre. All of which tends to lead the mind to contemplate on the wisdom & power of that Being who created all things. After crossing the mountains the country becomes gradually more level till you arrive at Pittsburg, which is situated on an alluvial bottom, where the Allegheny & Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio. It is a place of great business of all kinds, but especially of the manufactory of iron into different articles of use. Many steam engines are built here, also steamboats, flat boats, &c. There are inexhaustible mines of stove coal here which will in time cause it to be an immense manufacturing place. The population at present is about 30,000 including the suburbs. From this place I started for St. Louis by water, in steamboat Boston. The water was rather low & our prog-

ress was rather slow on account of snags, sawyers & shoal places, & we could not run nights on account of the fog. Arrived at Cincinatti in 4 days from starting. Passed many fine villiages, such as Beaver, Stubenville, Wheeling, Marietta, Pourtsmouth, Maynville, Ripley in the states of Ohio, Virginia & Kentucky. In those villiages one will find the inhabitants of the different states. The shrewd yankee, the frank & open hearted Virginian, the bold boasting Kentuckyian, each pursuing his favorite employment. The people of the West are less reserved in their manners than those of the East. They enter into conversation more easily, less cerimonious & soon to get acquainted with. The people are more on a level with each other as respects manners & property. The polished gentleman converses freely with the poor rustic who dwells in his log cabin & often partakes with him in coarse fare, while travelling through the country. Cincinatti next to Pittsburg is the greatest town in the west it contains about 30,000 people. It is a great place of travel for all the surrounding country. Here is always a great number of steamboats loading and unloading, starting from & arriving at the place. There a large manufactory—Here large iron works &c. When I arrived the cholera had just broken out from 10 to 15 died daily for some time. I did not make a long stop here—proceeded to St. Louis. Reached Louisville, Kentucky in 2½ days from Cincinatti. Passed a number of very pretty towns on the river, Lawrensburg, Madison, Veney, Jeffersonville nearly opposite to Louisville, here the cholera was also. From 8 to 10 died daily. I was obliged to stop 3 days on the boat, which could not get over the falls at this place, the water being too low & the canal was being repaired. At last I took passage on the Don Juan Steamer for St. Louis. Proceeded down the river again passing by a pleasant little villiage quite often. It was not till after I left Louisville that I observed any cane brakes, about the same place I also saw first the cottonwood tree. The country on either side of the Ohio is in many places a fine level, rich soil, in others it is rugged, precipices from 100 to 300 feet high close to the river bank. There are many caverns in those rocks, one in full view as you pass on the river, said once to have been the abode of a banditt of robbers. Between Louisville & St. Louis there are many fine villiages, some of them I will name. New Albany, Smithland, Paducha, Shawneetown, America, Golconda, &c. We had quite a pleasant trip till near the mouth of the Ohio when the cholera broke out on the steamer—most all were sick, 2 died with the disease—soon after the second death the pilot, by accident, run the boat aground on a sand bar. After trying 2 days to get off, could not as the river fell one foot in that time, leaving the boat almost on dry land. I concluded to leave the steamer & go to St. Louis by land, it being about 175 miles. So leaving my trunk in the care of the clerk, I was put on shore & started on foot through the woods about 4 miles to the road. On my route I passed through the towns of Vienna, Brownsville, Rock Spring, Bellville &c. The country was level & much of it prairie. In some places the timber is very thin, so that grass

grows in it, this is called barrens, a term that means poor land, but it is a rich soil compared with the eastern states, when cleared it yields good wheat & corn—The prairie is generally very rich & covered with tall grass to the height of about 3 feet—This grass supports numerous herds of cattle during the greater part of the year & the farmers cut some of it green for winter use. To a stranger these prairies are a great curiosity they appear a perfect level, but in travelling over them you will find considerable hills of a gradual ascent. In the middle of some of the large ones you can scarcely see any trees except at a great distance. Some of them are so level that they are inundated in the spring & are of course unhealthy. The timbered country is very rich soil and is thought to be more healthy. In many places the trees are very large & tall & stand very thick, the oak, poplar, hickory, ash, mulberry, cucumber, cottonwood & hornbeam are the principle kinds of growth. The woods are free from under brush in many places.

November—When I arrived at St. Louis the cholera had made great havoc for a place so small & was still raging severely 20 & 30 died daily. The population is about 7,000. I was creditably informed that upwards of 500 had died when I arrived. It is a place of much business, you will see here steamboats from New Orleans, Pittsburg, Cincinatti, Jefferson City and Nashville. A branch of the American Fur Company is established at this place. I happened to be there when a party returned from a successful hunt to & beyond the Rocky Mountains. I saw several thousands of Beaver skins & witnessed the operation of packing them. The hunters are a curious sort of being, a mixture of French, Indian & all other nations, they are hardy and robust, capable of undergoing great hardship with a patience truly surprising. I could relate tales of their suffering and hair breadth escapes that would be disbelieved by those who never saw them & conversed with them. Their living is very simple, wild meat & occasionally flour, salt & tobacco—This is the whole of their fare & they informed me that they were scarcely ever sick, although they were constantly exposed to the weather, frequently wet for a week at a time. Their dress is almost wholly of deer skin & the fashion they wear it, gives them the appearance of Indians more than white men. Indeed they are almost as copper colored as an Indian caused by their exposure to the sun—Not liking the country about St. Louis & hearing fine stories about the territory of Arkansas I was tempted to go & see. I took passage from St. Louis down the Missippi river as far as a place called Cape Giradau, landed there, travelled through a town called Jackson in a southwest direction from St. Louis—Very few inhabitants, game plenty, deer, wolves, panthers, wild turkeys, raccoons & grey squirrels. The face of the country is uneven and rolling much like New England. The soil in the valleys is very fertile, producing cotten, tobacco & hemp in plenty. The hills have a poor soil & are not much cleared yet. Travelled on Southwest to a place called Greenville in the territory of Arkansas. Continued on towards a place called Batesville, crossing Big & Little Black rivers, also Currant river all

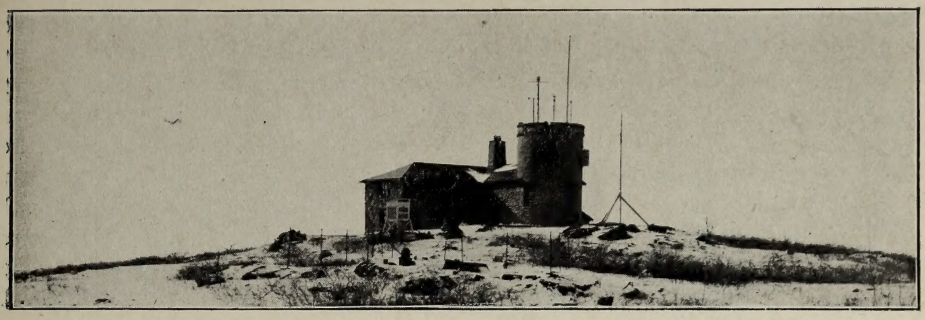
of them branches of White river which empties into Arkansas river. At last I thought I had got far enough West I wheeled about & shaped my course toward St. Louis again. Which place I reached by a more northerly route than the one I came by. I passed through the lead regions, observed the way of digging the ore & refining it. Went through a place called St. Micheals or Fredericktown, arrived at the Missippi river at Herculaneum, crossed it at that place 4 miles above Karkaskia. Travelled up to St. Louis on the Illinois side of the river & crossed over to St. Louis. By chance I took passage in the steamboat Don Juan again back to Louisville. Had a pleasant passage up to Louisville, the distance is about 600 miles which we covered in 8 days. The steamboats of the west have 2 decks for passengers, unlike those of the east. A deck passage as it is called is only one third as much as a cabin passage. In the former you board yourself, In the latter you are all found. The lime rock precipices on the Missippi are a curiosity to a stranger. They are, some of them, 250 or 300 feet high and have the appearance of having been worn by the water at some former period, leaving the rocks in all kinds of shapes, some places having the almost exact appearance of the front of some old ancient castle with windows & doors. Some of them in the shape of beasts and some of them in the human shape of gigantic size.

December—The people along the Missippi & Ohio rivers have a sallow complexion in general; they do not look so robust & hearty as farther back in the country. It is probably caused by bad water & other causes which do not exist into the interior but a short distance. At Louisville I landed again in the State of Indiana, travelled north west through the town of New Salem, from thence north easterly along the Ohio river through a very fertile country, passed through towns called Mount Sterling, Lexington, Madison, till I happened to find a farm to suit me about 34 miles from Madison, 13 miles from Veney, the Swiss settlement & 7 miles from the Ohio river & 42 miles from Cincinatti. The whole distance that I travelled to purchase my farm was about 2940 miles.

January & February 1833 — My journey home was nearly the same route that I went out by, except from Philadelphia to Boston by water. The distance I travelled to come home was about 1530 miles, making about 4470 miles—1162 of which I travelled on foot, viewing the country & observing the different ways, manners & customs of the people. During all of my journey no accident or insult was offered me of any kind — For all of which & innumerable other favors I cannot be too thankful to the Being of Beings who preserves all things & in the multitude of his creatures deigned to preserve me also.

Canton Among the Blue Hills

By Mary Stoyell Stimpson



OBSERVATORY, BLUE HILL

SEVERAL years ago one of our most charming New England writers issued a volume entitled "From Ponkapog to Pesth," and, more recently, there has come from the same pen "Ponkapog Papers." T. B. Aldrich states in his introduction of the one, "Ponkapog is the Indian name of a little New England village which scarcely merits a description"; and in the other, "The little Massachusetts settlement, nestled under the wing of the Blue Hills, has no illusions concerning itself, never mistakes the cackling of the bourg for the sound that echoes round the world, and no more thinks of rivalling great centres of human activity than these slight papers dream of inviting comparison between themselves and important pieces of literature." It would seem the author assumed too little, for his slightest fragment will ever receive "praise and perusal," while Ponkapog, the unpretentious, and Canton, the town corporate, are entrancing bits of historic soil. Moreover, to such as love to trace the beginnings of things, Blue Hills —the old Cheviot Hills of John Smith's Journal—will furnish a creditable list of civic and industrial benefactions which had their origin in this locality.

The Massachusetts tribe of Indians, governed by Chief Chicataubut, were in full and undisputed possession of all the country surrounding Massachusetts Bay when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. A year later the old Sachem signed a treaty with the English agreeing to the occupancy of Dorchester by them. His successors distributed other parcels, so that, when the General Court confirmed the deed of the Indians in 1637, ancient Dorchester was the largest town in New England. Portions of this town were taken at intervals to form others, and in 1726 the South Precinct, containing the modern towns of Stoughton, Sharon and

Canton, with the lands beyond, was incorporated under the name of Stoughton, the name being selected in honor of Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, who was born in Dorchester and who had a distinguished career. A graduate of Harvard and later a Fellow of New College, Oxford, where he received the degree Master of Arts, he left evidence of his interest in things educational by his gift of Stoughton Hall to Harvard and land for school purposes to his native town.

While the white men were making themselves homes and becoming landed proprietors in this section, was hospitably received in the wigwams and who had already succeeded in establishing a "praying town" in Natick. He gathered such of the Massachusetts tribe as had settled near the mouth of the Neponset River and requested "the good people of Dorchester" to give a tract of land whereon they might make permanent settlement and he have opportunity regularly to preach to them. Accordingly the Indian Plantation at Ponkapog, "not exceeding six thousand acres," was granted in 1657, and became "the Second Praying Town." These sons of the forest not only hunted,



HOME OF THE POET T. B. ALDRICH AT PONKAPOG

so richly endowed by nature, the Indians were crowding into more restricted quarters. At this juncture "there came one preaching in the wilderness" to them—that wonderful man, the apostle Eliot, who fished, helped the early settlers build their houses and gather their crops, but the more ambitious learned to prepare shingles and clapboards for the Boston market. Here, in the shadow of the Blue

Hills, John Eliot made the first Indian translation of the Bible—stupendous and eventful achievement. Here, on Sunday mornings, the Red Men, at the roll of the drum, met in the church of their own building, and listened reverently to the preaching of the learned man who couched his messages to them in simple language.

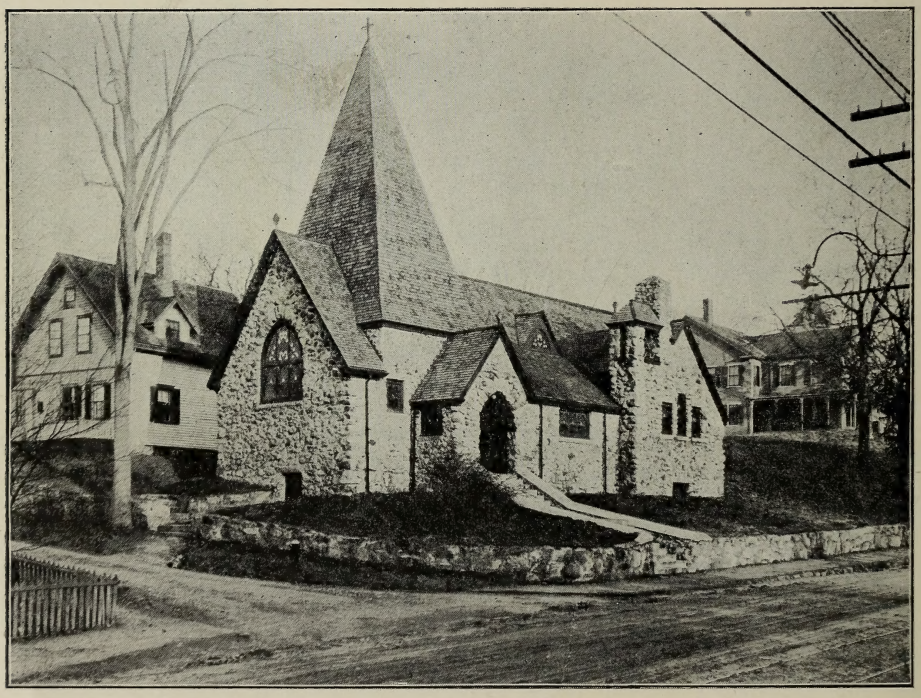


UNITARIAN CHURCH, PASTOR, PARSONAGE AND VESTRY

From 1726 till the stormy days of the Revolution the history of Stoughton was similar to that of other early colonial towns. Many of the English customs were adhered to. The tithing-man was strict in his Sunday duties; the mortifying stocks must have punished petty offenders, for there is extant a bill for repairing the same by one Preserved Lyon. Quaint old character he, this carpenter of olden days, and his name marvelously well chosen it would seem, for he was yet well preserved when he died at the age of ninety-six, though the town annals gravely inform us that "he was so small on the day of his birth that his parents put him into a quart tankard and shut down the cover." All houses boasted their tankards and decanters. Rum, gin, brandy were on the sideboard, while the careful housewife kept in some safe receptacle, on the high mantel, Abel Puffer's Sure Cure for the Bite of a Rattlesnake. Though the remedy may have long since passed into disuse, the venomous reptiles still haunt this locality.

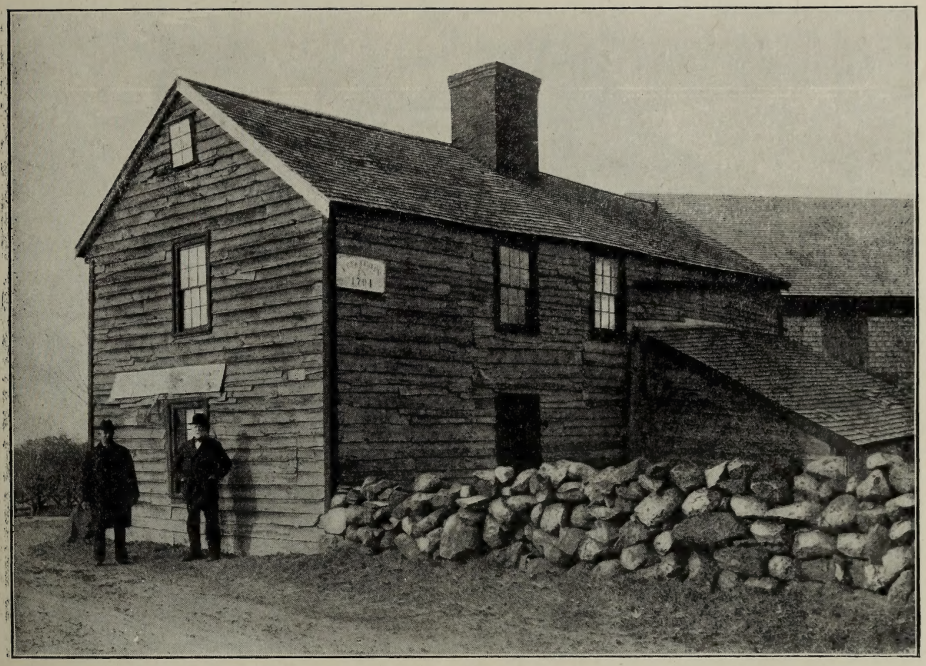
If the general history of the community was not unique, some of its individual characters were decidedly so. The oldest inhabitants of Canton, from the remembered

stories of their grandsires, will tell you of William Sherman, shoemaker by trade, who became a well-to-do farmer of seventy acres, among whose lineal descendants may be mentioned John A. Logan, Chauncey Depew, Senators Hoar and Evarts, Secretary John Sherman and William Tecumseh Sherman, while his son became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Roger Sherman learned the trade of his father and it is said that when he left Canton (about the time he attained his majority), he carried his kit on his back and that he wheeled all his worldly possessions in a wheelbarrow. But he lacked neither mental nor moral equipment, and in after years was a man of national importance. Treasurer of Yale College, judge of the Superior Court, member of Congress, he was described by Jefferson as a man who "never said a foolish thing in his life," and John Adams declared that "he was one of the most sensible men in the world, with the clearest head and steadiest heart." He was constant in his affection for his boyhood home and often revisited it. They will linger over the life of Parson Samuel Dunbar, protegée of Cotton Mather, pupil at the Boston Latin School, graduate of Harvard, who, in his long ministry, preached eight thousand and fifty-nine sermons; whose prayers were ardent and to the point. Two fragments will bear quoting. When the British fleet, under Lord Howe, was reported off the coast, meditating a descent on Boston, he prayed that



TRINITY CHURCH

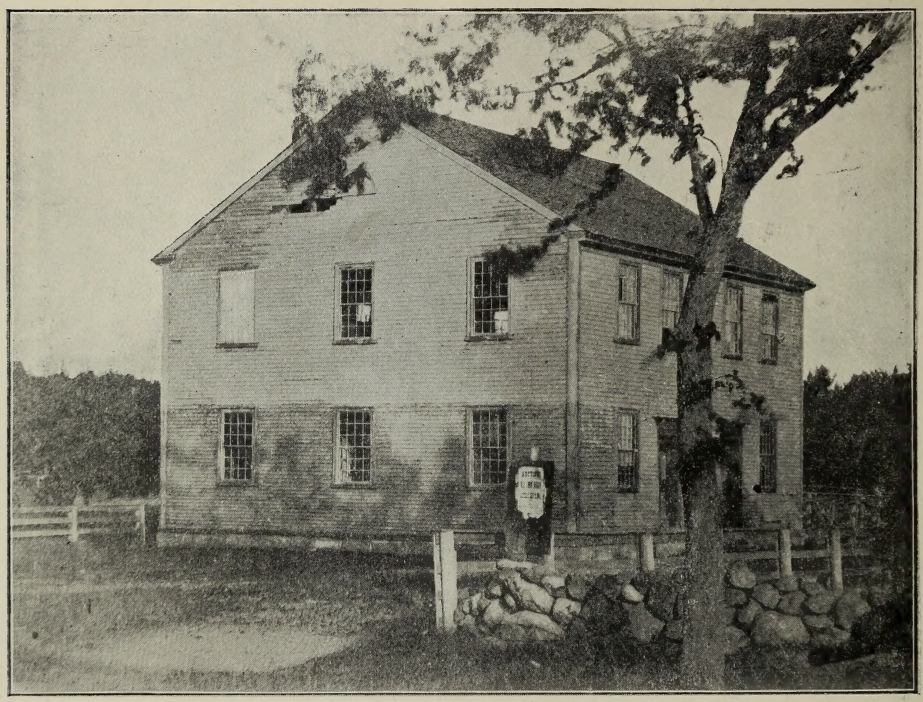
God "would put a bit in their mouths, and jerk them about, send a strong northeast gale, and dash them to pieces on Cohasset Rock." Again, in a season of great anxiety, he prayed that God would let the Redcoats return to the land whence they came, "for thou knowest, O Lord, that their room is better than their company." Aaron Bancroft (father of George Bancroft, the historian) will be mentioned, who



THE OLD FENNO HOUSE, 1704

startled the parish with his Arian beliefs; Peter Crane, gunmaker by trade, whose granddaughter, Margaret Fuller, later Marchioness D'Ossoli, began her brilliant career by writing Latin verses at the age of eight. The dignified Elijah Dunbar, who taught the first singing-school, was prominent in founding the first musical society and the first library (for the good of the public) in the country. But matters musical in Canton demand far more than passing notice. Rev. Theron Brown says "the ancient town of Stoughton, which included the present Canton, was the cradle of New England psalmody," and in 1786 "the old Stoughton Musical Society, the earliest in New England and the harbinger of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society," was organized. Its first president, Elijah Dunbar, had learned to read music while in Harvard College. A dozen years after he formed his singing class, William Billings, who was destined to become the leading musical director and organizer of his day in America, had a flourishing school. And when the "Stoughton Collection" was published in 1828, Canton names were frequent in the index of authors. It was Mr. James Bazin

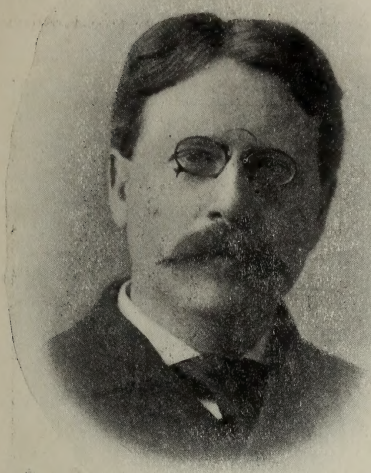
of Canton who, among many curious and wonderful things, invented the pocket pitch pipe about 1800. When Peter Lyon "set the psalm," a larger, clumsy implement was used. Harmony is not always found in and about the singing-seats—thus we hear of personal prejudices arising over certain hymns selected; read of elderly parishioners stalking out of church when the unhallowed sounds of flute and bass viol were heard.



THE OLD-TIME TOWN HALL, LONG SINCE REPLACED BY A FINE MODERN BRICK BUILDING

Many of the "sings" were held at the different taverns, Endicott's, Vose's, May's, Capen's, Belcher's, the Eagle Inn and the old Cherry Tavern. But chief interest centers about Doty's Tavern, presided over by genial Colonel Tom Doty, who was in 1760 landlord of Lamb's Tavern in Boston (situated on the exact spot on which the Adams House now stands). At the time of the Revolution Doty was master of the house which was to make "Canton prominent in the affairs of the province," for in this ancient, gambrel-roofed, big-chimneyed dwelling "was held the first meeting in the Province of Massachusetts Bay to oppose the tyranny of Great Britain." The late D. V. T. Huntoon says, in his excellent history of Canton: "The Doty Tavern, where the delegates from the several towns and districts in Suffolk first met, and from which place they adjourned to meet at the house of Richard Woodward at Dedham, and finally at the house of Daniel Vose of Milton, where the memorable 'Suffolk Resolves' were passed —was built in early days. A mar-

quis slept beneath its roof; a general planned within its walls the freedom of a nation; and a destined president of the United States, John Adams, baited his horse there. There was no stagedriver so ignorant as not to know where Doty's Tavern was. He it was who kept the best viands, and could mix the best glass of grog of any landlord in all the country around. His inn was the centre of gossip; around his capacious hearth were wont to congregate on winter evenings the village wiseacres, to discuss over pipe and bowl questions pertaining to town and province." This valued landmark was burned some fifteen years ago to the great sorrow of antiquarians.



REV. BRADLEY GILMAN
CLASSMATE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The Suffolk Resolves, drafted there by General Warren and finally passed, were carried to Philadelphia by Paul Revere where they were approved by the Continental Congress. It was not long before hostilities were rife 'twixt royal troops and patriots, and the great revolutionary struggle was inaugurated. Paul Revere had learned the goldsmith's trade in his father's shop after leaving school. *He was clever with the pencil, skilful with the graving tool and artistic in his tastes, and speedily made a name for design and workmanship in gold and silverware of every description. The cups, the spoons, the pitchers, the mugs, the pots, the kettles and other things which he designed and made are among the most beautiful and precious heirlooms now standing on the sideboards of old New England families. He taught himself the art of copperplate engraving, and then, fired by the political heat of the time, as the crisis of the



MRS. REBECCA FOSTER GILMAN

* From The Bell's Own Story, by Rev. Edward Abbot

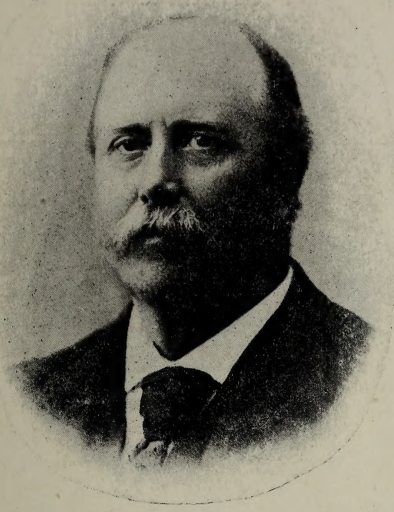
Revolution drew near, he became a cartoonist. He was the Thomas Nast—the "Judge"—the Opper—of his day. . . . The next step to drawing political cartoons in ridicule of George the Third and his agents in America was to take up active service in the cause of colonial independence. He joined the Sons of Liberty. He became a confidential bearer of dispatches to ships which were ordered by the government after the Revolution; and he furnished the brass and copper work for the famous frigate "Constitution." In 1801 he became a summer resident of Canton, and, having bought "the old government powder mill property on the east branch of the Neponset River, established a copper rolling mill and foundry for casting bells and can-



THE ELDERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

New York, Philadelphia and other points of importance. . . . On one of his messenger visits to Philadelphia he studied up the structure and operation of powder mills, and before the Revolution was fairly under way was experimenting in the casting of cannon. . . . He was the armor-plate contractor of his day, and rolled thirty thousand pounds of sheet copper for the gunnon. From one foundry or the other, and from his hands, came the sheets of shining metal with which the dome of the (Massachusetts) State House was coppered." Business of the Revere Copper Company in Canton was conducted by him or by some lineal descendant for an entire century, lacking a few months. The little wooden house in which he lived still stands and

among his relatives may be found the original Stuart and Copley portraits of Revere and his wife, pieces of his colonial furniture, and such interesting documents as the account of his midnight ride,—in his



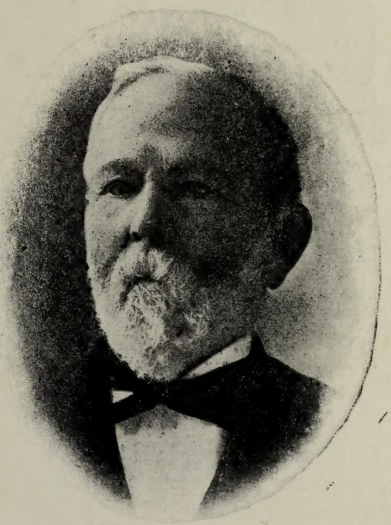
DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. GROVER

own handwriting; an order for military equipments from Benedict Arnold (when the latter was in good standing) and a letter from Robert Fulton ordering sheets of copper for his steamboats.

It was to Canton that the distinguished military hero, Richard Gridley, had retired at the age of sixty-two, to spend the remainder of his life in country quiet. He had commanded His Majesty's army at the siege of Louisburg, had fought by the side of Wolfe at Quebec, but his sympathies and convictions were with the patriots and he stepped once more into service as Major General and Chief Engineer of the Patriot army. His private and public career were enviable and a handsome monument in his memory has been erected by the citizens of Canton. Huntoon eulogized him as "one of the most distinguished military characters of New England,—renowned for personal bravery, a skilled artillerist, a scientific engineer, a prominent actor in the great events of our country's history."

Canton is the birthplace of Commodore John Downes, courteous gentleman and a bright star in the United States naval service, whose dying words, "I am ready," were fitting for one who had devoted his whole life to the service of his country, one who had never been found inattentive to her calls.

In 1797 the town of Stoughton was divided and, strangely enough,



THE LATE JESSE FENNO

the older and longer established part did not retain the old name, but at the suggestion of Elijah Dunbar accepted the not very distinctive one of Canton, and its first representative to the Great and

General Court was Elijah Crane, afterwards Major General of the First Division of the Massachusetts militia.

Transportation is no small question in a new country. Silas Kinsley was the pioneer in transporting luggage before the days of railroads and his son, Rufus Bent Kinsley, was the founder of the Kinsley Express, which was afterwards consolidated with the Adams Express.

vals, their ascending smoke marking the spots of prominent industries.

The Kinsley Iron and Machine Company, established in 1787 by Leonard & Kinsley, where muskets were made for the government in 1812, is yet in active operation and employs nearly three hundred people.

The Eureka Silk Manufacturing Company, is not only one of the

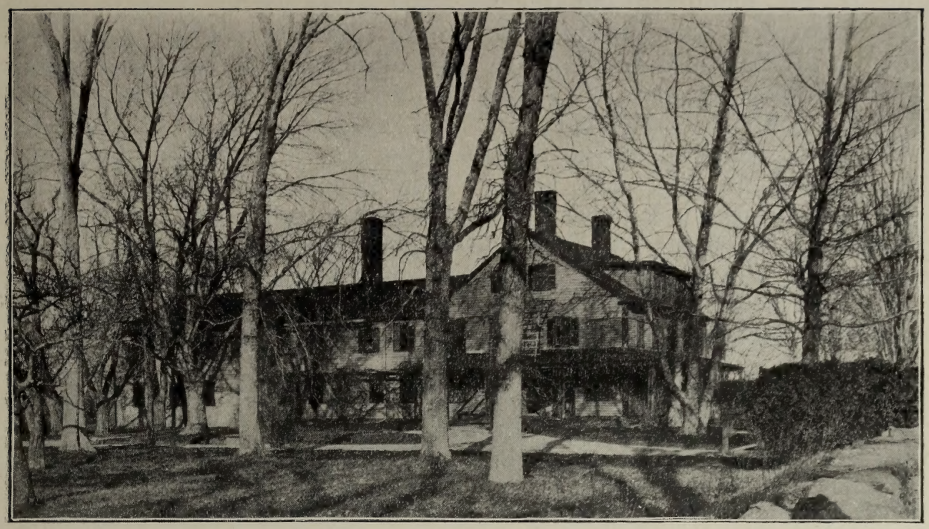


KANTON KAMERA KLUB DOING "FIELD WORK"

Convenient water power has always made Canton a manufacturing centre. Iron implements, steel, copper, cotton, silk, wool, yarn were all made many years ago in this locality. Most of the enterprises of fifty and a hundred years ago are still carried on and the whirr of machinery can be heard on every side, while tall chimneys tower above the buildings at inter-

largest but one of the most successful of its kind in the country. Started nearly seventy years ago, its output steadily increases, and its dyeing department always holds the attention of visitors who are interested in the nicety of colorings.

A visit to the fine brick building on Chapman street of the Knitted Mattress Company will reveal the fact that they are kept busy filling



CHERRY TAVERN, A FAMOUS OLD TIME HOSTELRY

orders for hotels, asylums, hospitals and sleeping cars, for their stuffed beds are known to be thoroughly hygienic. An item of interest regarding the padding for tables and stairs made in this establishment is that they are the only textile fabric in the world in which the woof is not twisted.

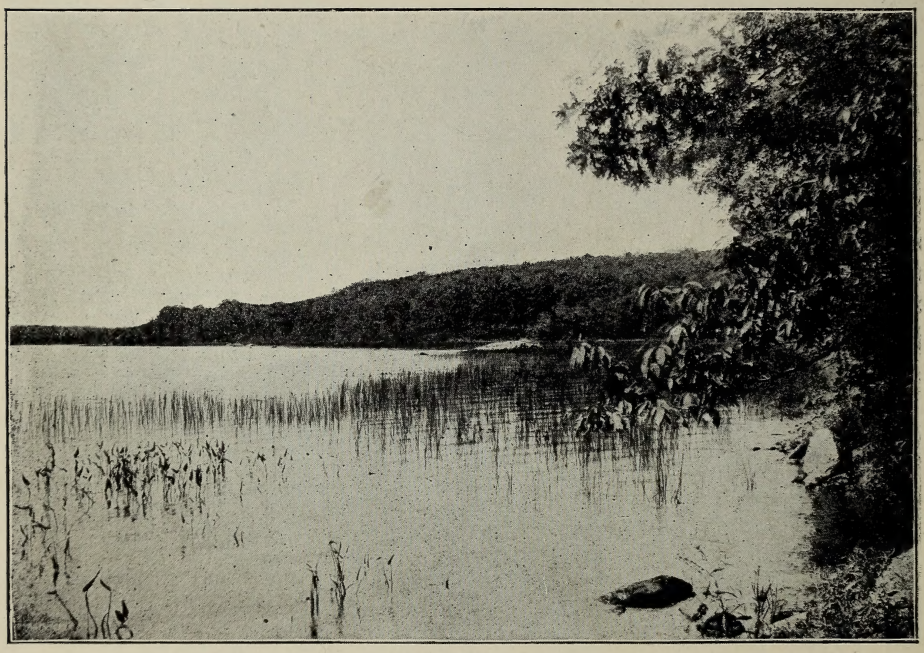


THE DOTY TAVERN, BIRTHPLACE OF THE SUFFOLK RESOLVES

The first braided fishing lines in the United States were made in Canton by Mr. George Mansfield,

who is yet manufacturing them. The mill is in a beautiful spot not far from the Sharon line.

The Draper Brothers Company have not only a finely equipped plant as to spindles, mules, cards and knitting machines but a one hundred and fifty horse power Harris and Corliss engine and dynamo which can supply five hundred lights. For two or three generations the Drapers have been engaged in Canton manufactures. It was in 1851 that James Draper of Melbourne, England, who had settled with his family in Canton, organized with his brother Thomas, who had previously manufactured knit goods in Chelsea, Massachusetts, the manufacturing of woolen goods. Later, James Draper became associated with George Fred Sumner and this partnership lasted some fifteen years. After the death of Mr. Draper and the consequent dissolution of this firm, Mr. Draper's children continued business at the old Canton Mills at the corner, while Mr. Sumner went into business for himself. The latter has been identified with the commercial, ecclesiastical and musical life of the place during his long and busy life and is a mine of information on matters historical.



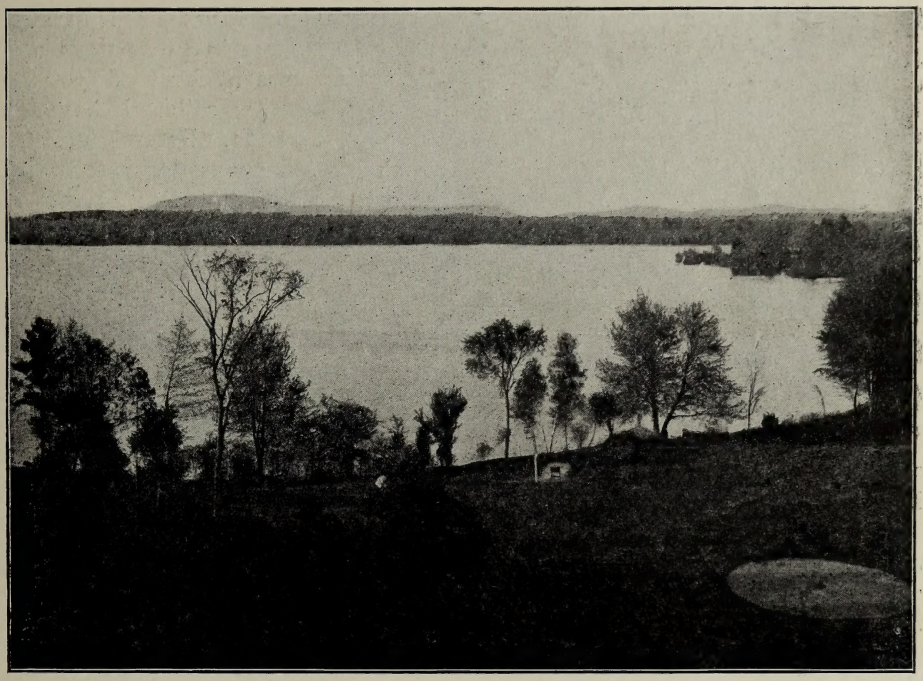
PONKAPOG POND

The box factory gives employment to many hands and the pay roll is distributed for the most part among resident workers. Mr. Francis Dunbar, its proprietor, has served the town many times as selectman and was recently appointed postmaster.

Khaki cloth is made by the Springdale Finishing Company. Canvas from the mills is here dyed

to make uniforms for the government contracts. The coloring process is intricate and delicate, somewhat like the developing of photographs, so many solutions and dryings and steamings must the canvas pass ere it reaches the proper condition to resist the hot sun, rain and dust which would otherwise cause it to fade. Heavy orders were filled here for the Japanese government in the late war.

lic-spirited citizen, an eloquent speaker and a vigorous advocate of all good causes. He gave the land on which the town hall stands, was always generous in public benefactions, was a communicant and an ardent supporter of the Orthodox Church. Since his death the Rising Sun works have been carried on with equal energy and business acumen by his eldest son, Abner Morse.

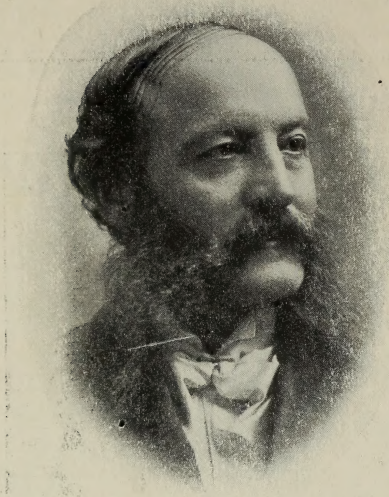


VIEW FROM WAMPATUCK COUNTRY CLUB

The Rising Sun stove polish manufactory—the largest in the world—was founded by Hon. Elijah A. Morse, whose death some years ago was a great loss to the town. He established the business as a young man and by indomitable energy and keen insight built it up rapidly to its present size and prosperity. Mr. Morse was a very pub-

The Canton "Journal," Horatio L. Cate editor and proprietor, boasts a long and honorable career. Founded in 1876, it has always stood for the best interests of the town and has had the loyal support of its citizens. E. B. Thorndike was for many years its editor and later P. M. Leavitt was associated with him in its business interests. In

1893 Mr. Leavitt become sole proprietor and editor, continuing thus until a year or so ago. Canton receives all the great city dailies still damp from the press, yet the local sheet has a flavor all its own and,

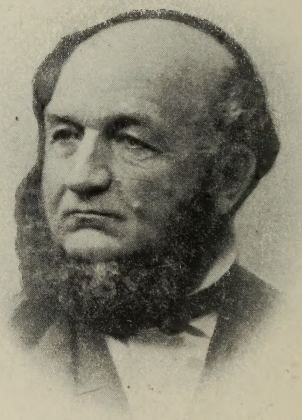


THE LATE HON. ELIJAH MORSE, M. C.

locally at least, vies with its greater rivals in uniqueness and interest.

"The old stone viaduct," over which the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad passes on its way to Providence, was one of the wonders of its day and is still pointed out as a fine example of engineering skill. Built of granite in 1834, it is not merely a thing of beauty but has remained in perfect condition all these years, during which it has been subjected to diverse tests never dreamed of by its makers. Intended only for a single track, it has yet stood the extra demands of modern traffic without even the starting of mortar. And who were the men who left such creditable work behind them? William Gibbs McNeill, a graduate of West Point, later a Major General in Rhode Island at the time of Dorr's Rebellion, was the chief engineer, while none other than Major George Washington Whistler (father of the late noted artist) —the lovable, talented civil engineer who stood always first in his drawing class at West Point, and whose ability to render music on the flute brought him the nickname of "Pipes," was assistant and consulting engineer. West Point graduates were scarce in those days and Whistler was sent for to direct the building of the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, for which labor he was decorated with the order of St. Anne.

Some years ago Canton lost a

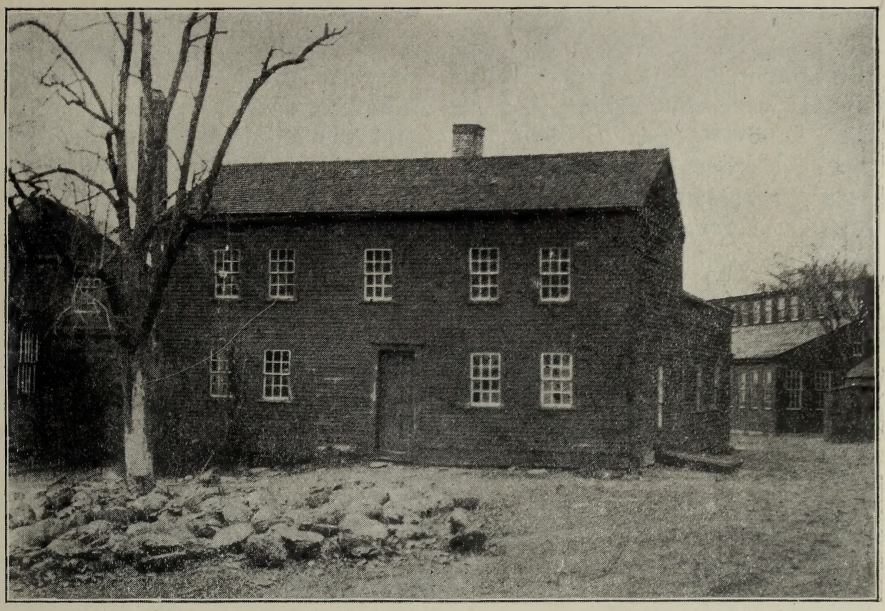


OLIVER S. CHAPMAN

deeply beloved citizen in the person of Mr. Oliver Chapman. Generous with his time, energy and purse, seeking only the good of the town, this man worked constantly to further all enterprises which benefited

the residents. Most especially did he labor toward the embellishment of the cemetery where there is scarcely a rod which does not show the result of his personal care and good judgment. No sketch of Canton would be complete without more than passing reference to this cemetery whose beauty has made it renowned throughout the state. In addition to its natural advantages the people have made it a matter of special pride to enhance all these. Benjamin Huntoon, a beloved old-time pastor and progressive citizen, was like Mr. Chapman, tireless in his efforts to arouse interest and obtain appropriations. General Dearborn of Roxbury, who laid out the cemeteries at Mount Auburn and Forest Hills, evidenced here, once more, his good taste and skill.

One of the oldest houses, which is always regarded with interest by visitors, is the "Fenno House," built in 1704 by John Fenno, an ancestor of Jesse Fenno, who died recently at the age of eighty-three, beneath the roof which had sheltered his kin for over two hundred years. Mr. Fenno had served on the school committee for more than fifty years. A famous story-teller, of cheery disposition, he was a favorite with young and old.

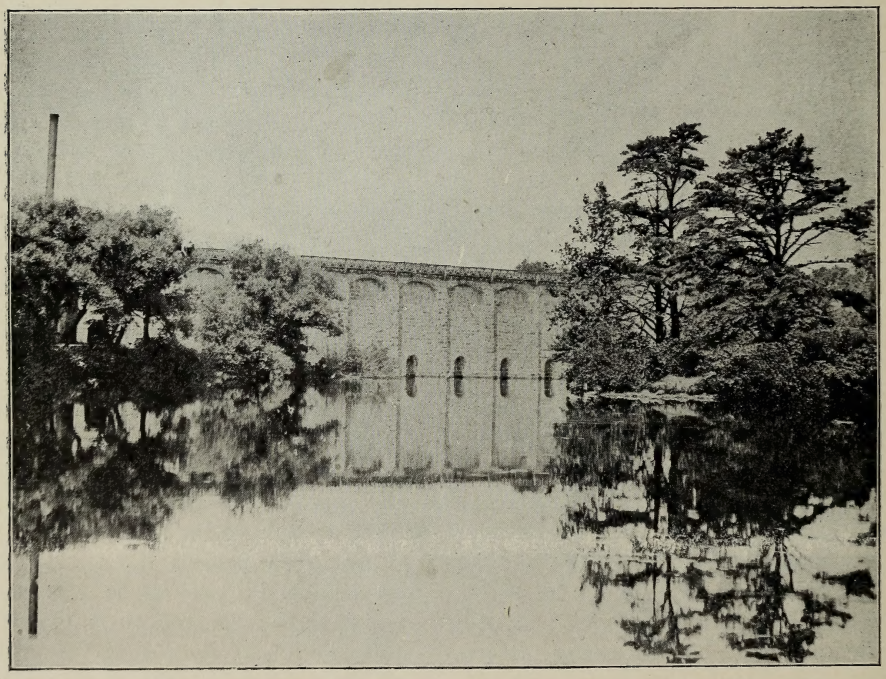


THE OLD PAUL REVERE HOUSE

One of Canton's most popular and honored institutions of recent origin is the Wampatuck Country Club, which was founded in 1900 and now owns nearly eighty acres in one of the town's most beautiful situations. A three thousand dollar clubhouse on the brow of a noble hill overlooking a lake and a most entrancing view, a fine six hole golf course, tennis courts, trap shooting, canoeing and woodland walks and drives amid sylvan solitudes are

some of the privileges which its members enjoy. The club's membership is a most democratic one, all citizens of the town, male or female being eligible; it has a considerable waiting list and is in a very prosperous condition. Among the founders of the club were Charles H. Eager, Thomas B. Draper, Walter S. Draper, Joel M. Bense, Willis Shepard, James S. Perkins, J. Danforth Dunbar and Herbert L. Fenno. Herbert L. Fenno is its present president and Benjamin Morse its secretary.

Another Canton club of note is the Kanton Kamera Klub, which "considers first, sociability; second, discussion of topics of the day; third, photography." That the last is by no means a negligible quantity is evidenced by the fact that the club has in its archives many hundred splendid photographs taken by its members all over the world, among which may be found all the historic and beautiful spots in its home town. Most of the illustrations which accompany this article are the product of this club. Mr. Frederic Endicott, for many years its president, is also an enthusiastic member of the Appalachian Club and has climbed and photographed most New England peaks of note. During his busy life as a civil engineer Mr. Endicott has yet found time to render service in positions of trust and honor in his native town. He served for many years as its superintendent of schools and introduced many wise measures in the various grades. His brother, the late William Endicott, was a



THE OLD STONE VIADUCT, BUILT BY THE FATHER OF THE ARTIST, WHISTLER

valued instructor in the Boston schools during almost all his life and the Endicott School near Franklin Park takes its name in his honor. The Endicott name is one which has been honored in Canton since its very earliest history. The late Hon. Charles Endicott is spoken of by many residents as a man who in his long life did much for the town, a singularly able orator, a wise counsellor, a man learned in the law and a dignified official in the capacities of state treasurer and tax commissioner.

The picturesque old stone mill below the viaduct, known locally as "the old stone factory," is now occupied by the Neponset Woolen Company, makers of carriage cloths. Half a century ago it was a cotton mill of good size for those days, and it marks the entrance of the Wattles name into Canton annals, a name that has ever since been prominent in town affairs. The Wattles interest in the old stone mill has passed, but L. R. Wattles & Company now do a thriving business in the manufacture of sizing for cotton yarns at Canton Junction, and Mr. Joseph W. Wattles has been and is still active in the promotion of Canton's interests. He was a tactful and vigorous worker for the establishment of the Blue Hill Street Railway, the Coöperative Bank, and the Canton Junction postoffice. Mr. Wattles has been several times chairman of the board of selectmen, and a member of the state legislature where he was prominent in the committee on banking.

Governor Guild has lately honored Judge Thomas E. Grover with the appointment of district attorney for Norfolk county. He has honored Norfolk county, too, say the Canton people who have known the Judge all his life. Judge Grover was for many years trial justice in Canton and his is a familiar figure as chairman of the republican town committee and moderator of the town meetings, where his fairness and wisdom have made him acceptable to all parties. He is known far and wide as an able and learned lawyer, a wit and a story-teller, and a man of literary tastes. His pleasant home has been the scene of many literary and musical gatherings, for Mrs. Grover is an accomplished musician.

At the Unitarian parsonage on Chapman street one meets in the persons of the successful clergyman and his wife authors as well. Mrs. Rebecca Foster Gilman has published two books and writes on varied topics for magazines and papers. Five or six popular volumes bear the name of Bradley Gilman as author on their title pages. Mr. Gilman has written many exceptionally clever short stories, more of which are continually in demand among leading editors and publishers.

And so one might go on with the people of the present day as with those of the past and find a long list of names which deserve mention as being those of men and women who are widely known in literature, art, politics, finance and philanthropy, who have done and are doing much toward the upbuilding of the community. Perhaps I have mentioned enough to show the type and need only add that these are representative names, chosen somewhat at random from many equally deserving.

It is not possible in the scope of a magazine article to more than

touch on the historic interest and the present day advantages of a place like this, an ancient yet modern town, teeming with New England life. Yet if some day a reader would learn more, would fain make a pilgrimage through a country of marvelous variety and beauty, let him seek the region of which I have spoken and if he finds, fortunately, the same affable hosts and charming story-tellers which the writer did, he will soon lose himself in the glamour of the events described, and will understand why the shoulders square and the tones become vibrant with affection and pride, when the long roll of honor for Canton is called.



PONKAPOG POND-LILIES

The National Society of N. E. Women

BY MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY, JUANITA LELAND, COMMITTEE MAGAZINE WORK

The country is astir with women's clubs, their aims and achievements, and even the most skeptical are brought to acknowledge that these achievements have been of a most satisfactory nature. Some were organized as entirely local affairs, but through federation have become really national; others were of national interest from their inception, and of these the above named society holds a prominent place.



MRS. D. FREDERIC POTTER
PRESIDENT OF COLONY TWO BUFFALO

The name "National" combined with "New England" carries a glad welcome with it, especially in locations remote from New England, where live thousands of our representative people, descendants from the "good old stock," whose desire has long been to become associated with a fraternity where old New England, its customs, legends and hospitalities, would be preserved in reminiscence as well as in literature.

While this society resembles the Revolutionary societies in being patriotic and representing the old colonial stock, still it carries a closer family tie, bringing together in the fraternity those that claim that little cold corner of our Republic as their birthplace.

The early settlers of that location went there for principles of freedom in religion and to build up homes where these sturdy, wholesome principles could develop in future generations. Greed for gain and territorial power was not their aim, as was the case of many of the settlers who subsequently occupied the lands further south. And we find this spirit of sturdy New England principles prevailing wherever the New Englander resides.

The society was organized eleven years ago and is fast becoming influential and far-reaching. We have a splendid report from California, but regret the president's picture did not reach us in season for insertion in this issue.

The month of January has been a very pleasant one socially in the Parent Society. The second of the literary afternoons was held at headquarters, Delmonico's, on January 17th, and was largely attended by members and guests. The program under the direction of the chairman of the Literary Committee, Mrs. Homer I. Ostrom, was well carried out. Papers were read by members of the society. Mrs. Alexander Cook took for her subject "The Rostrum of the Rock," Mrs. Ostrom spoke of "A New England Shrine" and presented her points with clearness and strength. The New England Glee Club, conducted by Miss Sallie Frothingham Akers, sang old hymns and songs especially selected for the occasion, the soloist being Miss Elizabeth Oberhausen.

On January 24th the society celebrated its eleventh birthday. The assembly room was hung with flags and red and white carnations decorated the tea table, which were presided over by Mrs. Thos. Abernethy Fair, Mrs. Charles Park Logan, Mrs. Philip Carpenter, president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs and Mrs. Alfred Mills Judson. The president, Mrs. Stevens, was assisted in receiving by the two vice presidents, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward and Mrs. Charles Gilmore Kerley and Mrs. Daniel Frederic Potter, president of Colony Two.

Her other officers and committee rendered most valuable assistance. Among

these we mention Miss Florence Labouisse Adams, who was as usual most efficient as chairman of House Committee; Mrs. Edward Austin Tuttle, Mrs. John Gould Noble, Miss Lizzie Law, Mrs. James A. Blanchard, Mrs. Thomas H. Whitney, Mrs. Theodore F. McDonald, Miss Eveline T. Parker, Mrs. John E. Weeks, Mrs. Augustus C. Dexter, Mrs. J. Woolsey Shepard, Mrs. Benjamin F. Fort, Mrs. George S. Andrews, Miss Juanita K. Leland, Mrs. Howard M. Nesmith, Mrs. William J. Sageman and Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, who was represented by Miss Lindley. To the regret of all Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford was not able to be present.

The social element of "ye olden time" was not wanting and the representation of the society outnumbered all previous gatherings. Miss Marie de Haas Noble was the soloist, and rendered her classic selections in a most charming manner and sweet voice, showing a high degree of cultivation. Miss Beaman's orchestra was heard with much applause and appreciation.

There was a splendid representation from the various colonies including in several instances the presidents. San Francisco, Colony Ten, was represented by Mrs. George W. Percy.

This colony was formally organized May 10th, 1905, in the parlors of the St. Francis Hotel, by Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, chairman of Colonies Committee. The interest had been set afoot several weeks previous to this date by Mrs. Eugené Chauvet, who though not a New Englander was happy to render this service to the cause; as a consequence the ladies were in a receptive mood for the interests Mrs. Coe had to present. The meeting was preceded by a luncheon given to twenty-two guests, including thirteen club presidents and some of the leading New England women of San Francisco. The table decorations were red and white carnations and maidenhair fern. The presidents of local clubs, not themselves New England women, expressed great interest in the new organization, and promised to give notices of it in their meetings and to foster it in every way.

A reception followed the luncheon, at which Mrs. Coe explained in detail the purposes of the colony, and the achievements of the Parent Society. She also paid a tribute to the people assembled for their friendly reception of her, and expressed a hope that she might meet them in New York at some of the society's meetings. Mrs. Coe's charming personality won all hearts, and through her executive ability the new organization started in the right path. Nearly a hundred women listened with pleasure to her comprehensive address.

Officers elected were as follows: President, Mrs. John F. Swift, 844 Valencia street; first vice president, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst; second vice president, Mrs. John Jay Scoville; corresponding secretary, Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 21st street; recording secretary, Mrs. Wesley T. Gorham, 1824 Vallejo street; treasurer, Mrs. Henry C. Bunker; managers, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. James Tucker, Mrs. Wm. Boericke, Mrs. John Bakewell, Oakland; Mrs. A. E. Bradley, Miss Sarah Hamlin, Mrs. John T. Dare.

The new colony numbers now sixty, and nearly two hundred have signified their intention of joining. Two meetings have been held since, at the California Hotel and the California Club House, when the constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the California Club House was adopted as a permanent meeting place. It has a beautiful hall and a convenient kitchen. The colony numbers among its membership many of the leading club women of San Francisco.

Colony Two each year has honored the anniversary gathering of the Parent Society by sending her president as guest. Mrs. Potter, whose picture, with little Frederic, appears in this issue, brought glad tidings of prosperity and fraternal interests from the Buffalo Colony. As Buffalo was the first colony organzied, the Parent Society looks to it as a radiatory point of strength and helpfulness the same as the eldest child of any family is expected to be a model in leadership. In this case no disappointment has been experienced.

The Parent Society knows that the members will so weld themselves to become of the right metal, as it were, that there will never be a duty too great nor a burden too heavy for the descendants of the loved and honored states to cheerfully and nobly perform, as did the women in early Mayflower days.

Mrs. Potter reports as follows: "This year, for the first time, we have had a literary program of continuity; subject, 'New England Women.' At the January meeting Mary Lyon was ably and charmingly discussed by Miss Chamberlain, a member and a daughter of Mrs. William A. Chamberlain, one of the charter members and a former secretary. A poem on Mary Lyon was read by Dr. Lillian Craig Randall. Music and readings are always a feature of each meeting, refreshments are served, often of a New England flavor, such as hot spiced cider and doughnuts, artistically served from fruit bowls cut from pumpkins.

"In Colony Two we earnestly and honestly try to live up to the rules outlined in our constitution, and we find it a just guide. May we so grow and live, and so live and grow, that we may add honor to the name of our forefathers, leaving a line of strength and truth for our children and children's children."

Georgianna Field Potter (neé Field) president of Colony Two, is a native of Quincy, Mass., coming from old Puritan stock on all lines of ancestry. She married Daniel Frederic Potter of Braintree, Mass., and moved to Buffalo, N. Y. The little lad in the picture is Frederic, Jr., whose birthplace is Buffalo, of thoroughly New England type, the result of so inherent a New England ancestry.

Mrs. Potter is a charter member of Colony Two, and has been an officer for four years, assisting ably in the growth of Colony Two, from early days of organization.

Montclair, Colony Three of New England Women, met on Thursday, January 18th, at the home of Mrs. Ogden Brower. Mrs. Frederick Lovejoy, vice president, presided in the absence of the president, Miss Rand, who is spending the winter in California.

A card party for the benefit of the district nurse fund will be held February 22nd at the residence of Mrs. William G. Frost, 80 Upper Mountain avenue. Miss Catherine Lawrence, the present district nurse, was engaged for another year.

This colony joined the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs last year, and its representative at the fall meeting of the Federation, Mrs. James M. Trimble, read an interesting report of that meeting.

Before this article goes to press the Parent Society will have had its election and chosen its officers for the coming year. No anxiety is in evidence among the members generally, as they feel the "country is safe," whichever ticket goes through.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Times have changed since the people of the Atlantic states "went west," and when Kentucky drew the bulk of its population from the older states. The state now seems to be, as Daniel Webster once said of New Hampshire, "a state which is good to emigrate from," for the last national census shows over 600,000 Kentucky born people resident in other states of the Union, of which New England has a generous share. The citizens of Louisville have discovered their alliance with these "Blue Grass" natives, and have planned to invite them all home again next June. While the city takes the initiative in the movement the whole state is already active in co-operation, and the plans already matured contemplate an "Old Home Week" June 13-17 which is expected to surpass any similar celebration yet held even in New England. Every county in the state is to have headquarters at Louisville where all home comers are to be registered and receive a characteristic welcome. Henry Watterson will speak the formal 'all hail," but a long list of equally well known natives of the state but of national fame will join in the welcome. One day will be devoted to the memory of Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." Thousands of school children will sing the famous song, and have raised $6,000 to pay for a statue to the poet, by Miss Enid Yandell, a native of the state. It will be unveiled at Louisville on "Foster Day" but will be placed later in the capitol at Frankfort. Another special event will be "Daniel Boone Day" and a statue, presented by Col. C. C. Bickell will be unveiled. Old-time sports in all the Louisville parks will be the feature of the day, and huskings, apple-parings, sewing bees, etc., will supplement a big "Virginian Reel" with a thousand couples on a raised platform. Saturday will be "Greater Kentucky Day" will have barbecues, campfires, etc., with a generous provision of native oratory. On Sunday all the Louisville pulpits will be filled by returned emigrant clergymen and the religious basis of the prosperity of the state will have full recognition. Transportation arrangements are well in hand for reduced rates, ample stop-over privileges, and side trips all over the state. Various other centres will arrange for the welcome and entertainment of their local visitors, and the whole state will keep open house as long as guests appear. The general plan and arrangements are under the management of the Commercial Club of Louisville, with Col. R. S. Brown as chairman. All ex-Kentuckians are invited to send their names to the committee, that full details of the celebration may be forwarded. Evidently all roads will lead to Kentucky the third week in June. It will be a great week for the people of the good old mountain state and a great homecoming for the absent sons.

Many a mystery is clear, after science has explained it, and often numerous and various phenomena are traced to a common and unexpected cause by patient investigators. In illustration is the recent explanation by Dr. George M. Gould, a famous oculist, of a long list of what are termed "the vagaries of genius.' Wagner, Nietzsche, Carlyle, DeQuincy, Turner, Tschaikowski and a host of similar celebrities are quoted as afflicted with a wide range of physical afflictions, but according to Dr. Gould they are all traceable to eye troubles. The peculiarities of Turner's pictures, the pain which drove DeQuincy to opium, Carlyle's indigestion and all the rest came from their visual organs. The Doctor's general theory is that eye-strain taxes the brain in sensitive and emotional natures, while a stronger mental constitution deflects eye-strain consequences to the digestive apparatus. Thus Carlyle and Huxley were dyspeptics, while from the same cause Robert Browning, Wagner and others were afflicted with headaches. A study of the portraits of a long list of eminent men, including those mentioned, gives Dr. Gould warrant for finding in the traces of eye-strain, which the artists have unconsciously preserved, clear evidence that it was "all in your eye!" and that modern spectacles would have saved all of them much suffering and given the world more harmonious and level-headed results of their life work. Get thee to an oculist then, at once, if you would escape the conjunction of troubles told by the poet who said, "Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

* * *

Department statistics from Washington reveal the fact that in the fiscal year ending in June last this country exported to the Canadian Dominion an aggregate of $166,000,000 of goods, this being sixty-two per cent. of the total imports into the Dominion, while it was but eleven per cent. of the total foreign exports of this country. Besides this great export trade the report states that twenty-five thousand settlers went from this country to the Dominion, taking with them $10,000,000 of goods—household stuff, etc. In view of this large contribution of United States manufactures and products, it seems difficult at first glance to understand the prevailing dislike of our Canadian neighbors to the idea of reciprocity with this country. We are giving them eighty-one per cent. of their iron and steel and their products,—machinery, etc., nearly all their cotton and the bulk of the better grades of textile fabrics. Canadian lumber, wood pulp, coal and hides, which are the slogan of Massachusetts advocates of reciprocity, would seem to be hardly an equivalent for our exports. Reciprocity would seem to be desirable for our neighbors, but as yet no statesman and no influential newspaper there has become conspicuous in its advocacy.

* * *

The strenuous life in journalism really seems to be over stimulated. The recent revelations of the methods used by reporters for "Town Topics" in securing "society" news in New York are simply scandalous. Other recent revelations of the achievements of "star reporters" in sneaking into unguarded places within earshot of jury rooms, by which the consultations there are spread before the public, are equally discreditable, and unworthy of respectable journalism. These "scoops" and "beats" are pernicious examples to set before a young reporter. No man is fit to be trusted in journalism who is willing to sacrifice his own honor or self-respect, and a manager who requires or invites this is cultivating in his staff a standard of rank which will sooner or later bring him trouble. A "smart" reporter will soon learn to impose upon his employer, if he is taught that honor and self-respect are out of place in "the office."

* * *

Dr. Osler's dictum on the uselessness of old age has been generally discredited, but its ultimate quietus is heralded in the announcement from Paris that Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute has demonstrated that old age is abnormal and consequent only on the pernicious activity of a group of microbes inhabiting the digestive apparatus. Thus old age is really a chronic malady. It only remains for some other professor to introduce a potent anti-toxin, or a combative microbe which will destroy the o. a. m. without injury to the human victim. Then shall a young man die a thousand years old.

* * *

There is illumination on the labor question in the report of a recent trial in Chicago. A non-union carriage worker was set upon in the street and killed. Five officers of "The Union" were indicted for conspiracy in bringing about his death and were convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary and heavy fines are expected. A significant fact is that it required eleven weeks of the court's time to secure a jury, 1931 venire men being interrogated before the parcel was secured. The cost of the trial to the county has been $35,000. It costs the Chicago public something to vindicate a working man's right to work!

EDITOR'S TABLE

The "advance press agent" of the religious revival which has been so confidently predicted, wires from Chicago that it will carry the whole United States in its enthusiasm, and will result in the conversion of over five million people. The basis for his enumeration does not appear, but it will not seem exaggerated if the movement can reach and "convert" the large class of church members who at best are hardly more than creedal Christians. Dr. Dawson's work is especially in this line, and he is wise in "beginning at the house of God." Another forecaster who has not yet counted up results is confident that the movement is to be a "revival of religion" rather than a "religious revival." The distinction is not without point, and if the forecast is true the work can well be carried forward within the church as well as outside. In fact the best results to the community at large may be expected just in proportion to the awakening and reformation of those already in the church. Such a change would be a most emphatic attraction to the unchurched.

* * *

New York City has a Society for Ethical Culture, which is supposed to consider all aspects of human duty. Recently it heard a Mrs. Gilman, who urged that women should not aspire to motherhood—any bird or beast or fish can do that—but should emancipate themselves from their "state of bondage" and become "real human beings, not mere females." She appealed to doctors and school teachers to confirm her idea that "mothers do not take the best care of children." No doubt some women fail of their duty in the care of children, but it is largely the women who follow the speaker's notions of emancipation into society and club life. Old-fashioned motherhood with its duties and its blessings is, however, not to go out of fashion. Nature will have revenge on those who oppose her, and mental and physical sterility will curse those who conspire to thwart her purposes.

* * *

Cleveland, Ohio, is a representative American city, and its system of public instruction may be accepted as quite up to the average. Its school authorities have, however, been led to inquire whether the schools are producing the best practical results. Inquiry among the teachers proved that they had too little time for good work in the three basic branches of instruction. Out of 1,312 teachers only three reported satisfactory results in reading in grades five to eight inclusive. Writing was reported as not quite so bad. The committee selected representative eighth grade classes and gave out a memorandum of purchases of common articles, and the pupils were required to make out a receipted bill. It was thought an easy task for fifth grade pupils, but these eighth grades averaged to misspell over twenty-five per cent. of the words, thirty-three per cent, failed to use the debtor's name, only eleven per cent. receipted the bill, and only thirty-three per cent. figured the bill correctly. This was so unsatisfactory that a simpler slip was prepared for about two hundred representative eighth grade pupils, covering the four simple rules in arithmetic, and percentage. Over one-half failed in addition, twenty-two failed in subtraction, only twenty-two were correct in multiplication and eighty-six failed in division, while over one-third failed in percentage. In a spelling test of fifty common words one hundred and forty-four pupils turned in papers, and only one was perfect, while in the worst only one-quarter of the words were correct. The errors averaged thirteen to a competitor. The teachers attribute this poor showing to the excessive time spent in drawing and in physical culture, and to undue preparation for holiday exercises and public exhibitions. It would be interesting to review the result of similar examinations in the public schools of New England. It is certainly true that even the average high school graduate is not well fitted for even ordinary clerkship positions.

* * *

It was about a century ago that the town and the church were made separate and independent institutions in New England. Later the typical New England church, the Congregational, experienced another segmentation, and its purely secular affairs were delivered over to "the society." Another change has just been inaugurated in a Congregational church in Somerville, Massachusetts, by which the society is eliminated and the church is all, but with a "limited" membership to which are eligible all persons of good moral character, but who do not profess to have had the personal religious experience requisite to full church membership. These secular members have equal privileges in all secular affairs, but in the election of officers there must be a majority vote of those persons who are in full membership. This plan does away with the dual legal existence of church and society, and it also makes all church members equal in secular administration, whereas heretofore they had no voice unless they were also members of the society. The innovation is attracting no little attention, as it proposes the abandonment of a time-honored New England institution.

It is most creditable to the ability of the financial department of the Japanese government, and to the patriotism of the Japanese people, that an enormous loan called for by expenditures in the recent war has all been taken up at home, "outside barbarians" not being called upon to contribute. The country seems to be able not only to pay its way under the stress of abnormal expenditure, but to indulge in generosity in the shape of a bonus or gift of seventy-five million dollars to the soldiers and sailors who helped to win the victory. That this flattering financial condition appears when three of the northern provinces of Japan are in a state of famine, so that a quarter of a million people, a third of the whole population of the famine district, are in extreme distress and dependent upon outside aid, is even more creditable. The condition is in striking contrast with the finances of Russia, which show a deficit of two hundred and forty millions, and ability to borrow abroad fifty millions only at a six per cent, interest rate.

* * *

Another instance of progress toward the enlightenment of Japan is seen in the announcement by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions that forty-five of the Japanese Congregational churches heretofore receiving aid from the Board became self-supporting January 1st. This will make an aggregate of ninety-nine such churches organized by the Board, with about twelve thousand members, which are now self-supporting and self-governing. The additions last year exceeded one thousand. If it is beginnings that count, certainly the outlook for freedom and intelligence in religious matters is promising among the "little brown people."

* * *

Governor Guild of Massachusetts has emerged from the modest chrysalis of simple and unostentatious dignity which has heretofore enswathed the chief magistrate of the state into a brilliant butterfly state, with gorgeous "receptions" and "state dinners" to his admiring fellow citizens. State officials were called to the first of these executive functions, and members of the government boards of all the cities and towns in the state were bidden to the second, while at the third newspaper editors were bidden. Officers of the state militia in full array served as ushers, and the affairs were quite suggestive of a "court" function. As "commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of all military forces of the state by sea and land" the Governor has considerable warrant for official display, but his predecessors have not made conspicuous observance of their high privileges in this direction. But "the world do move!"

* * *

"There is too much dawdling over books and too little education" is the conclusion of the Lynn, Massachusetts, superintendent of schools, in his recent annual report. He believes that a full half of school time is wasted in iteration and non-essentials, and advocates "motor activity" as the basis of a better system. By this he means a return to the hoe, the rake, the axe, etc., for the boys, and crossing, bed making, sewing and general domestic work for the girls, and he emphasizes the fact that these can best be taught at home. He has discovered that in modern schooling book-learning is overdone, and that a return to the old time rural training will be more conducive to all-round development and an improved mental and physical stamina. He points out how city environment need be no bar to this system of education, for every home has in and about it opportunity for the "motor activity" he desires. Even a college education, which leaves its victim without knowledge how to drive a nail properly or to recognize an oak tree at sight, certainly offers opportunity for improvement.

* * *

A striking illustration of "race suicide" comes from a recent comparison of European statistics, from which it appears that while in 1850 the populations of Germany and France were practically equal in numbers, about thirty-five millions each, to-day France has gained but three millions while Germany has gained twenty-one millions, the gain being 5.7 per cent. and 41.6 per cent respectively. Such a divergent record means much in any consideration of the military strength of the two nations, and unless there is an almost impossible change the supremacy of Germany will not be in question.

Theodore Roosevelt with his many busy cares, has lost none of his vigorous powers as a writer, as is evidenced by his new book "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. This latest book will interest not only the sportsman but the general reader as well. President Roosevelt is an able writer and his stories are always vastly interesting.

BOOK NOTES

LETTERS AND ADDRESSES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Edited by William B. Parker and Jonas Viles.

The compilers of this little volume have selected from the great mass of Jefferson's writings an interesting and illustrative group of sentiments and opinions, which will be read with eagerness by the many who will never see the bulky volumes containing "the whole." A most interesting feature is the misconceptions which the great statesman held on various questions. Thus, in writing on current conditions, 1785, he sees a time when agricultural productions will "become too great for the demand, both internal and foreign," and he thinks the people will be forced into either maritime or manufacturing occupations. He prefers the former, for "I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice, and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned." He would hardly write that if living now. Again, in writing of anarchy, and Shays' rebellion, he says the motives were "founded in ignorance, not in wickedness. God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion." His point of view was limited, and such expressions as these are only amusing to-day. (The Unit Book Publishing Co., New York. 56 cents net.)

SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE. By James H. Hyslop.

This book of course ignores biblical revelation in its discussion, and gropes mostly among the records of the Society for Psychical Research for its material. It is very largely an attempt to digest this mass of incongruous material, and to present all that is tangible and conclusive. The result is not reassuring for those who hope for a hereafter. By far the greater part of the experiments recorded and analyzed are either inconclusive or are properly referred to unexplained influences which do not compel belief in a future life. Even this writer, who has made a far more exhaustive study of his subject than he can expect from his readers, finds no conclusive evidence for or against the theory of personality beyond the grave. The scope of his research does not include the same field as is covered by Professor Thompson Jay Hudson's "Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," but we believe that for the ordinary reader who desires helpful proof of his own future existence the latter will prove more satisfactory. (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.)

THE WEIGHT OF THE CROWN. By F. M. White.

Mr. White has already won favor by his preceding books, his "Crimson Blind" having been especially successful. In his latest venture just ready for issue, he has produced a most interesting story involving a startling episode in European politics, in which plot and counterplot, diplomatic intrigue and amateur detective work, the hazardous expedient of two well-bred English girls, their love affairs and various other thrilling material are cleverly woven into a plot which reads as though it was really true. Almost every page has its own thrilling incident and the plot involves itself in unexpected ways, until the reader wonders whether the good people of the story are really to come out safely at the end, but the expected happens, and three marriages are due in the next but unwritten chapter. (R. F. Fenno & Company, New York. $1.50.)

THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF HOME. By Margaret E. Sangster.

"On the integrity of the family and the conservation of the home depend the stability of our republic," says the author in the foreword of this volume. She argues and illustrates this familiar declaration through all the incidents and experiences of domestic life, with earnestness, interest and emphasis. The beginning of the home, relations-in-law, boarding versus housekeeping, the division of income, the care and rearing of children, the place of the unmarried, broken homes, and how the home is the training ground for all public, social and civic duties and responsibilities, are all analyzed and discussed candidly and wisely. It is a book worth a place on the "handy shelf" of every new home. (Fox, Duffield & Company, New York.)

EFFICIENCY AND RELIEF. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D., LL.D.

This brief essay, an inaugural address in fact, deals with practical sociology. It recognizes as successive stages of human development the pioneer, the captain of industry and the spiritual leader, and to the latter is confided the highest task of man. His line of work is based on the establishment of an improved heredity, a protected childhood and personal liberty resulting from a growth of power. Each of these problems assumes fresh aspects with every advance; to-day the practical issue is to increase the industrial efficiency of the individual, and to relieve those who have not the wage-earning capacity for comfortable livelihood. These are the fields in which the social economist is working, but all his organized agencies and departments have as yet but occupied the frontier of the field. To come into vibrant sympathy with human needs, to secure an understanding of fundamental social institutions are the prime present necessities of the social worker. These involve decision and action relative to legislation on health, education and the treatment of crime, and a discovery of the true relation of credit, banking and insurance systems to the well-being of the body politic. The live questions of the day concerning individual rights to privacy, leisure and recreation are all complicated with legislation and organized philanthropy and commercial progress, so that the field of study and effort is most inviting to the most earnest. As an outline of basic principles, the book will command attention. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 75 cents.)

THE DIVINE MAN. By Joseph Ware.

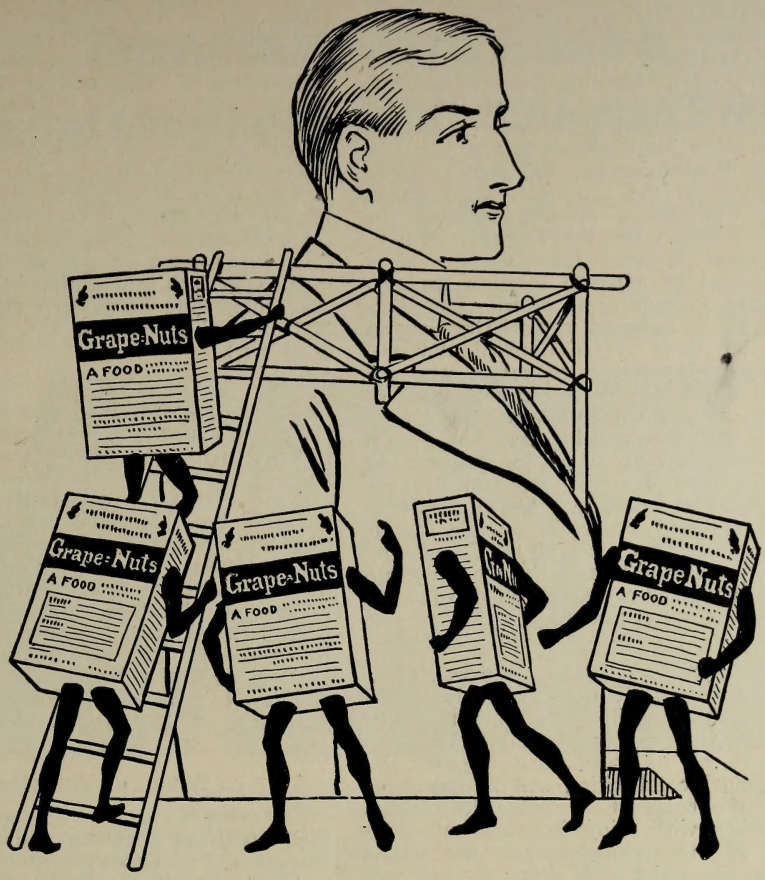
This volume is announced as "A New Epic" and the writer has made an ambitious if not a fully successful attempt to group the story of man as told in the Bible in a series of a dozen chapters. He finds the story to be one of evolution, a progressive creation and development, culminating in the Christ as the ultimate purpose of the Creator,—not the Christ of the creeds but the Christ of a perfected and deified humanity, the type and promise of what is to be when He shall put all the Kingdoms of the world under His feet. The writer has infused the story of the Old and the New Testaments and subsequent world history with his own vivid imagination, and beyond this he reaches out into the future when space and time will be no more, but the human race will, through the Christ spirit, be raised above what now appear to be insuperable earthly limitations, and reach the state contemplated in its original plan, where life will be untramelled, progress unimpeded, heaven wherever man is, and love the master spirit of all. The visions of the prophets, the miracles of the Christ, and the visions of the Apocalypse are then to be realized in the common life of man—not always literally, for their narrative is only approximate and limited by the imperfect conception of man, but in a grander reality in harmony with the perfected nature of the race, when through the teaching and example of "The Divine Man" it is to emerge from the environment of all human weaknesses and begin its new career in which the spiritual will be the normal state and love shall be the motive of all action. (The True Light Publishing Company, Mechanicsburg, Ohio. $1.50.)

MOZART, THE MAN AND THE ARTIST, as revealed in his own words. BEETHOVEN, similarly treated. Compiled and annotated by Frederick Kerst; edited and translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

These two volumes should receive warm welcome from all lovers of classical music, for they present in compact and most interesting form the essential features of the personality of the two great composers. They are made up of detached fragments of letters and diaries, not originally intended for general perusal, but strikingly illustrative of the sentiments, aspirations, motives and convictions of the artists. Each had a unique personality, and peculiarly trying experiences in domestic, social and professional lines, and these volumes condense their inner lives and concentrate attention upon the salient features of the personality of each, in a manner impossible in more diffuse and general biographies. The compiler and editor have conferred a lasting favor not only upon music lovers, but upon all who are interested in the history and the literature of the times portrayed. (B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.00 each, postage, 10 cents.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLLAR. By Wallace Irwin; pictures by E. W. Kemble.

There is many a laugh here in text and pictures. Faults and foibles, fads and fancies in political, business and social life are "done into verse" with no little ingenuity. Much of the matter has appeared as fragments in the daily and weekly press, where it has attracted no little attention. In permanent form the wit, humor and sarcasm of the two score or more effusions will appeal to the public with fresh emphasis. (Fox, Duffield & Company, New York. $1.00.)



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A Maker of History. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

An absorbingly interesting mystery story written in Mr. Oppenheim's usual fascinating style. The reader is carried through a maze of incident, plot and counterplot which claim his unwavering attention. A young Englishman—a boy really—while travelling on the continent, unknown to them, witnesses a meeting between the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany and becomes the possessor of a loose sheet of a treaty between the two countries, relative to an attack upon England. He is followed to Paris by German spies, but there at the Café Montmartre, gives away his secret to people who are closely allied with the secret service police of France, who kidnap him and by a trick induce him to remain hidden. The French diplomats make use of his information and the German spies look for him in vain. His sister, who goes to Paris to meet him, is also spirited away. Meanwhile friends at home take up the search for the missing young people and therein lies the story into which is worked a pleasing bit of romance. (Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.)

Baby Bullet. By Lloyd Osbourne.

It was inevitable that somebody should write an automobile story, and it is well that Mr. Osbourne has done it. He knows his auto, all its possibilities, vagaries and malignant eccentricities, and he has made them the basis of a double love story. Motorists will enjoy its technical treatment of the mechanism, and the almost human perversity with which the two machines made and marred the rapidly moving episodes of the story, for the course of true love ran smooth, even if there was no end of annoyance from the freakishness of the vehicles. The scene is in rural England, and every page of the story has its own interesting bit of local color as a background of queer but well contrived adventure. And the reader who is not a motorist will enjoy the book. Whether it will seduce him into the craze for a machine or not will be a matter of temperament. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mental Healing. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

This volume first appeared in 1893, and this fifth edition is an indication of the increasing interest in its subject. The author maintains that health is the birthright of mankind, and that mental action is in large measure its defender and promoter. He admits that no single volume can cover all that should be urged in support of the theories of his cult, but makes a fair presentation of their leading features, for popular reading. He defends the term "metaphysical healing," and accuses mental "error" as the great cause of disease, and mental poise and vigor as its cure. Many striking cases of successful treatment are related, and the book is worth reading, not only by the adherents of the various cults based upon its general theory, but by all who wish information on one of the most interesting of modern topics. (The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. $1.50 net.)

The Kentuckian. By James Ball Naylor.

This is a homely tale of southern Ohio, just before the war, where in a rural community there were lawless horse thieves and shrewd but uncultured, honest citizens. Religion was represented by the circuit rider with his harsh and vociferous preaching, and farm life, the district school and life in the woods were the setting of a romance in which the young school master from Kentucky was the hero. The story is interesting and natural, and gives a vivid picture of a period now almost forgotten. (C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. $1.50.)

With the Authors

Few writers can boast so many books to their credit as a certain author of Portland, Maine, well known to juvenile readers as "James Otis." Mr. Kaler—his full name is James Otis Kaler—went into newspaper work at the age of fourteen, and later strayed into politics. It was during a lull in a political campaign that, having a few idle days on his hands, he wrote his famous story for boys, "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus," which was first published serially in "Harper's Young People," and has now become a classic. The great success of this story led Mr. Kaler to give up his newspaper work, and since 1880 he has devoted all his time to writing for young people. He has now 104 books on the market, "which would seem to be all that an indulgent public could swallow," he recently observed, "although the publishers and little boys appear to have a different idea on the subject." Mr. Kaler receives many letters from his youthful readers; it is seldom that the week's end finds him with less than thirty to be answered, but he makes it a rule to reply to every one, and somehow finds time in which to do it.

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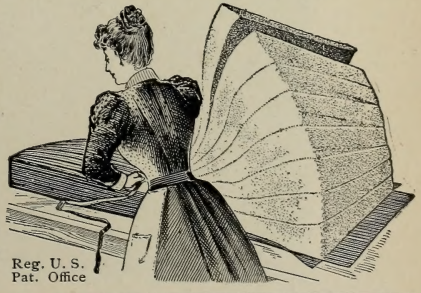
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THE SUN DOES SHINE

And so does the kitchen range or the parlor stove, after the thrifty housekeeper has treated it with the Sun Paste Stove Polish. It is neat, easy of application, and it wears well. What more is needed in this direction?

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Typewriting machines are abundant and many of them are cheap—in first cost at least. But the business man wants a machine that is simple, accurate, that will turn out first class work—visible writing, and with the minimum of effort on the part of the operator. Such a machine is the Williams, made in Derby, Connecticut. Practical, up-to-date business men are giving it hearty endorsement.

EVERY ONE KNOWS IT

Its name is Sapolio, and its virtues are apparent on every hand that has used it. There is nothing better for toilet and bath is the universal verdict. It comes in several varieties, each for a special use, and when once known is sure of continued favor.

IT HAS VARIOUS USES

The modern housewife is delighted with Sulpho-Napthol, for it cleanses and purifies all with which it comes in contact. While powerful in places of extreme lack of sanitation it is equally safe and convenient where delicacy is required. As an antiseptic for general use it is heartily commended.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE

That is the verdict of every patron of the Turkish Bath, especially when they are enjoyed in the most complete anl luxurious establishments. To those who want the best there is an appeal in the arrangements at 176 Tremont street, where Mr. Adolph S. Lundin has established a most attractive place. Taste, comfort and privacy have all been consulted, and the patronage of the rooms is steadily increasing. All who go there once go again and often.

ALL THAT IS DESIRABLE

House furnishings in variety, of the latest styles and of the best quality are being sought by all good housekeepers, some for a single piece and some for a complete outfit. The Plympton-Hervey Company, 21-25 Washington street, close to the Haymarket Square subway and elevated railway station are offering everything in their line at prices much below those asked in more palatial establishments. A good stove at only two-thirds the current price is one of their leaders, but it only leads to scores of other good bargains that await inspection.

IT WORKS TO A CHARM

That is the verdict of all who have used Frostilla for sun-burn, chapped hands, and general toilet purposes in the nursery and bath room. It is an immediate relief and a certain and permanent remedy. Clay W. Holmes of Elmira, New York, is waiting for an order, if it is not readily found at the druggist's.

JUST IN SEASON

Tennis players and the whole fraternity who indulge in out-door sports will be interested in this season's preparations for their comfort and convenience announced by Messrs. Wright & Ditson, whose four stores, Boston, Cambridge, Providence and Chicago, are already well filled with the latest and best appliances for all forms of out-door exercises and light gymnastics. Physical culture will be the catch-word of the coming season, and all appliances to that end will be found with this firm.

IT IS TO SHAVE

Many a bearded man would shave but for the annoyance of waiting for the barber or the risk of cutting himself with the ordinary razor. For both these large classes of hirsutes the Gillette safety razor offers relief. It is always ready, easy to operate, and will only remove the beard, leaving the cuticle smooth and unlacerated. All men who appreciate the highest degree of comfort in the toilet are praising the Gillette.

THEIR LIFE IS PROLONGED

Well-worn woollen and Brussels carpets are no longer useless. The Belgrade Rug Company, Hollis street, Boston, works them over into durable and handsome rugs at trifling cost, so that it is worth while to look at their samples and have them send for your material.

WHY NOT GO TO NEW YORK!

It costs but a trifle when the Joy Line will take you for $1.75, by rail to Providence and thence by water. Quick, safe, pleasant and cheap are its four points of excellence.

AMERICAN RUGS

Readers of the magazine cannot fail to be interested in Mrs. Bouvé's Story of the Rug. Beautiful as are the rugs of Europe and Asia, they are equalled if not surpassed by those now made in our own country which are just as durable if not more so, and sell at good honest American prices. We give below an illustration of a Saxony rug made by the Hartford Company. The delicate, beautiful and harmonious shadings of color cannot be reproduced of course in black and white. When you go to buy a rug ask for those made by the Hartford Company and you will understand why their goods are considered the best on the market.

A MODERN CONTRIVANCE

A substantial house that can be "knocked down" and transported at will is the latest boon to campers in field or forest or at the seashore, while as an adjunct of the permanent home, for play-house, poultry house, or many other uses it meets along felt want. E. F. Hodgson, at Dover, Massachusetts, has perfected a variety of such structures, cheap, convenient and easy to set up almost without tools. A line to him will bring particulars, and to many will bring just what is needed.

IN FINE NEW QUARTERS

PLIMPTON-HERVEY FURNITURE COMPANY, SHOWING FINER LINE OF RUGS AND FURNITURE THAN EVER BEFORE

In their handsome new home, which occupies the building 21, 23 and 25 Washington street, the Plimpton-Hervey Furniture Company, for more than half a century one of the leading furniture and house furnishing firms of New England, are offering a display of new goods. The long and honorable business career of this firm and their established reputation for high-class goods has resulted in so rapid an increase in their business that even the commodious warerooms at 5 Union street, occupied by them for many years, at last became in-



SAXONY RUG MADE BY THE HARTFORD CARPET COMPANY

adequate and they were forced to seek more roomy quarters.

The Washington street location is within a stone's throw of Haymarket Square and the subway station, while the North Station is but a few minutes' walk. Cars from all the suburbs stop in front of the building, and there is no location in Boston more convenient of access from any part of Greater Boston. The store has an abundance of clear daylight, which is of the greatest advantage to the critical buyer in making selections, and this is particularly true with regard to the carpets and oriental and domestic rugs, of which the firm carries a large stock.

An innovation established by the Plimpton-Hervey Company is that the entire seven floors at the new home of the firm will be showrooms and salesrooms only. Orders will be filled from the extensive warehouses of the firm at 110 Friend street. In this way the customer will have the benefit of a more expeditious delivery. Another feature much appreciated by old customers is the system of marking all goods in plain figures, for, while the firm does a large cash business, it does an extensive partial payment business as well, but in all instances there is but one price and that the one marked in plain figures.

Near the main entrance from Washington street will be found in great variety of style, material and workmanship, desks, lamps, bookcases, a novel collection of baskets, cabinets, clocks, chairs of all kinds, hall glasses and hall seats, stoves and ranges, and odd pieces of every description, to beautify and make comfortable the home. An entire floor is devoted to the display of chamber furniture. A most extensive line of parlor and dining room furniture is shown. In dining room furniture the line is complete. An entire floor is given over to couches and couch beds, and fancy and office chairs. On the main floor, where the executive offices and counting rooms of the firm are located, there is a handsome display of rugs, which includes domestic rugs of all kinds and a very large assortment of Oriental and Turkish rugs of all grades; and a separate floor is given over to a splendid display of attractive carpets.

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A la Carte Perfect Service
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189 Columbus Ave. 695 Washington St.
Open Day and Night

Noontime Resort in Banking District
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THE ROCKLAND CAFE
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MAKING A WHISTLE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

April, 1906

VOLUME XXXIV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 2

The Trail of The Mormon

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

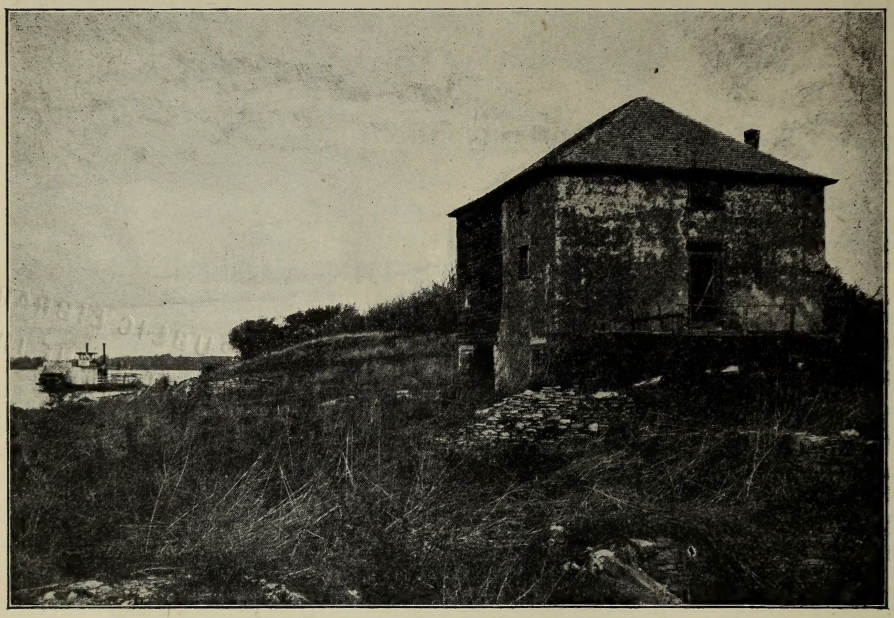
PUBLIC LIBRARY WAYNE IND

ABOUT 1823, in western New York, a farm lad, Joseph Smith by name, began to see visions. He was seventeen years old and had been reflecting on religion for a long time and was in the habit of withdrawing to secret places and spending hours in prayer and meditation. The region was new and still half wild, the facilities for travel and education were few, and the boy knew practically nothing of the world and had received little or no schooling. In his visions he saw an angel "with a countenance like lightning," and the house was filled with "consuming fire." The angel said that the lad's prayers were heard and his sins forgiven, and declared that the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence, for which work the boy had been chosen by God to be an instrument in spreading the gospel in its power and fulness to all nations.

This angel visited the farm boy many times, and among other things told him much about the aboriginal inhabitants of America, of how they sank from civilization to savagery, of their wars and religion and prophets. The last of the prophets was one named Mormon, who at God's command wrote on thin plates of gold what was designed to be a supplement to the Hebrew Scriptures. After the revelations had been duly inscribed the golden plates were hidden by the prophet on the side of a certain hill near what is now Palmyra, New York.

Directed by the angel, Joseph Smith, the farm lad, whose home was in this region, found the plates and with them a curious instrument which he called "urim and thummim," consisting of two transparent stones set in rims and having some resemblance to spectacles. The characters on the golden plates were in an unknown language, but by looking through urim and thummim, Smith was enabled to understand and translate the ancient

records into English. In 1830 this translation was published as "The Book of Mormon," and that same year "The Church of Latter-Day Saints" was organized and began to grow. From a membership of six



MALT HOUSE OF ICARIAN COMMUNISTS

it increased in a twelvemonth to over one thousand, and during the following three years the young prophet ordained hundreds of ministers and sent them out in all directions through the country.

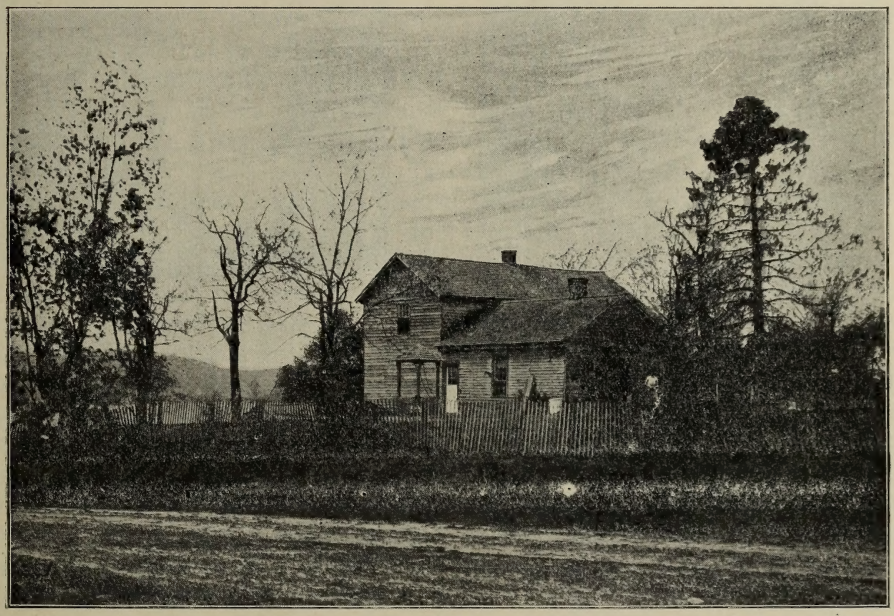
Troublous times followed and the new sect was ridiculed and persecuted, and migrated in search of peace from one place to another. At length, in 1838, the Mormon saints took refuge to the number of fifteen thousand in Illinois where they obtained a grant of land on the banks of the Mississippi. At the spot chosen was a little village named Commerce, but Smith in obedience to one of the revelations he was continually receiving changed the name to Nauvoo, which means "The City of Beauty."

Nauvoo was not long in becoming the largest and most promising place in the state; and yet less than a decade passed before it was well nigh deserted, much of the Mormon property had been confiscated and the prophet had been slain. The place has stagnated ever since. In the height of its prosperity and power it had nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. Now there are twelve hundred. The situation is very attractive, with the river making a long sweep around a peninsula two miles broad. The land is all high enough to be beyond the reach of the floods and recedes from the stream in a smooth stretch of meadows and fields which ends in a sudden rise to a commanding pla-

teau. At the crest of the rise stood the great Mormon temple, but the business centre was down below on a broad street running across the peninsula and ending with the river both north and south. This wide avenue is still as it was and so are many of the parallel streets and crossways. But the old thoroughfares are nearly all grass-grown, and not infrequently there is scarcely a sign of travel on them.

Some of the Mormon dwellings were of brick, some were frame structures and many were of logs or of wattles daubed with clay. A considerable number of the brick and frame buildings have survived of moderate size. It never was very substantial, and though it is still occupied, the passing years have left it badly dilapidated. One of the chambers was pointed out to me with the information that the prophet used to get his revelations from God "in that there room."

In the yard, on the slope that fronts the river, lay buried the prophet's wife Emma, and roundabout were several other graves, some marked by headstones, but more with only a few rocks piled up on them, or roughly outlined with a row of bricks. The ground was rather disheveled, for the spot had served some previous inmates



DWELLING OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

and are scattered about the old city centre and far back into the country. On the high river bank at the south end of Main street is the home of the prophet Joseph Smith, a clapboarded, unpainted farmhouse of the house as a rooting-place for their hogs. Now it was overgrown with weeds and straggling thickets of gooseberry and lilac bushes.

Across the way from the prophet's house is a large two-story building

which he ran as a hotel. In one of the upper rooms is a secret closet. This is a closet within a closet and very well concealed. One townsman in speaking of it said, "No genuine prophet of God would have such a closet. It shows he had a guilty conscience."

Another man told me that Brigham Young was killed in the secret closet, and added, "They say spatters of his blood are to be seen on the wall yet; and some people who go in there imagine they see his ghost."

Every person in Nauvoo had something to tell about the Mormons—opinions, facts, legends, hearsay. Their occupancy of the place and the tragic events connected with their leaving overshadow all other happenings before or since, and the interest is always kept fresh by the questionings of chance sojourners and by the many Mormon pilgrims who come from Utah to visit this ancient stronghold of their faith. The present occupant of the old hotel is a washerwoman, and I found her much concerned over some Mormon missionaries who had recently preached in the town. "They were full-blooded ones," she said, "four long-legged things with coat tails down to their knees, and I didn't like the looks of 'em. They preached and sang up here on the park, and they boarded with a man who had a houseful of daughters. My goodness! I thought that was funny."

Farther back from the river is the home of Brigham Young, a substantial building of brick. This and all the other brick structures of the Mormon régime never failed to have a touch of quaintness. They showed their age, and many had cracked walls and broken windows, and a few were deserted and hastening to ruin. Some are gone altogether and the only reminders of them are remnants of foundations turned up by plough and hoe in the fields and gardens. The business portion of the town is now on the hill, but except for a little cluster of stones Nauvoo is a rustic village, and every home has an ample garden, and usually fields of strawberries, grapes and possibly fruit trees. Great quantities of fruit are raised, especially strawberries and grapes. The latter are very largely made into wine, and there was always wine on my hotel table. Indeed, the landlord said it was against the rules of the house for any guest to drink water.

The cultivated lands were models of neatness, which may be because the owners are mostly Germans. Citizens of a more nervous nationality credited the Germans with remarkable thrift and the possession of plenty of money, but declared they had no enterprise and didn't care whether the town boomed or not. Nauvoo is seriously handicapped by the lack of a railroad. A steam ferry boat plies back and forth across the broad river, making five trips a day; but when the river freezes in winter the only substitute is a rowboat shod with runners. This can go after a fashion quite independent of the element beneath it. If there are spaces of open water and ice too thin to bear the boat's weight the crew use oars and poles, but where the ice is thick they get out and haul and push. No matter how bad the conditions were it at least made one trip daily.

The placidity of the Germans was an irritation to some of their

more strenuous neighbors, yet it was quite delightful in its way. One of them with whom I made friends was a fat, elderly man, whose pudgy features and blue eyes were always twinkling with a smile. He



GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

was a picture of care free happiness and contentment. When I asked him whether he was going to get a task he had started done that day, he said he did not know. "I vorks till I am tired and then I stops," he explained.

As to the Mormons he said they used to go out into the country around and "steal sheep, pigs, everything; and dey had to do dot, dere vas so many to feed. Mine gracious! some of dose men had one hundred and twenty-five childrens."

Opinions of the character of the old-time Mormons varied. Many wild deeds were done in their day, but not all could be justly laid to them. One early settler, who had the air of wanting to be aggressively fair to friend or foe, said: "I remember when they was here very well, and the majority was all right. They were industrious and prosperous, and a happier people didn't live on top of God's earth. Naturally, a new town that had grown in five years from nothing to twenty-eight thousand would draw all sorts of folks to it and would be more or less tough. Lots of fellows come



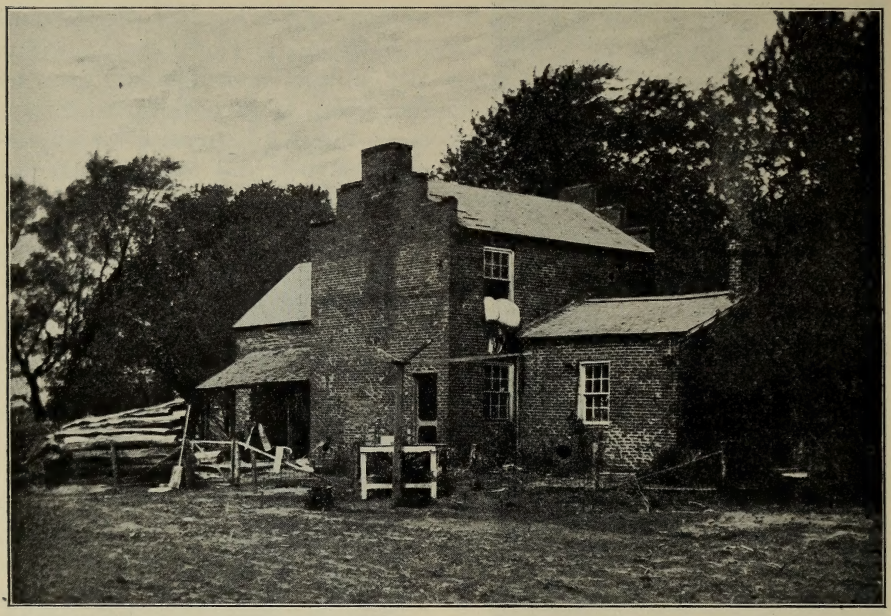
GARDEN AND OSAGE HEDGE

here busted. They'd got to make a livin' somehow, and they banded together and stole instead of workin'. If one of 'em got arrested the others would swear the son of a gun was somewhere else at the time it was claimed he was breakin' the law. So he'd get off.

"I've heard said that the Mormons would go a few miles out back here in the night and kill a cow in some man's pasture and get the carcass in their wagon and let the blood drip along, and that then the other cattle would follow the trail of blood and the Mormons would get the whole herd. I've been told, too, that a great many cutthroats and thieves joined the Mormons and that the church kind o' protected 'em when they got into trouble. Well, such things are easier charged than proved. You see there was a great deal of excitement and suspicion about the new religion and the way Joe Smith and the rest was carryin' on; so all the crimes that was committed and some that wa'n't committed at all was laid to the saints. I wish the lyin' hounds who invented some o' the stories could be punished as they deserved.

"I reckon the farmers would often steal on the Mormons' credit. There were men so anxious to get the Mormons into trouble that they would steal and hide things on the Mormons' premises and then get out a search warrant to convict 'em of the crime. Perhaps all that would have blown over if the saints hadn't got to quarrelin' among themselves about this here spiritual wife business. Those who got up the idea claimed it wa'n't polygamy, and that the extra wives that was 'sealed' to a man was to be his, not in this world, but in the next. Pah! that was their way of pulling the wool over people's eyes.

"The apostized started a paper here they called the 'Expositor,' and they banded in with all those that wa'n't Mormons and wrote like the devil against the new religion. 'Drive 'em out of the country,' was



HOME OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

what the 'Expositor' advocated. The Mormons was mad and the city council passed an ordinance against the apostates' paper, and the city marshal went to the office with a blacksmith who pounded the press to pieces, and they threw the whole business out into the street. That was the 7th of June, 1844, and twenty days later Joe Smith and his brother Hyrum was corpses. We had wild times for a while, and the outcome was that the Mormons thought they better skip from this region.

"There was some apostates, as I said, but most of the Mormons stuck to their religion through all the troubles and the discussions. They were just like other people—very tenacious of belief. Joe Smith was like other people, too. Most men would like to be pope if they could, and Joe enjoyed the power his scheme brought him. Some think it's strange he could get so many to accept his religion, but people can be worked up to believe anything. It's easy to pick flaws in his theology, and it's easy to pick flaws even in Christianity. Now, I tell our good Christians they ought to make a saint of Judas, because if he hadn't brought about the death of Christ none of us could be saved. Ain't that logical? There's a good many things in the Bible don't seem quite right to me. For instance, I haven't ever liked that saying, 'Unto everyone that hath shall be given.' If I'd been writing it I'd have said, 'Him that hath little, give him a little more. Help him along.' But what's the use of talking! There's good people in all denominations, and there's just as good outside of any denomination."



THE MAN WITH THE HOE

The turmoil that brought about

the migration of the Mormons from Illinois was a curious mixup of persecution, politics, religion and warfare. The Mormon votes were a valuable asset, for neither of the great political parties in the state was strongly ascendant and concessions were made to the saints that could not have been obtained otherwise. But at length feeling ran so high and the situation became so threatening that troops were sent to keep the peace. The Mormons had a trained body of militia of their own, known as the "Nauvoo Legion," and this prepared for resistance. Pickets were posted and when the state troops approached there was a real battle on a small scale. A man who lived at the time on the town outskirts where the sharpest fighting occurred told me something of his experiences.

"The bullets was flyin' thick," he said, "and my father set up a lot of plank along the northeast corner of our house to kind o' protect it, and he sent me and the rest of the family down cellar. We staid there three or four hours except that I crept upstairs once in a while to see what was goin' on. Both sides had cannon, and when the cannon belonging to the assaulters was shot off the Mormons would chase the balls and shoot 'em back. Two Mormons was killed, and the prophet and his brother Hyrum was carried off and put in the county jail at Carthage.

"In a few days it was talked around that the governor intended to set the prisoners free. But the people had got tired of the Mormons' doin's and was bound to break 'em up. So a band of about two hundred men fixed up like Indians with their faces painted red, black and yellow, went to the jail and called Joe and Hyrum to the window. Soon as the two brothers looked out, dog-gone if the mob didn't shoot 'em dead, and the body of the prophet fell out of the window onto the ground.

"Most of the Mormons moved away in the next few months, and the last of 'em skedaddled in 1847. That left a big city of buildings and only a handful of people, and the Mormons got little or nothing for their property. The flat down here was all built over, houses behind houses almost as thick as they could stand. A good share of 'em was of logs and dry to the core, and when a man bought a place down there he'd pick out the best house on it to live in and use pretty near all the rest of the buildings for firewood. So the city disappeared, and it wa'n't long before some man whose wife had been coaxed off by the Mormons burned the big temple out of revenge.

"The saints was obliged to skin out from here, and if you want to know how they appeared when they started on the road for Utah, you call on Granny Howard. She lives with her son, and he has a loom in the house and weaves rag carpets. She's over ninety years old, but she does her own work, and in her spare time she sets and sews carpet rags, and she don't wear any glasses either."

I found Granny Howard just as described, and she told me that she was one day old in 1812 when her father went off to the Black Hawk war; "and he was gone six months," she continued. "We was livin' on the main road in Iowy when the Mormons left here. Some of their wagons was drawn by mules, some

by oxen, some by cows—anything they could get; and the poorest people pushed along little carts by hand. They went past jis' thataway for weeks the whole summer through and into col' weather. My heart ached for 'em. But they was a jolly set, I tell you. They was jis' as cheery as if nothin' hadn't happened. I went to one of their Sunday meetin's by the roadside, and oh! sich pretty singin' I never heard in my life. I remember one ole Mormon woman stopped at our house and asked my mother if she wa'n't afraid of 'em.

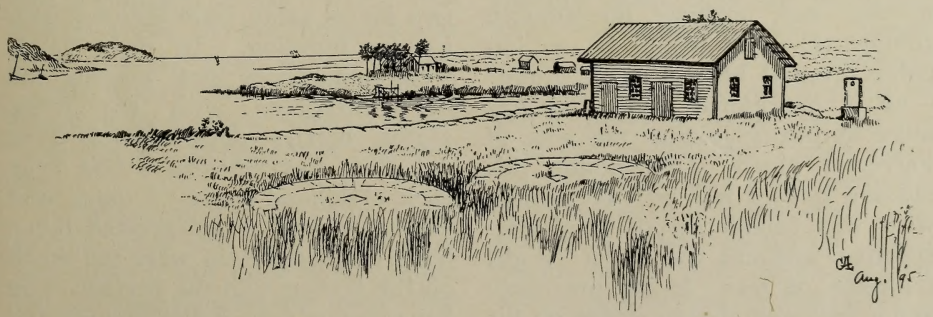
"'Bless your ole soul,' my mother says, 'I ain't done them no harm and I reckon they won't do me any.'

"'No,' the ole woman says, 'they won't harm a hair of your head'; and they didn't. We never lost so much as a straw."

The gray-haired son had stopped the clatter of his loom in the next room and stood in the doorway. "I was in the Civil War," said he, "and I've been all aroun' and the Mormons was as nice people as I was ever among. That there temple they had here was a fine thing, and I believe, by golly, they'll come back to Nauvoo some day."

The saints suffered much at Nauvoo; but though their prophet came to a melancholy end, which seemed a culminating disaster, his death proved to be a fortunate event for the system he founded. The church now had its martyrs and a halo of glory enshrined their memories. The methods of their assailants had been unreasonable and lawless. Nevertheless the underlying reason of the persecution had a certain justice in it. The Mormon population was an unmanageable factor in political affairs. The vote was sure to be a unit, and the centralized power of the organization was a dangerous element in the state. Seemingly the mob struck at the Mormon liberty of conscience, but really the chief thing hated and feared was his lack of liberty of action.

The effect of the persecution, however, was to make the Mormons tenfold more Mormon than before. It only added to their fanatical enthusiasm. A man will think twice about inconveniencing himself for his religion, he will hesitate to make himself poor for it; "but show him that another man stands ready to slay him for adhering to it, and he is instantly prepared to do battle, not so much for the religion as for his right to believe in it if he chooses."



A New England Longing

By Abram Wyman

IT all started from the trailing arbutus and the wintergreen.

We had just returned from Mount Oread, my friend and I, where we had been enjoying the view. Indeed, why shouldn't it be enjoyed? Didn't local mythology have it that Bayard Taylor, who travelled a bit in his day, had pronounced it the most beautiful view he had ever seen in America? A sarcastic person with dyspepsia might draw ill-natured conclusions from the extraordinary number of the "most beautiful views in America" the travelled Quaker seems to have encountered. But really there is no reason for surmising anything more depraved than a combination of urbane diplomacy and local pride. We have all noticed how the boy fiddler of the village is known by the whole town to have been pronounced by competent authorities of the nearest large city, the most talented young violinist they had ever seen. The discreet visitor listens to the fiddling and the encomiums, and, making no adverse comments,—who would be so impolite, even if he had the courage? —he is henceforth quoted as one more authority joining the note of universal praise. No doubt this modern Bayard was well acquainted with this peculiarity of local perspective, and not without a "slight reproach of fear" in its presence; and a few well-chosen words on his part, or even a well-considered silence, would be taken to be unstinted praise. And really the outlook from Mount Oread over the tree-hidden city and the valleys of the Wakarusa and the Kaw has a wonderful charm.

"Yes, it will do very well, but it is not New England," I replied, somewhat ill-naturedly, to my friend who was dilating on its charms with an exasperating air of proprietorship in all the scenic beauty of the world. From the way he received my answer he thought it all the better for not being New England.

With a last look down the valley, at the wheat fields darkening and then shining out as the southwest wind drove the hurrying clouds, we went down the hill to my friend's study. The study was a recent affair, built partly for my friend's benefit but chiefly for the spiritual sustenance of students of his own theological persuasion or those who might be thinking in that direction. As we came from the study door two ladies came from another door in the building. In their hands were bunches of pink arbutus and of wintergreen with the fresh, plump berries upon them. That day they had received a box from their childhood home. I must have looked wistful as we greeted them. Very likely my eyes were too much on the flowers and the berries. You have noticed how a well-trained dog when hungry behaves as an espe-

cially tempting morsel is borne past him. His voice is silent but his eyes are eloquent. The ladies may have divined my desires, for I was soon in possession of flowers and berries of my own: not of course without protestations on my part, of which I did not mean a word.

Is there anything more delightful for a New Englander, twelve years away from the old home, than to receive at the hands of a lady who also hailed from New England, "boxberries" and "mayflowers"? Nothing, certainly, except to receive them under certain favored conditions. These conditions are: to have had your boyhood fed on "Little Men," and to giggle as you read it the twentieth time; and then thirty years after to receive mayflowers and "boxberries with the plums on them" from Miss Alcott's own town at the hands of the wife of Miss Alcott's "Laurie." Such was my case now.

As my fingers closed over the stems there stole into my memory a side hill, formed by a "cut" of the railroad, just at the edge of a pine wood, the slope toward the south and west, where in boyhood days on my way from school I used to find my first mayflowers, while my palate was rejoiced by the "checkerberry plums" among which the flowers grew. So my thoughts flew back and the pine woods by the "Great Eddy" came forward out of the dimness to meet them: and the New England longing was full upon me.

I thought it all out going home on the train that evening. Up to this time I had been well content with flitting midsummer trips. But the scent of the flowers and the mild tang of the wintergreen berries had made me avaricious. I wanted to see the spring come again. Here we usually have the most delightful falls, often lasting 'way up to Thanksgiving and even Christmas. Of course the climate reserves the right to make exceptions for strangers. But we have no springs, winter leaps into summer in one short week. At least so it seems to a New Englander. The native Westerner may deny it. But how should he know, having never himself seen a spring come properly?

I am going back to a place in Maine I know of well. I shall arrive as early as the first of March, taking my friends by surprise who do not expect a loiterer like myself before August. I shall be in time for many a slide down hill on the crust on a "double-runner." The neighbors will talk, I know, for I am bald-headed and gray-bearded. But there must be boys in the neighborhood still and my coasting can be arranged at their solicitation and for their benefit. As a sort of reward for the bother of having the "old fellow" around I'll tell them, if they seem interested, about our trip overland to Colorado the other summer, and of the camp on the Trinchera, and about Rob and Dick and their panting chase over the mountains after the strayed mule, Jennie. Mornings, after the crust melts and the sliding is over, we'll go to the maple grove up over the hill and help gather the sap. Some morning when there is a particularly fine crust so that it will hold even in the woods, I shall take my young cousin and we'll go up through the woods and across the pastures to Mac's Hill. No, I cannot do that. My young cousin is now a man

grown with a family of his own. But I can take with me his oldest boy, cunningly making it appear that this is an exploring expedition for his benefit. Going quietly through the woods we shall scare up partridges feeding on the birch buds. On the hill I'll point out to the lad Mount Bigelow, and Saddleback, and off to the north Moxie standing by itself. He will see the mountains and the church spires of the distant village below. And I shall see them, too, only differently; for in them I shall see many a shape out of the vanished years.

Some happy morning I shall hear my first bluebird singing on the fence near the hollow post, where later there is to be a nest. A week at the utmost after the first bluebird ought to bring the first robin. His note from the old maple across the road will be my first "good morning" some day soon. It will not be many weeks now until the bare ground will appear through the snow in thick patches. The children will gather in our yard to "play poison," and the snow will be "poison." As they try to make their way across the yard and around the house without being "poisoned," jumping from one bare spot to the next, they will squeal and scream in a delicious agony of happy fright.

When the snow is all gone we'll take the fir boughs used to bank the house and make a wigwam with them. In our bough house we shall have a few days of the ecstatic happiness that comes from being divinely smeared with pitch. Premeditatedly, some mighty evening the bough house goes up in a torrent of flame: and in the opinion of all the boys, though they would not phrase it so, nothing in the whole existence of the boughs became them like the leaving of it.

It will not be many days after the snow is gone, except in the deep woods and the dirty drifts in the hollows, before the first song sparrow will come. I shall wonder afresh at the sweetness of his song, which makes the welcome note of the bluebird and the best the robin can compass commonplace. One evening, returning from the village on the railroad to avoid the mud of the wagon road, I find that clump of early pussy willows, which look over the edge of the bank down upon the river one hundred feet below, in bloom. Yes, spring is close. I take home with me a handful of sprigs, knowing full well that the next day the children will have transmuted the "pussies" into sheep, and enclosed them in little pens fenced in with split cedar sticks.

The long hoped for "warm rain" begins one afternoon about four o'clock. The grass springs out of the ground over night. The next morning, while watching the sunny clouds hurry out of the west we notice that the southern slopes and the sunny nooks have a tinge of green. That very afternoon I shall find bloodroot in blossom on the warm slope, just where the brook empties into the river. Later I shall find in the same spot red benjamins, so ill to smell, and blue and yellow violets. Still later the hazels and the basswoods in full leaf will cover the place all over with an impenetrable shade, except that just at sunset a few rays of sunshine will creep in under the branches. The bloodroot on the river bank is not much ahead of the addertongues that bloom in the shelter of the birches that shield

them from the north wind. In a favored locality there appears here and there a violet of pale hue, differing not much in color from the clayey soil in which it grows. Their stems are scarcely longer than their modest blossoms as if they had learned through centuries of ancestral training that the season was not to be trusted yet, and that early violets should be lowly and unobtrusive. Near the violets an ambitious strawberry blossom shines out.

The morning of May Day is recognized as the appointed time each year for the boys to make the round of the neighborhood barefooted. It is usually a hurried journey, and over a region as much as possible where the sun has gotten at the dirt. The boys return with feet red and smarting. Little Jim brings back with him limpingly but proudly a stone bruise. If that stone bruise can be developed auspiciously into a boil with a core, Jimmie will be the distinguished boy of the road until haying time at least. Then his heroic place will be usurped by some lucky fellow who gets his face punctured by "bumblebees" until his eyes close from sheer facial corpulency.

On the fifteenth of May custom has decreed—you know how that is—that, no matter how backward the season, the boys shall go in swimming in the river. Even in the most favored springs the water has the sting of the ice in it still; indeed it seldom loses it entirely the summer through. As a harmless sort of an individual, minus the usual grown-up prejudices against early season swimming, I am taken along by the boys to admire their proficiency. The boys did bravely. Dripping on the bank they dry themselves by means of the sun and undershirts. Towels from the house would have awakened suspicion. With purple lips and chattering teeth they maintain that they are "not a bit cold." We used to say the same ourselves in those far days of our boyhood, not knowing until years after that in saying it we had been "affirming truth." For that was a period of ignorance, that the good Lord kindly "winked at," before the kind mother had taught us to know that the shivers is not a bodily state at all, but merely an affection of mortal mind.

I know that "goose flesh" on boys in swimming the middle of May is nothing but error, yet I shall be relieved when their naked minds are once more clothed and we are all on the banks together pulling "brakes" that grow by the swimming place. When the ferns are young, the tender interior just where the stalks break through ground is extremely palatable to a boy; it can even be eaten by a man, for it is nothing worse than tasteless. Age, as with some other things in life, makes it bitter and tough.

Spring affairs move rapidly now. Earlier the progress of spring was a series of distinct impressions that could be separately recorded; and over each successive one we were prone to linger. Now it is not so much seeing this form of life awaken and advance as it is a grand, composite impression of exhaustless and abounding life, of measureless well being. The first gifts of spring can be numbered as you can count the first drops of a shower. But when late May and early June pour their wealth down upon the fields and hills, it is not

in distinguishable drops but in concentrate "showers of blessing." It would be a riot of life and blossom, were not everything so well-bred and orderly. Blossoms are no longer content with the ground but along the fences and by the brooks they are ever climbing into the elderberry and the chokecherry bushes; they conquer the cherry, the plum and the pear trees; they storm the apple orchards; they even hang a crimson tongue of flame here and there in lofty butternuts. Maples, elms, birches, beeches, oaks, each in his own fashion, "fling all their leafy banners out." It is no longer a lonesome bluebird, robin, or song sparrow here and there. These in full ranks, with phœbes, blackbirds, kingbirds, swallows, catbirds, shrikes, yellow-hammers, jays, orioles, and all the rest, flood the farms. Indeed, how could morning ever come in June without the birds to sing in the day? How could the sunset ever light the day to its place of sleep under the stars without the birds to say good night? It could never be, —not in New England.

Some stupendous morning when June is near its close, and the rain the night before has cleared the sky till it is blue for a thousand miles straight up, bluest just where sky and cloud meet, and the swallows are sailing almost as high as the clouds, I shall take my basket and go after wild strawberries that grow in the meadow among the buttercups and daisies. Whiteweed we used to call the daisies, when as boys we had to pull them out of the hayfields. But those bad hours of boyhood are over; the once hateful weeds are daisies now, and an unmixed delight. Better than the happy fields, better than the sky where the cloud-fleets sail, better than the morning and the sunlight, better than the buttercups and the daisies and the berries that grow among them, is the song of the bobolinks in the meadow. Twelve years never to have seen a buttercup in blossom; twelve years to have the song of the bobolinks only a haunting memory: that is to be deprived of heaven just within your reach!

When the heat of the day comes on I shall climb up the hillside and lie down under the old oak, old when my grandfather was a boy, that grows at the edge of "the birches." I shall look out upon that pleasant sea below, the sunny meadow with its daisies and buttercups, across which the northwest wind makes the green waves roll. Bobolinks will be swaying and singing from the tall grasses or from the willows by the brook. My soul will be filled with measureless content. But in it all there will be a shade of regret that will make the joy all the sweeter. For it will come to me that it is all over now. Summer is here already. I have seen the spring come once more in New England.

So I dreamed that evening over the wintergreen and the arbutus, while the train, bearing me home, plunged westward into the night.

Making Maple Sugar

By Harry A. Packard

A WARM March afternoon; the steady drip, drip of the sweetness in the wooden buckets, the merry hum of childish voices and the clouds of sweet rising from the boiling syrup—that is the picture I would paint for you, the picture of the dearest recollection of childhood days.



WHEN GRAN'THER SMILES

It is usually the small boy who discovers that "sap's running"; and it is the small boy that makes the springtime season of the year so full of charms and interest. Perhaps it is the tingle of new blood in his veins, or the call of an early songster that tells him the warm sun has caused the sap to start up into the trees; but anyhow he knows it, and then all is bustle and preparation for this grand season.

And it's the small boy who plays an important part, just as you and I did when we were boys, gathering the sap, the principal feature of the "sugarings," and ever ready to help

in the orchard or at the sap house.

The buckets stored in the sugar house are loaded on to the ox sled; the spiles are cleaned and the work begins. It takes but a short time to bore the hole, drive the spile and place the bucket, but ere that is done the drip, drip of the sweetness has begun. Of course there are rainy days and occasionally snow storms mixed with the fun of sugaring, and it is no little task to empty all the buckets after a storm. The water and snow not only make it necessary to boil a long time, but the quality of syrup is not so good. The sweeter the sap the better the syrup. On cold nights the water in the sap freezes, and while the ice contains some sweet it requires a long time to boil it and usually each tree is visited in the morning and this thrown out.

When once the sap is gathered and the season begun the great fires are kindled and not allowed to go out during the season. Cords of rock maple and birch go up in flames and the sap house is always a warm and cheery place. Did you ever hear of eggs boiled in the hot syrup and of sheepskins and sugar? The boys have a novel way of getting the sweet scum that rises on the syrup when it is nearly done by dipping a wooden paddle into the syrup. The scum sticks to the wood, and it is good!

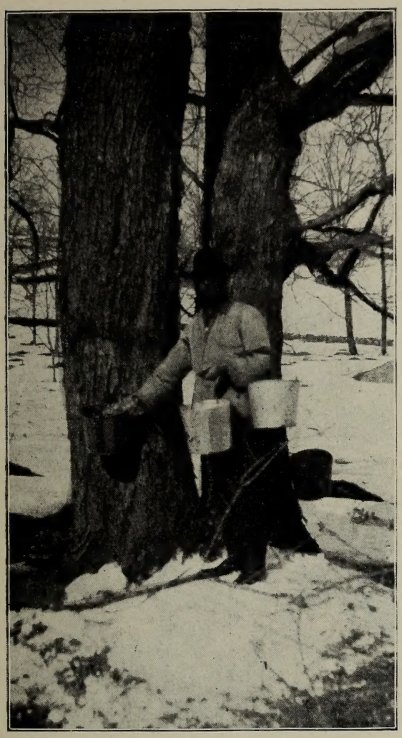


HUSTLING WOOD FOR THE FIRE

Work in a sugar orchard is not play by any means. It is work that creates an appetite for hot cream o' tartar biscuits "sopped" in new

syrup. In many orchards the old-fashioned sleds with wooden runners—a foot wide—are used in gathering sap and the patient oxen are a stand-by even to-day.

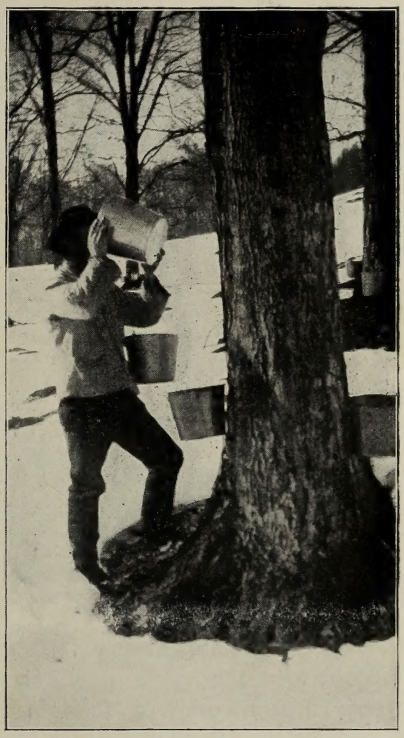
The sugar orchard is always an



BRINGING IN THE BUCKETS

interesting place to visit. The sap season is usually the last two weeks in March and often extends into April. Making sugar is not child's play but it is work that invigorates, with a healthy atmosphere and clean thoughts. The breath of spring sweetness is everywhere. The great maples are swaying in the spring breeze and the steady drip, drip sounds in unison in the buckets. Small streams are trickling down the mountain side from the melting snow bank and here and there a bursting bud shows signs of spring's awakening. Sugar makers are an eccentric class of men, and there are few who will sacrifice their reputations by adulterating the syrup. Usually each orchard has its sweet tree, the sap from which is never boiled but saved to drink.

There have been several important changes of late in the gathering of sap and making syrup. In the early days wooden buckets and handmade cedar spiles were used.



THE "BAR" THAT DRANK THE SAP

That made bother in the orchard, for the bucket had to be placed on the ground and the spile could not be far above it or else the wind would blow the sap to one side and thus waste it. As the snow melted

the spiles had to be drawn and new holes nearer the ground made and the bucket replaced. To-day there is a marked difference. The spiles are all of metal and the tin pails are hung on them. There is also a change for the better in the sugar house. Large evaporators are used and the barrels of sap are hoisted into the top of the building and emptied into a tank from which the sweet runs through a self-regulating faucet into the evaporator. Cold sap is continually going in at one end and syrup being drawn at the other.



MISS DAISY'S "TEAM"

As soon as the sap begins to flow it must be gathered and brought to the sugar house to be boiled. This is best done in small orchards and where the trees are near the sap house by means of a "sap yoke" resting on the neck and shoulders of a man. After the sap buckets have been scattered and the work of tapping is to begin, the orchard man with a sharp ax cleans the rough bark off a spot on the side of the tree and bores a hole about one-half inch in diameter and about an inch in depth. Experience has proved that nearly as much sap is drawn from a hole of this size as from a larger one, and the injury to the tree is not nearly so great. Occasionally the trees will flow at night, if the weather is warm, but generally they dry up and begin again the next morning. It takes cold nights and warm days to make good sap weather.

The location of the sugar orchard

makes much difference in the time for harvesting the crop, and the quantity which can be made. What are called "second growth" trees, that is trees which have grown up since the original growth of the forest was cleared away, yield the most and the sweetest sap. A grove of these is usually more open to the sunlight and air. A tree which stands alone, in a pasture where the roots and branches have plenty of room to spread in every direction, will flow more and sweeter sap than any other. As the snow melts and the ground warms up under the spring sun the flow of the sap grows less until, with the swelling of the first buds, it ceases entirely. Under the most favorable circumstances a good tree will yield from four to five gallons of sap in twenty-four hours, delivered drop by drop into the bucket.

Oh! there is genuine fun and lots of it in a sugaring, and the life of a sugar camp is an invigorating one. Of course Grandpa must be there with his bear story, and "My goodness! but I tell you I was thankful, and so happy that I kissed my rifle as I crawled slowly to camp. The bears had been troubling the sheep pretty badly but I had the track of the ringleader. There she came, charging down the path, and a well aimed 38:55 settled her for good; but say, boys:

"It's time for a sugaring!"

The Carven Christ

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

I saw a carven Christ in the bleak dawn,
Pallid with poignant passion. Far away,
In undulations of faint green and gray,
The landscape stretched to hill-crests dim and wan.
Around the uplifted figure, and withdrawn
A little space, mound after low mound, lay
Death's peaceful dreamers who once walked the day,
And, fain or loath, earth's fair scenes gazed upon.

Sad resurrection sign, remembrancing
The bitterness of lone Gethsemane,
The agony of Golgotha's dark hour!
Why still this crucifixion, when the spring,
Tender and reverent, sempiternally
The soul's renascence shows through leaf and flower!

A Masked Courtship

By Stephanie Forster

"NOW, Marion, I do hope you will behave yourself on the way to New York. Once you are in Uncle Edwards' charge I shall not worry; but your predisposition to make new acquaintances gives me untold hours of anxiety."

"Mother! The way you talk one would think I was—well, not nice and—"

"No, Marion—not that. But I do not approve of the way American young women travel about now, alone. In my younger days it would have horrified anyone to think of a young woman of twenty-three going to New York alone,—all the way from Los Angeles."

Marion Garrick was adjusting her veil, looking sidewise into the mirror at her pretty face. She gave one more twitch at the gauze-like material, until the big polka dot no longer hid the dimple in her chin; then she drew her frail little mother into both her arms.

"You poor, dear, worrying, little mother!" she exclaimed. "Now, I'll promise you—you know I always keep my promises—that I'll not allow any young—or old man—to address me, unless the circumstances are—well, such as would justify any woman of any age in speaking to a strange person. Of course, if I should get pinned down in an accident, and the dreadful flames were coming, and a man passed me, I would be justified in asking him to pull me out—wouldn't I? Well, unless it's something *extroɔdinary* I'll not permit any man to take the liberty of speaking to me without being formally introduced. Now, doesn't that make you feel easier, mother?"

"I don't know, Marion. I wish that you had no pronounced artistic talents, which your Uncle Edwards thinks must be cultivated. You are so impulsive, Marion—and so pretty—that I'm afraid I shall not have an easy moment until you are safe in New York."

Marion turned and surveyed herself once more in the glass. She certainly was pretty. Her big blue eyes would have baffled both the artist of the pen and the brush. The other features of her face were indifferently attractive. The absence of much color in her cheeks accented the brilliancy of her eyes,—except when they were veiled by her long, chestnut lashes. Her small, oval face was crowned by a wealth of sunlight hair, which suggested that there was always a breeze stirring somewhere.

"Well, I suppose that you are bound to worry anyway, you Mother Sweetness; but I have promised, and I'll keep sending you word all the way to let you know how good I've been. Then, when I am in New York, I'll write you all about Uncle Edwards, and how well I am getting on with my art. You won't have to worry but a little while—that's a comfort. There's the carriage, so

good-bye. It just makes me want to cry to go away and leave you,—but I just won't! I've made up my mind to be brave now."

Both mother and daughter stood the trial of the departure very well. Marion waved a gay farewell from the carriage window and disappeared around the corner.

She had won the highest prize in the gift of the Normal art school the previous summer. Hence, when her uncle, a prominent New York artist, had seen some of her work, he had insisted that she must come to the metropolis and study under his direction. He wrote that he would not have made the offer had he not felt that she possessed an exceptional gift, which must be cultivated according to the best standards. Mrs. Garrick had been left a widow several years before, with Marion, her only child, as the only motive for continued activity. It was a grievous sacrifice to have her leave the old home, with its surrounding orange groves, the sole means of their support.

Marion's delight was too great to be concealed, and her mother had never raised an objection. "Some day, mother," she said, "I'll come home and work in our golden atmosphere, and we'll lead a lovely life here together,—and make loads of money."

A poignant sense of loneliness took possession of the girl as soon as the porter had shown her the seat in the Pullman. She looked shyly about her, and saw that the passengers were for the most part older than she, and were about evenly divided between men and women, several of them being married couples. There was no dangerous young man in view.

Could she have looked behind her, she would have seen the only young man in the coach, for Morrison Galbraith had entered unobtrusively a few moments later. He was the junior member of the large wholesale fruit firm of Parkinson & Galbraith, and was returning East after buying the crops of several large orange growers in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

Having taken his seat he promptly opened a magazine and began to read. Occasionally he looked up at the figure in front of him. When the porter passed Marion had asked to have the window opened, and as she moved from her seat Galbraith saw her eyes. After that there was nothing that appealed to his interest in the magazine. He was not the kind of travelling business man to obtrude his presence on an unchaperoned young woman. He had been carefully reared, having passed through Harvard with credit, both in the class room and on the athletic field. He had been destined for business, and when he returned from his graduation, his father promptly left his money in the firm, retired from active participation in the business, and putting Morrison in his place, started on a tour of the world.

He also received a parting admonition from his father not to indulge in any feminine fancies until he was many years older.

"I am not a believer in the old-fashioned notion of marrying young," he had said. "The divorce courts make it too easy to get unmarried in these days. I should be very much disappointed to have you think of marriage for several years yet."

Morrison was apparently in no

need of the warning, for he had been in business for three years now and was fast pushing Parkinson & Galbraith into the front rank.

His father had been much gratified when Sam Parkinson, his old partner, wrote him: "We used to think we knew something about the fruit business, but your boy alone has put more life into this firm than we ever did together. He's a wonder, and if you are surprised at the dividends I am sending to you, you will have to thank him." But Morrison claimed to have learned all he knew about the fruit business on the football gridiron.

When he returned to his magazine he found the wonderful magnetism of the blue eyes in front of him more and more compelling, although he could not see them through the heavy knot of fair hair.

Then the slam of the window in Marion's section caused him to jump.

The train had started a few minutes before, and he had noticed that she threw a light cape about her shoulders and had drawn closer to the window. The porter was not near as she struggled to disengage herself from the garment which had caught in the window. It would have been inexcusable in him not to have offered his assistance. He stepped quickly from his seat.

"May I assist you?" he asked politely, raising his hat.

"Oh, — certainly, if you would be so kind!"

She moved into the aisle, and he endeavored to move the obstinate window, but to his embarrassment it would not stir. Again and again he braced his heavy shoulders to the task, but the wedge of cloth held it too firmly. He worked persistently and the passengers began to take that irritating kind of interest so provoking to one endeavoring to perform the impossible. Marion had ample opportunity to note that he was an uncommonly fine looking man. Her mother's warning passed through her mind and she wondered if this was an "extroadinary" occasion. There was no doubt that Morrison Galbraith was putting a wonderful amount of muscular work into his task. Then the porter appeared.

"I'm afraid that you won't be able to move it," Morrison said, as he surrendered his place to the other.

"Oh, I'll fix it all right, sah!" This, with an art that made Galbraith writhe, he proceeded to do, and the garment was removed from the window.

"You were very kind to work so hard over it," Marion managed to say, while she was wondering why so much strength amounted to so little.

"I didn't know the trick," Galbraith replied. "I am sorry to have appeared so useless. One would suppose the training of a football player would show up to better advantage."

There is nothing that incites feminine idolatry so promptly as football. All the warnings that had been given to Marion vanished in an instant. She could not resist the temptation to be mischievous.

"It isn't possible that a car window could get the better of a football player!" she cried.

He colored painfully. "It would be useless for me to defend myself," he said humbly, "yet I was for three years full back on the Harvard 'Varsity eleven!" He felt almost sorry that he had spoken, but the

sudden desire to palliate his apparent weakness had prompted the effort to excuse himself.

"Then you may have known Homer Wilcox, my cousin—"

"Homer Wilcox! Yes, indeed. He was captain my first year, when I went on the team. We used to tell him it was a Homeric game when he played. I guess Yale thought so, too."

"Then you must be Morrison Galbraith!"

"How could you tell?" he asked eagerly.

"I think it must have been the intuitive powers of my sex," she laughed; "but really, Homer has often talked football to me,—and weren't you captain of the team after him?"

His distress over the incident of the window had vanished now, and his face glowed at the remembrance of his football days.

"Yes, I was Homer Wilcox's successor,—or rather I did my best to fill the large place he left when he graduated. It was impossible!"

Marion did not explain that her shrewdness in guessing was in part due to the quick glance she had given the end of his dress suit case, which bore the initials, "M. G., N. Y."

"I am going to my uncle's, Edwards Wilcox," she continued, showing a dangerous carelessness of the promises she had made her mother.

"And my home is only two doors below. It was Homer who first made me love football. I was already hardened when I entered Harvard. If I hadn't achieved the 'Varsity eleven he would have disowned me. As it is he is the best friend I have in New York, and he is getting along splendidly with his law practice. Homer will be a power in New York some time."

Almost unaware of the act, he had seated himself opposite to Marion, and was rapidly yielding to the conquest of her beauty.

"I am going on to study art under my uncle," Marion continued with the feminine *penchant* to relate her history.

"That surely means a high place in the artistic world. Edwards Wilcox is noted for his pupils, and he won't hazard his reputation by taking a student who has not shown the ability to do something."

"I hope I shall."

"I am sure you will, Miss Wilcox—"

"I am Marion Garrick. But what makes you think I shall accomplish anything in art?"

He looked into her eyes searchingly. "One sometimes feels another's artistic gift,—when it has been generously bestowed."

"How delightfully expressed!" she exclaimed.

"I think anyone would regard it as an entirely natural remark," he answered. The porter had lighted the lamps, and was already making up some of the berths, and fearing that it might be unpleasant for him to remain longer he rose to go.

"I trust I may yet be of some service to you, Miss Garrick, before we reach the end of our journey across the continent."

"I am sure that you will make it much shorter. It makes it seem such a little bit of a world,—such happenings as this." She put out her hand in the frank, western way, and he returned to the section behind her.

Marion took out her portfolio and

began a letter in pencil to her mother. But she had only written a line or two when she paused to think. All her good intentions had flown to the winds. It was such an "extroadinary" meeting, that she did not think it could be laid to the door of her inclination to encourage the society of entertaining, attractive young men, which had given her mother so many anxious hours. Yet if she wrote her about it, she would feel it was the same old story, and worry until she knew of her arrival in New York City.

The next day naturally found the pair together, talking merrily, frankly expressing their tastes and opinions, on all manner of topics. Then Marion suggested a game of cutthroat euchre, and the day was ended almost before they realized where it had gone. They passed together into the dining car, and Galbraith found the pleasure of lingering over his cigar much less than usual.

The matrons on the Pullman looked upon the acquaintance with disapproval, and one of them, who was always looking for an opportunity to do good in this world, and generally did quite the opposite, came over to Marion while Galbraith was in the smoking apartment. She volunteered some generalities regarding the danger of making acquaintances while travelling, to which Marion listened dumbly. Then she burst forth volubly and overwhelmed the well-intentioned lady with tales of her ambitions, and of what a wonderfully clever man her cousin's friend was, and how fortunate it was she could be "intrusted to his care" on her long trip.

"I didn't know that you knew him before," the woman replied pointedly, bringing the conversation down to a specific basis; and had not Galbraith appeared at this juncture, Marion would have met with difficulty in longer suppressing her anger.

Her would-be protectress very promptly relinquished her post as Galbraith came to Marion's section.

"She thinks I am a very imprudent young woman," she whispered, as she prepared the lapboard for another game. "It may be wrong, but I have always hated such people."

"Well, if this is imprudence, it certainly has a very delightful quality. It would have been frightful to have had to sit back there all through this trip, and just be allowed to look—er—at your back hair."

"I would have had nervous prostration in two days. It just drives me wild—to have a man back of me—staring. I am always sure that my back hair is—untidy—or something is wrong."

"But I wouldn't have stared. I am on my good behavior until I am older. My father would sail for home at once if he knew that I was coming all the way from Los Angeles with a—well, he'd have to admit, when he'd seen you, that it was a mighty dangerous proximity."

"Yes? But it is propinquity—isn't it?—that is considered dangerous," she laughed.

"There is always danger, you know, when a man is thrown within reach of a certain kind of eyes."

"And mine?"

"I don't believe in encouraging young women to be vain."

"My mother, I believe, has informed me that the worst has been done on that score, so you might as well answer my question." She had

thrown her head back and was looking at him with half-closed lids drawn over her eyes.

"I think you had better deal the cards. Your anxious friend, over across the aisle, is getting uneasy."

She shuffled the cards, thoughtfully, making a long task of it, not altogether unconscious of the fact that he was watching the deft movement of her artistic fingers.

"I am tired of euchre; let me tell your fortune."

She began to pick out the cards, and laid them down; those sitting near had ceased talking and he knew, instinctively, that their interest was absorbed in them. It jarred against his sense of good taste, and he felt that he was responsible for the good, as well as the safe conduct of his companion.

"I am afraid it would not come out as I would like to have it. I'm beginning to take a good deal of pleasure in some new anticipations of mine ; and I should hate to learn that they were never to be realized."

"But perhaps in my hands your fate would be as you would like it. Please let me try." Her roguish nature was in its element now. He enjoyed the flush of fun across her face; but he felt that a Pullman, with the passengers quite as much interested as if they were at the theatre, was not the stage he would like for the play, at present in a state of development. Thinking he would checkmate her, and looking at her shapely hand, he said:

"I'll make a bargain with you. If you will let me read your hand, I'll let you tell my fortune."

"Agreed!" she exclaimed to his amazement.

He looked at his watch. "But not to-night. I am very strict in my habits, and one's rest is so often broken when travelling, that I shall have to forego the undoubted pleasure of knowing my fate from your hands, until to-morrow."

"But it is very early," she answered, taking a gold watch from her belt. "It is hardly nine o'clock yet. There! I haven't shown you my watch. I bought it with my money from the Normal art school prize."

He took it from her delicate fingers. It was a very dainty watch and he examined it closely, opening the case and reading the inscription.

"You ought to be very proud of that," he said as he handed it back. "I know something about watches, and you certainly have one of the loveliest I ever saw."

"I value it very highly and it would break my heart to lose it. It represents my own work in the art school, and Uncle Edwards' goodness,—for had it not been for his generosity, I would not have had so fine a one. It was he who suggested that I invest the prize money in it, and he offered to buy it for me. When it came, we knew that he had spent a good deal larger amount than we had sent on."

"That was just like him. He is noted for doing such things. Now I will bid you good-night,—and I must say that I am sorry the second day of our journey has ended."

"And we will have the fortune telling in store for to-morrow," she answered.

When Morrison Galbraith came over to her seat the following morning, just after the motherly woman had been holding a whispered and excited conversation with Marion, he found the latter on the verge of tears.

"A dreadful thing has happened!" she exclaimed, with a noticeable tremor in her voice. "I've lost my watch!"

"Impossible!"

"I've been unable to find it anywhere. I put it under my pillow as my mother told me to do, and this morning it was nowhere to be found! It is simply dreadful—and all my happiness has gone."

"But you will surely find it! Has the porter looked through everything?"

"Yes, everything! I have had him busy ever since I missed it. It must have been stolen in the night. I am always such a sound sleeper. Some one in this car has taken it."

She tried not to look at him so as to betray the feeling entertained regarding the loss of her treasure, but he felt it instinctively.

"But it cannot be that anyone in this car would be guilty of such knavery," he said. "I am sure it will turn up, some time before the day is over. Have the porter look through all the bed-clothing in this car. I'll go and see him myself."

He strode down the aisle of the car, his head erect. He noticed the sidelong glances and the stern expressions of the passengers. When he came up to the porter he drew him aside, and after a few moments' whispered conversation, he said in an undertone, which was overheard by some of those nearest to him:

"Now, don't say a word about this, porter. People will naturally think that either you or I have taken this young lady's watch. You may think that I have, I may think you—"

"Yes, sah, that's allus ther way with us po' pohters. If ever an'thin's lost it's allus ther pohter that gits it. Now, sah, I ain't—"

"No, no, neither of us has, but we must clear ourselves in some way. Now, listen. If you can find that watch before six o'clock to-night, here's a hundred dollars for you. I'd give it to some one else to hand over to you, but I don't want anyone to know that I've made this agreement, so I shall give it to you now. If you find the watch, it shall be yours,—otherwise you are to hand it back to me. You see that I feel that I can trust you, even if you are a Pullman porter." Then, with an effort to have the act unseen, he put a bill into the hands of the porter. Its yellow flash did not pass unnoticed.

The porter was grinning from ear to ear. "I sut'nly would like ter find it, sah."

Galbraith's next remark passed unheard. "If you find it soon, say nothing about it to anyone. But just before six o'clock bring it in. If you don't find it"—this in a louder voice—"I shall have to make the offer of the reward general, in self-defense."

"I unnerstan', sah."

During his absence, the motherly woman had flurried over to Marion's section.

"I hoped, my dear, that you would have nothing to do with that young man to-day. My husband says he's a blackleg, sure. They go about the country everywhere nowadays, posing and looking like gentlemen. It's a favorite game of theirs to pretend to be college men and—"

"But I know all about him!" Marion interrupted. "He is a nice man,—and yet it seems so strange,—and I showed it to him last night.

But I won't believe it,—I can't!" She was brushing away the tears now.

The motherly woman thought she saw signs of weakening and pushed in beside the girl and put her arms about her neck.

"My heart ached for you last night, dear, when I saw you hand it to him. I knew all the time that you had never seen him before. But oh, my child! don't let him speak to you to-day! You can't be so foolish. Your poor mother! Oh, my child, don't!"

Marion choked back her sobs and sat erect. She felt that the woman was hoping to stop the friendship, but that her interference was doubtless well-intentioned. But she was filled with indignation. She could not deny that Galbraith was the one most open to suspicion, but a desire, almost unaccountable, to defend him, brought her to a sudden decision.

"I shall certainly treat Mr. Galbraith as I believe he should be treated,—as a gentleman."

"But, you know, my child, he may never have known of your cousin. It was you who mentioned him first. That's the way with these confidence men—"

"Oh! please don't!" she moaned.

"But, my child, I feel it is my duty; I—"

Just then Galbraith came to the rescue. He looked the passengers in the face now,—and did so unflinchingly. He was wholly at his ease and smiling broadly as he watched the other woman beat her third retreat.

"Now, Miss Garrick, I beg that you will put all worry aside for the rest of the day. I've told the porter to make a careful search of the entire bed-clothing. If he does not find it, then, as I am in a somewhat awkward position, I shall do something else,—we'll see. Just let us forget—until then. Now to the fortune telling. The cards may tell you all manner of things."

The men had all adjourned to the smoking room, when he took his place opposite Marion. The women had no such refuge.

"I didn't like the looks of that young man, when he scraped that young girl's acquaintance," one of them said. "I've travelled a good deal, and I can always spot 'em."

"I don't believe he took it," said a quiet man, who was travelling alone.

Then the conversation became general, and there was a varying expression of opinion. But it was a boon to the betting fraternity, and wagers passed lively at irregular odds. Those believing in Galbraith's guilt were ready with five to one and those who entertained the contrary opinion were equally as generous. There was a little hedging, too; and among the colored fraternity, the porter, with whom Galbraith had conferred in the morning, was engineering a little pool of his own.

The quiet man, when the greater amount of the betting had subsided, said, "Here's ten to one that he not only gets clear, but that he gets the girl also."

"I don't often bet," replied the husband of the motherly woman, "but I'll take you on that. It's like finding money."

The conversation was suddenly dropped, as Galbraith himself appeared on the scene. He was taking a cigar from his case and pushed his way to a seat in the midst of a

silence that was oppressive. But those who had championed his innocence kindly broke the ice. The others, for the most part, listened. Only the husband of the motherly woman spoke.

"Did I understand you to say that you were a Harvard man?" he asked with a sidewise glance.

Galbraith turned and faced him squarely, raking him up and down with his eyes.

"I don't recall mentioning it to you, sir. Yet I am not averse to acknowledging the flattering impeachment. I was a member of the class of '02. Know any of the men in that class, sir?"

"No, I don't," the other answered, and immediately retreated to his wife's side.

Galbraith found little enjoyment in his cigar that morning, and he begrudged the time it required to smoke it to a respectable stub. But he talked freely to the men who remained. He had told Marion that he was going to "feel the pulse of public sentiment."

Marion had followed his advice, and her blithesome spirit had returned. "Don't be long," she urged, "for the dragoness will surely return,—and there will be no knight to save the maiden from her poisoning influence."

But the motherly woman did not return and Marion was left to her thoughts. She took up her pad and pencil to write a letter to her mother. It was the third time she had made the effort. But there was so much to write that she could not write, that her usual facile flow of thought was interrupted, and she was obliged to resort to the headache plea, and dashed off a brief note. She gave it to the porter to be mailed at the next station.

Then she was alone with her thoughts again. They were rather harrowing. She reflected again that she had certainly mentioned the name of her cousin first, and also that of her uncle. What if she did not get her watch? Ought she to quietly inform the police at some station and have this man arrested on suspicion? Every sentiment of her mind and heart was a vigorous denial of this proposition. It was such a nice friendship, she reflected. It seemed as if she had known Galbraith for years. There were other thoughts that brought a deeper color to her face. How she wished she could awake and find that it was all a dream,—that is the unpleasant part of it. But the rest? She would not like to have that turn out a dream.

Then Galbraith returned in high spirits. He threw away all the reserve of the days before. He had then taken into consideration the position of the girl in the presence of the other passengers, but recent events had put a new aspect upon the affair. They must stand or fall together now. He had stopped at the previous station, and the passengers had noticed that he handed a written telegraph blank to the operator.

"Now for the fortune!" he said gaily.

They placed the lapboard between them, and Marion began to deal the cards. When she had them all spread out before her, she began.

"You are about to experience a change. I think I see in this card, happiness. But it depends upon the conduct of this queen,—the queen of diamonds—"

"A young woman, with light, sunshiny hair?" he interrupted. But she said nothing, and the faint flush of pink in her cheeks made comment unnecessary.

"There is a mystery here," she continued, "and—"

"About a certain gold watch?" he asked.

"Now, I cannot do this if you are going to interrupt. You are about to hear from some very dear friends and upon their message, to a great degree, depends the happiness of your future."

The train was just moving from a station, and with a sudden lurch, the card fell from her hand. He reached for it, and so came in contact with her hand, which he held for a moment with an unnecessary pressure.

Whatever of protest there might have been was prevented by the appearance of the porter. "Tel'grams fer Mistah Galbraith and Miss Garrick."

Galbraith waited until Marion had nervously torn open the envelope and read the signature.

"Why it's from Uncle Edwards!" she exclaimed. "How could he have known I would be here?" Then she threw back her head and laughed.

"I am charmed to meet you, Mr. Galbraith," she said, extending her hand. "My uncle has telegraphed me an introduction." She handed over the telegram. It read:

"Miss Marion Garrick, Water Tank, Mo.—This is to introduce you to my friend, Morrison Galbraith.—Edwards Wilcox."

"Perhaps you will read mine for me," he said, handing her the yellow envelope.

She read it aloud:

"Morrison Galbraith, Water Tank, Mo.—Am wiring you an introduction to my niece. Take care of her. —Edwards Wilcox."

"You certainly are a good fortune teller. You said I was to hear from friends, and here I am with this telegram and a new-found friend!"

"The cards are too truthful, and I shall not dare to try them any more," she replied, coloring again.

"We must go to luncheon now," he answered. "Then it will be my turn. You are in my charge now."

"I am not sure that I shall keep my part of that bargain," she answered.

When they had gone into the dining car the women had their first chance to relieve their feelings.

"Perfect fraud!" "Scandalous!" "Such a bold girl!" "Her poor mother!" and many other kindred terms were like so many valves for escaping steam. The quiet man observed that "those two telegrams ought to satisfy anyone."

But the wise husband of the motherly woman chortled with pitying sarcasm: "Those telegrams? Do you mean to say they took you in? They're a part of the game. His pal sent 'em. He wired him a while back to send 'em."

When the militant pair had returned from luncheon, Marion was the one to suggest a brake on their conduct.

"I don't think that I like palmistry," she said.

"But I have a reputation as one of the most skilful—"

"Yes, your reputation seems to have a sudden growth in some direction every minute."

"I supposed you were a young woman of your word, Miss Garrick," he teased. "As it is, you cer-

tainly will not object if I use cards; only I cannot be sure the test will be as good as yours has been."

He took the cards and shuffled them thoroughly, and handed them to her. "Since this is your fate, perhaps you would like a chance to cut it."

"I'll wait and see if I like it."

Picking up the cards he began, with a lower tone: "This deuce of spades informs me that an event of immense importance is about to take place in your life and that of another. If the event is a happy one, this king of spades will ask you a question, and your answer will be yes.'" He looked at her with glowing eyes. "You will do so? You will answer 'yes'?"

"Oh! undoubtedly."

"But seriously?"

She blushed deeply, and there was a gathering mist in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Yes," she said.

He picked up the cards to deal out a few more, when they fell to the floor. As they both stooped to pick them up, he again impulsively caught her hand; when he raised his head, he looked down the aisle of the car radiantly happy.

"I think I must go and smoke another cigar," he said. But he first went in the opposite direction and had a few minutes' conversation with the porter, and then went into the smoking room. He was in no haste this time, and whatever he saw in the wreaths of smoke appeared to please him.

He left Marion at peace with the world, and so full of forgiveness that she even went over to the motherly woman and started to talk with her. But the tables were turned this time and she shivered at her reception.

"I am known as rather a plain-spoken woman, over in York state where I live, young lady," she said, "and I shall have to tell you that I'm glad you are no daughter of mine. I tried to do my duty. If you don't ever find that watch, when you're older you'll begin to realize that it was stolen and you'll know who stole it. But you won't ever get it."

But Marion was in no mood to take offense. "I know that you intended to help me,—and I know that I have been very unwise. I came over to tell you that I felt that I had been ungracious and to apologize."

She returned to her seat. The day was already drawing to an end. The passengers had been well entertained, having missed nothing that had transpired except the occasional low-voiced fortune-telling of Galbraith.

The latter now returned to the seat that he had occupied so little during this eventful journey. Marion had taken up a book and endeavored to read. Galbraith took a telegraph blank from his pocket and wrote a short message and returned it to his pocket. He looked at his watch and saw that the hands were slowly approaching six o'clock. He held it as the minute hand moved slowly forward. It seemed an eternity to him.

The porter, his face shining as if aflame, came rushing through the dusk.

"Your watch, Miss Garrick!" he exclaimed awkwardly. "I found it wedged into the clothes basket, whar I never even 'spected ter see it. Found it thar this forenoon—"

He clapped his hand over his mouth just too late to prevent the disclosure, and was doubled up with mirth.

The quiet man was heard to laugh for the first time during the trip.

The majority of the gentlemen arose, and came over to shake hands with the celebrated full back on the Harvard 'Varsity football eleven. They were in a good mood to do so as they were all winners. But they hardly knew the spirit in which the congratulations were taken, nor did they understand the meaning of the deep scarlet of Marion's face when they turned to her to express their pleasure that the watch had been found.

When they had returned to their seats Galbraith took the telegraph blank from his pocket and touching Marion gently on the shoulder, showed it to her. It was addressed to Edwards Wilcox, 129 West 77th street, New York City, and said, "I am pleased to announce my engagement to your niece."

She gave him all the assent that could be concentrated into a pair of happy, gleaming blue eyes.

"I think that I had better write to Mama," she said.

* * * * * *

It was during their wedding journey, which occurred not so very long after the events already recorded in these annals, when Marion was descanting upon the value of truth, and Galbraith interrupted her.

"I think there is always an exception to that rule in war and love. I never told you, dear, the truth about your watch. As I retired the night before its disappearance, I saw it hanging from your berth by the chain. A gentle pull released it, and I took it to keep for safety during the night. During the night I hatched the plot. I felt, if I was to win in this 'scrimmage' as we say in football, I must adopt heroic measures, devise a 'grand stand play,' which would put you where you could not say 'no.' The porter will always remember the hundred dollar tip he received, although he made a bad failure in speaking his lines when the time came for him to do his 'star act.' "

"I am afraid I shall never trust you again, if you can practice deception so cleverly as that."

"You need not worry, sweetheart, for it was my first effort,—and the occasion for a second excursion into the realm of deception will never occur so long as I have you."

To the Song-Thrush

By Edwin Henry Keen

Singer, whose music does not cloy,
Thy gladness we would borrow:
The songs of birds arise from joy,
The songs of men from sorrow.

Vermont's Revolutionary Heroine

By Helen Vanderheyden

IN the heroic tales of the Green Mountain Boys the name of Ann Story stands as a synonym of courage and patriotism. Her deeds during the stormy period of Vermont's colonial struggles are written indelibly in the immortal history of the Green Mountain state.

In the year 1774 her husband, Amos Story, came from Norwich, Connecticut, to Vermont and settled in Salisbury, which was one of the first towns chartered under King George III in Addison county. He was accompanied by his eldest son, Solomon, a lad of fourteen years, and was the second settler who "pitched," as the old phrase was, in the town.

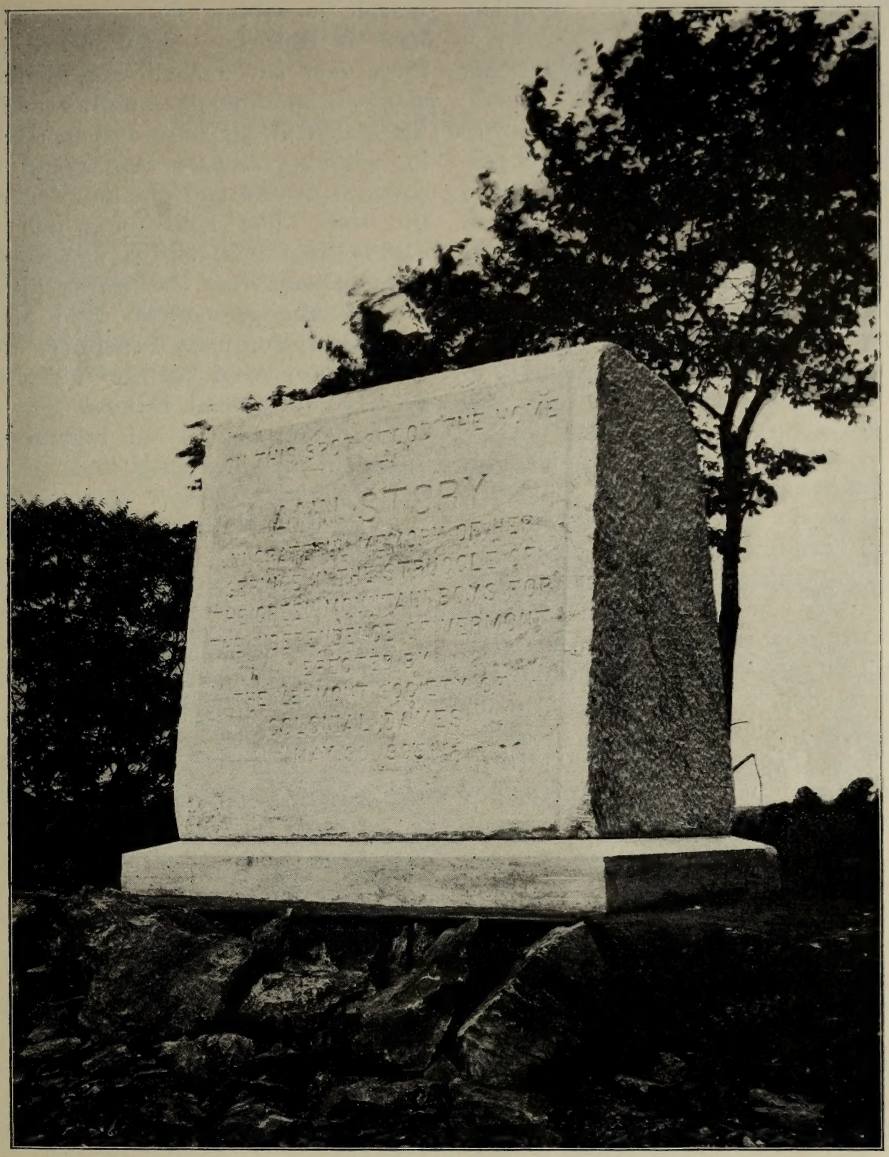
Selecting a tract of one hundred acres on Otter Creek he built a rude log cabin and had begun a clearing in the forest when he was killed by the fall of a tree.

The following spring Mrs. Story, thus widowed, came from Connecticut with her children and undertook the task of finishing the work her husband had begun. Friends, fearing for her safety in that almost unbroken wilderness, advised her removal to the nearest village, where she and her little family would have the protection of neighbors; but dense forests, haunted nightly by wolves and panthers, and sometimes by lurking Indians, could not daunt the brave heart of Ann Story. A woman of large stature and masculine appearance, she possessed great physical strength, and was able to swing an axe or handle a lever in rolling logs as well as any man; and, if the necessity arose, she could also fire a musket. At the breaking out of the Revolution many of the settlers in that part of the New Hampshire grants moved away to southern counties, where they would be in less danger from tories and from Indian raids; but Mrs. Story remained on her farm, and in the terrible years that followed her home became a stopping place and refuge for many a weary and disheartened patriot who came that way; and often the wary Green Mountain Boys, passing up and down the valley of the Otter Creek, paused here for a word of warning or advice.

In the summer of 1776 a band of Indians and tories came down from Canada, pillaging and burning the abandoned farmhouses. Their presence on the clearing nearest hers was discovered by Mrs. Story, and, hastily putting her valuables into a canoe which was in the creek near her door, she paddled away to a neighboring swamp, hidden in which she saw the flames rise from her neighbor's house and her own.

Undismayed by this calamity, she immediately set about the rebuilding of her cabin, with her own hands felling the trees for a second house, and without the aid of horse or ox rolling the logs to their places.

And now, that she might have a



MONUMENT TO ANN STORY

place of refuge, she dug, with the help of her sons, a cavern in the bank of the creek, to which she and her children retired at night, after cooking their meals at the house and working on the farm through the day.

Here, when other settlers withdrew at the approach of war, she stayed on, chopping down timber, clearing and cultivating the land, planting and harvesting her crops, that she and her children might have food to sustain life

through the long New England winters.

From this place and under her direction started the little expedition that captured fourteen tories and landed them safely in the garrison at Fort Ticonderoga. And here at last, after untold hardships, she saw the end of war and breaking over the green hills the clear dawn of peace. It has been said most truly that here if anywhere was laid one of the foundation stones of the Green Mountain republic.

In a beautiful bit of landscape, about two miles from the Salisbury station on the Rutland railroad, the Vermont Society of Colonial Dames, thinking the services and character of this brave woman worthy of commemoration, unveiled on July 27, 1905, with appropriate ceremonies, a monument placed on the site of her log house in Salisbury. This memorial, the gift of the Hon. Fletcher D. Proctor, of Proctor, is a block of Vermont marble weighing five tons. The base is four feet eight inches by three feet seven inches in dimension, surmounted by another stone three feet at the base and five feet in height, gradually converging to a width of one and one-half feet at the top. The land on which it stands, together with a sixty foot right of way from the nearby highway, is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Smith of Salisbury, and deeded by them to the Vermont Society of Colonial Dames.

The monument is of hammered finish on all sides save that facing the highway. On the smooth surface of that side is the following inscription:

On this spot stood the home
of
Ann Story
In grateful memory of her
service in the struggle of
The Green Mountain Boys for
The Independence of Vermont
Erected by
The Vermont Society of
Colonial Dames
May 30, 1905

A Woodland Meeting

By Burton Ives

Through the woodland, gray and geld,
  Yesterday I took my walk;
Winter's frosty hands still held
  Barren bough and withered stalk.

But I chanced upon a place
  Fed by sunshine-quickened rills,
And I saw—O, fair young face!—
  April, crowned with daffodils!

Uncle Billy's Legacy

By David Carroll Gale

MRS. STEVENS was very busy. It was cooking day, the hardest day of all the week at her house. Consequently, her manner was far from agreeable as she went to answer a knock at the door.

"Is this the county poor farm?" inquired the caller.

"Yes, sir," came the curt reply.

"Have you a man here by the name of Reynolds—William Reynolds?"

"Uncle Billy? Yes, he's one of the oldest ones here."

"Could I see him?"

"See him?" she asked in surprise. "I guess you can if you want to. Just go into the parlor there, an' I'll send him in."

Not long afterward, the aged pauper hobbled through the doorway and stood staring amazedly at the stranger.

"Mr. Reynolds, I presume?" queried the visitor.

"Uncle Billy," corrected the old man.

"Well, Uncle Billy," said the other, smilingly, "my name is Martin. I'm a lawyer from Castleton."

At this, Uncle Billy appeared more perplexed than ever.

"Do you remember Prentice Bohonon?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"Yes, he's my cousin," replied the old man, promptly.

"He was your cousin; he's dead," said the lawyer.

"Then I ain't got any relative now. He was the last one," asserted Uncle Billy, soberly.

"And he's left all his property to you," continued Mr. Martin.

"To me! What 'd he leave it to me for? I don't want it."

The lawyer laughed heartily at the old man's excitement.

"No, I ain't a goin' to take it," Uncle Billy went on. "You can keep it for all I care."

"You haven't asked how much there is."

"It don't make no difference. I jest ain't goin' to be bothered with the stuff."

"Well, Uncle Billy, I will leave you to think the matter over. If everybody felt as you do about money, I'm afraid we lawyers would have a hard time of it."

When the man of law had departed, Uncle Billy stood very still by the window, and his eyes were dim and misty as he looked lovingly on the well-known scene spread out before him. Forty years had William Reynolds lived beneath that roof. In his younger days he had met with a serious accident which had left him a hopeless cripple. Although he waged a brave battle against adversity, he was compelled in the end to apply for aid. They took him to the county farm, and there the greater part of his life had been spent. He had come to know and love every nook and corner on the old place. Each year he had watched the green appear on the

woods across the meadow, and he could point out the exact spot where the red and gold might first be seen in the autumn. No bird ever built a nest in the front yard without his knowing it; no flower grew in the garden that he did not care for and protect. He was acquainted with every animal on the place. Many a time he had searched far into the night for a lamb that had strayed from the flock. Ah, no one knew how deep was his affection for the old farm, for the only home he had ever known.

He brushed his sleeve across his eyes awkwardly at the sound of a step in the hall.

"Why, Uncle Billy," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, "to think that you should be without a cent this mornin', an' worth ten thousand dollars now. You didn't dream of any such good luck, did you?"

"Good luck?" repeated the old man, sadly.

"Yes, o' course it's good luck. What you goin' to do with your money?"

"I ain't a goin' to take it."

"Ain't a goin' to take it!" cried Mrs. Stevens. "Billy Reynolds, you're a fool. Why ain't you goin' to take it?"

"I couldn't stay here if I did, could I?" he asked.

"No, o' course not, an' I shouldn't think you'd want to. Who ever heard of anybody wantin' to stay on a poor farm when they'd got a chance to live respectable?" and Mrs. Stevens returned to her work in disgust.

Little did she realize how great was the commotion in Uncle Billy's breast. What was money to him? Never had he known what it was to have the luxuries of life; he was accustomed only to the barest necessities. Therefore, he had long since ceased to care for those things which riches place within the reach of man. In fact, he would probably have travelled along in the same narrow, self-sacrificing way had the wealth of the world been laid at his feet.

For this reason, the little fortune appeared to him only in the guise of a terrible monster, which was to tear him away from the home of his old age. Unless he could stay where all was dear and familiar, there could be but one outcome; he would fade and die like an uprooted flower.

That afternoon he went to call on Moses Howard, the overseer. The lawyer had been there before him, so he was saved the trouble of breaking the news.

"I hear you've had an inheritance fall to you," said Mr. Howard, by way of greeting.

"'Tain't fell yet, nor 'tain't a goin' to, either, if I can help it," affirmed Uncle Billy.

"I don't see how you can help it," laughed the overseer.

"I can refuse it, can't I, an' stay at the farm jest as I have done?"

"No, that wouldn't be possible."

"I don't see why."

"Well, you see, it's the county money that's supportin' you. Every man in the county is taxed to keep the poor farm a runnin'. If the taxpayers should find out that you'd had a chance to support yourself an' hadn't accepted it, they'd say I ought to 'a' made you take the money. I could do it, you know, by havin' a guardian appointed."

"I hadn't thought o' that," admitted Uncle Billy. "It's no more'n right I should take it, is it? But

what's to hinder my boardin' there at the farm? I could pay a good price for it, you know."

"What do you want to board there for? Can't you find a better place than a poor farm?"

"Mr. Howard," said Uncle Billy, earnestly, "you're an old man; you must have lived on this place quite a while."

"Twenty-five years," replied the overseer.

"Well, s'posin' I'd offer you ten thousand dollars for it—what'd you say?"

"I'd say I wouldn't sell at any price. There ain't a spot on the earth that could take the place o' this old farm."

"Then p'r'aps you can understand better how I feel. I've lived on that poor farm for forty years, an' I've come to love it jest like you love this place. I tell you it don't make no difference where you stay, it gits to be home to you some time, if it ain't nothin' but a woodshed. Every year, I've got a little more attached to that ugly old farm, until now it's jest like Paradise to me. You don't want to drive me out o' Paradise, do you?" and the old man looked up appealingly.

"I didn't know you felt that way about it, Uncle Billy," said Mr. Howard, feelingly. "I'd be glad to let you stay there, but I really don't see how I can do it. You know how crowded it is now, an' there are two more comin' next week. I don't see where in the world we can put 'em as it is, an' if you should stay, 'twould only make it worse. I'll tell you what you can do, though. You may come here to board. Then you can go over there an' visit as often as you want to."

"That's real good of you, Mr. Howard. That'd be the next best thing, an' I don't doubt but what you're doin' all you can for me. There won't nothin' take the place, though, o' my old room up under the eaves."

Before the overseer could reply, Uncle Billy had reached the door. Mr. Howard followed him outside.

"We'll fix up a room here that you can't tell from the old one," he said, reassuringly.

"I hope so," mumbled Uncle Billy, as he closed the gate and trudged away down the road.

When he entered the poorhouse he saw Harriet Masson in the sitting room. "Blind Harriet," as she was called, had always lived in darkness. She had never seen the glory of a sunset, nor the delicate coloring of the flowers; her eyes had never opened to the light.

"I s'pose you've heard o' what's happened to me," he said, coming up beside her.

"Yes," she answered, "all of us know about it."

"Did you know I couldn't stay here any longer?" he asked.

"I was 'fraid you couldn't, an' I knew you'd want to. I've lived here a good while too, an' I can think jest how I'd feel if I's in your place—sent out into the world after stayin' here so long. I'm sorry you've got to go," she said, sympathetically.

"I thought you would be," he faltered. Then after a moment's silence, he asked, abruptly:

"Do you know what I'd 'a' done if this money'd come sooner?"

"No," she replied, 'what would you?"

"I should 'a' asked you to go to the minister's with me, an' then we'd 'a' got a little house somewhere

an' set up together. You always understood me, an' I know we should 'a' got along first rate. But it's too late for that now. I ain't got but a few more years; I'm gittin' old, you know. I'd always hoped, though, that we could stay under the same roof till the end."

Just then Mrs. Stevens appeared at the door.

"Here's the lawyer come to see you again," she said.

Mr. Martin followed her into the room, and took the old man's hand in a friendly grasp.

"What did you decide about the legacy?" he asked.

"I guess there ain't no other way but to take it," he replied, slowly. "The Lord knows I don't want it, but it seems to be the only way. I don't see what I've done, that this trouble should come upon me. I know some folks 'd be glad o' this money, an' I wish they had it instead o' me."

"It would really make you happy, would it, to feel that all this talk about your inheritance was nothing but a dream?" questioned the lawyer.

"It certainly would," said Uncle Billy, emphatically.

"Then you can look at it that way if you wish," said Mr. Martin. "Since I was here before they have found a later will, bequeathing the property to another. So, you see, some one else is going to take the burden off your shoulders."

"Do you mean that I ain't got to have the money after all?"

"Yes; everything is just the same as it was before I first came."

Supremely happy, Uncle Billy stood there, dazed, trembling, with his features reflecting a message of gratitude. The tears coursed at will down his withered cheeks, and he had not the strength to wipe them away. Finally he gasped, half in a whisper:

"Bless you for them words, Mister. Providence is kind, after all; I couldn't be happier if Heaven was opened right up before my eyes."

Then, walking a little unsteadily over to the corner where Blind Harriet was sitting, he raised her thin and wrinkled hand to his lips with a simple grace, that was suggestive rather of royal halls than of those poor and cheerless surroundings.

The Pine Tree and the Dewdrop

By Carroll Dean Murphy

One pine rears up to kiss the stars,
  Where croons the wood by Loch Katrine;
But every blade of low sedge grass
  And every scrollèd leaf of green
That droops in slumber all night through,
  Doth rustle at the step of Dawn
And part its lips to drink the dew.

Handel and "The Messiah"

By Herbert O. McCrillis

IN that land of Luther and the Reformation, the land which has produced so many great musicians; in quaint old Halle of Saxony was born, the 23d of February, 1685, George Frederick Handel, who was to be the author of "The Messiah," the greatest work of sacred music to which the world has ever listened, and upon the most exalted theme possible. Nature evidently determined that he should be a composer, for very early he showed unusual musical skill. But no encouragement was given him; there had been no musicians in the family, the profession of music was not yet considered on a level with other callings.

Upon how small a thing sometimes depends successful preparation for one's life work. The little thing in Handel's life, which really started him on his career toward the work which has made his name immortal, was his being permitted by the choristers of the Sachse Weissenfels chapel to sit up on the organ bench and play that day when the music-loving duke was there to listen. The duke asked who it was who played so well. On being informed that it was little Handel from Halle, he complimented the boy, and turning to the father, asked what was being done to develop so great a talent. Upon the reply that nothing was being done, he strongly urged the old man to immediately see that his son had the best teacher that could be procured. This urging was almost equivalent to a command, coming from so high an authority, and was immediately acted upon.

Handel's father was a very practical and successful old physician, who had grandchildren at the time of the boy's birth. He was violently opposed to his becoming a musician, as was evidently his bent, but intended to make a lawyer of him. Of course he was not pleased to have his boy playing the organ in the duke's chapel. The boy had had to satisfy his desire for music by stealth. Many of us have no doubt seen the copy of the painting of the child Handel surprised in his playing of the old clavichord at dead of night in the lumber room of his father's house.

In spite of all the opposition, so great was the talent born in him, that he taught himself to play very well on the old instrument which hardly made a sound. And so that day, when the men good-naturedly let this seven-year-old lad touch the keys, all were astonished at his wonderful skill. The incident is all the more interesting because the little fellow nearly missed his opportunity. He teased to go with his father, but being refused, ran a long distance after his father's carriage to beg to be taken in and allowed to go to Sachse Weissenfels. No doubt he knew of the great organ there and wished that he might



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

try it. The physician did not wish to go back, so reluctantly took the boy with him.

By this happening was overcome the great opposition of his father to his study of music, though he did still insist on his son's thorough work in literary lines as well. Such exalted works as "The Messiah" come only from a good heart and right motives. Such were Handel's, and his work grew in sublimity and loftiness of theme as his years increased.

Handel had a good mother; she inculcated in him a strong sense of right, justice and regard for others which never left him. His first teacher (outside of his own efforts with the old clavichord), was Za-

chau, the organist of the dim old Liebfrauen Kirche in Halle. This man was a fine musician and taught his charge faithfully. But in three years all had been acquired that that worthy could impart. After spending a year among the prominent musicians of Berlin, and finishing his studies at the university of his native town, he accepted his first position at the Dom Kirche zur Moritzburg (the castle chapel of Moritzburg), where there was a very fine organ. This organ is still used in the chapel.

It is a long stretch of time from the boy of seventeen, playing this organ, directing the choir, writing the music for the service, and the mature man of fifty-six producing "The Messiah." Some time he spent in Berlin and Hamburg, three years in Italy, where they called him "the dear Saxon" because his music pleased them so; thence he went about 1710 to England, for which he was to renounce allegiance to "Fatherland" and where he was to perform and bequeath to the world his life work.

Handel composed very rapidly and produced a remarkable number of operas, cantatas and oratorios. On some he made money, but lost it all in later ventures through the mismanagement and opposition of others. One day he said to a friend who had made money by selling his music, "My friend!"

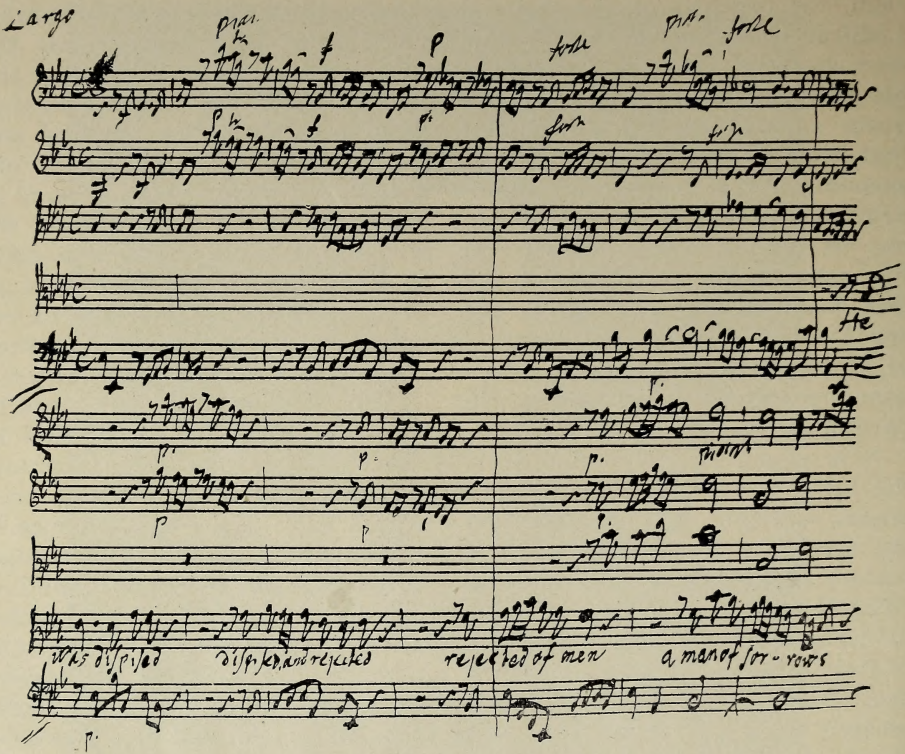
"Well?"

"The next time you shall write the music and I will sell it."

The works of Handel make a worthy list. He wrote twenty-one oratorios and many other sacred pieces; also at least thirty-nine operas and a large number of other works both instrumental and vocal. Above all towers "The Messiah." On Christmas of every year the choral societies in England and America sing it to large audiences. After more than one hundred and fifty years, its popularity is unabated, and nothing has appeared to supersede it. Handel wrote the whole great work in the incredibly short time of twenty-three days, as he states in the original that he began it August 22, 1741, and finished it September 14th of the same year.

"The Messiah" was first given to the world in the new Music Hall on Fishamble street, Dublin, Ireland, in April, 1742. Handel had been invited to go to the Irish metropolis to produce some of his musical works. He accepted the invitation, and arrived in Dublin via packet (travelling was slow and dangerous in those days) the 18th of November, 1741. As recorded in "Faulkner's Journal" of that day, "the celebrated Dr. Handel arrived here in the Packet boat from Holyhead to perform his oratorios."

At once on his arrival he began to make arrangements for a series of concerts. The people of Dublin had wished him to come, and the Irish musical societies had several times performed his works. So it was from a region filled with those who were working against him that he went to a land filled with admiration for him and ready to welcome him with enthusiasm. At this time imprisonment for debt was common, and very great was the suffering brought on by this dreadful practice. Sometimes this relic of barbarism caused the death by starvation of the unhappy prisoners. The musical societies of Dublin gave their concerts almost solely for charitable purposes, prominent among



FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF ORIGINAL MESSIAH

which was the raising of money to release the poor debtors by making some settlement with their creditors.

A great characteristic of Handel was his generosity. He was always ready to give aid to the unfortunate, and had done so in London many times, even when bankrupt himself. So, here in Dublin, he was ready to coöperate with others to relieve distress. A series of concerts was commenced in which he had the assistance of the Society for the Relief of Prisoners, the Philharmonic Society and the choirs of the Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedrals.

Two series of entertainments were given, each consisting of six concerts, the first of which took place December 26, 1741. These were all very successful, arousing much enthusiasm. From notices that appeared in "Faulkner's Journal," the principal newspaper of Dublin at this time, we learn that the hall was filled to overflowing at each concert with "a more numerous and polite audience than ever was seen upon the like occasion."

But Handel's crowning triumph, and the gift of his best work to the world, was yet to come. About two weeks before the close of the second series of six concerts, this advertisement was printed in both the "Faulkner's Journal" and the "Dublin News Letter," under date of March 23, 1742: "For the Relief of the Prisoners in the several

Gaols, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital, in Stephens St, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay, on Monday the 12th of April, will be performed at the Musick Hall in Fishamble street, Mr. Handel's new Grand Oratorio, called the Messiah, in which the gentlemen of the choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some concertos on the organ by Mr. Handell."

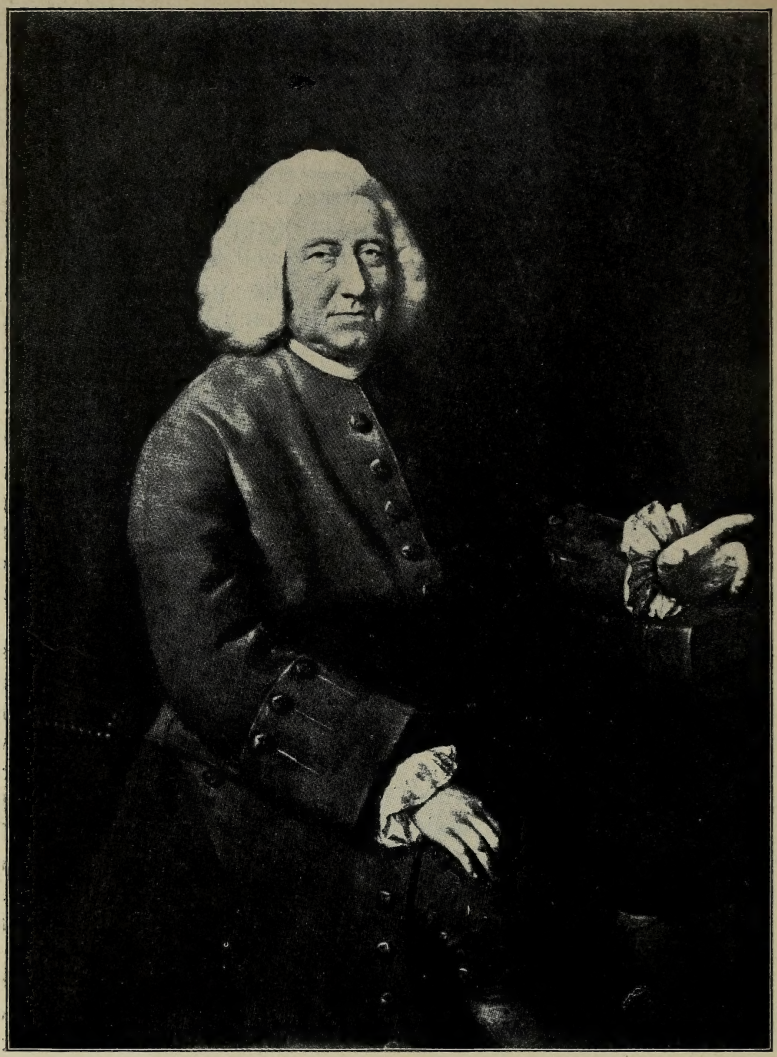
This was the first time that the name of the oratorio, "The Messiah," had appeared in print. The "new Musick Hall," where the concerts took place and in which "The Messiah" was sung for the first time, was built in 1741 on the then fashionable and select Fishamble street. First used for concerts, later it was converted into a theatre, but very select. In an advertisement appeared the notice that "no one will be admitted to the boxes or pit without shoes and stockings," meaning no doubt the usual evening dress. Nowadays it is probable that few persons having shoes and stockings are accustomed to enter, for now Fishamble street is the poorest part of the city.

The advertisement of "The Messiah" resulted in so many sales of tickets that a second one appeared, asking that, for the sake of making more room in the hall, the gentlemen would not wear their swords, and that the ladies should come without hoops. We ask ourselves what must have been the size of those hoops, when we find that acceding to the request in the advertisement made it possible to seat seven hundred persons in the hall instead of six hundred as usual. Each ticket holder was entitled to attend the rehearsal, which took place Thursday, April 8, 1742.

On the following Tuesday, April 13th, came the first grand performance of the oratorio. By request it had been postponed one day. The papers of the day inform us that "it was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of musick that was ever heard."

The sum realized by this first performance of "The Messiah," given solely for relieving distress, was four hundred pounds, or about two thousand dollars. The soprano solo parts were sung by Signora Avolio, the Italian lady who had already several times assisted Handel in London. Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber sang the contralto solos. Mrs. Cibber's singing of "He was despised and rejected of men" is reported as being indescribably touching. Handel afterward wrote some contralto solo parts expressly for her. The bass and tenor parts were taken by Mr. Church and Mr. Ralph Roseingrave, who appear to have been members of the Cathedral choirs. The advertisement seems to show that the chorus was of male voices only, but of the number there is no record, except that of the list of the choir at one of the Cathedrals, which numbers less than twenty men and boys. Evidently no such chorus as we think necessary now sung the oratorio of "The Messiah" the first time.

In a letter to Charles Jennens, who arranged the words of "The Messiah," Handel speaks of the aristocratic character of the audiences that had gathered at the twelve concerts already given. Probably the "most Grand, Polite, and Crowded audience" gathered to



CHARLES JENNENS, COMPILER OF THE MESSIAH

hear "The Messiah" was no less so. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whose invitation was Handel's greatest inducement to visit Dublin, was present, we are told, thus giving vice regal splendor to the occasion. We can imagine the beautiful costumes of the ladies, the bright uniforms, full-bottomed wigs and brilliant dress of the gentlemen, altogether making a scene pleasant to look upon. The people who crowded this hall had to be of the wealthier class, for each seat, as is believed, cost half a guinea for this single performance.

We are accustomed in this era to spend an evening listening to "The Messiah." This first performance of it was commenced at midday,

extending of course long into the afternoon. From the advertisement and the letter to Jennens quoted, it appears that Handel played organ concertos on this occasion. The organ parts of the oratorio were played by a Mr. Maclaine. The orchestra was led by Matthew Dubourg, who had been a pupil of Handel. Here again we have no record of the make-up of this orchestra; but it is known that instrumentalists for an orchestra for another entertainment were unsuccessfully sought at this time, the reason given being that Mr. Handel had all the best players in Dublin with him.

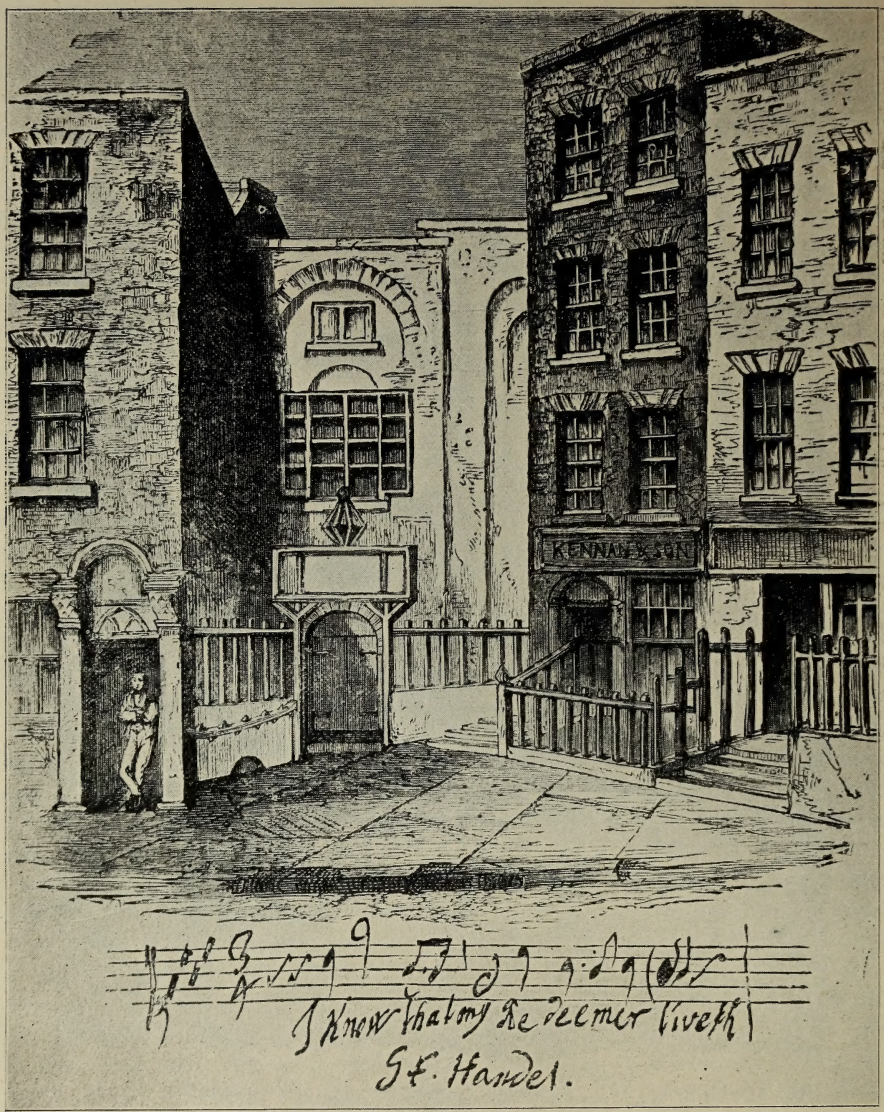
Some idea of the feeling aroused toward "The Messiah" is gained by the comment which appeared the next morning in the three leading papers. "On Tuesday last," they said, "Mr. Handel's sacred grand oratorio 'The Messiah' was performed in the New Music Hall in Fishamble St; the best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of music. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring, crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestic, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear.

"It is but justice to Mr. Handel that the world should know he generously gave the money arising from this grand performance to be equally shared by the Society for Relieving Prisoners, The Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, for which they will ever gratefully remember his name; and that the gentlemen of the two choirs, Mr. Dubourg, Mrs. Avolio, and Mrs. Cibber, who performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the public and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity. There were above seven hundred people in the room, and the sum collected amounted to about £400 out of which £127 goes to each of the three great and pious charities."

The popularity of "The Messiah" was so great that, by request, it was repeated in the same hall on June 3d following, to another large audience. On Handel's return to England he gave it at Covent Garden in London, but cautiously called it simply "a sacred oratorio." It had to overcome the prejudices of his opposers; but it won its way into the hearts of the people of that day, and has become a cherished inheritance which will be kept by all Englishmen forever.

"The Messiah" deserves the name of oratorio of benevolence. One has eulogized it after this fashion: "it has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan." Handel said that he wrote "The Messiah" as a tribute to the Irish people, but particularly to help in the work of the charitable societies of Dublin. The generous-hearted composer thus gave the direction of charity to his greatest work; from this it has not entirely departed. During his lifetime Handel gave "The Messiah" thirty-four times, of which number the proceeds of eleven were given to the London Foundling Hospital, in which he was always much interested. After his death, it was given many times for this and similar charities.

It is stated that the Foundling Hospital alone received from the



OLD MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN, WHERE THE MESSIAH WAS FIRST SUNG

performances of Handel's masterpiece a sum equivalent to over fifty thousand dollars. The oratorio was also the means of placing the author in comfortable circumstances, for, although it at first had to overcome the prejudice in London against him, it soon gained the place it has since held, and won for him a competence. He was able at his death, only seventeen years after its first performance, to bequeath one hundred thousand dollars to friends and relatives.

"The Messiah" was the last work Handel conducted. This last per-

formance took place eight days before his death. Although he was entirely blind at the time, he directed as usual and, as is recorded, with his usual vigor. Another performance was to have been given, the advertisement of which and notice of his death appeared in a newspaper side by side.

At the Handel Commemoration in 1784 at Westminster Abbey, "The Messiah" was twice rendered by a very large chorus and orchestra. Unnumbered repetitions of it have taken place in all parts of England, the United States, Germany and Australia.

The author's kind heart was shown by continued benefactions. We know also that he paid his singers and other performers well, even when he was not reaping a profit himself. In contrast with this kindness and evident nobility of thought, as shown in his masterful work, was his quick temper and easily provoked nature. He could not, it is said, endure the sound of tuning; so the performers never got their instruments ready in his presence. One evening as it is related, some jokers put them all out of tune just before time for a concert. When he gave the signal to commence, which was on the arrival of the Prince of Wales who was to attend that evening, a horrible discord arose. Handel was so enraged that he seized a drum and threw it at the leader with such energy that he shook off his wig in the effort. Then he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, where he stood unable to speak for some moments because of wrath. It took the efforts of the Prince himself to appease him so that the concert might go on.

Evidently Handel put his whole soul into his grandest works. The exalted themes upon which he wrote filled him with emotion. His servant said: "I often stood silent with astonishment to see my master's tears mixing with the ink as he penned his divine compositions." A friend who called on him as he was just setting to music those pathetic words, "He was despised and rejected of men," said that Handel was actually sobbing.

When questioned as to the impression under which he wrote the great "Hallelujah Chorus," he said: "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself." Some days after the first exhibition of the divine oratorio, "The Messiah," at London, Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

He has made men better. And through the years to come, wherever "The Messiah" is sung, his music, set to the most exalted theme in earth or heaven, will continue to bless the world and bring nearer together the human and divine. In life, Handel had to endure many slights, and much unfriendly criticism, as well as downright opposition from his contemporaries. But at his death this disappeared. London and all England hastened to pay tribute to their gifted son. Three thousand attended his funeral, which was held in Westminster Abbey and intended to be private.



SUSANNAH MARIA CIBBER WHO SANG IN FIRST PERFORMANCE

The sculptor Roubiliac seems to have expressed very beautifully, in the monument in Westminster Abbey, the source of Handel's great genius, as well as a hint of the upward tendency and devoutness of the life as he in his blindness neared its end; for the great composer is represented as listening to angelic music, while his pen rests lightly over the finished page of the immortal words and music he has just written in the great oratorio: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The Pictorial or the Creative?

By Leonora Beck Ellis

IN the finest legend that runs, the Great Artificer, or Creator, made a first man and woman, using mere clay for the material forms, but fashioning in his own image, and, at the ultimate stroke, vitalizing by his own breath, setting his very life to beating anew in those fresh shapes.

Unless he be great enough for a kindred process in the universe of letters, no man may hope to be called creator therein. All who are named immortally as makers in that sphere, have become such through the transcendent power of moulding fair shapes from nothingness and infusing into them the very breath of the maker's life.

What, then, is the primal force of the creator in letters, in romantic letters we will say specifically? What is the essential quality by which such a master vitalizes the images he sets before us, so differentiating his work from that of another who is great only as pictorial art in its finer phases may make the artist great?

Permit me to arbitrate and I should say that the power which enables a novelist to create, to make men and women who breathe, move, think and speak, hate and love, are glad or pensive, sorrowful, despairing, or ecstatic, can be only sympathy,—sympathy in that full and perfect meaning of feeling with another.

Is there a reader so dull as not to recognize the complete, the soul-absorbing sympathy which George Eliot felt for Maggie Tulliver? Their pulses beat in unison every moment, from the stormy days when child Maggie furiously hammered nails into the wooden pate of her dearest doll, or those sunny ones when she and Tom sported and dreamed beside the merry Floss, on through the time of woman Maggie's tempestuous love and mad but sublime renunciation, down to the solemn but not unwelcome hour when brother and sister, after the bitter estrangement, met death in a mutual embrace, "living through again in one supreme moment the days when they clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together."

It is this alone that has made old Tulliver's daughter the most intensely vital of George Eliot's creations. The great artist intended that Romola and Fedalma should also touch our hearts as fair, real women who suffer. They are exquisite and faultless portraitures; but no divine afflatus of sympathy drew forth from the artificer to animate their white bosoms with veritable breath.

In "Adam Bede," Dinah and Adam are real, and so is Hetty in one or two supreme hours; while Mrs. Poyser, from start to finish, is as live a housewife as ever kept her-

self and all others in her realm astir from four o'clock Monday morning until the shades of Saturday evening. But Seth Bede, Arthur Donnithorne, and the other vague background figures, are only mechanisms.

We miss wholly the vitalizing touch in "Silas Marner" and "Felix Holt." The latter barely fails of being great. Had its maker sympathized with Esther for one day even, as she did with Maggie every minute, or with the sturdy and more than half lovable young Radical as she did with carpenter Adam, this feeling of the work's incompleteness would not be so universal.

Mary Garth is genuine flesh and blood, and redeems from lifelessness the earlier pages of "Middlemarch." Even Rosamond at moments moves hitherward from unreality. We are not sure of either Lydgate or Mrs. Casaubon at first; and we feel a little as do children who visit a waxworks show: we should like to pinch the figures or pull their hair, to see if they would stir. This continues until, in the one case, Dorothea comes upon veritable love, and, in the other, Lydgate knows the height and depth of human temptation, as he watches alone at midnight beside the dying man whose secret, if spoken, will forever blast the physician's honorable repute. At the crucial moment of either existence, George Eliot was drawn into vivid sympathy with both, and, as always, this heavenly spark touched to life. From that hour, the wavering shadow becomes a man, a woman.

But the artist never felt with Deronda's Mirah; from first to last, she simply made a pretty, painted doll of the little Jewess, assuring us that the innocent thing suffered and loved and in the end found happiness. We take her seriously in the beginning, for we are used to hearing the puppet's mistress declare that her plaything has some melodious name, that she is dear and good, and her wee heart beats with love, that she had many woes yesterday but is happy to-day. Nor do we raise a protest until Mirah is set above Gwendolen, fair, rebellious, unrighteous Gwendolen, who is truly human and alive from the palpitant pulse in her long, graceful throat to the impatient movement of her slender foot; from her intolerance of Alice's ugly shoulder-lifting to her loathing of Grandcourt's sin when she gets overclose to it; from her cowardice in refusing to face poverty, because, alas! refined surroundings cannot go with it, to her passionate and world-forgetting worship of the noblest nature she has found; in short, from her utter selfishness to her self-renunciation. Deronda himself sometimes rings wooden, and we are in terror lest, after all the adoration Gwendolen has poured out—to the exalting of her better self—he should still prove but an automatically moving piece of the stage-setting. Strange, then, that Henleigh Grandcourt and the abominable Lush should in some subtle way have caught a real breath from their maker.

Take Walter Scott. He is an immortal painter! and as long as the romantic canvas, with its chivalrous love, valor, villainy, and adventure, retains its power to fascinate, so long shall his cult endure. To-day we cannot see beyond the time

when he is omnipotent in that sphere, nor have we overmuch patience with the prophecy that any end shall be set to such a time. But did the Wizard create? Never! He wove the finest stories known, loving the web of them incomparably better than any figures required to stage them. He threw his soul into the making of his tales, instead of making his men and women and leaving them to live the stories after life's immutable fiats.

The same has been true of the romantic school from its earliest stroke until to-day, from the portrayal in unfading tints of demigods and noble-statured men in the Ilian age, down to the late art birth in the Zenda tales, of the White Company and Red Robe kind. One and all, the romanticists pursue their stories' thread with so intense an absorption and love, that they forget to consider whether their actors are breathing creatures or mere dummies. Had Shakespeare himself followed only his romances, failing to feel with Othello or Cordelia as individual man and maid, the one could not have been all vibrant pulse and flaming breath, nor the other an incarnate devotion quivering with a girl's heart-beats.

There were fibres in Fielding's nature that stirred in sympathy with each separate rascality of Tom Jones, thus making a very genuine scamp of the eighteenth century hero. But Richardson remained the impassive moralist from opening page to final. So, while his preaching is often warm enough and human enough to enlist our willing hearing, yet poor Clarissa, pretty, weeping Pamela, and correct Sir Charles are never more than rather stiff and underdrawn illustrations in the author's quaint homiletics.

Defoe was a child in tale-telling. Yet a child's tale may be more eloquent, and surely more ardent, more saturate with feeling, than his world-weary elder's. Thus it came that, while Defoe had but sparse elements in his tale, yet they were bona fide; his island was genuine soil and rocks, surrounded by water one could swim in, his solitary was a man who ate, and drank milk, and missed human companionship, and, walking, made indubitable tracks, finding other footprints equally as indubitable. The earliest English novelist was beyond a doubt entirely *en rapport* with his hero and Friday; for which reason, Crusoe and his faithful man came alive, and will live forever.

We pass to Bulwer, recognizing his stories as those that English letters could not spare without losing a class and kind. Yet this master of felicitous diction and dramatic action barely remembered on wide apart occasions to breathe into the nostrils of his factitious creatures. Or was he not able? He is not described to us as a man of ready affections. One he loved; and Pelham's young impetuosity is, therefore, very human. Another he was drawn to by some power beyond himself; and so Eugene Aram's remorse has become an unforgettable thing, as that of some near acquaintance whom we have known hounded by ghosts of his past sins. Now and again, looking in on other scenes set by Bulwer, one is impelled to declare that a heart-throb proceeds from no mechanism, but bounding blood created it.

Dickens was the master artist.

Ah, how he drew!—sometimes as the world's greatest cartoonist, sometimes in the immortal line of beauty; again, tracing out the perfect curve of love, and once more with the deep and fatal stroke of tragedy. He loved his pictures as such, and generations beyond count will go on repeating that love in ardent degree. Yet it was rare that he took down one of his masterpieces from the wall, laid his breath upon the lips, and commanded, "Live as I live!" No doubt about Copperfield, dear to Dickens as his own life. You and I are as sure of David to-day as of some old school friend. Have we not marvelled as the blood came and went in his boyish cheeks, been close enough to him in his young manhood to see the gray pallor of pain fall across his face when he found Steerforth dead on the beach, with arm under his head, and, later, marked the very tremor of his voice when older, more worn, but a better man, he speaks to Agnes of love? What is it that makes Copperfield a friend who walks and talks confidingly with us, while Nicholas Nickleby remains simply a faultless portraiture? What but the keen and perpetual sympathy of Dickens with the former? So entirely did David's creator feel with him, that one hears in unceasing iteration how in this book Dickens gave the world his own life. Scarcely so; yet it may be truly said that in this hero he lives again.

Thackeray is unlike his splendid brother. In Dickens, art and life stand distinct and apart, rendering discrimination easy. But with the maker of Becky Sharp it is different; so fine is his art, and so artistic the life he creates, that much confusion and some unseemly disputation have arisen as to the share of his work that each may claim. Laura and Amelia, little Mrs. Pendennis, Lady Castlewood, Jos. Sedley, poor, pretty, ingenuous Fanny, dear adorable old Dobbin, the incomparable Mrs. Major O'Dowd, Esmond himself, magnificent but shadowy,—are they all merely paint and canvas? we ask, holding breath to catch the answer. But ah! sometimes the master moves among them in affection, and the watcher sees these men and women step down from their glittering frames and move with the true gait of pulsing life. Those are genuine sobs, springing from almost too real a heartache in Amelia's breast, when the handsome and vain sprig she has chosen before true-souled Dobbin goes dancing devotion around Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. One notes, too, the ashen wanness that creeps to the very lips of Esmond when he stands before us, every inch a man, while he and the young viscount break their swords in the face of the prince whose perfidy has cost their allegiance and perhaps a crown. Here, indeed, is life. But the next time we would have it so again, and we are intolerant of that doubt which whispers of a cunning manipulation of wires and chiaroscuro by a magician, laughing when he mocks us with puppets.

It is good to feel sure of some of Thackeray's figures. Pendennis, for example, is sometimes a cad, sometimes a trifler, and not infrequently a fine fellow. But, be the phase what it may, life throbs in his breast always, and he moves with a stride that is undeniably British. It must have been in unconsciousness that the author vitalized him so in-

tensely; we seriously doubt if a man of Thackeray's temperament could have realized in full how he loved this fellow Pen above the others of his making. "Man and brother" he called Pen, and made him such indeed.

Blanche Amory and fair Lady Beatrix of Castlewood, too, are more than simply pictures of spoiled beauties; we have drawn near them, laughed at their caprices, murmured love-words into their pretty ears. A thousand youths have sighed sentimentally when Blanche sang, "O, Mes Larmes!" then sighed regretfully on catching her hiding Foker's ring from Arthur, and all feel for her a good-natured contempt that still does not kill a certain sort of admiration. Another thousand dream that they have danced with Beatrix, longing to go down on their knees and kiss the buckles on her high-heeled little slippers, or the silver clocks on her scarlet stockings, as her cousin Harry did. What a radiant, breathing maidenhood she is when she steps statelily down the stairs at Walcote to meet Esmond, holding the candle high to show well the heart-roses in her cheeks and the youth-light dancing in her eyes! Doubtless you recall that "she was a brown beauty; that is, her eyes, hair, and eye-brows and eye-lashes were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine except her cheeks, which were bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full; and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot, as it planted itself on the ground, was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace. Agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen, now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic, there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful."

Radiance and light gloriously incarnate, there she stands, and all who look are lovers with Esmond. But no one forgets another tense moment when we are drawn close enough to feel her breath come pantingly as she utters the low, tragic words, half hissing them between set teeth: "Farewell, Mother; I think I never can forgive you; something hath broke between us that no tears or years can repair."

Yet it was not even in beautiful Beatrix that Thackeray reached the acme of his creative power; for, after Pendennis, it was Becky Sharp whom he cared most for and has endowed with most enduring life. The maker of this marvellous woman would no doubt be more amazed than amused if he could step for a moment into the babble of our new era and listen to callow youths who assail the author's injustice to the gifted woman, and his motive in scattering such insinuations regarding her character; could hear them declare Becky "a far better woman than Mr. Thackeray would have you believe,—in fact not a bad woman in any way, only one who had to shift for herself from beginning to end, and who schemed simply because she could not get things she needed without scheming."

To the dogmatic critics who tire-

somely repeat that all is art in Thackeray, and nothing life, this must be a difficult argument to contravert,—this chivalrous defence of a very real Becky which continually emanates from young enthusiasm and softness of heart. Call her a portrait when she is as genuine a siren as ever charmed youth by enchantments of lifted or veiled eyes, tearful lashes, heaving breast, soft syllables over softer lips, accents of sympathy, and acts of subtlest calculation? No; it is life we are gazing on, and are drawn to or repelled by. Young enthusiasm is more than half right, with its fierce, unintended tribute to the power of him who created this wonderful woman and set her where she may still ensnare judgment and lead it whither she chooses.

Among the Titans of Fiction's Olympus, Nathaniel Hawthorne will forever be accorded a place. But ask your most discriminating critic whether he thinks of Hawthorne as a painter, or as a creator. He will answer no to the one, and yet probably no to the other. For the great New Englander constitutes a class of his own. His art might better be called sculpturesque than pictorial, for in its finer essence it is one with that of the master who chisels beauty and good from the shapeless stone. Nor will any gainsay the Phidian touch when he gazes, marvelling, on the figures which illustrate that art sermon in allegory, "The Marble Faun."

Yet once the calm blood of the Puritan artist stirred warmly, and he played Pygmalion; his lovely, frozen work thrilled with life,—such life as has made "The Scarlet Letter" the sublimest piece of fiction ever produced in America.

In Gallic letters, Victor Hugo surely stands forth as the greatest maker. It is not merely his larger genius that lifts him above Balzac and Dumas in this ability to vivify; it is his larger soul, again his keener sympathy. Jean Valjean will move among us and help us by his very shortcomings to be better brothers to one another, when the bloodless Seraphita and her host of more earthy brothers and sisters, yea, and even the gay and engaging d'Artagnan are forgotten.

Daudet has the life-endowing force: Tartarin is a human fact, as is his British fellow, Mr. Pickwick. Extravagant undeniably are both, to the very borders of caricature; but so are many fat, middle-aged Cockneys and Gauls, who entertain their club comrades and boarding house mates to-day. Pickwick and the Tarasconian are but two among many.

In our later literature, there are occasionally creations: it is not wholly photography or portrait painting, with fine writing.

Mr. William Dean Howells' "realistic" men and women seldom seem to me real, although his New England kitchens, his sleighrides, magazine sanctums, air-tight heaters, village lawyers' shabby offices, all his stage setting, indeed, may be genuine enough. Yet here and there through his narratives walks a woman who might be a friend and neighbor, as, for example, Penelope, in "The Rise of Silas Lapham."

Richard Harding Davis would not be called in the main a sympathetic man, yet he has moulded with the true maker's touch of feeling once at least; for Van Bibber

is a creation. More than one New Yorker has at times overheard some visitor to the metropolis say to another, "Ah, look! that must be Van Bibber!" For few can think but they will meet this debonair boulevardier some fine day.

Glance at Hardy. His Tess is flesh and blood, quite too much so to justify her maker's appellation of her. Indeed, her exceeding actuality it was that caused some to pray, on her first arrival, that in future Mr. Hardy would give us just canvases!

Hall Caine has often created. Look merely at "The Bondman." Red Jason moves with volition and joys in the heart-beats of a strong, free and daring man. Sunlocks is a beautiful, mild-eyed viking in his first appearance; yet this is only a handsome dummy that Hall Caine mistakenly and momentarily asks us to accept for the living hero, who is not long in stepping on the stage in *propria persona*. And, despite the floating yellow locks, limpid, sea-blue eyes, and all the rest of the gorgeous make-up which seems to stamp him as of the mystical, mythical Norse age, one is not slow to perceive that this hero's pulses leap from no machinery, but from the propulsion of bounding human blood.

In a category like this, the reader expects the name of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who, but for the lack of such essential qualities as that rare insight into and vital sympathy with character, might rank close to her greatest countrywoman. True, Mrs. Ward developed a fair degree of creative power between "Robert Elsmere," a very fine, thoughtful, but perfectly lifeless work, and "Marcella," less finished but far more vivid and human. Notice how the author clings to the latter, with a feeling bordering on George Eliot's creature-loves: and through this very clinging it undoubtedly is that Marcella has caught something of a woman's warmth and soul, something that differentiates her, at least when she reappears in Sir George Tressady's sorry life-story, from the pulseless Catherine, Rose, Eleanor, and other feminine pictures in Mrs. Ward's stately gallery.

Were this review dated a few years back, the writer would scarcely dare omit to mention Trilby, whose apotheosis was indeed one of the literary marvels of the last decade. But to-day everybody is awake to the fact that there never was any Trilby except the one Mr. Du Maurier put on canvas, with the gown of Sappho and the face of a white angel. Many one-time believers are now almost ready to deny that they once gazed on and loved this beautiful portrait until they knew by heart every faultless line and tint, then shut their eyes and listened to the painter's eloquent voice while he persuaded them that this Trilby-angel breathed humanly, like ourselves, and walked on common earth, and sinned uncommon sins, but kept her seraph voice and all the while exhaled seraph purity. Why not say you were cheated, but that your cheating was made easier to the author because he brought to his aid Taffy and the Laird, who, if they are not veritable human beings, are at least the cleverest mechanisms that ever deceived. But, Mr. Du Maurier, even when your art is so utterly convincing, what harm in going back to honesty and calling it—just art?

At the present hour, the schools

in fiction are breaking up. Realism may run to idealism and back again in half its chapters; while romanticism makes free with the acknowledged lines of old materialism. This may be well; at least, no one yet calls it ill. Let a master step forth and show us how to blend earth, water, fire, and the chemism may become matter of rejoicing. But to-day where is the master?

There is much good writing every month, there is some excellent story-telling, indeed. But creation? No one claims there is.

Run a hasty gamut. In "Janice Meredith" there is not a throb of real life, nor in "Richard Carvel," delightful and uplifting as it is, nor "The Crisis," nor in any of Miss Johnston's beautifully written books. David Harum is keenly characterized, yet the kindest critic would hardly call him an imperishable creation. James Lane Allen is an idealist, a genuine Raphaelite, who is still able to wield some of the cunningest implements of the realist's art. But he has never made a man, a woman. Miss Glasgow, in "The Voice of the People," came nearer to absolute vitalizing than any other of our later artists. Nick and Eugie are at moments fairly convincing. So is Laura, in Norris' "Pit";—selfish, tiresome, scarcely lovable, Jadwin's wife would still have been a woman had not Norris been too engrossed with the mighty game in the Great Bull's amphitheatre to do aught but hasty and unsympathetic work in finishing the central figure of the domestic scenes.

George Moore is majestic in realism, as he comprehends and wishes realism to be. He paints his backgrounds vividly, with a minuteness of finish that is strange to find accompanied by a strength that could crush. The actors he sets in his foregrounds are moved by the cunningest dynamos and springs that were ever contrived. The man has power enough to have put soul into his mechanical creatures if he had cared, really cared, that they should have souls, as he cares for them to have conduct and a perfect stage setting.

An end may very well come at this point; for the subject has limits too remote to be traced out.

In closing, it seems not inapt to leave with our readers the question of how far this subtle and ungauged difference between portraiture and creation must affect the quality of permanence in literature.

A Literary Conundrum

By Holman S. Hall

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near his secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

THUS wrote Thomas Gray, one of England's best known poets of the last century, whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" has been memorized and quoted perhaps as frequently as any other literary composition of its time. It is recorded that the author kept the lyric by him for twenty years, ripening it by frequent revision much as good wine is kept to ripen, before he gave it to the public. It is not only considered to be his masterpiece, but also one of the unfading gems of English literature It is known and loved wherever the English tongue is spoken, and metrical versions in other living languages and in the Latin have been frequent.

Prepared with such care, and for so long a time studied and admired by a world-wide circle of scholars, it seems strange that any question could now arise in regard to any sentiment or expression in the poem. Doubtless Gray felt sure of his own meaning in every line and word, but his readers of to-day find an ambiguity which interests and puzzles them.

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly there was a fragment of a few lines, "Brahma," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, beginning

"If the Red Slayer thinks he slays"

about the meaning of which there is as much speculation, and the riddle has not yet been solved. Emerson was appealed to for an explanation, and his reply was that he was sure he knew what he meant when he wrote it, but really he had now forgotten! Unfortunately there is no record that even that much of inquiry was ever addressed to Gray, and it is now too late, unless some reliable access to his disembodied spirit can be secured.

There are other ambiguities in the poem other than the one now in mind, but that one is so palpable, once it is pointed out, as to excite the interest of all students of language, and it is so puzzling that there seems to be no interpretation that meets general approval. The discussion is over the second line of the opening stanza, quoted above:

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Some five years ago a Boston gentleman, whose attention had been called to the line, took the trouble to write a note of inquiry to about a hundred people of recognized standing in the literary and educational world, asking whether in their opinion "air" or "stillness" was the sub-

ject; did the "air" hold the "stillness," or did the "stillness" hold the "air"? That it was a pertinent question was proved by the fact that nearly all answered it, some briefly and others with argument in support of the opinion given. A summary of the result numerically bears about an even balance of opinion; the "weight of argument," however, must be left to the decision of the reader. As a practical matter the discussion is of value to all students of language, for its consideration cannot but result in more careful reading, and more care for clearness of expression in composition.

Many of the responses received express the idea that either reading is admissible, without argument, but a much larger number have decided opinions, but record them without giving reasons. Even the bare list of these is of value in assisting the reader in his own consideration of the question, for often the name of a well known authority carries weight of its own.

Of those who believed "stillness" to be the subject of the sentence without argument, are:

Horace E. Scudder, Henry Cabot Lodge, Minot J. Savage, James Russell Lowell, Thomas W. Higginson, M. E. S. Walton, professor in Wellesley College, George W. Howland, superintendent of Chicago public schools; Charles Francis Adams, E. B. Andrews, ex-president Brown University; J. M. Z. Sill, L. B. R. Briggs, professor at Harvard; S. W. Clark, George William Curtis, J. Q. A. Brackett, Philip S. Moxom, W. D. Howells, George D. Robinson, James A. Page, C. J. Lincoln, D. J. Harris, Charles M. Clay, E. H. Marston, Robert Swan.

The last six names are of masters in Boston schools.

The list favoring "air" as the subject, merely expressing the opinion, includes the following:

Phillips Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, Oliver W. Holmes, Preston Gurney, C. P. Becker, proof reader for D. Appleton & Company; Arthur Gilman, George A. Gordon, John D. Long, Lawrence Hutton, Hezekiah Butterworth, Moses True Brown, E. P. Seaver, ex-superintendent Boston schools; R. G. Conklin, author of an English Grammar; Francis A. Waterhouse, Charles C. Bruce.

The last two named are masters of Boston schools.

These lists of themselves are interesting as showing the opposite opinions on an apparently trivial and easy question, but the interest deepens when the large number of answers which carry with them the "reason why" is examined. But first it will be well to approach the arguments through a series of answers which argue without conclusion, and first we will listen to Oliver W. Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court:

I think "air" not "stillness" is the subject. It is more logical, perhaps, to say that stillness holds all the air, i. e. every part of it, except that part where "the beetle,"etc., than to say that all the air, i. e. the air considered a collective whole, holds stillness except in a certain part, but I think my view more in accordance with the habit of the poem, which is to avoid classical inversions; and I also think it more poetical. I prefer the conception of the air holding the stillness as the sea holds its salt, in solution so to speak, to that of stillness dropping on the back of the air and fastening its teeth in its neck like a wolverine.

I have been too busy to examine the two or more Latin translations of the poem, which perhaps would show how the text has been interpreted.

P. S. On further reflection I am on the fence.

Justin Winsor, ex-librarian of the Boston Public Library, wrote:

The note reaches me here in England. I have not immediate access to Gray's Elegy, and don't remember the context. Taking the line as it stands alone, it is certainly ambiguous, and there is no grammatical reason why it may not mean, either that all the air holds a solemn stillness

or that a solemn stillness holds all the air. The context might make one rendering more likely than the other. I am quite conscious that so obvious a decision is hardly worth running the gauntlet of the ocean storms.

Mrs. Alice F. Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, was also in doubt:

I do not know, and I do not see any possible means of determining past question, the subject of the sentence you quote from the Elegy. My personal preference is to consider "all the air" as the subject, but the meaning is practically unchanged if "a solemn stillness" is made the subject, and, as I say, I know no way of finding which idea prevailed in Gray's mind when he wrote the line.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the "banker-poet," writes more interestingly than conclusively:

The verse quoted contains, as you have discovered, one of those "inversions" which are, almost of necessity, frequent in the "iambic pentameter quatrain." When such an inversion occurs, the only way to distinguish between an inanimate subject and the equally inanimate object is by aid of the meaning of the passage. The syntax affords no clue. Now, I can conceive of "stillness" holding "the air," in the rather stilted language of the last century, and we say, even now, that "a hush fell upon the audience," "suspense held him," etc. But how can the air hold a stillness? That would be carrying impersonation and metaphor beyond the method of the artificial eighteenth century, even. Meanwhile, as the sentence, or phrase, can be parsed either way you prefer, any bets made with respect to the subject and object must be considered "off."

James Whitcomb Riley contributes a characteristic reply:

I venture to say, simply, that it involves a principle that keeps hosts of Gray's like in genius from being quite poets: namely, inversion. In this instance, as the inverted phraseology permits either "air" or "stillness" to do duty as the grammatical subject, the context and rhetorical fitness must be invoked to tell us, if they can, what the poet's intention was. The question is a close one, perhaps, but I prefer "air" for the subject. However, the end of the problem, as we say in Hoosier idiom, is of such a character that the more we chew it the more it swells! Is it poetry? Isn't it more like algebra? There is positive evidence that the poet "ciphered" it out. Clearness is poetry's first virtue—should be, as I believe. Readers should read, not conjecture, speculate, grope, and be left groping.

B. F. Tweed suggests an, at this late date, impossible solution. Would that he had made it earlier:

It strikes me as being rather more poetical to have "a solemn stillness" hold the air, but I would not argue the question with one who differed with me. If one could have heard Gray read the line I think his emphasis or intonation might have given some intimation of his meaning.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler only says:

How can I tell what Gray meant?

And George W. Cable thinks he can tell a little later. He says:

I have written to Mr. Gray and as soon as I hear from him will let you know.

William F. Warren, ex-president of Boston University, is also waiting for the ghost of Gray:

My idea is that a logician would say, "air"; a poet, "stillness"; a grammarian, "Gray's ghost alone can tell."

And here is a bit of "authority" contributed by Anna B. Thompson a Boston teacher:

Either might be the subject; the Boston Supervisors so decided in a recent examination. The figure is more poetical, I think, if "stillness" is made the subject.

H. W. Lull must close this list of "doubtfuls," and he is, as he says, "as clear as mud":

You have raised a question, and at the same time you ought to have raised the poet to answer it. I find no harmony among those who ought to know. From previous lines the poet seems to have used his subject first, therefore "air" is the subject. In the line before this he, however,

used his license and changed the order, so it might be "stillness." Personally I like the idea of stillness holding the air, as we say stillness holds the audience. Finally, the answer has no effect on the poet's real meaning. This answer is as clear as mud, but it is respectfully submitted.

And now we come to a formidable list of "authorities" who know their minds, and "knowing, dare maintain." We will give first place in the list to those who "air" certain.

A proof reader for Harper Brothers, New York, who modestly withholds his name, writes:

In prose composition my custom in construing doubtful phrases of this character is to consider the leading noun as the subject, in accordance with the genius of the language. If it does not already the verb is made to conform. In poetry the exigencies of rhythm and rhyme would forbid application of such a rule. But still the presumption would be in favor of the subject first and the object following; a reversal of opinion to be justifiable only on evident meaning of text and context.

On looking at the phrase from this position there appears to be nothing unreasonable or unintelligible in it. If we say the air holds a noise, although perhaps an awkward expression, it is undoubtedly a physical fact, for a noise is caused by a disturbance of a portion of its substance. Conversely it may be said to hold silence, the negative of noise, and a very fine poetical conceit it is.

On the other hand one cannot readily accept a statement that a noise holds the air. It may agitate it, but it cannot hold or constrain it. How much less, then, can silence, which is the most unsubstantial thing in nature! The air holds the cloud, and its dissolved, (negative) substance, vapor; but neither the cloud nor the vapor can hold the air.

If I were to say "a solemn stillness pervades the air" it would be good as a poetical reversion of a noise pervading the air. But neither Webster nor Worcester gives any definition of "to hold" that corresponds with "to pervade." Roget's Thesaurus, however, among the equivalents of "pervade" mentions "have a hold upon," "take hold." This gives an excuse for reading the phrase under consideration with "stillness" as the subject; but it seems to me inadequate. This is a philosophical, or perhaps I should say physical, view of the subject to be sure, but, so far as I can see, it is the only one that affords a solution.

An argument, which seems satisfactory—until the other side is heard, comes from S. C. Bartlett, a Dartmouth professor:

In Gray's line either construction is admissible grammatically, of course, and either would give a good and striking thought—that the air firmly maintains a solemn stillness, or that a "solemn stillness," personified, has seized and holds fast the air. Some would think the latter the more striking. All things considered, I believe the former was in the writer's mind, for several reasons:

1. The posture of his mind, looking out on the various objects around; the ploughman, the growing darkness, the fading landscape, and the very atmosphere in its solemn stillness, etc.

2. His mind throughout fixes on actual existences, entities, which form the primary objects of his thought, their condition being only the secondary part of the description.

3. The almost unvarying directness of this style and method through the poem, placing, in all similar instances where both subject and object precede the verb, the subject first, with one or two exceptions where no ambiguity is possible.

A flash of characteristic humor, and an opinion comes from "Bill Nye":

It seems a little funny for Boston to ask New York anything regarding grammatical construction, but as nigh as I can get at Mr. Gray's idea about the line referred to "air" is the subject. Of course there is ground for argument; but so there is on the McKinley Bill. All great literary masterpieces are liable to be misconstrued. I wrote a beautiful piece once, called "An Ode to an Orphan Mule," and a critic who stood high and got good wages, called it "a delicate piece of egotism!" So, no more at present.

Egbert H. Smyth, Andover professor, and eminent in the Congregational ministry, argues well for "air," but the reader will observe that the "inversion otherwise un-

paralleled" is discovered elsewhere in the poem by others:

I prefer to regard the word "air" as the subject. The other construction requires that the word "holds" be understood to convey an energy of action inconsistent with the effect of repose which the passage is intended to produce. It seems to me to be decisive. Some weight attaches also to the fact that when "stillness" is taken as the subject we have an inversion elsewhere unparalleled in the poem, and foreign to the simplicity and naturalness of its structure.

Frank B. Sanborn is concise and decided. He says:

It might be "air" and it might be "stillness," the sense being much the same either way. But simplicity, which Gray courted in this poem, favors "air."

J. Freeman Hill, author of an English grammar, suggests what seems an impossible idea:

"Air" is the subject. This seems to me the more sensible construction. It is a question hard to determine. It has been suggested that the poet never settled the question in his own mind.

M. C. Ayres of the Boston Advertiser presents an interesting argument, based on an analysis of the poem:

I incline, though not with any great confidence, to hold that the subject is "air." The poet, in these opening lines, is describing nature. He tells us about the light, in the first line, by showing that it no longer illuminates the landscape; he pictures the beetle's homeward flight in the third; in the fourth he describes the sheep falling into slumber. It seems to me most reasonable to understand him describing the condition of the atmosphere, in the second line. It holds a solemn stillness under its control. To attribute activity, energy and power to stillness, which is but a negative state and not a real thing at all, seems to me hardly permissible even to poets, who are, I know, forgiven much.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, too, has a reason for "the faith that is in him":

In my opinion "air" is the subject, as best answering to "landscape" in the preceding line. The landscape "fades," the air "holds."

James F. Claflin, master of the Chicago Manual Training School, makes an interesting analytical and grammatical argument:

"Air" is the subject, as is evident from the following:

First: It holds the natural grammatical position of the subject, i. e., before the object and predicate.

Second: It is in accord with the structure of the sentences throughout the poem; most of the sentences are direct and not inverted.

Third: It is in accord with the style of Gray, which is always direct and simple; he seldom uses inverted or introverted sentences, as does Browning, also Tennyson.

Fourth: It is scientifically correct, while any other construction is not. The air is the vehicle of sound, and as silence is the zero of sound analogy would suggest the figure of the air as holding or carrying the silence or stillness. But stillness cannot hold anything. It is not active; it is passive. Even in poetical figures it is seldom used transitively, but usually with a neuter or passive verb. "Silence reigns," "Silence fell," etc., etc.

Fifth: The whole spirit of the poem is realistic. The author uses patent, tangible, sensible things as subjects. The tolling of the bell, the herd, the ploughman, the owl, etc., are all palpable things, but silence, stillness, is a negative, a conceptive thing, and to give it activity instead of passivity requires a greater effort of the imagination than is employed throughout the poem.

Master Dickerman of the Brimmer School, Boston, appeals to "nature" in support of his opinion:

I think the sentence should be transposed as follows: "And all the air holds a solemn stillness." The subject then would be "all the air." I think it more natural to suppose that the air holds the stillness than the stillness to hold the air.

"E. B. G.," master of the Prince School, Boston, is of the same opinion and he closes the list of the advocates of "air":

In my opinion "air" is the subject. The

expression is equivalent to this:—The air is still: i. e., there is no motion of the molecules which make up the air.

Equally strong arguments seem to prevail among those who are the defenders of "stillness" as the subject of the sentence, although they are in the minority so far as numbers alone are concerned. The more the subject is considered the more interesting and the more difficult it appears.

Rossiter Johnson, well known writer and critic, suggests still another puzzle in the poem, but, to quote Kipling—that's another story! He says:

It is a pretty problem in the niceties of interpretation, and I am glad to give you my opinion if you will bear in mind that I offer it as nothing more than an opinion.

The verb "to hold" has at least two meanings. It sometimes means "to contain"—the tub holds water—and sometimes "to control"—the orator holds his audience. In Gray's line, it seems to me, if we make "air" the subject of the verb, then "holds" must mean "contains"—all the air contains a solemn stillness; but if we make "stillness" the subject of the verb, then "holds" must mean "controls"—a solemn stillness controls all the air. So far as grammatical arrangement, and perhaps ordinary prose sense, is concerned, the line might have either of these meanings; but it appears to me that the conception of a "stillness," personified somewhat, holding the air as by a spell, so that it does not stir, is far more poetical and picturesque than the conception of the atmosphere containing stillness, in which case the "a" would be superfluous, the poet being compelled to use it by the rhythm. I therefore read the line as meaning—a solemn stillness holds the air. It is curious, but perhaps not significant, to note that the same poem contains four other instances in which both the subject and the object come before the verb. In three of them the object is mentioned first; in one,

"All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave"

the object is mentioned first. I believe the last line of the fifth stanza has never been satisfactorily interpreted—whether the "lowly bed" means the bed they used to sleep in and be roused from, or the grave that they are now sleeping in.

John Fiske is quite certain, and reinforces his opinion by another:

"Stillness" is the subject: the solemn stillness holds the air. So it seemed to me as soon as the question was raised, though I had never thought about it before. To reinforce myself I have asked Professor Child, and he agrees with me.

Ex-President Noah Porter of Yale University wrote:

Both grammatically and logically either "air" or "stillness" could be the subject, but I give the preference to "stillness," as I judge of the sentence in connection with those which follow and complete the idea in this.

Francis Parkman, the eminent historian, was certainly a competent authority. He says:

The question will always be an open one. I incline to the opinion that Gray meant to say that a solemn stillness possessed the air.

The late J. W. Dickenson, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, bases his opinion on "logic":

The ideas intended to be expressed by the verse referred to lead me to decide in favor of making the words "a solemn stillness" the logical subject of the verb "holds."

Mr. Elliot, a proof reader of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, has an opinion, but reports an equal division among his associates:

Gray, a purist in language, would be fairly sure to retain the essential idea of the word "hold," and make "stillness" the subject and "air" object; i. e., he would think "stillness has possession of the air," rather than "the air contains stillness." But I ought to say that only half of our proof readers agree with me in this.

And we close the list of "stillness" advocates with a quartette of Boston school masters.

Thomas H. Barnes, Gaston School:

It is a highly poetic expression, meaning, undoubtedly,—a solemn stillness holds the air in its embrace, except that part of the air made vocal by the beetle, etc., etc. Therefore "a solemn stillness" is the subject of the sentence.

Sylvester Brown, Martin School:

Either may be the subject to one who cares only for the grammar; but I cannot see how it is possible for one to study the poem as a whole and get into the spirit of it, and then call "air" the subject. There is no doubt in my mind but that the author intended to convey the meaning that a solemn stillness had got possession of the air. "Stillness" is the subject.

Samuel Thurbur, Girls' High School:

While either "air" or "stillness" may grammatically be the subject it seems to me very much better, for the sake of the sense and the poetry, to consider "stillness" as the subject. In fact, if "air" is the subject, the sentence comes perilously near to being nonsense.

John Tetlow, Girls' High School:

To say that the air holds—i. e., contains stillness seems to me tame and commonplace; but to say that stillness holds—i. e., masters—the air seems to me, relatively at least, bold and striking. In the same way "Fear took possession of his soul" is a more striking expression than "his soul was filled with fear." I prefer to consider "stillness" the subject of the sentence.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a pertinent question in this case. The facts, such as they are, and the arguments, which are many and various, are before the jury of readers. There is no "charge to the jury" in this case for neither side has asked for "instructions," and none will be offered by the impartial compiler of the evidence.

April's Call

By Nella Ursk

Over the hilltops the south wind is blowing,
The sweet scented breath of hemlocks and pines;
Down in the valley pale green shoots are showing
Ribbons of color in soft tender lines.

Deep in my heart a new hope is stirring—
A hope shyly eager to go on joy's quest—
Faint as the flutter of young wings a-whirring,
Eager to take their first flight from the nest.

Wait, little bird, the wings will grow stronger,
Sunshine and gladness are in Nature's thrall!
Hope, little heart, the summer stays longer,
Youth and sweet springtime obey April's call!

On Easter Morn

By Henri Lauriston Germain

One Easter morn the sun was clear and bright,
As fitted well the dawn of Day of Days,
Enfolding all the world with warmth and light,
And prompting Christian hearts to mood of praise;
Type of the Sun of Righteousness supreme,
Who came to free the world from sin and strife;
Foretold of old in many a prophet dream,
To rise and bring all souls to light and life.

And on my window gleamed in sheen of gold
Rich tracery of leaf and frond and spray,
And silver fair, all gemmed with brilliants cold,
Figured and wrought by frost-king, quaint and gay,
To show how gentle dew and zephyr faint
Can work in silence and with pencil rare,
And for my eye a fairy forest paint,
Of woodland depths and shadowy foliage there.

Anon I strolled, before the throng was there,
And on the walk in silver threads was seen,
With none my wonder and delight to share,
The same fair vision of my window sheen,
Of magic picture—frond and spray and leaf,
Wrought with rare art by zephyr, frost and dew,
Grouped in fair order—cluster, branch and sheaf,
As yet no human artist ever drew.

Then far from hurrying feet I found my way
To a paved aisle where none before had gone,
And there I saw the same frond, leaf and spray,
Traced in the dust by zephyr touch alone.
In silence, darkness, quiet, here had wrought
The magic touch on substance poor and mean,
And drawn the picture rich with beauty fraught,
That I on window and on walk had seen.

On crystal clear, on street and silent aisle,
In vapor pure or dust beneath the feet,
The gentle air had wrought these pictures, while
Night's silence held all else in slumber sweet.
It breathed alike on all, and at the touch
Vapor and dust alike took forms most rare;
Each felt the thrill, its potency was such,
And blessed my sight with graceful tracery there.

Then in my quiet room I pondered long
To solve the mystery I thus had found,
And asked my soul if this had lesson strong
For Easter Day, with which all life is crowned.
The pure and base by the same touch I saw
Take equal forms of beauty and of grace.
It must be that the potent power to draw
Was in the air, unseen, but filling space.

I thought upon the Christ who rose to-day,
And of His work through all this world of sin;
I thought of all the souls in vast array—
The good and bad He came to gather in.
I saw how like the all-pervading air
His quiet, silent spirit moves through earth,
Shaping all souls, be they most foul or fair,
To grace and beauty and their purposed worth.

Breathe then on me, oh Christ! that I may live
With fairer soul and purer life from Thee;
Touch Thou my heart so poor, and to it give
Thy grace and beauty that the world may see;
And seeing honor, not my work or fame,
But only Thy fair face, Thy spirit pure,
Thy love, Thy power, the magic of Thy name,
Through which all souls may make redemption sure.

Fritz Puffer's Trouble

By Pauline Carrington Bouve

FRITZ PUFFER and his Trouble always travelled together. If you knew one you knew the other, for they had become part and parcel of each other. They lived a somewhat curious life, these two, and had become a familiar feature of the life on the mall. Here on cold, snowy mornings in winter, when the east wind was blowing up from the sea and forming a coat of smooth ice over the paving stones, and it was not an easy thing to keep a footing even when provided with two legs, Fritz Puffer, leaning on his crutch, stood patiently and offered papers to the hurrying passers-by. It was Trouble who really sold the papers, and she ran along over the slippery stones with a prehensile footing, impaired rather than aided by the warm, knitted stockings drawn over her tiny feet and heavy fur-lined coat. In summer when the glare and heat of the sun made one faint and giddy, the thumpety-thump of Fritz's crutch on the glistening stones had a sort of unreal sound, like a voice heard in a dream, and the patter of Trouble's feet seemed fairy-like.

If, however, you stopped to buy a paper, the illusion was dispelled, for Fritz Puffer at close range was by no means ethereal in appearance and had, moreover, a very realistic grasp of the definite problems of life in general and getting a living in particular.

"Paper, sir; paper, ma'am! Roosia's licked again! Give the lady a paper, Trouble—that's my girl! Yes'm, war is pretty bad, but it is a good riddance of some folks, I guess—the no-account sort, you know. Do I look out for her? Well, you better bet I do? Excuse me, I mean to say there ain't no discount on that there girl! Me and her is pards for life, I guess; she ain't got nobody but me and I ain't got nothing but her, see! Lively there, my girl, and give the gent a paper—good girl—you'll get a lamb chop for supper to-night, sure! Paper! paper! extry edition, paper, paper!"

The reddish hair that escaped from his cap's brim fell in a great wavy lock over a high, broad brow, tanned to a healthy brown by constant exposure to wind and sun. There was almost a defiant note, too, in the thump, thump of the wooden crutch as he moved about among the group of people that were usually gathered about him when the weather made loitering a temptation.

"I am a poor excuse, I know, for the leg that ought to be here," the thump seemed to say as it rang out on the flags, "but I am going along to the end of the journey against all odds, and I'll make no apologies for appearances either."

It was in some such fashion that I translated the thumpety-thump of Fritz's crutch as I heard it day after

day, and gradually I began to wonder about that look in the blue eyes that sometimes held such an unutterable sadness in their depths.

One day I sat down on a bench in the Common and waited for Fritz Puffer, whom I heard in the distance. From the vantage ground of the Park Street church he saw me and came toward me. Trouble pattered beside him. A diminutive bright pink parasol fastened to her collar shaded her little brown head, with its drooping ears fringed with hair like floss silk.

"Good morning, Mr. Puffer," I said.

"Good morning," responded Fritz, with a brightness which did not seem altogether assumed, while Trouble leaped up on the bench and laid her paw on my arm. "You ain't looking so lively as you did a bit back," he remarked, as he proceeded to adjust his papers. "Is it the weather?"

"N-o, not altogether," I admitted, with a sigh I could not stifle.

The keen, blue eyes were fixed upon me inquiringly. "Ain't got sickness in the family?" I shook my head.

"I hope I ain't making free, but for more'n a year you've always had a kind word for Trouble of a mornin' when you passed, an' she and me both regards you as—well, you may say—as friends, so to speak." Mr. Puffer adjusted his crutch under his arm in some embarrassment as he declared his sentiments, and Trouble snuggled her little damp nose into the curve of my arm as though to ratify her master's words.

"I'm very glad you do," I responded. "It's very nice to have people feel friendly, and Trouble is the dearest dog I ever knew. How long have you had her, Mr. Puffer?"

Fritz looked up and down the mall before answering; certainly it seemed as if traffic and bustle had ceased for the moment.

"Nigh ten years," he replied at last. "It seems a long time, though. You see I got her when I lost this—" he glanced down at the empty trousers leg pinned up halfway above the knee with two large safety pins.

"Ah! I see," I said quickly, regretting that I had reverted to his misfortune.

"Yes, she was given to make up for my leg, and that's how I look at it."

"Then why do you call her 'Trouble'? I should think you would call her Comfort."

"Well, you see, 'twas that time I began training her for to be a news dog, and it was such a sight of trouble, I just naturally named her 'Trouble' because that's what she was, wasn't you, girl?"

Trouble lifted her soft brown eyes as though the accusation was a compliment.

"You see, training a dog to sell papers is a big contract, when you do the job without ever givin' a lick from start to finish, and that's what I done." Mr. Puffer hobbled over, sat down beside me and, pushing his cap back, wiped his brow vigorously in memory perhaps of his labors.

"That was quite wonderful," I remarked appreciatively.

"You bet it was and no mistake, and she's the equal to-day of any dog in Paris and the superior of any in America, because she is the only dog in North America, South America and Canada included, that earns

a livin' selling papers, ain't you, Trouble?" Trouble's tail beat a tattoo on the slats in the bench in response to this panegyric.

"Does she make much money for you?"

"Does she?" quoth Fritz. "Does she? I call thirty a week a pretty fine sum for a fellow, let alone a dog." I gave him to understand that I also considered this a most munificent sum.

"But what's the use of it?" he asked suddenly. "After all, no matter what's said and done, I'm a peg-leg." There was no note of bitterness in the voice, but the blue eyes were wistful beneath their steely brilliancy.

"You can buy a cartload of cork legs on Trouble's earnings," I suggested with tactless sympathy.

"Cork leg! Good Lord, I don't want no cork leg! Why I'd feel just like I was one of them things standing in Shuman's windows with clothes on if I was to go around with a sham leg. No, sir, one leg was took from me and I've got to stand—so to speak—on the other, with this here crutch to help out, and not go whining and snivelling along neither. That's the ticket I go on. Besides, my leg was took but this dog was give me to sort o' take its place, I guess, and I call it a bargain; not altogether fair bargain, mark you, but a bargain—and me and Trouble 'll stump it through to the end."

"Have you a family, Mr. Puffer?"

"Who, me? Me with a family?" He whacked his crutch against the bench with a disdainful gesture, affected, I fancied, to cover some embarrassment.

"You don't think, honest now, that a man that's not all on deck, so to speak, as to—as to—well, as to legs, to come down plain, had ought to have a family, do you?" Mr. Puffer eyed me searchingly as he propounded this direct and rather personal question.

"Yes, I do," I replied, after a moment's consideration. "Any honest, straightforward man has a right to have a family, if he can take care of one."

He shook his head. "Maybe you're right, but I don't agree to it!" he said positively. "I can get on all right without my leg, but I couldn't stand to have—have—well—say, a wife"—here Mr. Puffer's tanned cheeks flushed ever so slightly—"walking along side of me and thinking every time she passed a fine-looking, active fellow on two legs, what a pity it was I had only one. No, sir,—ma'am, I should say—women are all sorter queer, and some of 'em are extra queer. They'll coddle and nurse and pet anythin' as is in trouble or sick, like pugs or cats, or a canary bird, or a child, but the man they want for keeps they want to be all there, with plenty of fight in him and plenty of good looks. Whether they know it or not, they all go in considerable for good looks, and a peg-leg ain't what you call an inspirin' figure." Fritz laughed, but there was a note of discord in the laugh.

"I used to think different onct," he added, "but I learned better. No, I don't want to injure nobody nor to meddle with nobody, but she's all I've got and I'd kill for her." The boyish face was stern and the voice was full of restrained passion as he spoke. So changed was he for a moment that I scarcely recognized him. He must have

realized that he had spoken more of his innermost soul than he intended, for he got up and began sorting his papers.

"And is Trouble the only thing you trust?"

"That's about the size of it, I guess."

"Aren't you a little bit sweeping, a little bit unjust?"

"Oh, there's plenty of true women in the world, I guess—no offense to you on account of your sex, I hope,—only I ain't run across them. Before I lost my leg I thought there was one woman in the world who'd stick to a man as loved her and she loved, no matter how things went, but 'twas all moonshine. I was a fool and found it out. Then for a spell I didn't believe in God nor man, much less woman. Then there came a time I found out I had been a fool again the other way round. Why, I'd lost my grip on believin' in folks altogether when I reasoned it out that if God made a dog so faithful and true and lovin' he must have done better by men and women—leastways men—I don't take much stock in a woman's downright faithfulness when the pinch comes."

"Maybe you were mistaken about her—about women in general," I ventured.

"Mistaken! not a bit of it. It was like this. Down to the Cape where I live folks take things harder, it seems to me, than they do up here. I've thought sometimes as how it might be because the great, big, solemn sea is so close to 'em—the great sea that's always the same, whether storms or sunshine come or go; sometimes I've had the thought that maybe the deepness and sorrowfulness and everlastingness of it gets into a man and his thoughts and feelings, like the waves,—no matter how far out they go they are bound to come back to the shore they started from. Well, just about the time I got my leg crushed in the sawmill, there was a fellow came to our town from Porto Rico. A fine-looking, curly-haired Spaniard, who could play like the devil on the guitar, and flashed his black eyes and white teeth around till all the women was half crazy over him. I didn't take to him, but the first time I seen the dog I hankered after her. I used to crawl out to the door and watch of mornin's to see him come down the road with her a-pattering at his heels, and Lord, how I wanted that dog! Next to my sweetheart I thought more of that there animal than any other living thing. One morning when *she* was sitting on the bench beside me, he came swinging down the road. He walked up to the door and his big black eyes must have flashed a kinder spell on her as he looked at her, for she was changed somehow to me from that moment.

"Every day she used to come to help mother a bit (she and mother was chums) and sorter to liven me up, and nobody thought anything of it, for we'd been keeping steady company for more'n a year and she'd promised to—marry—me." Fritz paused a moment.

"Well, things went on same as usual till I bought the dog. Then she began throwing out hints as to men as care more for their dogs than for their sweethearts, and all along she was going with him sailing (he'd been a sailor), and he used to fetch his guitar along and sing in Spanish, but sometimes I

guess she understood the words from the looks in his eyes—and at last I saw how it stood between 'em. I had got my crutch and she and I was sitting on the beach when he come up in his dory.

"'Will you try my craft?' he says in that soft even voice of his, that sounded like a mother talking to her baby. Her face turned red and then white. She looked at me and I knew then she'd follow wherever those eyes beckoned.

"'Go,' I said; 'you needn't mind me; Trouble's enough company for me.'

"'I knew it,' she says.

"Then he says with that flashing smile on his face,'Then we make fair *ex*-change. If you have the dog I have *her*. Come!' And he held out his long brown hand and took her little trembling fingers in his and pushed off. It seemed to me that all the earth was in a red glare; all the blood in my body seemed to flood my brain and eyes.

"'A dog's faithful, at least,' I said, and my voice didn't sound like itself. 'The swap is for keeps, if you choose.' I turned my back, for I didn't want 'em to see my face, and I heard a laugh from the dory: a laugh that seemed mixed up with the sobbing of the waves,—and I seem to hear it yet whenever I hear the ocean, and I'll hear it till I die, I guess. The next day I got a little box with the ring I had given her; in the inside was a scrap of paper, and the writing on it was just my own words—'The swap's for keeps, I guess. Good-by.'" Again Fritz paused.

"As soon as I was able, I come up to Boston with Trouble; and here we are and here we will be till one or both of us passes in our checks. No, I've never heard from her from that day to this. Only mother wrote me that the Spanish fellow had left the Cape and that she had gone somewhere, too. But I never asked no questions.

"And Trouble has sorter got to be my all. I've had a deal of worriment teaching her to carry the papers and wait for change in her pockets and all that, and she's been so faithful and patient learning that I've somehow got to trying to be faithful and patient in some other things besides training her. She's doing the best she can with her life and I am doing the best I can with mine. Yes, sir, she sleeps in sheets and blankets and has a mutton chop for breakfast regular as sun-up.

"Hello, there, girl! There's a lady waiting for a paper."

"When am I going to have her photograph you promised?"

"Oh! yes, so I did. Well, I'll fetch 'em around to-night round about seven o'clock. What's the number?"

"Ninety-six Westland avenue. I am glad you've told me all about it," I added. "Trouble's taught you as much as you've taught her. Good-by," and I looked at my watch and found out that I was hungry. Fritz touched his blue cap and stumped off toward the Park Street church.

The hands on the dial of the church tower clock were pointing to two o'clock as I descended into the subway and took a southbound car for home and luncheon. When my new maid opened the door for me I fancied her pretty, round face wore a troubled look.

"Has anything gone wrong, Annie?" I questioned.

"No'm."

"Are you as well as usual?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Nothing — only — only I was thinking of home—and—and how foolish girls is to give up everything just for a notion, and that's what I done when I came to Boston, and that's all, Miss."

"I am sure that is a good deal," I remarked reassuringly, "but then, you know, Cummaquid is so near."

"That's just it; it's too near. I wish it was across the ocean, I do!" and Annie tried very hard to keep the tremble out of her voice.

"You're homesick, and yet your home is too near? That's curious. Now, Annie, if you don't mind, suppose you tell me all about it."

"Sure, you've a sympathizing heart to bother about a new girl who's silly like me, but indeed I'm fairly distracted with that Luís coming here to Boston to bother the life out of me."

"And who is Luís?" I asked.

"He's a wild Porto Rican, and oh! he's fierce," said Annie, cataloguing her lover in very much the same tone of voice as though she had said a South African tiger, or a lion of the desert.

"I thought he was lovely first, when he used to play on the guitar and sing, and he was tall and had black eyes and coal black curls, and my, how he could dance! But, la sakes! what's the good of them things if you've got no peace of mind! No'm. It was worriment about him drove me from home, and now he's here it's worriment over him'll drive me back."

"Nonsense!" I said cheerfully. "Get rid of him. A woman can always get rid of a man if she wishes. Don't you like someone else just as well, or better than him?" Annie's head dropped and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Yes'm, I did—I do—but I didn't know it, and now it is too late," and Annie's plump hands tried in vain to cover the burning tear-stained cheeks. Although I call myself a practical woman, the situation somehow appealed to me.

"Never mind, Annie," I said, in a soothing, maternal sort of way; "who knows but that it will all come out right very soon?"

"But what is there to make it come right? No; I didn't know a true man's love when I had it, and now I must n-never know it!"

With the calm of hopelessness, Annie proceeded to lay the cloth and arrange my toast and chop and strawberries on the little round table, which looked strangely lonely to me to-day. Why was it that I, a confirmed "bachelor girl," was always being made the recipient of confidences of this sort? I could not escape hearing other people's love stories. I, who had so persistently shut my ears and heart to one which had so long and persistently knocked at the door of my soul? It was altogether incongruous; in a way ridiculous. What a necessity this sort of sentiment seemed to be to some people. Of course, with a woman with a definite plan of life mapped out, it was different.

I ate my luncheon with a correspondingly grateful sense of aloofness from the disturbing elements of sentiment. Nobody's comings or goings gave me any sensation beyond conventional pleasure and regret. My own goings and comings were nobody's particular occasion for sorrow or joy. I was distinctly comfortable — but was I happy?

The question propounded itself with impertinent insistence.

"Annie," I called as I rose from the table. "Here's a ticket for Keith's. I think you need a little exercise and amusement."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Hawtry; it do seem like you always know just how a person feels!"

"I don't know anything about some feelings; but never mind, I hope you'll feel better after the afternoon off. Don't fail to get back in time for my tea; I dislike irregular hours for meals."

"Yes'm."

The summer twilight was bringing its grateful repose and coolness over the heated city when a vigorous pressure of the electric door bell informed me that my visitor had arrived.

"Is that you, Mr. Puffer?" I called through the tube.

"Yes'm, it's me, and I've brought Trouble."

"Come up," I said.

From the region of the kitchen I could hear Annie moving about, and now and then the rattling of a teacup.

"I've fetched a batch to choose from," said Fritz in the manner of a professional. "This one shows her with 'The Fad' in her mouth and standing on her hind legs; this is a good likeness, but don't give all points as well as the one showing front view with forepaws on paper. Then here's a couple of heads, and this here represents her to home in her bed, showing sheets, spread, pillow and so forth. Take your pick."

A choice under such circumstances was a matter of nice discrimination. While I was examining the pictures, the usually docile and gentle Trouble was nosing and sniffing about with unmistakable signs of excitement.

"Steady there, don't forget your manners," objected Fritz, but Trouble appeared to have undertaken investigation on an independent line. Back and forth she rushed down the corridor to the dining room door and back again to her master, with an expression of alert curiosity in her soft eyes I had never seen before.

"I think perhaps she's hungry and smells something to eat," I suggested, and going to the dining room door I set it ajar. "Go, beg for a biscuit," I said, and the tiny creature rushed by me eagerly.

"Give the little dog a biscuit," I called to Annie, and then returned to Mr. Puffer and the photographs. In another instant I heard a little cry from the kitchen, followed by a sort of short, ecstatic bark, and with her teeth firmly clinched in Annie's dress-skirt Trouble was desperately struggling to drag her into the parlor. Fritz and I both ran to the door. At the same moment Trouble made a frantic dash forward and succeeded in precipitating my pretty maid into the arms of the newsvender, bowling herself over on her head at my feet.

"Oh! Fritz!"

"Little Annie!" Mr. Puffer's arms were around Annie and she was holding on to his crutch, while tears and smiles chased each other, and amid the confusion I was dimly conscious that one of life's dramas was being played before me.

"What does this mean, Annie?" I asked.

"It means that Fritz was the—the other one, all the time," stammered Annie blushingly, trying to

release herself from Mr. Puffer's encircling arms.

"You've got my crutch and I've got you," quoth Mr. Puffer stoutly, "and for the third time the 'swap's for keeps,' sure!" I felt a curious little lump in my throat as I picked Trouble up in my arms.

"You're both of you very ungrateful to your best friend," I said. "No, no, I'll give her the biscuit, if you please," and I walked off leaving my maid and the news-vender in the summer moonlight with their new, old happiness.

"Come, doggie, let's go out for a run in the Fens; we won't be missed."

When we came back a quarter of an hour later, my little companion darted ahead of me and picked up a dirty envelope that lay on the vestibule floor. By some accident a letter had fallen out of the mail box. She poked it into my hand. My heart gave a loud thump as I saw the familiar writing.

I tore open the envelope and read just one line:

"I will be in Boston Thursday, the nineteenth, to ask you a question. James Fleming."

I stooped down and laid my head on the soft, silky brown head. "God bless you, Trouble!" I whispered.

"Now, Mr. Puffer, Trouble has brought me some good news, too," I said as I walked into the parlor.

Fritz eyed me keenly. "I hope it's like—" then he stopped in embarrassment.

"Yes, it is."

"You don't say! Hurrah for Trouble!"

"Now, Annie, Mr. Puffer can help you get some supper for everybody." Annie paused at the door.

"We're going to name her Joy, Fritz and me, for there isn't going to be any more trouble, is there, Fritz?" The door closed gently and there was a note of hope in the thumpety-thump of Fritz's crutch as he stumped down the corridor. And that note echoed in my heart as I sat down and wrote just one single word across a sheet of paper.

"Let's drop the message in a box, doggie," I whispered as we stepped out into the quiet street. "I've found out the truth. It is just the everlasting, commonplace fact of love that makes happiness, and now that Fritz and Annie and I, the clever Miss Hawtry, have found it out, why Annie's words will come true. There won't be for us any more trouble."

Teachers' Conventions Down East

By Mary C. Robinson

YOU would recognize me as a teacher if you met me among the Himalayas; you would know that I came from Maine if you heard me speak ten words. The marks of my calling and the "down east" accent are equally unmistakable. My experience of teachers' conventions extends over a period of more than twenty years, though, as I began teaching at the age of sixteen, I do not yet speak with the authority of the aged. But, having observed with regret that no periodical has yet printed a symposium upon "Conventions that Have Helped Me," I hereby humbly take upon myself, in default of a better, the task of introducing the neglected subject.

My first teaching—the initiatory step to my first convention—was upon a suburban hillside where the windows of my schoolroom looked out upon a field in which, it now seems to me, a throng of crows was always holding a convention; but theirs, apparently, was political rather than educational. I was engaged to serve for three terms of ten weeks each, at a salary of six dollars a week; from which you will readily perceive that my annual stipend was one hundred and eighty dollars.

With much trepidation I attended a teachers' convention for the first time. With the tender conscience of youth I applied all the adverse criticism I heard—there was much of it—to myself, and wondered how the speakers could have hit off my numerous shortcomings so exactly. There were times when I expected the whole body of teachers assembled to turn toward me, as I sat shrinking in a corner, and ask why, since these things were so, I dared to count myself among the elect at all.

But the most effective speech was more impersonal; or, at least, more obviously directed to many persons. That was a time when all women of less severe occupations than ours were tying their collars with yards of bright colored ribbon, and this speaker urged teachers—lady teachers, of course, for the feminine element completely engulfs the other sex in a teachers' convention—to wear fresh ribbons. A bit of bright color, he said, especially upon a stormy day, would bring sunshine into the little lives, stimulate the impoverished imaginations, give intellectual acuteness to the dull, and prove a potent moral force with power to ennoble the young characters entrusted to our moulding influences—and a few other things.

The lecture lifted us from the common rut, at least; but silk ribbon was more expensive in those days than now, and even now it must be indulged in sparingly by a person who earns exactly one hun-

dred and eighty dollars per annum. Do not think, however, that this fervent appeal was wasted. On the contrary it supplied moral force in a way undreamed of by its author. Soon afterward I received an invitation to attend a meeting of the whole teaching force of the city. I went at the appointed time, but with great trepidation, fearing I had committed some unknown and awful fault for which I was to be publicly censured. Self-complacency is a plant of late growth in a teacher's life! My fears, however, were groundless. The object of the meeting was to obtain the signatures of all the teachers of our city to a petition politely requesting an increase in our salaries. There were teachers in town who received two hundred and fifty dollars a year and on that munificent basis a schedule had been prepared setting forth a teacher's necessary expenses in comparison with her income. Some of the items were as follows:

Board for 52 weeks at $2.00 per week	$104.00
1 umbrella	.50
2 suits of summer underwear	.75
2 suits of winter underwear	1.00
1 cotton dress	2.50
1 woolen dress	6.00
Bright ribbons, as advised at the last Convention	10.00

And so on, together with an appended statement of some things a teacher could not afford, among which were concert or lecture tickets—theatre tickets being too frivolous to be mentioned—Christmas gifts and a bank book. The city government needed no second appeal. They surrendered at once and voted each teacher forthwith an increase of one dollar a week in her salary, regardless of her qualifications or length of service. Thus did bright ribbons stimulate the imagination, give intellectual acuteness to the dull and prove a moral force in the community.

Years passed, finding me still engaged in guiding youthful steps in wisdom's ways, and each year brought its convention. Most of these were on the whole sensible; a few were not. Every one of them brought a few ideas so suggestive and practical that we longed to go home at once and try them upon our helpless charges. Every convention, nevertheless, was incredibly dull in places, while at the same time presenting some humorous aspect which enlightened the dullness and frequently made it a thing to be remembered with joy and profit. For instance,—we were holding our convention in a little hill town full of the wonderful beauty of sky and field and forest. It was clear, bright October weather and the trees were gorgeous in their autumn foliage. Our morning session had closed at half past twelve and two o'clock found us assembled again in the same room, which was crowded, insufficiently ventilated and overheated, for besides the hot air furnace our hosts had heaped the open fireplace with birch logs and the beautiful, leaping flames were scorching us almost unbearably.

We were listening to an address upon "The Necessary Preparation of a Teacher," given by one of those people from outside the state who pounce upon us now and then, and strive with commendable zeal to mitigate the impending "barbarism in Maine." Like other heathen before us, doubtless, we wished he had chosen a different field. Under some circumstances we might have

drifted into that semi-conscious condition between sleeping and waking, in which one's only sense of what a speaker is saying is a sense of relief when he finally sits down; but this man had a kind of fierce magnetism which compelled our unwilling attention. It was a melancholy fact, he said, that teachers, particularly primary teachers, were entering the profession with too scanty an equipment for their work. They didn't know enough and they permitted themselves to forget what they had once known. They were thus unfit for their duties, unfit to discipline the mind of youth. Then he became concrete and, pointing out of the window to two large granite balls which capped the gate posts of the High school building, he said: "What is the cubic contents of these spheres? Can you find it without hesitation? If not, how dare you consider yourself qualified to teach a child that two and two make four?" I sat and trembled. Would he call for a rising vote of those who felt competent to do the hateful example on the spot? Was he about to send someone out to measure the horrible spheres? What if he should then call on someone at random—me perhaps!—to go to the board and work out the result. My terrified mind presented to me a decimal, 3.1416+; but what to do with it? Did one multiply or divide? Or was it not, perhaps, something to be used in cube root? Or in plastering a room?

The awful moment passed; the man sat down and we guilty ones were delivered from the more imminent peril, but we knew the day of reckoning was not over. We should still have to settle with our consciences and to learn how to find the cubic contents of a sphere before our weary heads touched the pillow that night—no matter how late the evening session held.

Meanwhile the chairman of the meeting was saying: "The subject is now open for discussion, 'The Necessary Preparation of a Teacher.'" As he spoke the door opened and a new figure entered. It was that of a tall, handsome man, a teacher of many years' standing, but with no signs of advancing years in appearance except the thick, snow-white hair which piled itself in loose curls above his forehead. His cheeks were pink with the glow of exercise and he brought into the close room a refreshing whiff of the keen October air. True to his principles, after the morning session he had first taken a brief nap and then a long walk in the glorious woods—and he looked it. An indescribable sense of freshness and vigor came with him. He looked inquiringly around the room, and then, seeing all eyes turned toward himself, he rose to the occasion and, folding his arms on the top of the upright piano, said in a clear, cheerful voice, "In my opinion the best preparation a teacher can have is nine hours' sleep and a good breakfast."

The effect was electrical. Our burdened consciences threw off their load, and mine for one refused ever to take it up again. But the new recommendation I gladly adopted; though I have taught many a year since then I have never gone to my work without a good breakfast and hardly twice in a year without the previous nine hours' sleep. Who shall say that teachers' conventions do not do

much good when speeches of such astounding common sense may be heard? I have not yet found time to review the process of finding the cubic contents of a sphere, but I verily believe that if it became necessary for me to do the thing I could somehow manage to do it.

The next convention that rises in my mind was in session in early January during a "cold snap" in an old-fashioned Maine winter. A little town in the northern part of our state had invited us to meet there and hospitably offered to entertain us all without expense. There was on the ground probably about three feet of snow on a level, but as none of it was on a level that seemed a ridiculously conservative estimate. The paths were broken through drifts which were frequently as high as our heads, and skirted the boundaries of other drifts which rose to the height of fourteen, eighteen or even twenty feet. Following furious storms and winds a season of solid, quiet cold had come. The mercury started the week at zero and registered a few degrees lower each night, reaching eighteen degrees below zero the night before the convention opened and promising to drop to twenty that night—a promise which it generously fulfilled by falling to twenty-two below.

On leaving the train I, as one of the younger teachers, was assigned to a place about a mile from the station and directed to go straight along the main road until I reached it. The early dark was closing in. I stumbled along between the drifts, every now and then in danger of pitching headlong as my foot went into an unexpected hollow. The cold was bitter and the snow squeaked under my feet viciously, as it does in the dead of our northern winters. Obeying an uncommonly strong instinct for getting into the wrong place, after I felt that I had walked about two miles I stopped at a house which partially corresponded to the description I had received. There was a stepladder at the front window and I was met at the door by a woman upon whose face consternation was written. She said she was papering her settin' room and she told the committee that she couldn't take no convention people unless they was jest to their limit. She cheered up when I informed her that I was accredited to Mrs. Ephraim Smith and told me that it wasn't much more'n a half a mile farther down the same road.

My spirits sunk very low. I was half-frozen but, nevertheless, not unwilling to try my fortune elsewhere. It was evident that this lady had chosen that unseasonable time to paper her sitting room in order to escape exercising her hospitality toward "convention people." My fancy pictured her setting before an unbidden guest a bowl of cold paste as an evening repast, and I was extremely hungry. Moreover, I did not believe that the committee "was jest to their limit"; on the contrary, those on duty at the railroad station had seemed to possess boundless resources in the way of free entertainment. At length the right house appeared, surrounded by its rampart of drifts. A cheerful light shone from the windows and, even at a considerable distance, I could see a group of people looking out. They, at least, were not "spring cleaning" in January. As I plodded

along, hungry and tired, and chilled to the bone, I said to myself, "I hope there'll be a feather bed!"

Gentle reader, did you ever sleep in an unheated spare bedroom in northern Maine, when the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees below zero, upon a mattress apparently stuffed with clamshells? If so you will judge me leniently; if not your opinion has no value whatever.

The door opened cordially and my misgivings vanished. I was warmed up mentally and physically in less time than it takes to tell it. Such a cozy little house as it was! A hardwood fire roared in the parlor "airtight" and made the glowing coal fires in sitting room and kitchen seem almost chilly by contrast. Oh, what a good supper was waiting for me! It is one of my pleasantest memories of any teachers' convention. I call it supper because that was the name of it, but there was roast chicken and baked potatoes and many other good things, among which was an apple pie which has lingered long in my memory. It had been baked six hours in a slow oven and was red all through and of unimaginable deliciousness.

After supper the whole family, father, mother, daughter of nineteen and son of fifteen, "guessed they'd rig up and go with me" to the evening session, though if I had proved "stuck up" only the daughter was going. Afterward they all went with me to all of the sessions, except occasionally the father, whose shop we visited in an intermission. It was a carpenter's shop —with an addition. I visited the addition, too, somewhat to Mr. Smith's dismay, but evidently to his still greater pride. It consisted of a rather large assortment of coffins and caskets. We were seventy miles beyond Bangor and he kept a full line of goods on hand in the winter time.

To return to the convention; a Boston teacher, during the evening session, told us just how to teach "language." He tried very hard not to be patronizing—the effort at times was really painful to witness, but so evident was it that I have forgotten every other feature of his discourse. We ran home from the lecture, all five of us. The sky was magnificent, full of brilliant stars and clear beyond words. It was cold beyond words, too, but a run of nearly a mile in the heaviest garments you can bring yourself to wear is conducive to warmth, so we arrived in a glow with not even a frozen nose or ear amongst us. As for the spare bedroom I will merely say that there was a feather bed which was at the same time the slumpiest and the springiest I have ever tried. There were five blankets and two "comforters" on the bed, besides three more neatly folded over the footboard. A great fire of hardwood burned in the airtight stove and the temperature of the room must have been about eighty-five. Again I make a disgraceful confession. I slept with my window closed! I would gladly have left it open for my own comfort, but I had respect to my hostess's property. I knew very well that the pretty pitcher which was full of water would freeze and burst after the fire had died down, if only a crack should be left for the fierce cold to get in. Twenty-two degrees below zero is not to be trifled with! However, I needn't

have feared about the fire, for I became dimly conscious, just as the clock was striking two, of the figure of the daughter of the house lifting off the whole top of the air-tight stove, which opened like a lid, and putting in a mammoth chunk of "old growth" maple, so that in the morning the room was still warm and comfortable. The blankets and "comforters" I discarded one at a time, but I hereby declare unblushingly that I slept my allotted nine hours on that luxurious feather bed in great comfort.

Next morning, at the convention, a Bowdoin professor gave us a vigorous, wholesome talk on athletics, and afterward we all visited the town's half-completed new library, a little gem, given by a wealthy Westerner to the place of his birth. There was a mural tablet of brass inside the building, inscribed with the names of great literary men. It was set rather high and we made out the names with some difficulty. "Shakespeare, Milton, Go-eth," read my host. "Go-eth," I repeated valiantly, following him with near-sighted gaze. Just then I observed the Boston lecturer of the previous evening standing at my elbow and smiling with an indulgent, supercilious air. He had caught the Maine schoolma'am in her native haunts and would doubtless report her habits of speech among his colleagues! Oh, why couldn't it have been the Bowdoin professor! He would have understood.

As the years slip by individual conventions become blurred. Is the sense of duty less keen than in our youth? Certainly the conscience is less painfully tender. Last spring when I heard an instructor of youth whom dyspepsia had plainly marked for her own, averring that he regularly corrected five hundred essays a week besides teaching his classes, I did not grow hot and cold at the thought of my own incompetence; for, though in term time essays form the staple of my literary diet, I can correct only two in ten minutes when they are short and good, and one in fifteen minutes when they are reasonably long and bad. Thus, even if I should cut down for the purpose my nine hours of sleep,—which is not to be thought of—my achievements in that line would be hardly worth mentioning in comparison with his. Instead of dwelling upon this discouraging aspect of the subject I wandered off into a train of mild philosophizing. I asked myself, What is an essay? Two extreme types occurred to me between which the essay as a norm must somewhere exist. When my mother first went to school, at the age of four, seventy-five years ago, she was told to write a composition. It was, perhaps, not an unreasonable requirement for one of her attainments—she had already finished the New England primer and read in the Testament; but she did not know how to write a composition. An older girl wrote it for her, and mother duly copied it, quite unaware of any wrongdoing involved in the act. She remembers that it read thus,—

"The Horse"

"The horse is a very useful animal. Some people are very cruel to them which is wrong. I will never do so."

She handed it in and it was accepted; but soon afterward she discovered the same literary effort in

print beneath the picture of a horse in her obliging friend's little picture book, and this so shocked mother's four-year-old sensibilities that she has "never done so" again in her subsequent seventy-five years.

At the other extreme was an essay which an unpractical girl of seventeen once asked me to look over for her. I suspect she intended it for publication. It was ninety-three pages long and the subject was "Woman's True Sphere." The style was grandiloquent and displayed equal ignorance and fervor. I noted that the spelling was excellent on the first ten pages, and then gradually went down hill till toward the close it was ingeniously bad. But besides this the young author had a way of making her o's like a's and thus, as the expression "Woman's duty as a whole" was a favorite one with her, "Woman's duty as a whale," stared at me from every page. Stifling the temptation to tell her that woman's duty as a little fish was more in her line —by the irony of fate the child's name was Herring—I asked her, instead of commenting very seriously upon her essay, if she helped her mother about the housework, if she washed the dishes and mended her own stockings. She left me with the air of one who had been misunderstood. Plainly she was disappointed in her teacher. She had expected appreciation and found the disposition to consider nothing but petty drudgery.

In the course of these rambling reflections upon the true nature and value of the essay the dyspeptic schoolmaster—he of five hundred a week—closed his discourse, and, to emphasize my emancipation from the shackles which once had bound me, I persuaded a colleague to go with me for dinner to a hotel, shunning the cheap boarding houses where teachers rightfully belong, though the price of our midday meal, according to the schedule of our early years, would have supplied us each with "two suits of summer underwear." After that we drifted away from the convention entirely and took a long trolley ride between orchards white with apple blossoms, secure in the knowledge that, now that conventions sit chiefly in departments, it makes no special difference which department you attend, and the department of "Nature-study from a trolley-car seat" is as likely to be "uplifting and inspiring" as any other.

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Civic Responsibility

IT is not alone the big cities of this country that need an awakening of the civic conscience, it is the smaller towns as well. It is just as wicked and just as mean to "graft" a few hundred dollars yearly from your home town as it is to do the same thing by the thousands in a big city. The democratic form of government as we apply it to a New England town seems to give especial opportunity for this sort of meanness and petty rascality. What is everybody's business is nobody's business and that seems especially to apply to the small town where the local government is commonly "departmented" almost to death. In such the number of "selectmen" who are also overseers of the poor and assessors of taxes varies from three to nine and there is plenty of chance for confusion of authority and shifting of responsibility. There is a town clerk whose duties are occasional, a treasurer whose responsibilities do not prevent him from engaging strenuously in other lines of business, a tax collector who certainly earns some of the taxes in collecting them, and a great host of other officials. In an average one-horse town of five thousand inhabitants the number of officials voted for and elected or deposed each year amounts to about thirty and the pulling and hauling in the political game runs throughout the year. The action of an official during his term is apt to be biased as much by the probabilities of re-election, the desire to stand well with this or that faction or society, as it is by the strict demands of justice and civic responsibility. Therein lies the opportunity for the local bunco man. Every town has such, some man or men who are eager to do work for the town at exorbitant prices and can work their political pull with the authorities to have the bills approved. Probably most any keen business man would contract to do the local construction work and repair work, amounting in most towns to tens of thousands of dollars yearly, for half what the towns pay for it, such is the difference between political pull and business done without a string attachment. Probably the business man would make money at that.

In some towns the civic common sense is becoming roused to this sort of thing and the voters are endeavoring to correct it. These towns are too small to have a Tarbell or a Steffens to chronicle this awakening so we rarely hear much about it in print, but it is going

on just the same with good results. Such an awakening has recently occurred in the suburban town of Winchester, Massachusetts. There a committee of citizens went carefully to work to investigate conditions and report on needed reforms in methods of administration. This committee reported some radical and seemingly reasonable recommendations. The first of these was that the offices of collector of taxes, town clerk, clerk of selectmen, clerk of water registration and clerk of fire engineers, be consolidated, and all the duties be performed by a town clerk to be nominated and elected by the citizens. By this change, $850 will be saved to the town annually. It also recommended that the fees hitherto collected by the town clerk and tax collector should be paid into the town treasury, and that the superintendent of streets henceforth have charge of the sewer, and the water and park departments, thus making a further saving of $800 a year in salaries.

These recommendations were so reasonable, in view of the facts impressively brought out by the study of the situation—just such as would have been given by those responsible for the affairs of a private corporation—that they were adopted at a meeting of the voters of the town, called for their consideration.

It is quite probable that the reforms which the committee of Winchester citizens contemplates will go further than appears in the reports to date of their work, provided that more reforms are needed. That may be the extent of the need in Winchester. There are other towns in New England where public office is regarded as a public trust and the officials conduct themselves after the latest style of trust magnates. The citizens know of these actions whereby they are robbed yearly of the money which they pay in taxes yet do not seem to have the courage or the initiative to remedy the abuses. Winchester points to such the way. A committee of upright and fearless citizens, not office holders, working on the lines followed by the Winchester committee, can easily do such towns an inestimable service, first by reforming obvious abuses and second through the fact of their existence operating as a check on would-be violators of the laws of good citizenship and honest service. All that is needed is a moderate amount of courage, plain common sense and a feeling of civic responsibility.

The Giorgione Controversy

THE New England's article on "The Art Treasures of Fenway Court," published in the November number, was widely quoted and roused much interest among artists and lovers of art in America. It did more than this however; it roused Italy and started a controversy concerning the authenticity of one of Mrs. Gardner's pictures which the lapse of months seems to make merely cumulative. This picture is the beautiful painting of "Christ Bearing the Cross," heretofore believed by all American authorities to be the original by Giorgione. No sooner however had the magazine reached its readers in Italy than a storm arose. The Italian authorities resented the purchase of the picture. Its reproduction in the magazine and the story concerning it first called their attention to the

fact that it is missing from the Loschi Palace at Vicenza. A sale of one of the old masters to parties outside of Italy is an offence against the Italian law punishable by a heavy fine and the authorities at once proceeded to take the matter up with a view to punishing the former owner. This has not been done. Instead many revelations have followed, not the least interesting of which is the final decision, but just rendered by one of the foremost of European art critics, that the painting in Mrs. Gardner's palace is not the original and not even the best copy. Ugo Monneret de Villard is responsible for this statement in the current issue of "L'Illustrazione Italiana," and the pocketbook of the illustrious owner of the Loschi Palace would thus seem to be safe from the threatened fine.

On the other hand New England, which is rated by present day critics as being the most prominent and promising art centre of the country, suffers a distinct loss, not only in prestige but in opportunity. Few enough old masters are available for study by our students and our art critics can but mourn the wordy praise which they have been expending upon what the distinguished Italian declares to be but a second rate copy.

Yet it may not be so bad after all. Amid all the storm Mrs. Gardner discreetly says nothing and it is quite possible that she knows definitely more about the picture which she bought than does anyone else except the former owner. The original picture is certainly gone from the place which it occupied in the Loschi Palace. Italy may be willing to salve its wound by saying that although it has disappeared at least the all-purchasing Americans have not got it. It is difficult to decide where doctors disagree. In any case the New England takes a modest pride in the far reaching influence of its pages. New Englanders read it the world over. Evidently it reaches the palaces of Italy, as well.

The "Farmer's Special"

NEW ENGLAND agriculture is certainly on the ascendant. Farms steadily increase in value and the once abandoned ones are in a fair way to be all taken up within another decade. Farming pays right here in New England, but it is going to pay better. Our agricultural colleges, the state boards of agriculture and the department at Washington are all helping the matter along in right good fashion. It all depends not only on what you raise but how you raise it. The agricultural colleges are busy teaching that and their work shows good results. Now comes a voice from the Agricultural Department at Washington which declares that the Utopian dream of the old farmer, that he might some time be able to grind up the granite which cumbered his fields into fertilizer, is about to be realized. Granite contains considerable quantities of potash which is exceedingly valuable in restoring worn out fields. As it stands in our hills this potash is locked up in insoluble combinations. The Department at Washington thinks it is soon to be able to devise a means for unlocking this combination so that the granite hills may be ground up into fertilizer at a profit. Science and invention are

doing many wonderful things for us and a discovery like this will make the New England farming lands still further increase in value.

Meanwhile the farming interests of our section can report progress from an unexpected source which is the railroads. President Tuttle of the Boston and Maine is keenly alive to the importance of agriculture in New England and is taking wise measures to help increase that importance. The farmers who are already at work making a living on their farms have no time to go to the agricultural colleges, so in some way the colleges must be brought to the farmer. Accordingly President Tuttle has placed at the disposal of the agricultural colleges a special train, which will take the teachers to the farms of New England, where they will show the latest improved apparatus, the best plant foods and tell them how to meet the difficulties which arise in their own farming. The special will stop wherever there is a demand for it, preferably in the smaller places, where the instruction will be of the most benefit, and it will cover a large part of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, travelling some fifteen hundred miles.

Such a mission should be of great practical value in many ways. It will teach the farmer much to his advantage and result in the adoption of improved methods and greater profits. It will without doubt react for good in another direction also. It will give the agricultural colleges a chance to see what the actual needs and practical home difficulties of the farmer are, things which they might not discover on the college farm or in the text books and class room. Moreover it will give a chance for greater community of interests between the farmer and the roads which must carry his products to market. The railroads do not live by the manufactures of New England alone. The farmers and the farming communities also take much grist to the railroad mill both directly and indirectly. Anything which will help to a closer understanding between the two will be mutually helpful. The farmers are fortunate, the agricultural colleges have added opportunity in the new scheme and President Tuttle is to be congratulated on a move which will increase the popularity and prosperity of his road. The "Farming Special" will be in demand from now on.

The Birth

By Aloysius Coll

"Now is the end," the poet said;
"For Joy hath drifted by,
And Pain and Sorrow gather near
To see me faint and die!"

"Nay," quoth the Master, "not the end,
At last you deign to give
Pity a place within your heart—
Now you begin to live!"

Tickle-Town Topics



Uncle Joshua's Last Word

By Arlo Barlow

UNCLE JOSHUA was eccentric, but he was also rich and wealth covers a multitude of eccentricities. Thus it came about that he was well beloved of his relatives who made it a point to invite him often and go out of their way to be nice to him.

Nephew William and his pretty, politic wife used often to have him down to see them and always took care to give him the best the house afforded. Especially were they careful to bring to his notice the little daughter Ethel, now four and winsome. Mrs. William, with a bright woman's eye to the main chance, had hoped that the child would be a boy that they might name him Joshua after his wealthy uncle. A child named after an uncle is likely to draw college expenses from that uncle and may stand first in his will, even if the uncle is, as Mrs. William said in her heart but took great care not to express it, even to William, "a surly old bear."

No doubt William had hoped so, too, but when the madam, in a desperate attempt to recover lost ground, suggested that they name the little roly poly mite Joshuina he flatly refused. He vowed that something was due to his own dignity and if they named the girl Joshuina the Frolic Club would have the fact for the prize joke in their next minstrel show, and no doubt he was right. Yet Mrs. William had hopes. Some one had told her that Uncle Joshua was very fond of music, old ballads, and had been moved to tears by the singing of "Ben Bolt."

That settled it for Mrs. William and she spent much time in training little Ethel to use her really pretty voice in singing ballads, Ben Bolt in particular. One day when Uncle Joshua was at the house she used much diplomacy to get him seated in the big armchair in the music room and coaxed the shy child to the piano with a pretty prelude, saying, "Now Ethel, darling, sing that lovely old ballad for your uncle, the one we all love so much." But just as the childish treble piped up with "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Uncle Joshua bolted, saying, "I don't want to hear her sing," and was later seen in the garden, smoking his nasty old pipe.

Then Mrs. William rose hastily from the piano and went off down

cellar, nobody knows what to say or do, only the woman who cleaned found three preserve jars smashed on the cement floor of the preserve closet that afternoon. Uncle Joshua had no doubt jarred things by his rudeness but no one would have thought it would have shaken the cellar to that extent.

Then there were the Smithsons, distant as to relationship and location, but very near the old man in thought, as Mrs. Smithson proved by sending him semi-annually a big box full of jars of mustard pickle.

It seems that Uncle Joshua had once made a visitation at the house of Smithson and at dinner had exorbitantly praised the mustard pickle. Mrs. Smithson did not know that this was sarcasm, that the old man hated mustard pickle worse than he did his relatives and had simply taken a keen delight in imposing on their credulity. So Mrs. Smithson, whose mustard pickle was really something to have nightmares about, made it in vast quantities and fairly made Smithson poor by the purchase of ingredients and prepayment of expressage. They'd got to win their share of the inheritance some way, and how better than by catering to Uncle Joshua's taste in condiments? Thus matters went on for some years until one day Smithson, happening to be in town, called on the old gentleman, just to jolly him up a bit, as he explained to himself.

It was a bright spring morning and Uncle Joshua asked Smithson to sit out in the back garden with him while he smoked. There at the foot of the garden was a new retaining wall of some scintillating material, set in cement. Smithson took one look at this wall and fell off the rustic seat in the shock of surprise and grief. Uncle Joshua had built an entire stretch of the wall, three feet high, of jars full of mustard pickle, set in cement, and very pretty it looked, too, with the olive green contents of the bottles shining out through the glass, all set in geometric figures as the fancy of the architect, none other than Uncle Joshua himself, had dictated. Smithson and his wife said things to one another after he got home from that trip, and as a result neither spoke to the other for a week. Thus sorrowful is the tread of him who would walk in dead men's shoes.

As for Ninetta, no one thought at all of her chances. Ninetta was a distant relative, his housekeeper, and the only one who dared flout Uncle Joshua. Smithson used to say privately to Mrs. Smithson that "it did him good to see her make the old guy walk turkey," whatever that meant. And then Mrs. Smithson would roundly reprove him lest such sentiments should get abroad. Ninetta berated Uncle Joshua as a fretful mother might berate her mischievous child, and perhaps in her heart of hearts she loved him as fondly, but she certainly did not show it. So, as Mrs. William said between the dimples of a plump but not over cordial smile, "She is only a forty-'leventh cousin, a scrawny, old-maid school teacher turned housekeeper; she doesn't stand any chance." Which was perhaps true in part, though those who knew Ninetta best knew she was an old maid from choice, and scrawny is a mean word, used only by fat people.

Well, after what seemed a long time to the rest of them, Uncle Joshua died. The very next day

his lawyer sent for the relatives that they might hear the reading of his will. It seemed like unseemly haste to know what was coming to them, but the deceased had ordered it thus for reasons of his own. This will, Smithson declared, was as cranky as any other act of Uncle Joshua and was what might be expected of a man who would build a retaining wall of mustard pickle. Everyone was surprised, though, to learn the amount of property the dear old gentleman had left behind him. A man, however eccentric, who leaves a cool hundred thousand, is a dear old gentleman to his sorrowing relatives, whatever his ideas may have been concerning Ben Bolt and mustard pickle.

But they were all astounded when the will was read, mystified and not in the least pleased. There were small bequests to charities and churches, a sum that carefully used would send Ethel to the conservatory, where the testator testily hoped she would learn to sing Ben Bolt satisfactorily to some one, and an envelope for Mrs. Smithson, not to be opened till after the funeral. This looked well for the Smithsons; Mrs. S. gave a glance of triumph at her husband. The meanest part of the whole thing, however, was that the bulk of the property was disposed of in a codicil which would not be read till the funeral was over, and the final clause read as follows: "I bequeath to each relative who shall not attend my funeral the sum of five hundred dollars."

As they separated they were guarded in what they said to each other. No doubt long-suffering devotion was to be rewarded. Mrs. Smithson was sure that mustard pickle was in the end triumphant. Mr. and Mrs. William knew in their hearts that they were to be the residuary legatees. Had he not already provided for Ethel? Rather stingily, to be sure, but it showed where his heart was. So with the other relatives, and all were sure—aloud—that the loss of five hundred would not prevent them from attending the funeral with due pomp and ceremony. In that they were unanimous.

At home, however, they were not so sure. "Nobody," said Mrs. William to Mr. William in the privacy of their chamber, "wanted to go to the old bear's funeral, not really. Of course it was high time he had one but it was not necessary they should go and lose good money by it. They had got along on a small salary long enough, and had a hard time of it. Even if they did have money coming to them it was unwise to be extravagant, and a five hundred dollar expression of grief for a man who would not hear Ethel sing was more than they could afford."

Smithson, too, put his foot right down on the threshold of his humble domicile. He wasn't going to drop that five hundred and that was all there was about it.

"But," argued Mrs. Smithson, "how it looks! Here we are the probable heirs to a cool hundred thousand and we don't even go to the funeral. What will people say of us?"

"That's easy," replied Smithson; "we'll have to put up a bluff. We'll start all right, but we'll miss the train. There's another in two hours and when we arrive it will be all over but the shouting. That's the way to do it. If you had let me run the mustard pickle business it

would have been done better. I'd have sent it in paper bags and then he couldn't have built walls of it." That was just like Smithson and his wife wouldn't even reply, but she got out her best black for the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William worked similarly but with different machinery. They would start in their automobile. William could not afford to have an automobile, but when he bought a ten dollar suit of an enterprising clothing concern that gave a prize of an automobile to the ten dollar suiter who guessed nearest to the number of beans in a bottle—and guessed right—he could not afford not to have one. Mr. William had never been able to get three miles from the house in this automobile without breaking down, and he argued that being late to Uncle Joshua's funeral was the one way in which he could put the machine to practical use.

So they started, bound with much crape, and bound for the funeral of dear old Uncle Joshua. The machine was bound, too, bound to get there. Run fast or slow it wouldn't break down. It coughed gasoline consumptively, but it had no idea of collapse.

"Heavens!" cried William in despair, "we'll get there on time if we don't look out."

"Can't you make the horrid thing break in some way?" asked Mrs. William, anxiously.

"Break," said William, "it's bound to break. It never ran like this before, except in the catalogue."

But do what he might it ran like a charm, and almost before they knew it they were right in front of Uncle Joshua's house. Here a bright idea struck William. He put the lever up at the top notch and as he shot by he called to those at the gate. "Look out! look out! I can't stop it."

On they whizzed down the road. "What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. William in much alarm. She was afraid of the automobile, anyway.

"Do?" said William grimly, "I'm going to make the thing run away. We'll sail around the square at top speed for the next hour. Then everybody'll know it's running away with us. We aren't to blame if we can't stop our automobile, are we? Lots of people have trouble that way. This one never did it yet, but, by gum! she's got to this time."

Mrs. William shivered and clasped Ethel to her heart as they swung a reckless corner and dashed on. The one policeman of the town looked on in amazement and shouted for them to stop in the name of the law, but William never quivered an eyelash. Five hundred dollars would pay a fine for violating the ordinances and leave a comfortable margin. On they went, round and round and round. The services had begun. The people of the town came out and lined the streets. Word had been passed that an automobile was running away and much advice was shouted to Mr. William as he whizzed by. Would-be heroes planned to stop him for a reward but quailed before the machine's vicious dash. Some one suggested that they should trap it with a hayrick drawn across the street, but the policeman vetoed that. William would have dodged it, anyway.

Twenty minutes went by and they were making their fifteenth

round when, square in front of the house, something dropped in the brake mechanism. It bit with a vicious snap and the machine plunged like an earth-homing aerolite to a full stop.

Mr. and Mrs. William and Ethel went on. Mr. William's first impression was that he would attend the funeral after all, by way of the roof, but the direction was wrong. Inside, the quartette had just struck up with excellent tremolo, "Over the River," but it was not quite so bad as that. It was over the dasher instead, and about fifteen feet to the soft clay of the roadside. Mrs. William, plump and expansive, had always vowed that she would never leave Mr. William, and she kept her vow even in her wild flight. When they landed all you could see of Mr. William was two beckoning hands, but after a little he emerged, with Mrs. William in a fainting condition but still clinging. Ethel, however, was sitting beside them, clapping her hands in high glee.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "wasn't it fun! We jumped clear to here. Do it aden, will you?"

But Mr. William had other things to attend to, for the bystanders were bent on taking Mrs. William into Uncle Joshua's house, thus making her constructively present at the funeral after all. By much diplomacy he got her to the house across the street, where she revived. She said she could thank Providence for landing on something soft which had saved her. Mr. William did not explain what it was. They had wrecked the automobile, and he felt pretty sure his internal economy was wrecked with it, but they had failed to attend the funeral of Uncle Joshua after all, and that was the main thing.

Smithson and his wife came in about this time on a later train, and the other relatives, all accidentally detained, were not far behind. Everything had gone most satisfactorily. Neighbors had attended the funeral, but the only relative was Ninetta. A great loneliness had come over Ninetta with the death of Uncle Joshua. Forty years his junior as she was, it was yet as if the fretful mother had lost her mischievous boy, and now that she might no longer berate him was inconsolable. She resolved that he should have one sincere mourner, and so, among the neighbors there was one, if but one, of his blood who dropped a tear of real grief upon his bier and reverently followed him to the little cemetery on the hill.

The services over and the procession returned, the relatives to a man gathered in the old house, very sorry to have been accidentally detained. The old lawyer looked them over with a solemn twinkle in his eye. Not one of the interested ones was missing. The codicil was opened, and he read:

"I give and bequeath the balance of my property and money to such of my relatives as have sufficient respect for me to attend my funeral in spite of the money loss to them of five hundred dollars."

There was a brief silence of utter surprise, and then Mr. William uttered a deep groan. His automobile had builded better than he knew, and if it had been allowed to have its way he would have been the richer by many thousands. Now—

But Mrs. Smithson was on her feet with fire in her eye.

"Excuse me," she said to the lawyer, who was folding up his papers, "but there is something more to be read. Here is another codicil in an envelope which dear old Uncle Joshua gave me to open only after the funeral. I guess the Smithsons, who have been so good to him all his life, are not to be left out in this hour!"

She tore the envelope open with nervous fingers, glaring meanwhile at the others, gave a quick glance at the slip of paper within and sank with a scream in Smithson's arms.

In the envelope was a recipe for the making of mustard pickle, and a good one, too, as I have been told.

The Green o' the Spring

By Denis A. McCarthy

Sure, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to see the sunshine,
'Tis fine to feel its glow,
'Tis fine to see the buds break
On boughs that bare have been—
But best of all to Irish eyes
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to hear the brooks sing
As on their way they go;
'Tis fine to hear at mornin'
The voice of robineen,
But best of all to Irish eyes,
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, here in grim New England
The spring is always slow,
An' every bit o' green grass
Is kilt wid frost an' snow;
Ah, many a heart is heavy
The winther days, I ween—
But oh, the joy when springtime comes
An' brings the blessed green!

Sugar Weather

By Florence Josephine Boyce

A clear, keen morning in the spring, when winter's
barely over,
And through the drifts the meadows show their
knolls of withered clover,
When wood birds rap upon the trees, the echoes far
conveying,
And hounds go loping 'cross the hills with hollow
peals of baying;
Come out, come out, and lend a shout: we'll tap the
trees together;
The earth is waking from its nap, and this is sugar
weather.

The crows are cawing in the pines, and jays are loudly
screaming;
From every sugar place around you hear the men
a-teaming;
The little lad out on the crust has left his sled behind
him,
He's heard a robin in the elm, and dashed away to find
him;
Ho! there he is on yonder branch,—now watch him
preen a feather!
He's proof enough the spring has come, and this is
sugar weather.

The sun looks down above the hill, and all the fields
are gleaming;
The sugar house is belching smoke, the old black pan
is steaming;
The ruddy farmer, bare of head, comes hurrying from
his labor
To send an answer 'cross the lot to some inquiring
neighbor,
And now and then inspects the sky, and draws con-
clusions whether
The wind is getting in the west, for that means sugar
weather.

Up through the woods in snowy roads the patient
oxen wallow,
The creaking sled moves slowly off o'er drifted ridge
and hollow;
The dog's incessant barking shows he's sighted game,
and treed it;
And by the roaring of the brook you'd know that
spring has freed it;
The teamster cries, "Whoa, hush! back, gee!" and
snaps his lash of leather;
And all the woods ring full of sounds that go with
sugar weather.

I've never heard another bird who chirped so sweet a
warning
As that the robin carols out upon a keen March morn-
ing;
I've never found the spot that gave a nectar worth the
sipping
Like where a bright tin bucket hangs and maple sap
is dripping;
And king ne'er dined on sweeter fare than when we
sat together
And ate our dinner round the arch in happy sugar
weather.

Ballad of the Cover Page

By KONAN MACHUGH

Fair, with parted lips, she stands
Where the lilies breathe and die,
Easter music in her hands
And her rapt gaze turned on high;
Lady of the cover page,
Through the rapture-laden breeze
Anxious thoughts our minds engage,—
Are you going to sing or sneeze?

Organ prelude softly calls
Through the vaulted arches fair,
Sunshine stealing down the walls
Glints and nestles in her hair;
Lady of the cover page,
Ere your thoughts take upward wing,
Pray our anxious doubts assuage,—
Are you going to sneeze or sing?

Bend that form of slender grace
From its pose among the flowers,
Downward turn the waiting face,
Read its mystery to ours;
Lady of the cover page,
Wealth we plight on bended knees,
'Tis the question of the age,—
Are you going to sing or sneeze?

Envoy

Prince, the artist heathen rage,
Who shall trace their wandering?
Lo! the lady of the page,—
Is she going to sneeze or sing?

At Easter Tide

By GRACE STONE FIELD

At Easter tide the sun shines down
On all the lassies in the town,
In gay array of spring attire,
And one I ardently admire;
E'en Betty's beauty's glorified
At Easter tide.

Her eyes like gentians darkly blue
Their lifted lashes shining through,
Under a hat straight from Virot,
Set my poor, foolish heart aglow,
When I am walking by her side
At Easter tide.

Ah, well, I wonder why I'm sighing?
I would the time were faster flying—
Still I'm contented with my lot,
For we're to have the mystic knot
That makes this flower of maids my bride,
At Easter, tied.

The Despotism of Combined Millions

The Struggle Now Going on for the Rescue of the Mutual Life Insurance Company

By John W. Ryckman

The vicious practices that prevailed so long in the Mutual Life are being audaciously continued by a new autocrat of "the system"—Charles A. Peabody. Nothing short of a searching investigation of that company will now satisfy its outraged policyholders. The President in obedience to Standard Oil dictatorship has blocked every step toward reform and the real owners of the company, the policyholders, deploring the false stewardship of their Trustees, are determined to turn them out and manage the business themselves. Furthermore, they will demand restitution and the punishment of faithless officers who have enjoyed immunity through a derelict district attorney.

WHILE the public has been interested chiefly in the betrayals of trust which recent life insurance disclosures have revealed and in the intimate relation of insurance funds to the involutions of trust companies and other financial institutions, there is another aspect of the situation more serious and of much more immediate concern to the average man.

When, as in the history of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, millions accumulate so rapidly as to bewilder men accustomed to handling enormous sums, it is not to be wondered that, in this era of omnivorous greed, they have been easily led into making careless and unscrupulous use of the capital intrusted to their keeping. The officers of the insurance companies have not alone been to blame; there have been cumulative causes for which the people were responsible. There were no adequate provisions of law to protect life insurance funds from the dragonnade of commercialism. A blind confidence in the wisdom and soundness of Richard A. McCurdy and other financial sorcerers gave a certain shield and warrant to weak and avaricious men who yielded complacently to the temptings of the devil.

The real ethical question for the public and for the trustees of these funds is, or ought to be, Where have these sums come from that have been made the bulwark of Wall street's over-venturesome speculations? And the unmistakable answer is; They have come from the pockets of hundreds of thousands of men in moderate circumstances, business men, tradesmen, professional men, and even laborers who have found in life insurance the only means open to them to provide for their wives and children after their own lives are ended. They have viewed these savings in

the light of a sacred beneficence, never suspecting that a financial Gargantua would enter their depository and pilfer the strong box of the widow and orphan of many millions as was notably the case in the Mutual Life.

For this provision they have been paying premiums, enormously in excess of the actual cost of the insurance received, through submission to the stupendous extravagance and dazzling magnificence of the McCurdy-McCall-Alexander epoch. Or turning it the other way around, to bring out the full force of the facts, the families of the insured have not been receiving the amount of insurance to which they have rightfully been entitled, by actual business conditions, in exchange for premiums paid.

Roughly speaking, the payment of two hundred dollars a year in premiums to an insurance company by a man forty years of age, and in good health, buys an insurance of the face value of five thousand dollars. An examination of the finances of the great New York companies as made public in the recent disclosures, and a comparison of them with the life insurance systems of Great Britain, where the business is honestly and prudently managed, under rigid espionage of the state, indicates that a premium of two hundred dollars ought to secure an insurance of between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars.

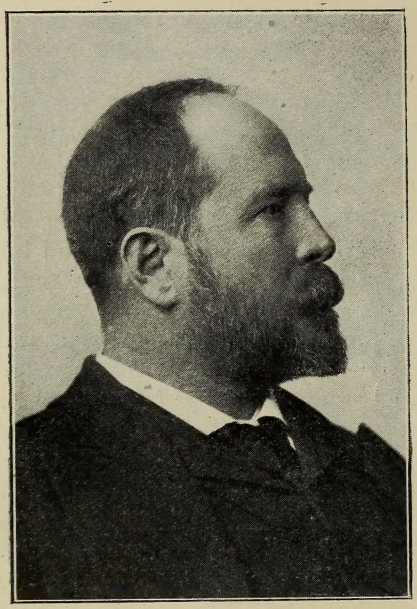
Here then is the fundamental wrong of this whole miserable business. The sums that have been squandered and corruptly used have not dropped down from the skies or sprung from the ground like manna in the wilderness. They have been taken mainly from hard-working people of moderate means whose families have rightfully been entitled to probably more than twice the insurance they have actually received for the premiums paid. So long as such an initial wrong as this was tolerated we could not be greatly surprised that all other possible kinds of wrongdoing were revealed among the consequences of the system.

The Legislative Reforms Recommended

It is commendable that the Armstrong Investigating Committee in New York completed its great work of unfolding the craftiness by which life insurance funds have been diverted into private pockets and into channels of speculation, by recognizing this fundamental wrong and making recommendations of a drastic nature that, if enacted into law, must safeguard these funds in future from ruthless juggling by great corporated interests, from the clutch of the dangerous graftsmen who have sent more than one million dollars of policyholders' money to Albany to defeat the proposed legal remedies, and from the sophistry of actuaries who have predicated the expense loading on the McCurdy idea of Napoleonic splendor in executive management. It will be interesting to follow the struggle for reform insurance legislation in New York. Never has so conscienceless a group of confiscators assailed the people's interests as those, headed by the Ryan-Rogers-Morgan pillagers who are determined that there shall be no relief from helpless subjugation of the people by the mighty power of combined millions.

The conclusions of the Armstrong Committee were the results of deep

study and impartial conviction on the part of members of the legislature who had devoted seven months to a searching investigation and of counsel who became masters of the problems involved. Well-meaning men may differ as to some of these conclusions, but the recommendations as to abolishment of certain practices, limiting power in the matter of investments, curtailing



HON. JOHN DEWITT WARNER

THE DISTINGUISHED NEW YORK LAWYER CHIEF COUNSEL OF THE MUTUAL LIFE POLICYHOLDERS' ASSOCIATION

expense of obtaining new business and the amount to be written each year, are all in the interests of the policyholder and would, in a few years, result in a very large increase of dividends. The abandonment of the proxy system of conducting annual elections could only be objected to by those who have maintained a private and iniquitous control of the companies. None of the recommendations would be at all likely to impair the stability of any company.

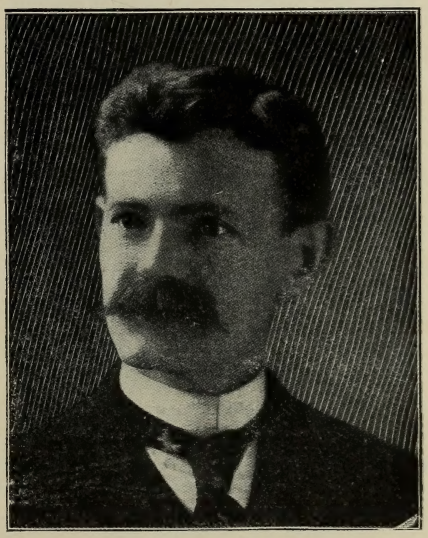
Upon one principle all men who are not of the millionaire despots must agree; these life insurance companies should be put, as nearly as possible on the same basis for the investment of their funds as the savings banks; there should be a law prohibiting them from operating trust companies so as to make it impossible for them to invest in syndicate schemes or lend money in sums of millions to office boys, or take over worthless securities bought by dishonest speculators for nothing and sold to policyholders at high prices; the delusive tontine dividend game should be prohibited; there should be an annual accounting to every policyholder, so as to reduce, year by year, the outlay for his policy; the expenses of conducting the business should be restricted; last, but not least, policyholders themselves, who are the real owners of the mutual companies, should carry on their operation hereafter. Then, with the cost of insurance scaled down, with the returns from real estate mortgages and other sound investments going to the policyholders, life insurance will be the great blessing it is intended to be; policyholders will be relieved of crushing burdens, their heirs will have a good reward for the sacrifices made in their behalf by those who have paid premiums through long years; the business will be divorced from Standard Oil or other corporate control and Henry H. Rogers, Thomas F. Ryan and their ilk will get out and stay out of the life insurance business.

If these men through the influences an unlimited corruption fund usually exerts, should defeat the

recommendations of the Armstrong Committee they might succeed in their intention to confiscate a billion dollars of life insurance money, in which event they would soon come uncomfortably near to monopolizing every employment, trammeling every opportunity of the people and display an arrogance and disdain of popular feeling that would almost surely result in revolution. The danger point has been reached and deplorable as it may be, in this of all countries, the people are in no temper to tolerate much longer the stupendous agglomerate absorption of their interests by these men. This may seem an extreme view, but the best way to avoid such a calamity is to extinguish its germ in incipiency.

Peabody, the New Autocrat of the System

To outsiders the most unaccountable recent occurrence was the smothering of reports of the Truesdale Investigating Committee of the Mutual Life and the determination of President Charles A. Peabody not to honor any requisition of the committee for information upon which an investigation could be pursued. Those who were not aware that Mr. Peabody was chosen as Mr. McCurdy's successor by representatives of the Standard Oil Company in the Board of Trustees, expressed surprise at his obstinacy in thwarting a genuine house-cleaning in all departments. But that was the precise purpose for which he was selected. It was not intended by Messrs. Rogers, Rockefeller, and their associates to permit such an overhauling as had taken place in the New York Life. They feared the consequence, for they knew there had been very culpable misdoings in the Mutual Life; moreover, it had been closely allied with the Equitable and New York Life in many flagrantly unscrupulous transactions. Mr. Rogers and his allies knew that the Armstrong Committee did not unearth a tithe of the crookedness and corruption by which Mutual Life policyholders had been robbed of millions of dollars; they were past masters in the artifice of hoodwinking the public and their direct interest in controling the company was not to be disturbed by an exposé of wicked and



MR. ROBERT N. HARPER

PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, WASHINGTON, D. C. TREASURER OF THE MUTUAL LIFE POLICYHOLDERS' ASSOCIATION

ruthless extravagance, persistent violations of charter and defiance of law, or of corrupt and vicious methods of administration. So, Mr. Peabody was instructed to suppress the acquisitiveness of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss and Fish, the special committee of trustees, who instead of whitewashing the

whole affair as they were appointed to do, became by their insistence very annoying to the magnates. One member of the committee, however, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, was too high-principled to become party to this connivance at concealment. He felt that a thorough investigation of the Mutual Life was absolutely necessary; that it was a duty which could not be avoided or safely delayed; that the public required and demanded to know for what reason



SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH
(LORD NORTHCLIFFE)

THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH PUBLISHER WHO HEADS THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF MUTUAL LIFE POLICYHOLDERS

and at whose instigation such vast sums had been wasted; why it was that the dividends had dwindled to such paltry proportions; why it was that the payroll at the head office exceeded a million dollars a year; how it happened that the company had lost millions in certain investments; upon what authority the McCurdy family had filched hundreds of thousands a year out of the treasury; how much should be taken off the book value of real estate put down at $34,701,-701; what was the actual cost and what the real value of the Mutual's trust company holdings; what were the exact items that made up the enormous amount of nearly two million dollars paid out in transactions cunningly involved in various department expenses. Mr. Fish knew that an investigation as to all these and other matters would disclose what is necessary to be effected to uplift the Mutual from the great injury that has been done to its prestige by yielding to the same vicious system that brought such disaster to the Equitable and New York Life, and being thwarted in his efforts, he did the only thing a manly and sincere man could do—he resigned from the Board of Trustees and announced his unswerving fealty to the interests of the policyholders and, in so doing, instantly made himself a conspicuous and powerful figure in the people's fight against the money giants. Coincident with Mr. Fish's resignation came that of Mr. Effingham B. Morris, the distinguished Philadelphia banker, who could no longer stand, as a trustee, for the dishonorable acts of those who still control the board. Doubtless there are other trustees, to whom the Rogers-Ryan-McCurdy school of high finance is becoming too offensive for endurance, who will follow the course of Messrs. Fish and Morris before the approaching moment when the policyholders will, by overwhelming vote, unseat every man-jack of the present board. It is significant, in this connection, that Lord Northcliffe, representing a committee of British policyholders, recently cabled assurances to Mr. Fish that the European

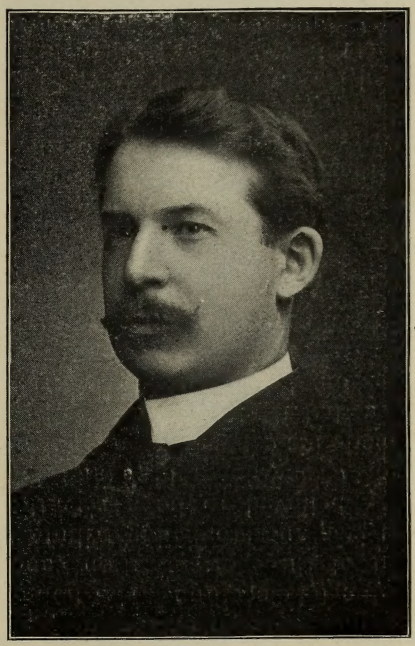
members of the Mutual Life will uphold and advance his efforts and those of the Policyholders' Association. With this added influence and the support of the powerful foreign element within the company the final link in the chain of reform has been wrought and the regime of graft is surely doomed.

The "Disciplining" of Mr. Bowles

The same obstinacy now practiced by President Peabody resulted in Richard A. McCurdy's undoing. He had so long worn a self-made halo of kingship in the Mutual, had drawn about him the avaricious speculators who usurped control of the company, had used the policyholders' funds to establish and conduct trust companies, had taken into his confidence and councils the most reckless and audacious gamblers of Wall street, had instituted the pernicious "syndicate" system of juggling with the company's assets, had put members of his immediate family into positions where they became suddenly rich through heinous absorption of the widow's hoard and had carried the company's operations on a scale of regal magnificence until a sense of ownership made him defiant of interference.

Had Mr. McCurdy listened to Thomas H. Bowles in 1902 all of this trouble could have been avoided and many millions saved to the policyholders. Mr. Bowles was for more than sixteen years one of the most successful general agents of the company—a man of inflexible honesty and sterling principle, whose exceptional energy and fidelity to the interests of the company had been repeatedly commended by Mr. McCurdy. But the perversion of life insurance into prodigal financial exploits, made Mr. Bowles feel more and more his own responsibility to thousands of persons who had taken policies on which they agreed, for long terms of years, to pay into a common fund large sums of money. In prefacing the publication of a statement he made to the Armstrong Committee he said:

"I hold that these investments are expressions of confidence pure and simple, based upon representations authorized by the company and uttered by its field representatives.



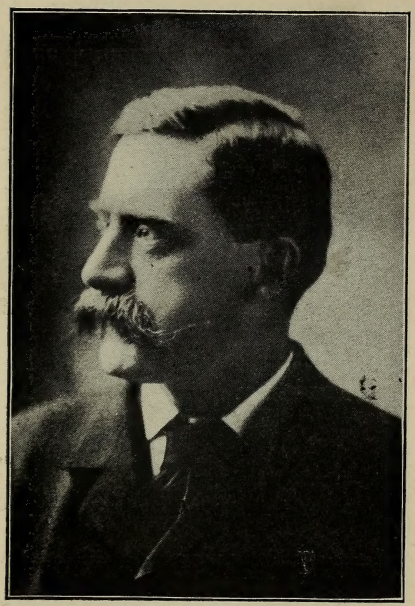
MR. RUSSELL W. FISH

SECRETARY OF THE MUTUAL LIFE POLICYHOLDERS' ASSOCIATION

"If the management of the company, false to its trust but skilful in concealing its baseness, 'keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it in the hope,' the manager, convinced of the wrongdoing of his company, becomes a party to the

betrayal, unless he exposes and denounces it. He must fight either in the interests of the thousands he induced to go into the company, or he must join in the conspiracy against them.

"This was the situation in 1902. I had been instrumental in inducing thousands of persons to join the Mutual Life; I had written over a



MR. STUYVESANT FISH

PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, WHO RESIGNED FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO A WHITEWASHING INVESTIGATION

hundred millions of insurance in Louisiana, Mississippi, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan, which territory was under my management, in addition to a considerable amount placed in Georgia and Florida; and the policyholders in my jurisdiction had paid into the company a great many millions of dollars. I felt the seriousness of the responsibility I had incurred to these people and determined to stand by them when I discovered in the course of an investigation made at the request of the president of the company that serious injustice was being done them. The result of that contest is well known."

The investigation to which Mr. Bowles here refers was one he personally made at the request of Mr. McCurdy, who evidently, when he gave his sanction, had no idea how far it would go and how astounding would be the revelations made. So thorough was Mr. Bowles' report to the trustees that it clearly showed at great length and in careful detail how more than ninety million dollars of policyholders' money had vanished through unnecessary expenses and devious transactions. When the stupendous nature of this report dawned on Mr. McCurdy he set his machinery at work to suppress its publicity. In terror of losing his crown and having his management discredited he refused to permit the trustees to consider the report and as Mr. Bowles, not comprehending at the time the full meaning of the objection, persisted in demanding action he was summarily dismissed from the company's service for "insubordination." From that moment Mr. Bowles set himself squarely to the duty of divesting the company of the iniquitous control of the McCurdys and their rapacious confederates. He took the part of the policyholders and has devoted himself ever since to obtaining for them the control and management of their own funds.

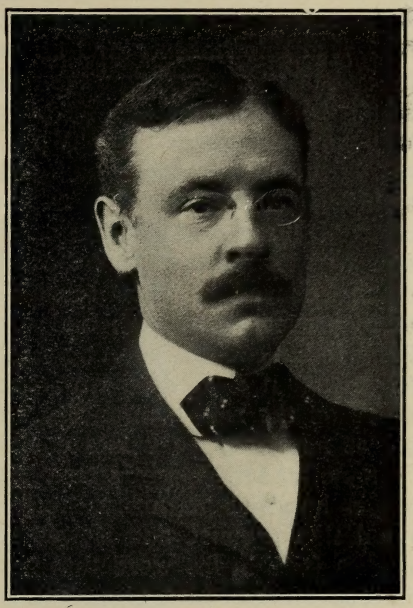
Had Mr. McCurdy acted honestly and frankly toward the policyholders at that time and submitted to the reforms suggested, nearly thirty million dollars that have

since been added to the enormous sums wasted, would have been saved, his own reputation might have been untarnished and the Mutual's prestige preserved. But he stubbornly and wantonly pursued his mad career of spoliation; he instructed his entire agency force, under pain of dismissal, to efface Mr. Bowles and finally, before the Armstrong Committee, he presented the pitiable spectacle of consuming most of a day in a petulant effort to discredit him. But it was too late. What Mr. Bowles had charged and proven during three years of fearless exposure was being vindicated in a merciless arraignment. Mr. McCurdy left the chamber of inquistion a broken, dishonored and disheartened man.

A Resistless Movement of Policyholders

The same interests that were back of McCurdy have prompted Mr. Peabody, and the policyholders, forced finally to adopt drastic measures to safeguard their insurance, have formed a concrete association with auxiliary branches in every state, comprising the strongest men and elements in the nation, to wrest control of the Mutual from the present trustees and vest it in the real owners, the policyholders themselves.

This organization known as the Mutual Life Policyholders' Association has no relation to any of the ineffectual agitations that have mainly thrived in the columns of newspapers, it has not drawn to its support extraneous political influences but represents an important part of the vast insurance carried by the company. It is a powerful body of serious business men engaged in a great work of momentous concern to millions of their fellow citizens. It is more than a match for the cunning and crafty buccaneers of Wall street and it will dislodge them from the property rights they have usurped and seek to confiscate. So far as the Mutual Life is concerned these men must now look elsewhere for ammunition to continue their cruel war of absorption and subjugation.



HON. WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

THE NEW YORK DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHOSE DERELICTION IN THE MATTER OF LIFE INSURANCE PROSECUTIONS HAS BEEN MUCH CRITICIZED

The Passing of Mr. Jerome

The most surprising and lamentable incident following the exposures was the failure of District Attorney Jerome to institute criminal proceedings against certain officers and trustees of the Mutual Life who were proven to have been guilty of grave infractions of the

penal code. There was no excuse for his disregard of a plain public duty and his strange indifference to the protests and proddings of the press could only be assigned to a cause which reflected seriously upon his probity as a law officer of the state.

Few men are ever so favored by opportunity as was Mr. Jerome, prior to and during his last canvass for the district attorneyship. The people regarded him as a man of impregnable honesty and an unusual quality of moral courage. He was the idol of all classes; his popularity was not bounded by any political lines; he needed no party machine to elect him. His notable defeat of three organization candidates was an astonishing tribute to a man believed to be a relentless foe of wrong-doers high and low. He made his canvass upon a solemn pledge that if elected he would put stripes on the rich insurance criminals as surely as he would convict a petty offender. Night after night, from a hundred platforms, he reiterated this promise and it was the people's faith in his word that gave him his office. And that was not all; they were determined, as a reward for purging the city of grafters and teaching a much needed lesson in moral ethics to the respectable criminal class, to honor their sedulous prosecutor by making him governor of New York. No man was ever nearer that exalted station before election than Mr. Jerome. Yet beckoned by this opportunity, flirted with by fortune and allured by the fair goddess, Aspiration, Mr. Jerome, once returned to office, let his promises fall to the ground, begged the question when reminded of them, grew cross and peevish under criticism and finally subsided into stolid imperturbability.

Public confidence in him waned to the vanishing point and then reacted into suspicion. What was the meaning of the change in this man who had started so well? Was he guilty of treason? Had he betrayed the people into the hands of the hardy pirates of Wall street? Rumor persistently answered these questions affirmatively into unwilling ears. But after a time they took tangible shape and there were men of high position who openly charged that the money used to elect Mr. Jerome was taken out of the treasury of the Mutual Life. It was put up to him in a spirit of frankness to deny it, and his friends pleaded with him to clear his name from so mean an aspersion. But the young district attorney grew taciturn and enveloped himself in impenetrable clouds of cigarette smoke. Having abrogated the unctuous promises that volitated from the glib tongue of the candidate he asumed a muteness that was oppressive.

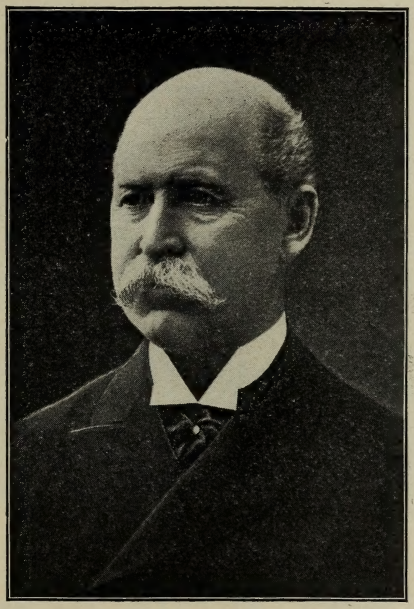
The passing of Jerome under such circumstances is pitiable; the downfall of a man of such great promise and capable of so high a degree of usefulness, can only be viewed with compassionate regret. If it is possible that injustice has been done him in implying treachery in his conduct let us hope that he may still prove it by a belated prosecution of all guilty insurance officials to be followed by a revival of confidence in him.

Brockton, Massachusetts

The Enterprise and Accomplishments of The Great Shoe City

By ELROY SHERMAN THOMPSON

THERE is a witchery about the very word "Brockton." A citizen of nearly any other place in Massachusetts, should he wander from his own fireside as far as New York, hails from Boston; but let the Brocktonian register at a hotel anywhere, or become confidential with a stranger, and he is most likely to announce the name of his city. This spirit of pride, independence and thorough belief in the virtues of the municipality has been the controlling spirit which has evolved from old North Bridgewater, the wonder city of New England.



EX-GOVERNOR W. L. DOUGLAS

When the Pilgrim fathers felt overcrowded because the number of families about Plymouth Rock exceeded one hundred, and wished to find better land for tillage, they moved to the vicinity of Brockton and found in what is now West Bridgewater and Easton some of the most fertile soil in the colony. Now the facts are converse. When the youth of Plymouth county wishes to escape from the farm he comes to Brockton. Nature never threw out any broad hints for agriculture in Brockton, however many may have been detected in adjoining towns. The men who settled in Brockton seemed of a different stamp from those who sought agricultural pursuits. They had the ginger in their heels which caused them to ask nothing of nature. Instead, they developed from a hustling town which caused the rest of the Plymouth county family to sit up and take notice, into a city whose footprints are now found in every country.

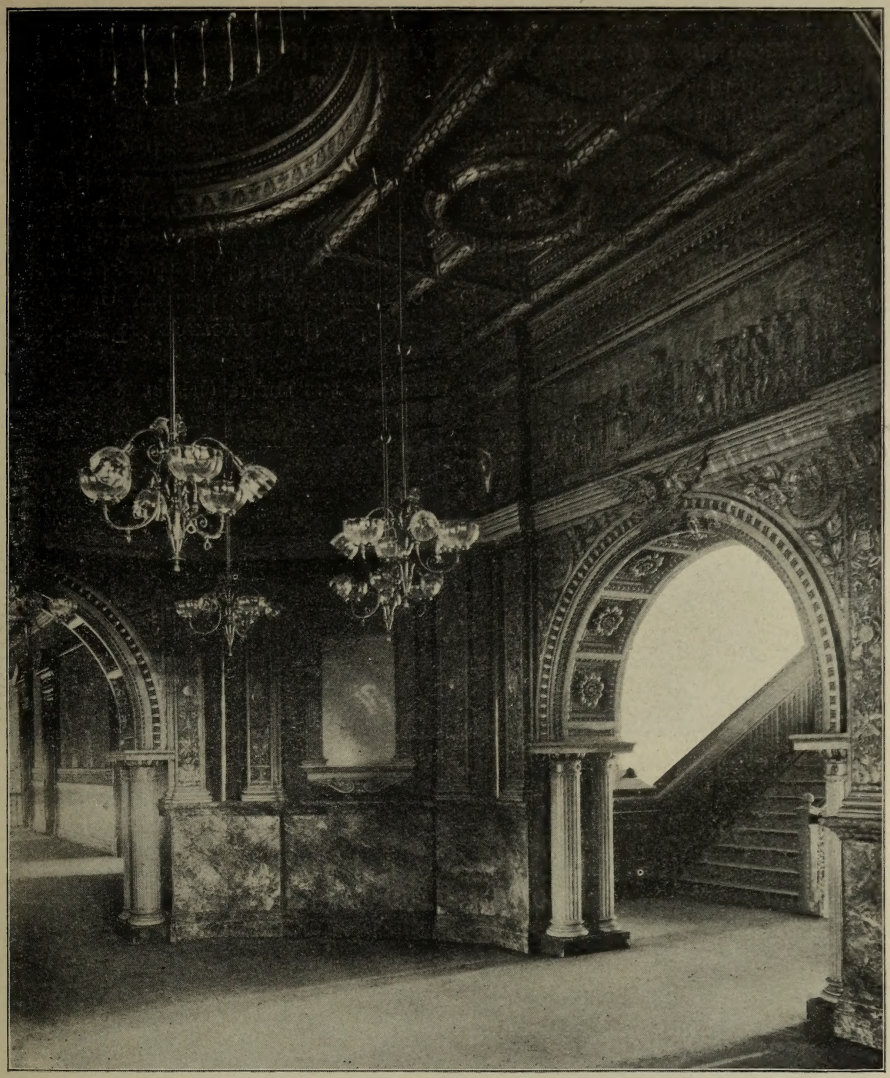
Brockton did not grow on account of sea coast advantages, the accommodations of water power or from any other natural advantages. It



$350,000 CITY HALL, ALSO CONTAINS THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

was a part of "the country God forgot," so far as having the things to do with lying around loose. Santa Claus did not supply what Brockton possesses. It outdistanced other places because Brockton could get up earlier in the morning, work harder all day, stay up later at night and whistle instead of whine when the wind blew north.

Ask the average Brocktonian concerning the history of his city and he will tell of the phenomenal growth between 1875 and 1885, a decade during which the population increased from 10,578, with 2,434 voters, to 20,783, with 5,390 voters. Its previous history is much like that of other towns of Plymouth county, a thing of steadiness and



ROTUNDA, CITY HALL, CONTAINING MEMORIAL TABLETS

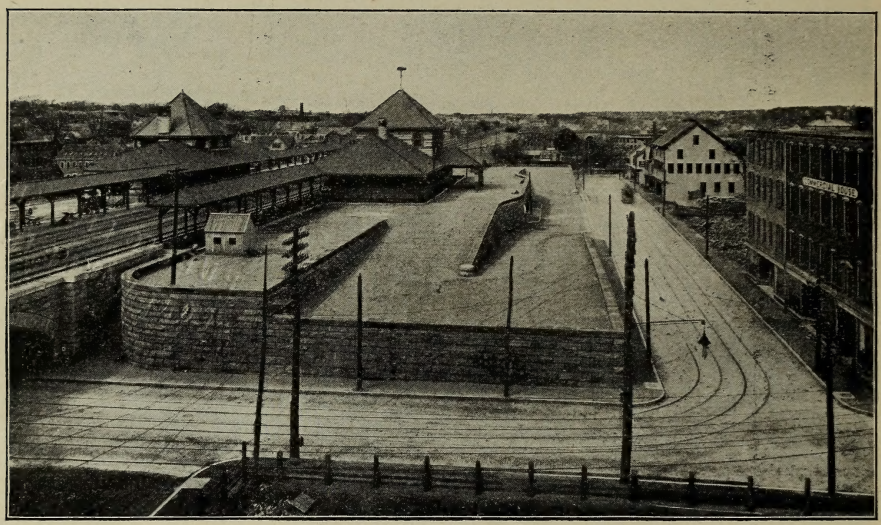
real worth. Brocktonians respect their ancestors, to be sure, but they are more likely to consider the achievements made by little Willie since he put on trousers than they are to tell how cute he was before he recovered from the jaundice.

There was an increase in the growth during the decade referred to of 96.47 per cent., much larger than that of any other city in the commonwealth. It was a larger percentage of increase than during any previous ten years in the city's history. The entire population of 1885 could to-day, however, if all were of working age, find employment in the shoe factories of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company and the George E. Keith Shoe Com-

pany, and those firms would still find it necessary to hang out a sign, "Men Wanted."

Brockton stands in its own shoes practically a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the census of 1905 showing 47,046 as the correct figure. Since that time the stork has been a more frequent as well as more welcome visitor than the angel of death, and consequently a claim of the larger figure is conservative. The city is situated on the main line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and looks into the future confident that it will be situated on the Boston, Brockton and New York ship canal before many years. The distance from Boston is twenty miles, requiring thirty-five minutes by steam train and fifteen minutes by the bicycle railway, if E. Moody Boynton succeeds in carrying out his desire of building his aerial means of transportation. Already surveys have been made.

With such a lively municipality, "actual business from the start," the freight, express and passenger facilities are necessarily first class. Here is the radiating point for trolley lines in all directions and the loads of working humanity which are brought into the city in the morning and taken back at night make Brockton the dwelling place for additional thousands during the sunlight hours. Indeed, Brockton is the mercantile centre for one hundred thousand persons.



RAILROAD STATIONS, INWARD AND OUTWARD BOUND

The city has grown to its present population from 8,007 in 1870, 13,608 in 1880, 27,294 in 1890, 40,063 in 1900. It was a shoe town a generation ago. To-day it is the greatest city in the world for the manufacture of men's fine shoes. A town of one industry, it has followed the advice of Puddin'head Wilson and put all its eggs in one basket and watched that basket. Sometimes the basket has run over, and some of the shoe firms have

gone to other places. New firms have come and old firms have gone but the shoe industry has gone on forever, becoming larger and larger. The shoe shipments from Brockton last year aggregated 692,183 cases, estimated at 14,228,026 pairs, valued at $38,070,065.

The firms which have located the whole or a part of their business in other places, removing from Brockton, have, as a rule, been smaller concerns. Some of the larger firms of the city have located branch factories in other places, in Maine and New Hampshire, North Adams and Middleboro, and elsewhere, but have continued to do as much business in Brockton as a few exceptions, merely the bantam eggs.

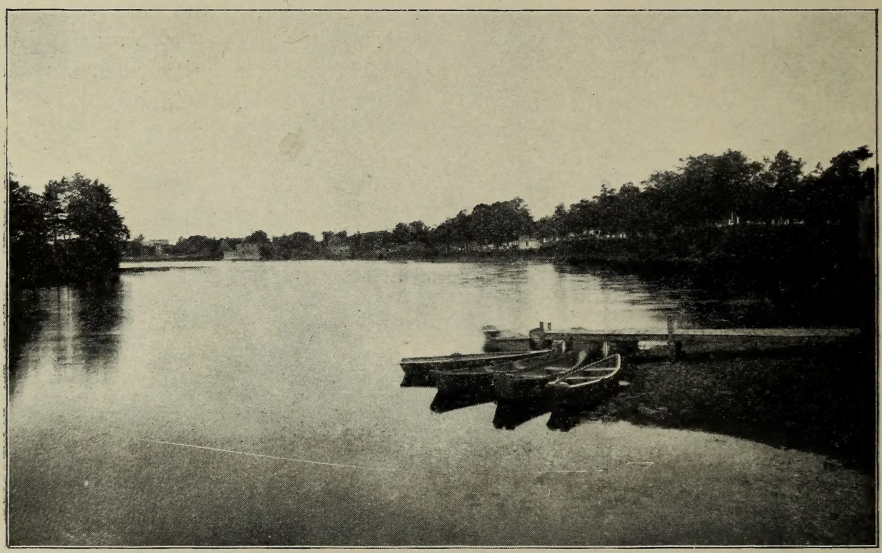
Socially and fraternally it has become a common thing to recognize Brockton as taking the lead. The foremost organization among the business and professional men is the Commercial Club. Its object is to promote the industrial good of the city and it combines with that laudable purpose the disposition to while away the hours pleasantly and profitably in recreation. The clubhouse is one of the show buildings, situated at the corner of Main and Spring streets, two stories high, impressive in architecture, ample in size and complete in appointments. Recreation rooms, including bowling alleys, where one of the best bowling teams in the Massachusetts "Gilt Edge" League is at home, are centres of attraction.



COMMERCIAL CLUBHOUSE

In Masonry, Paul Revere Lodge, A. F. and A. M., chartered in 1856, previously and in several instances have increased their Brockton output as well as establishing a new industry for other towns. They have either taken no eggs out of the basket or they have taken, with

the older of the two lodges of the fraternity in the city, has had the distinction of having one of its past members, Baalis Sanford, fill the chair of grand master of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge, retiring with the year which closed December last. In Odd Fellowship, the youngest lodge of the four in the city, Brockton Lodge, was instituted with the largest number of charter members of any lodge ever started by authority of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, notwithstanding there were previously fourteen hundred members of the order among the nine thousand voters which the city then had. In Pythianism, there is no city in the country with a larger number in proportion to its population, and two Brockton knights, Colonel John J. Whipple and L. Franklin Garfield, Esq., have held the position of grand chancellor of the Grand Domain of Massachusetts. Two members of the Brockton branch of the Neopian family, Colonel Whipple and Hon. Albert R. Wade, have served as grand warden of the Grand Lodge, and, while the city had two lodges with a combined membership exceeding seven hundred previously, Ponemah Lodge was organized two years ago with more than two hundred charter members, and all three have continued to grow with remarkable rapidity ever since. Mayflower Lodge, the oldest in this city, is the largest in the order.



SALISBURY LAKE, THE NUCLEUS OF A PARK SYSTEM

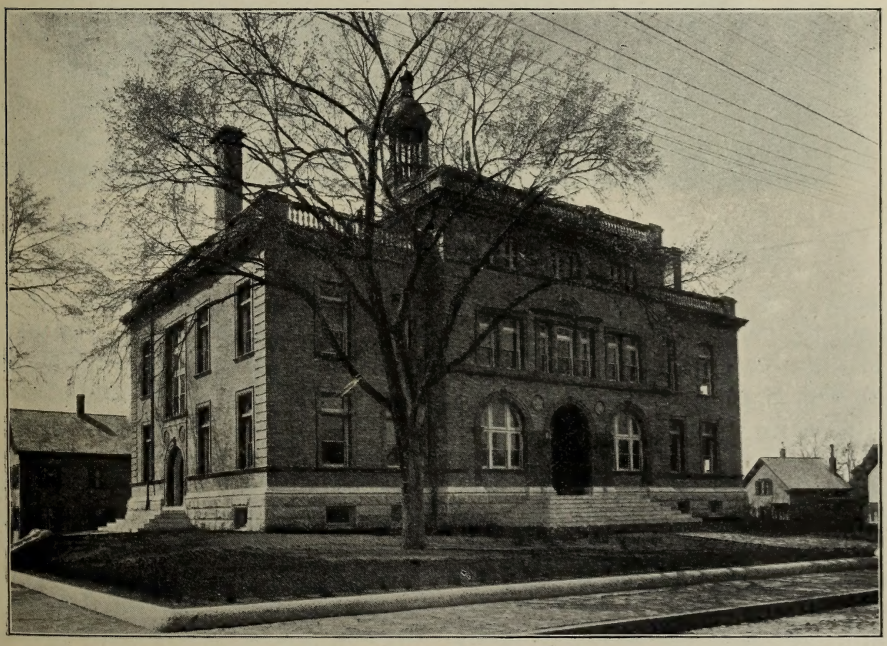
There are also as many women's secret organizations as there are men's lodges, and local members have been selected to fill positions in the Grand and Supreme Lodges of their respective orders.

The Brockton Woman's Club has a membership of six hundred and a waiting list of three hundred and sixty-three. There are classes of various kinds and much charitable



POST OFFICE. POSTMASTER HOLLYWOOD HAS CHARGE OF EIGHT SUB-STATIONS

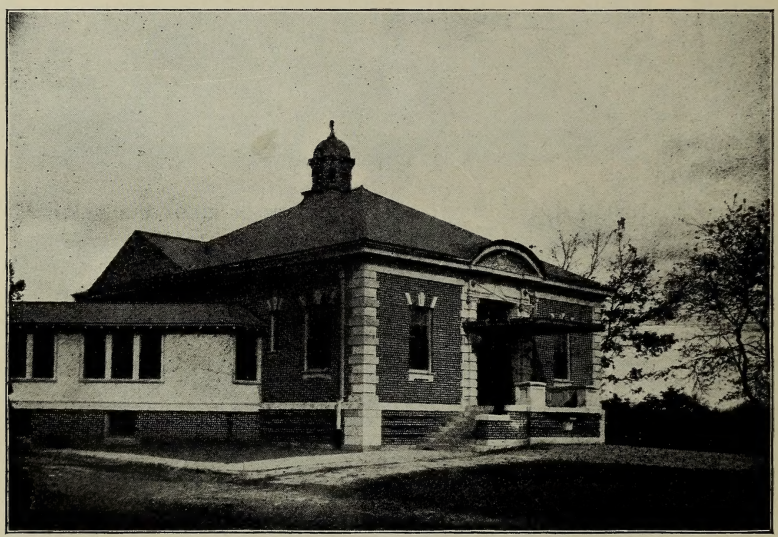
and educational work is accomplished by the organization. It is beginning to consider the question of having a home of its own. This



THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE

plan was suggested by Mrs. Katherine W. Flagg, the present president, prominent in the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. She is treasurer of the State Federation and will soon enter upon her second term in that high office.

Deborah Sampson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, with nearly four hundred members, is the largest chapter of the order in the country, notwithstanding the fact that John Pulling

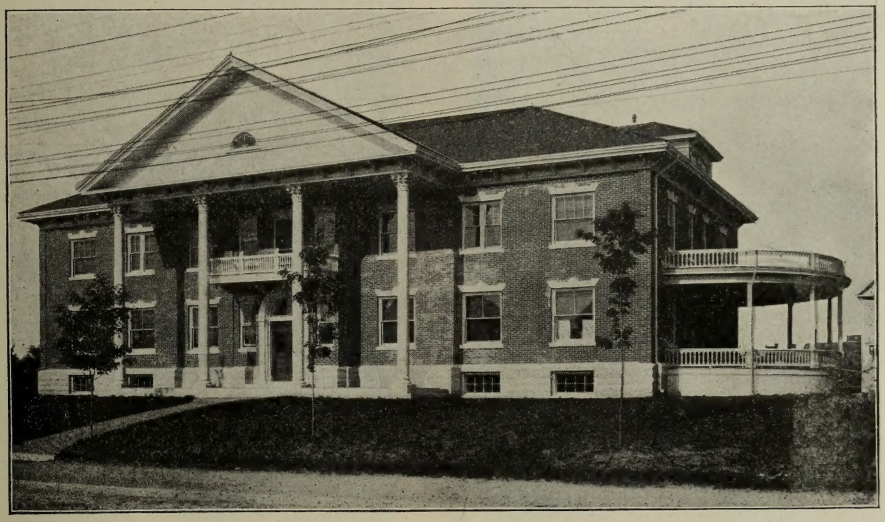


DOUGLAS SURGICAL BUILDING, THE GIFT OF EX-GOVERNOR W. L. DOUGLAS

Chapter of Whitman was instituted by former members of the Brockton chapter several months ago and is itself one of the large chapters of the state. The regent is Mrs. Lysander D. Gurney, who is just completing her second year in office.

It is as natural for Brocktonians to organize as it is for them to go to the front as organizations afterward. The "getting together" spirit has asserted itself in labor organizations and, while there is no town in the world with a greater number, with stronger unions of larger membership, it has been for the purpose of peace rather than war and industrial disturbances have been very few and attended with less disorder and confusion here than in any other place which might reasonably be selected for purposes of comparison. Hardly an artisan in the city who does not wear a union button and in the professions there are organizations which, while perhaps not using the name of union, are practically for and amount to the same thing. Not only are the unions under conservative and able leadership, but many Brocktonians have been chosen for labor union leadership in state and national organizations. The president of the State branch of the American Federation of Labor is Francis J. Clarke, a Brockton shoemaker.

It is true that Brockton is not bright with parks, although plans have been drawn for years. The park commissioners are at present considering the expenditure of an appropriation of $20,000 to make of Salisbury Lake, the largest body of water which the city contains, a garden spot instead of a catch-basin. It has been characteristic of the city to cure its corns before putting on its patent leather shoes. Grade crossings were a menace to life and limb. Brockton was the first city in the state to abolish them, although it cost $2,000,000 to do it.

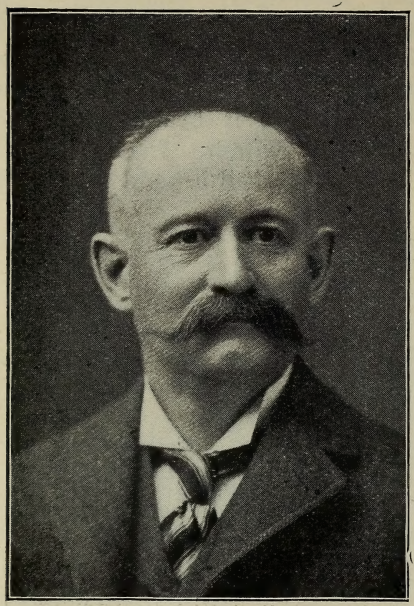


WALES HOME FOR AGED WOMEN
A GIFT FROM DANIEL W. FIELD, SHOE MANUFACTURER, TO REPLACE FORMER BUILDING

Previous to 1896 the nearest hospital for emergency cases or illness which was available was in Boston. But this, when needed, was like Sheridan at Winchester, "twenty miles away." George Clarence Holmes thought of this and became the "father of the Brockton hospital," an institution equipped for medical treatment and for modern surgery in a manner second to none of equal size in the country. Ex-Governor William L. Douglas, who has done much to help make Brockton famous, gave the Brockton Hospital a $30,000 surgical pavilion, thoroughly equipped. This surgery, with the Welcome H. Wales Memorial ward, a $7,000 gift from the widow of the man whose name it bears, were dedicated this winter. Each person in the city has had a hand in building the hospital, and each person in the city, however poor or friendless, can find treatment there. It is as close to the people as it is possible for an institution to be, a decidedly Brocktonian idea.

There were aged women in the city whose journey down the sunset slope of life might be made easier if a home were provided for them. Thus the Wales Home for Aged Women became another source of pride, growing from its

original building and equipment till there is now a magnificent building erected, a gift from Daniel W. Field, a Brockton shoe manufacturer. There, in peace, happiness and comfort, women's riper years



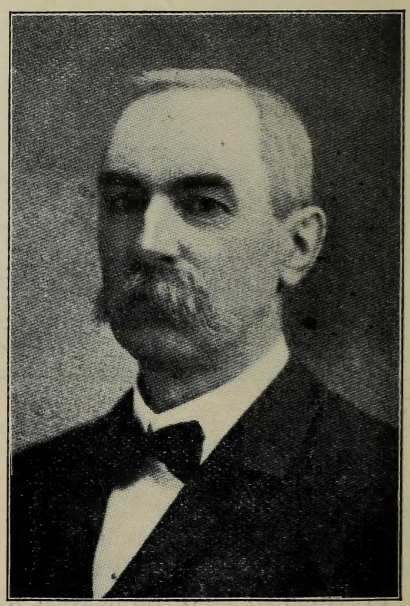
GEORGE E. KEITH

are being spent. It was also Brocktonian to arrange it so that it is available in such a way as to be without the brand of charity. Mr. Field has also given a dormitory and recreation building for the nurses at the Brockton Hospital which is at present in process of erection.

The City Home itself—even the name of almshouse is not permitted—is a model institution of its kind, so pronounced by the authorities of the state. It is a large family hotel, in fact, an institution of which the city is justly proud.

And so Brockton has been a trifle slow in park system building, which, after all, is but the shirt-front and slippers of a city. But bless you! the city has not yet celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. It is just talking about it. It will not be time until next May.

Here is a model sewerage disposal system and many municipalities, far and near, have sent their wise men to catch the idea and put it into practice in many parts of the United States. The water supply had to be of the best to satisfy the Brockton thirst, and it was necessary to replace the old water system a year ago by drawing from Silver Lake, twelve miles away, at a cost of $500,000. Now the Brockton city water is as pure as any in



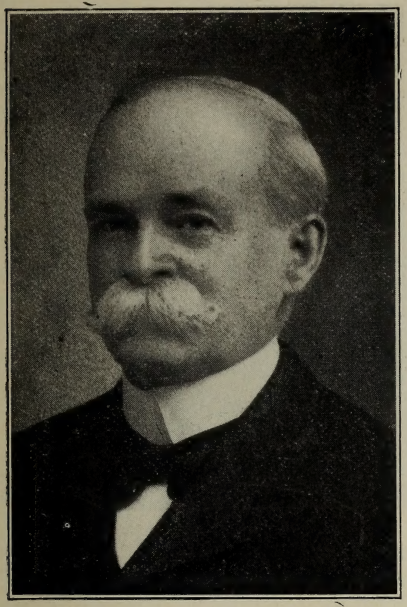
PRESTON B. KEITH

the state and the supply unfailing.

Brockton will have a park system before its youngest common councilman becomes its mayor. But it has had too many things to do and too many bills to pay for things

more needed in the past to get around to whitewashing its hen coops.

A city of homes, Brockton has also some attractive public buildings which impress the beholder

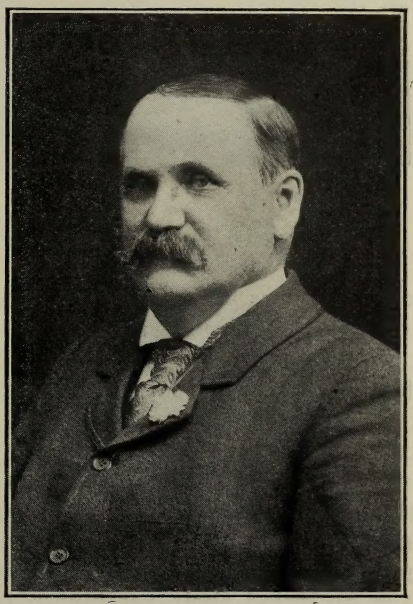


BAALIS SANFORD
PAST GRAND MASTER OF MASONIC GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS AND DEAN OF BROCKTON MERCHANTS

with their newness. The City Hall is a magnificent $350,000 building, between School and East Elm streets, constructed of brown stone, erected in 1894. The Post Office building on Crescent street was erected in 1900. It is a handsome structure, one block from Main street. The County Court house, erected in 1891, seems old in the history of Brockton with its up-to-the-moment habit of calculation.

Within a month there has been dedicated the new High school building, the educational pride of the municipality. The Armory building on Warren avenue, a little south of the school building, is to be dedicated April 17th. The High school building, which is of brick and stone, of imposing architecture, became possible through the wise and careful expenditure of $230,000. It contains eighty-three rooms, including an assembly hall capable of seating twelve hundred persons. The Armory has been constructed by virtue of coöperation with the state in the matter of finances and cost $30,000.

The modern church edifices and business blocks in Brockton are architecturally satisfying and many

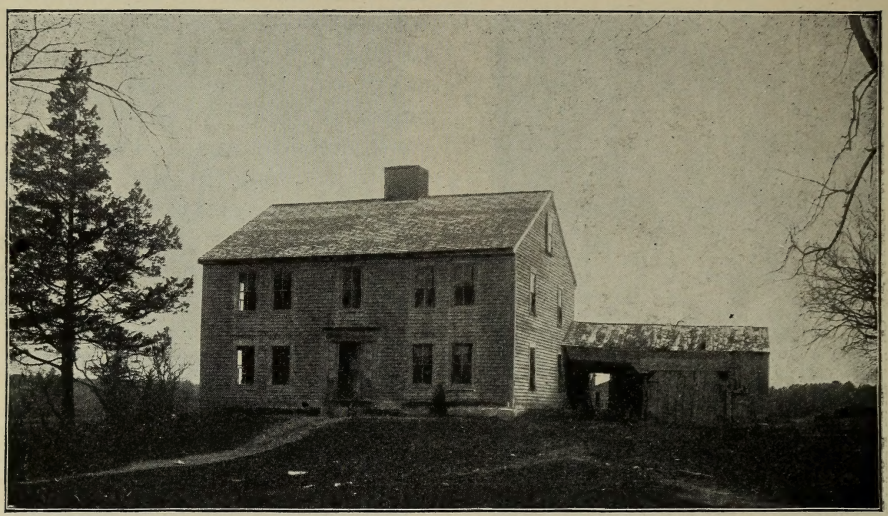


COLONEL JOHN J. WHIPPLE
EX-MAYOR OF BROCKTON, PRESIDENT WILDEY SAVINGS BANK, BOSTON

in number. The present day growth in business blocks is now being indicated by the activity at the corner of Main, Green and Ward streets, in the business centre of the city. A $75,000 business block is being

constructed for the First Congregational parish and diagonally across from it another business block of similar size and cost, to replace the City block which was destroyed by fire on the morning of the new year. Across Ward street from City block a large business block is soon to be erected by Arthur G. Marston. Just south of the Green street corner, almost diagonally across from the Marston property, Fred P. Richmond is to build another business block of large dimensions and striking design to replace several low wooden buildings which have outlasted their usefulness for such a business centre. A few weeks ago the H. W. Robinson Company purchased the building and site on Main street, opposite Centre street, in the very heart of the city, where its business is carried on, and another year a modern business block is to be erected to replace the present structure.

The $100,000 Y. M. C. A. building at the corner of Main and West Elm streets, erected in 1901, by the voluntary contributions of manufacturers, business men and citizens in general, is one of the most satisfactory structures of the city.



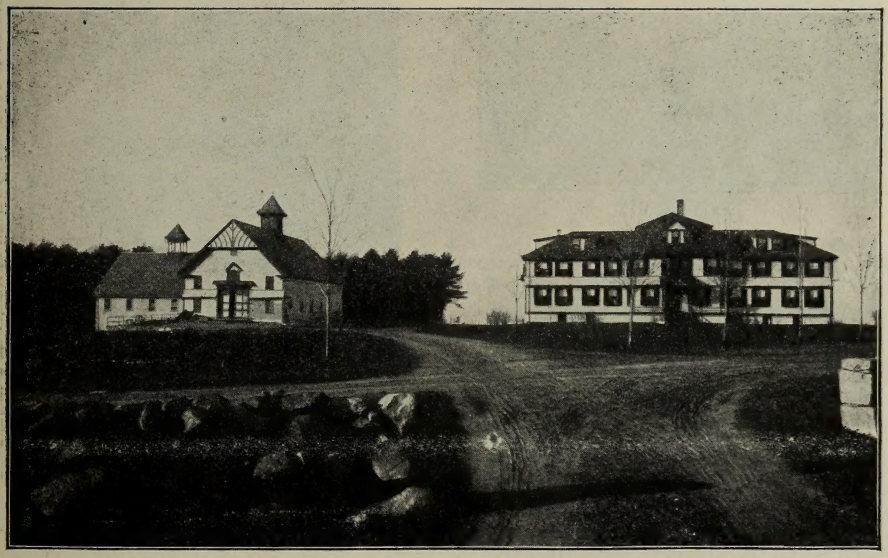
ANCESTRAL BRYANT HOME
WHERE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT WROTE SOME OF HIS EARLY AND MOST NOTED POEMS

The most unique building of them all, the first ever constructed on that plan, is the Checkerton, an apartment house on Belmont and Cottage streets. It is a brick and stone building five stories high, the suites being built in what corresponds to the squares on a checkerboard. In this way the problem of light and ventilation was solved by Thomas B. Inness, the proprietor. Three sides of each suite are exposed to light and air and the fourth side is joined to the central hallways. There is no wall separating one suite from another and the entrance to a suite is the only connection it has with the main building. Here is exclusiveness,

combined with all the benefits of an apartment house of other types, and the problem of that terror of modern life, a servant girl, is solved by those who become Checkermen. So successful was Mr. Inness with his plan, which those who have tried declare must have been an inspiration, that later he erected another building, close beside the first. It is called the Chesston, for obvious reasons, is five stories high, and rivals the Checkerton in all that makes for apartment house convenience and satisfaction. In the two buildings fifty-four families are accommodated. On the fifth floor of the Checkerton is a dining room after the old English style, where those who wish may have their meals.

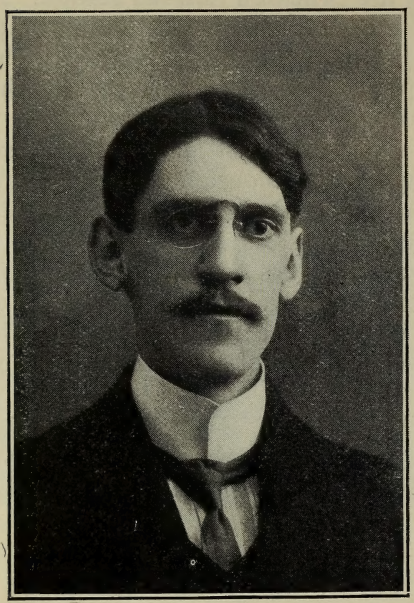
A new eight-story business building—the first one in Brockton—is the Anglim building, which is ready for dedication. It is at the corner of Centre and Montello streets and is constructed of re-inforced concrete, making a handsome and durable structure, thoroughly up-to-date and a credit to the city. It is the nearest business building to the Brockton railroad station. In it are the offices of the United Shoe Machinery Company, which carries on an enormous business in this stronghold of the shoe industry.

One day last fall there were eighty-five thousand and five hundred persons gathered on a few acres of ground in Brockton. It was simply a day at the Brockton fair, a festival which is known as widely as the Brockton shoe. The management of the fair is planning on entertaining one hundred thousand persons on the grounds before the present century has grown much older. Brockton fair week is Brockton's old home week and the holiday week of all New England.



CITY HOME
MODEL INSTITUTION FOR CARE OF CITY'S NEEDY PERSONS

From far and wide people come to see "the biggest and best," a show which last year took in receipts $89,046.15 and will give it all back to the people in wholesome, educational entertainment, guarded in

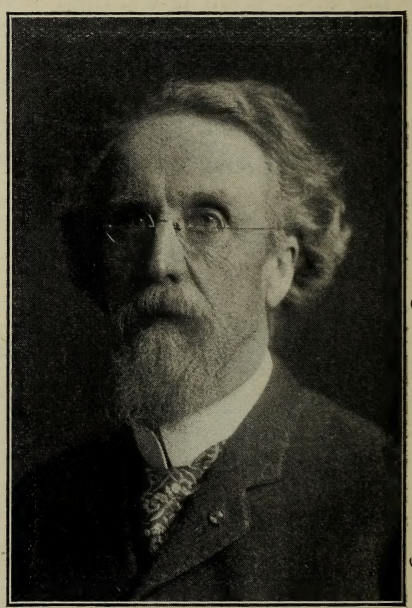


GEORGE S. PAINE
BOYS' SECRETARY OF THE Y. M. C. A. WHOSE GENIUS IS WINNING HIM NATIONAL RECOGNITION IN BOYS' WORK

such a way that good order always prevails and dyspepsia has to reach a malignant stage before criticism from anyone becomes adverse.

There was an Igorrote village at the fair last fall. The Filipinos there were of the few who had never worn Brockton shoes but the giant of the family was measured for a pair before he left the grounds. The George E. Keith Company has since established a retail store in Manila selling Brockton-made shoes to the Filipinos at home.

A disaster occurred on the morning of March 20, 1905, which brought the saddest day in the history of Brockton. The steam boiler used for running the shoe factory of R. B. Grover & Company, on Main street, exploded. The entire factory building was wrecked and immediately fire broke out in every part of the ruins, sending a swift rush of flames to incinerate helpless employes who were caught in the wreck of the building, killed, pinned down or crushed. In ten minutes it was impossible to give aid and fifty-eight persons lost their lives. Of this number only sixteen bodies could be identified after being taken from the ruins and in some cases

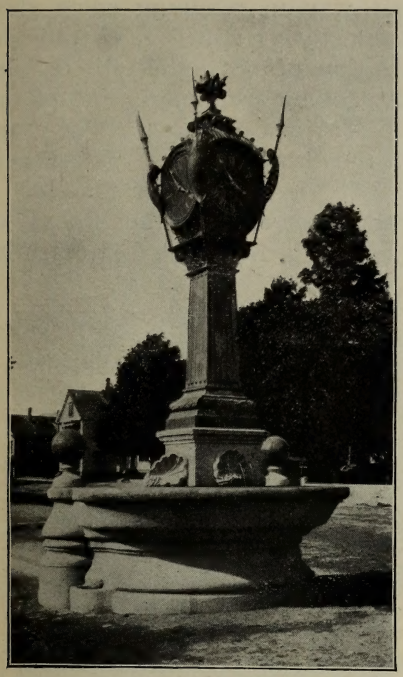


DR. A. I. PAINE
FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER CENTURY MEDICAL EXAMINER

no traces of the bodies could be found.

In that awful time of torture and agony the true mettle of the Brockton shoemaker was exhibited. Wherever there has been a disaster

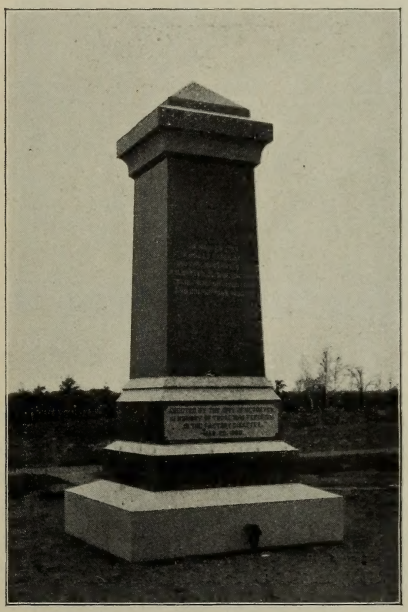
with which to compare it in the history of the world, there has been a mad rush of people, fighting, crowding and in frenzy taking brutal advantage. There is not a single instance known where there was a person in the Grover disaster who saved his life, or attempted to, by taking advantage of another, while there are a score of cases well authenticated where persons who could have escaped with slight if any personal injuries, if their own safety had been their concern, perished in the blaze in trying to save others.



WINTHROP SQUARE FOUNTAIN
ERECTED BY THE LATE GEORGE E. SNOW, SHOE MANUFACTURER, IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, BARNA SNOW

These remarkable facts caused the Carnegie Hero Fund commission to contribute $10,000 toward the fund which had been started to provide for those who were left dependent by the death of relatives and breadwinners who perished in the holocaust. The relief fund contributions exceeded $100,000. Each widow was given $1,000 and there was a generous sum laid aside for each orphan. Relief was furnished from the beginning, in cases of actual need, by Brocktonian generosity.

In Melrose cemetery, a lot contains the remains of the unidentified dead of the Grover factory disaster. A plain monument has been erected bearing this inscription:

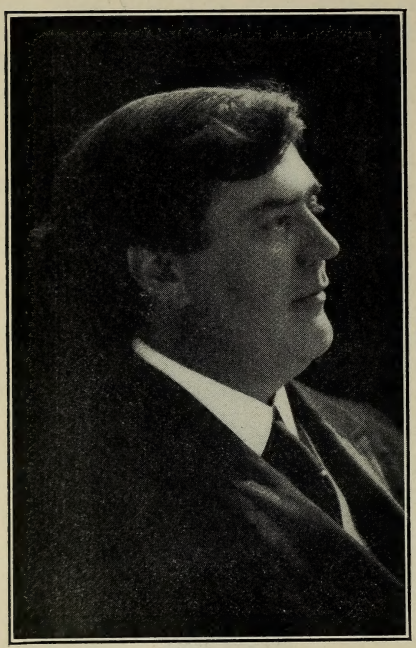


GROVER FACTORY DISASTER MONUMENT

ON MAR. 20, 1905,
A BOILER EXPLOSION
AND FIRE DESTROYED THE
R. B. GROVER AND CO. SHOE FACTORY.
THERE WERE 58 LIVES LOST
AND 150 PERSONS INJURED.

ERECTED BY THE CITY OF BROCKTON
IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO PERISHED
IN THE FACTORY DISASTER
MAR. 20, 1905.

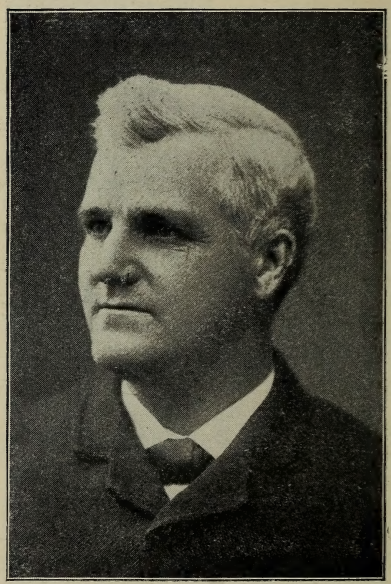
Every city in these days of competition between municipalities as well as between firms, corporations and individuals, needs an industrial yeast cake. Brockton has a Board of Trade which aims to keep its eyes



REV. ALAN HUDSON

open for opportunities for industrial development of the city. It has working committees to which are referred these opportunities as they present themselves. Like every other Board of Trade, a large part of the "tips" which come from industries, restless in present locations and looking for new ones, and from people with an axe to grind, are absolutely worthless. But it is the business of the committee on new industries and other committees of equal value to sift the chaff from the wheat, and when a really good thing is in sight to strive mightily to get it for a greater Brockton.

The Board of Trade has a conviction that it is as important to retain those industries which the city has and to have them grow and develop within the city as it is to obtain new industries of which it knows less. The Board has been successful in a quiet way in retaining some shoe manufacturing firms which thought for a time of moving elsewhere. The most notable example is that of the E. E. Taylor Company. A few years ago the firm had been almost persuaded to leave Brockton for a smaller town, but the Board of Trade learned that the first essential

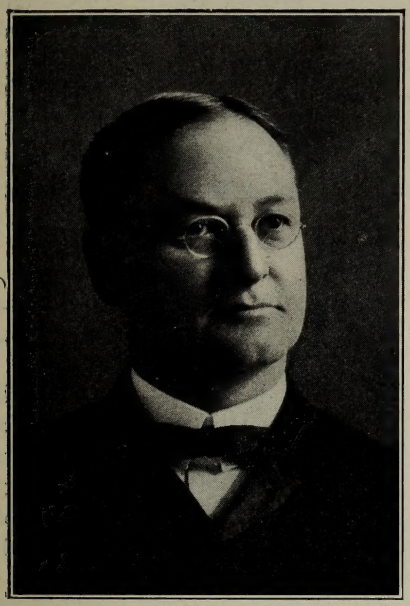


REPRESENTATIVE P. B. HANCOCK
STRENUOUS ADVOCATE FOR THE NEW YORK, BROCKTON AND BOSTON CANAL, WHICH WOULD MAKE BROCKTON A SEAPORT

was a larger factory. This was provided and, in the larger quarters, the firm felt so good that all the other things were so arranged that the concern has no intention of leaving the city in which it has grown to

four times its size at the time of its temptation.

The president of the Board of Trade is Hon. Lloyd E. Chamberlain, one of the leading lawyers of the city, an ex-senator and in every

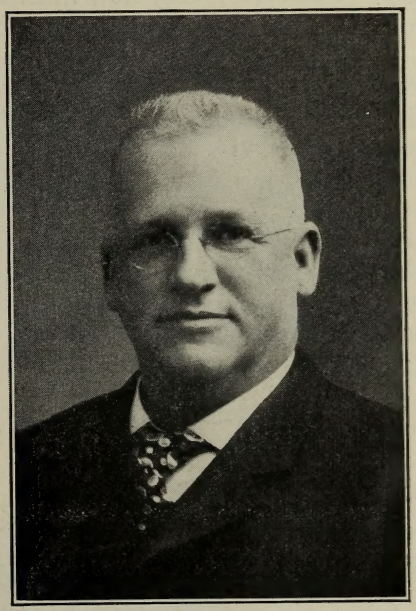


HON. LLOYD E. CHAMBERLAIN
PRESIDENT BROCKTON BOARD OF TRADE

way a leading citizen. He has been president of the Board from its institution, is an influential member of the Massachusetts State Board of Trade and a member of its executive committee. He is one of the trustees of the Taunton Insane Asylum, might have been the candidate for congressman if he had said the word on more than one occasion, and his name immediately flashes into mind when there is need of a leader in any public movement.

The other officers of the Board of Trade are Ellery C. Cahoon and Horace A. Poole, vice presidents; Elroy Sherman Thompson, secretary; L. Frank Garfield, treasurer; Edward B. Mellen, Lloyd E. Chamberlain, Ellery C. Cahoon, Horace A. Poole, L. Frank Garfield, Elroy S. Thompson, Robert C. Fraser, Emery M. Low, Herbert E. Guy and Frank E. Shaw, executive committee. Some member of the executive committee is chairman of each of the standing committees, by virtue of which plan the executive committee, when it meets, is in touch with all the work of all the committees.

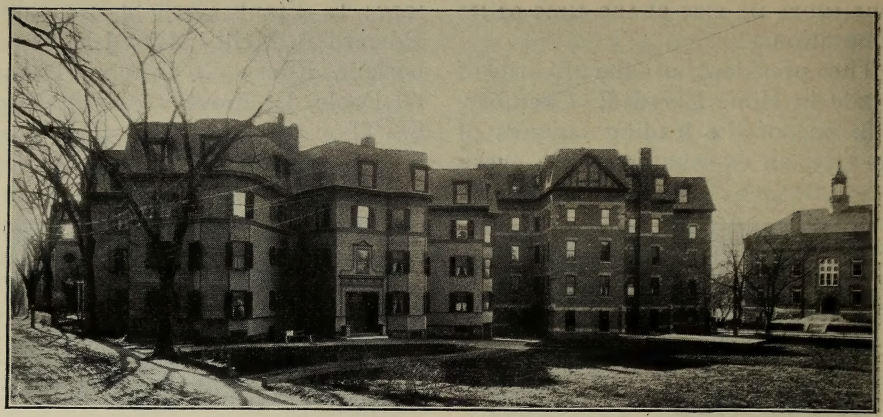
The quarters of the Board are in the Whipple-Freeman building, Main and Court streets, one of the



EX-ALDERMAN GEORGE CLARENCE HOLMES
"FATHER OF THE BROCKTON HOSPITAL"

largest and handsomest business blocks in the city.

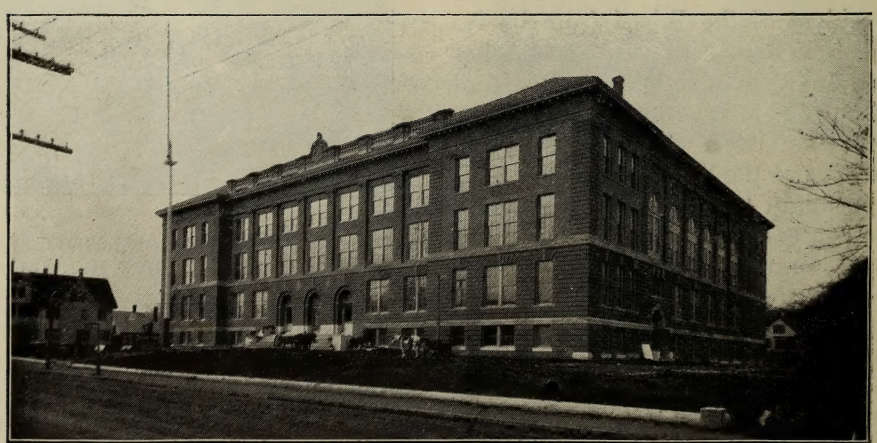
A potent agency which is ever at work for the fame, prosperity and excellence of the city is the daily press. There is no city of equal size



CHESSTON AND CHECKERTON, THE IDEAL APARTMENT HOUSES

which can boast of better newspapers. The oldest daily now in existence in the city is the Brockton Enterprise, one of the best written, most carefully edited, progressive and able newspapers to be found not only in a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, but in a city of double that number of persons. It is the property of the Enterprise Publishing Company, which has a magnificent newspaper plant in the Enterprise building in the very centre of the city's business life. Albert H. Fuller is the publisher, S. Heath Rich, managing editor, and Louis E. Rich, editor.

The publisher's connection with Brockton journalism dates from May 6, 1876, when he published the first number of the Brockton Weekly Advance. This was afterward sold and Mr. Fuller started to publish the Brockton Weekly Enterprise July 5, 1879. It paved the way for the Daily Enterprise which was first issued January 26, 1880. The population of the town at that time was

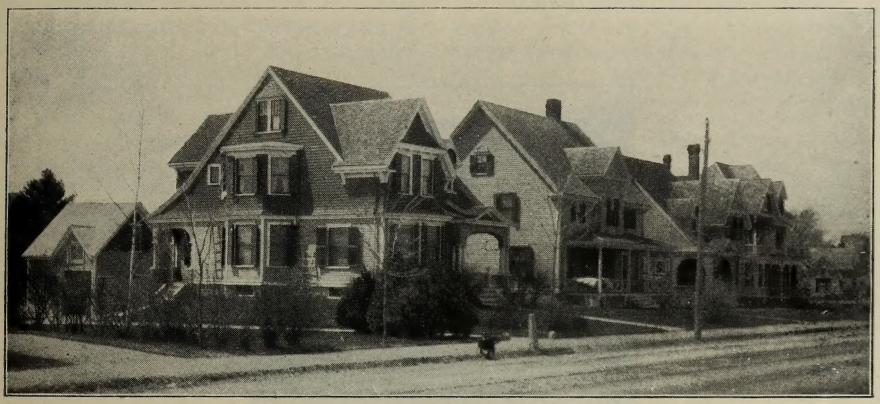


NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

thirteen thousand. The capital is supposed to have been about five hundred dollars, but the paper continued to grow and prosper and has always kept pace with the growth and improvements in the city. The first edition of the paper numbered five hundred copies, and the average circulation to-day exceeds eleven thousand.

The Brockton Times was founded in 1895 by Hon. William L. Douglas, last year governor of Massachusetts. Its first issue was dated February 5th in the year given. Christmas Day of that year. In its present building, at the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, it may secure quarters sufficiently large to take care of its ever-increasing business.

A survey of the business centre of the city discloses many large and busy stores, and yet most of the firms have either recently made enlargements or are planning to do so with all possible speed. The dean of local merchants is Baalis Sanford, of the H. W. Robinson Company, dry goods merchants, although he



MODEL BROCKTON HOMES, INTERVALE PARK
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE SECTION BUILT BY THE ANGLIM BROTHERS
IN FIVE YEARS FROM WASTE LAND

With the exception of the first five months the Times has been under the sole direction of its present publisher, William R. Buchanan, and to-day enjoys a circulation of nearly thirteen thousand daily. Its managing editor is Arthur J. Chase.

The Times was first published from the Church block, which was called the Times building during the occupancy of the concern, until the present handsome Times building was completed in 1897. The removal into the new home was on

is still in the prime of life. Many there are who are less than forty. It is a young man's city, in business and professional life.

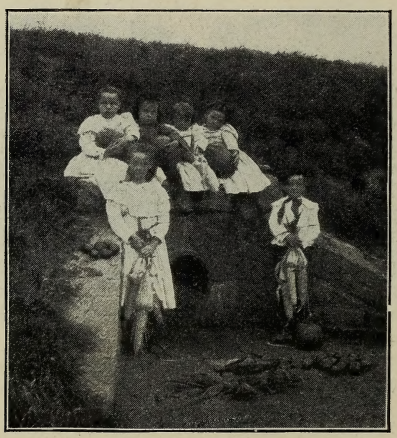
A young man who is making a wonderful success in a new line of Y. M. C. A. work is George S. Paine, boys' secretary of the Brockton Y. M. C. A., organizer and director of the Brockton Boys' Club. He came here from New Bedford to do some big work for the imperiled boys. He had been told by the organizer of the National Federa-

tion of Boys' Clubs that the Y. M. C. A. could not do boys' work. He organized a club with twelve boys and the present membership is two hundred and sixty. In various lines it has made a wonderful record and the "Brockton plan," which he originated, has a national reputation.

Brockton is not an exotic dropped from heaven by angel hands. It did not spring like Aphrodite, from the sea,—there is no sea, not even a lake or river. It is not a city which cannot be hidden because built on a hill, such as the Scriptures describe,—there is no hill. Nature left Brockton like so much "free raw material," but somehow the right kind of men have fashioned it and their work needs no apology.

Labor which is unintelligent, men who are "brothers to the ox," are unknown in Brockton and always have been. "The will to do, the soul to dare" have been characteristic of the community, and the intelligence to go ahead and achieve has brought about a world-famous city in Plymouth county.

"I will" is the motto of Chicago. "I do" is the explanation of Brockton.



ALL RAISED AT THE FILTER BEDS

Books As I See Them

By KATE SANBORN

Among the many mysteries and melodies of life and literature, some refuse to be caught and labelled and soar beyond our grasp. A host of definitions fail to catch and hold the evanescent rainbow of humor, the electric flash of wit, the auroral and intermittent display of genius, the real source and cause of inspiration. What is music? it expresses the unexpressed; it is a bond between earth and heaven: but has it been ever satisfactorily defined, or its power over mortals explained?

And among authors, why is it that some writers however gifted and widely read in their lifetime, vanish down "the back entry of time," or only live in libraries, in extra good bindings; like the cardinal virtues, "well spoken of, but seldom used," while others with no more ability, possibly not so much, stick fast to Fame's wings in the winnowing of the centuries, retaining and increasing the charmed atmosphere that is immortal? From Dan Chaucer to Stevenson, you know how few make a place for themselves in your inmost heart.

Jane Austen had this wondrous power of perpetuating her personality and the fascination of her character sketches; and reverent scholars make pilgrimages every year to her home and her last resting place to get if possible one little bit more of unpublished Ana. Lamb, the one and only Charles Lamb, with his marvellous head and angel face; the whimsical, moody, slim-legged, splay-footed, stammering darling, gains each year a stronger hold on the reading world. He was the ideal brother, his courage was heroic, his friendship a precious gift; he gave delightful card parties with "puns at nine" and beer or wine all the time. But beyond all that his mind and soul are with us more vividly if possible than when he was in the body, struggling with trials, handicaps and literary and romantic disappointments.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, who is recognized as the final authority on the Lambs, has already given us seven octavo volumes containing all their works and correspondence and now offers two volumes with fifty illustrations including eleven pictures of the two whom only the demon of insanity could separate.

He calls his hero "the most lovable figure in all English literature" and proves this claim. We, who love him too and are so familiar with every year of his existence, value most the quips and phrases that we have not seen. He describes at length "one Rickman"; "the finest fellow to drop in a' nights, about nine or ten o'clock, cold bread and cheese time, just in the wishing time of the night, when you wish for some one to come in, without a distinct idea of a probable body. A fine rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes; a species in one; a new class, an exotic, any slip of which I am proud to put in my garden pot."

Mary Lamb wrote to Mrs. Coleridge of a nice little girl "who is so fond of my brother that she stops strangers in the street to tell them when Mr. Lamb is coming to see her." And the biographer adds, "I know of no incident in Lamb's life, or in any one's life, that is prettier than this."

When dreamy philosophers were discussing "man as he is and man as he ought to be" "Give me," interjected Lamb, "man as he ought not to be." When brain weary he once took a room away from his home just to avoid his nocturnal, or knock-eternal visitors, but he soon longed for the old comrades again.

How delicious to those of us who find human nature as exemplified in ourselves; how "very human," this confession of frailty: "This very night I am going to leave off tobacco! Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized."

He spoke of asking some rather dubious persons to supper: "You would not sit with them?" asked Talfourd.

"Yes," said Lamb. "I would sit with anything but a hen or tailor."

And who cares what he said of the writing "female." Of L. E. L. Lamb said, "Letitia was only just tinted; she was not what the she-dogs now call an intellectual woman." We remember how proud he was of his sister's poems.

To a man who said something he considered witty. "Ha! very well; very well indeed!" said Lamb. "Ben Jonson has

said worse things, and—and—and better!"

How he liked to sport with names. A stupid clerk named Wawd, he hit off in this couplet:

"What Wawd knows, God knows;
But God knows *what* Wawd knows."

And in a charade on Dodwell:

"My first is that which infants call their Maker,
My second is that which is best let alone."

Pub., G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

And after all this, William C. Hazlitt contributes to the February Atlantic "Eliana: The Latest Windfall," announcing that he had accumulated fifty unpublished epistles of Lamb's in an article of nearly a dozen pages of unfamiliar material!

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Three new books I've been looking over carefully make Pope's couplet come to mind:

'Tis with our judgments as our watches none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

And each original thinker becomes a leader, attracting a faithful following.

Miss Lilian Whiting is a poet yet a practical optimist; a spiritual and a spiritualistic woman, one who lives according to what she urges upon others with the firmest sort of faith in a World Beautiful for all who know how to live rightly. The immense sale of her volumes on this theme shows what a wide influence for good she has been able to exert.

In her last little book on the same theme, "The Joy That No Man Taketh From You," she argues that we all may so live as to gain a lasting joy "so that neither death nor privation nor loss nor disappointment nor trial in any of its innumerable forms shall dim this radiance or diminish this energy." And she asks, "May we not stand in this radiant atmosphere always and unvaryingly, entirely irrespective of any form of trial or sorrow?"

I am free to confess that I cannot attain such constant composure but this is no proof that it cannot be attained.

Here is a sentence which I am sure will help one to gain this noble poise. "The one supreme achievement of the great Journey of human life is that of the consecrated will."

Her publishers are Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

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I feel like the old farmer who was asked if his dying wife was resigned. He replied, "Resigned? why she's got to be!"

It was Guy de Maupassant who compared our brief existence here to that of flies in a corked bottle. They fly about trying to escape the inevitable; some get higher than others, but soon all succumb and expire. I've been re-reading Gail Hamilton's Letters; she was apt to express tersely what many others would like to say and she rebelled at this life if this is all; a cruel tragedy. She says, "What I want is a real old-fashioned God who looks after you and follows you up and knows all about you. There is no sort of comfort in thinking of yourself just only a protoplasm floating vaguely around the Universe."

Edward Howard Griggs, the eloquent exponent and setter forth of Dante, Shakespeare, Browning, has thought much on the enigmas of life and in his recently published "Book of Meditations" he writes wisely, at times in the strain Miss Whiting dwells on, as "Why can we not realize constantly that to-day is the opportunity for sublime living? Consecrate some fragment of time every day to the quiet effort to see things in relation: do not depend upon the mere accident of distance to give truth. How different 'modern thought' will look five hundred years from now! But keep open to truth in the certainty that there is a deep below our last sounding, and a height from which our petty hill of vision will be lost in the level plain." But he adds, "If there is no eternity of the subject for whom change exists, as well as of the process of change, it seems to me to be hopeless to attempt any understanding of the farce of life: unless there is this eternity, there can be no rational basis of morals, no motive for living."

I cannot agree to that. I am glad to have lived, and if this be all I still desire to do my best.

By the way, here is his definition of genius: "To affirm always the best and renounce the lower, that is genius." Satisfactory?

Publisher, B. W. Huebsch, New York.

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The "Kasidah" by Sir Richard F. Burton is a most depressing, unforgetable poem; a grand effort from an undoubted genius, but O, so hopeless, so helpless!

"So hard, blunt, crude and purposely inelegant are these couplets, that under the spell and bewilderment of their powerful influence, the Rubaiyat seems, in comparison, almost sophomoric, In Memoriam

attainted with sentimentality, while Omar or Fitzgerald gently numbs the being into despair; Burton forces us to face the vacant, affrighting death's head of fact, though yet bidding us to be manful to the end. Verily the Kasidah is writ in blood and tears with a pen of iron."

Here is a reme'y for egotism.
What knowest thou, man, of life? and yet forever twixt the womb, the grave,
Thou pratest of the Coming Life; of Heaven and Hell thou fain must rave;
The world is old and thou art young; the world is large and thou art small;
Cease, atom of a moment's span ,to hold thyself an All-in-All.

How Thought is impotent to divine the secret which the Gods defend,
The Why of birth and life and death, that Isis-veil no hand may rend.

Dost not, O Maker, blush to hear, amid the storm of tears and blood,
Man say, Thy mercy made what is, and saw the made and said, "'Twas good."

The Marvel is that man can smile dreaming his ghostly, ghastly dream:
Better the heedless atom that buzzes in the morning beam!

O the dread pathos of our lives! How durst thou, Allah, thus to play
With Love, Affection, Friendship, all that shows the god in mortal clay!

Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, has shown his perfect taste in the make up of this.

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As my allotted space is dwindling let me present a brief list of new books worth reading; a few worth owning. For a novel that has real live men and women and an engrossing plot give me Ellen Glasgow's "The Wheel of Life"; Arnold Kemper, an athletic, fascinating, selfish, love-compelling man with splendid virtues to balance his grave faults, is a character creation that is strong clear through.

Doubleday, Page and Company.

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Books of Places:

Picturesque Sicily, by William A Paton. Harpers.

Brittany, pictures by Mortimer Menpes; text by Dorothy Menpes. A. and C. Black, London.

London Films. Howells. Harpers.

More Queer Things About Japan. Selden and Lorrimer.

Two in Italy. Maud Howe. Illustrations by her artist husband, John Elliot. Little, Brown and Company.

A Levantine Log Book. Jerome Hart of the Argonaut. Longmans, Green and Company, New York, London, Bombay. (This is super-excellent!)

Biography:

With Walt Whitman in Camden, by Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.

A Life of Whitman, by Henry Bryan Binns. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

Sidney Lanier, by Edwin Mims. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. (The first complete and adequate life of this poet.)

Lincoln: Master of Men, by Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. (If anything new can be said or told of that great man, one more life will be welcome.)

Poems:

Songs of America, by Edna Dean Proctor. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

New York City has a Funeral Drivers' Union, and hereafter people can die and be decently buried there under its dictation. Those who favored the "open shop" while alive will be boycotted after death, a "future punishment" not dreamed of by John Calvin nor Jonathan Edwards. A "trust" already controls the price of coffins, so that they cost twice what they ought to, and the undertakers add in making death a luxury too expensive for common people. Shakespeare did not know about these things when he wrote whether it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. If he had known he might have taken second thought before hazarding the probabilities. At least he might have advised less haste in "shuffling off this mortal coil." The ostentation of modern funerals is farcical anyway, and if "the Unions" can make them unpopular they may plead that excuse for existence.

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That all sin is disease has long been a general proposition of a popular class of advanced thinkers, but particulars have been lacking until now, when the editor of the Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery announces that all "bad temper" is all due to indigestion, gout and uric acid, and prescribes abstinence from meat, wine, beer and spirits, and tea and coffee, and muscular exercise on an empty stomach. Too many patients would have the empty stomach all right, ready for the exercise, but whether the immediate effect of the treatment would produce an improved temper is doubtful. To those who most need the treatment such a prescription would increase the malady; they would think bad things instead of pleasant ones, and concentrated soothing syrup would be in order, and "beef, wine and iron" would be "indicated" to the most casual observer.

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Some of us can remember when the treatment of typhoid patients involved the exclusion of fresh air or any approach to a chill, and it is very modern to treat tuberculous cases with open air in cold weather. And now New York City experts have discovered that cases of pneumonia are best treated with fresh air regardless of temperature. They have discovered that a patient with a high fever and dry skin cannot take cold. The latest treatment is to keep the room open to the outer air, and keep only the feet of the patient warm. Water is given frequently and freely and easily digested food is given. This reverses the "regular" treatment, but its first advocate claims success for twenty-five years, and a year's trial at the Presbyterian hospital has been remarkably successful. One point is certainly in its favor, it don't need a high-priced physician to write a Latin prescription as a pass on which the patient can start on the road to health.

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Dr. Richard Hodgson's spirit failed to talk sensibly on its first attempt to "communicate" after it had entered the other world. He tried again with an explanation of the difficulty of the transmission of ideas from the spiritual plane. He said: "All expression would be quite impossible without some medium, and until some developments in conscious evolution in the course of the things which pertain to the development which is spiritual determine the exact ratio in spiritual comprehension upon the part of the medium and the understanding of the same by the spirit attempting to communicate, until then incontrovertible facts of spirit return, and especially of identity, will continue difficult to obtain." After reading that sentence half a dozen times there is still a doubt as to its meaning. It would seem, however, that so far as the Doctor has progressed over there he has only found out that "it can't be did," a conclusion which is quite prevalent on this side the line. If belief in life beyond the grave rested on what the Doctor's friends have been able to send back from there, "we are of all men the most miserable."

Greater Industries of America

Some Observations on Pure Coffee; Its Culture, Treatment and Preparation for Use.

By Herbert Churchill

Coffee as a beverage is probably better known and less understood than any other article of food or drink. Since it was discovered, five centuries ago, its qualities have been discussed in a more or less partial way; books have been written to prove it injurious to health, many good doctors have restricted its use, yet in all that time it has generally been the oldest inhabitant who has liked his coffee most, and its enemies have been persons with no stomach for anything stronger than water gruel. Whoever tells you that coffee is harmful—that is, true coffee, is foolish, or else he is one of those wholesale dealers in misfortunes, one of those trade undertakers who mark you for early burial because you do not eschew the real article for substitutes of his decoction.

The rational view of coffee is that it is the most wholesome of all beverages—provided, of course, it is selected and prepared with proper care. It is a nerve vigorant, a laxative; it has a tendency to allay the sensation of hunger and diminishes the wear and tear, or waste, of the animal frame which occurs, to some extent, every minute. To the worker, especially the brain worker, its properties are invaluable.



THE WHITE HOUSE

Ask any man of the latter class, who has been a life-long, inveterate coffee drinker, to what he most attributes his capacity for hard work in his later years and I daresay he will tell you his coffee. Ask some hardy old grandfather of eighty, hale, robust and of ruddy countenance how he accounts for his vigor and buoyancy, ten to one he will say coffee. We know, as a



THE LATEST STYLE ROASTERS
(Capacity 70,000 pounds per day)

matter of fact, that it was used for a long time as a medicine before it became the common drink of the people.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table found a virile influence in the seductive aroma and bracing flavor of his cup of coffee. His thoughts—those memorable cascades of philosophy—flowed with more ardor and glow and spirit when his coffee was served. Dickens never wrote a line until he had taken his breakfast of coffee and toast. It stimulated him for his day's work, and the bodily effect was strengthening—never debilitating. It has for many years been advocated by those having the elevation of the laboring classes of Europe at heart as a substitute for the dangerous and transient stimulation of beer and spirits. Wherever this substitution has been successful the element of work capability has increased more than a hundred per cent.

Coffee had a freakish start in commerce. It began as a fad of an English merchant named Edwards, in 1551. He brought a quantity of beans home from Smyrna for his private use. Nobody had the least idea what it was until he invited some of his friends and neighbors to taste the new beverage and then his house was so overrun with visitors asking for it, that he put a servant into a coffee house business and told them all to go to that place and buy it. From this little beginning the habit of coffee drinking spread rapidly. In a short time it became general throughout the world, and around the little aromatic berry there evolved, as the years rolled into centuries, an enormous industry of the soil with tremendous ramifications in the curing, shipping, preparing for market and dispersing into the myriad avenues of the world's traffic and consumption. What a stunning thing it is, when you think of it, this infinite, incalculable growth of commerce from a simple coffee bean. The English merchant of the sixteenth century, by an accidental discovery, gave the people of the whole world their standard beverage for all time.

The leading kinds of coffee distinguished from one another in commerce are Mocha, which comes from Arabia and is a small greenish-gray bean; Java or East Indian, a large yellow bean; Jamaica, a small greenish bean; Surinam, a very large grey bean, and Bourbon, a pale yellow bean. As equal care is not given to the cultivation and treatment of coffee in all places where it is grown, there are great differences in the quality and price. A good deal very naturally depends on



A CORNER IN THE PACKING DEPARTMENT

climate and culture and very much, also, on freeing the beans of impurities and curing them.

The great demand for coffee has led to the employment of a number of substitutes, of which chicory root is the best known; dandelion root, carrot, cereals, sweet potatoes and other substances are also employed. These things are wholesome enough, maybe, but all substitutes lack the most important constituent of true coffee —caffeine, and are therefore very different from it in their real qualities. The percentage of nutritive material in cereal or vegetable coffee imitations is not above two per cent. There is probably nothing in these imitations but disappointment and dyspepsia.

The coffee beans must be roasted exactly right or they lose between twenty and thirty-five per cent, in quality, which is the real reason why some of the coffees in common use are so unsatisfactory. There is more importance attached to the blending and nice preparation of coffee for use than perhaps for any article for the table. The beans must never be darker than a light brown to bring out the full aroma and other good qualities; when the roasting is carried further there is more or less charring and the disagreeable burned taste is imparted that coffee drinkers all know and have a keen repugnance for.

Some idea of the immense use of coffee by the people of the United States may be had from the fact that in 1895 there were imported into this country over five hundred thousand tons. The consumption of coffee was greater than that of tea, cocoa, chocolate, imitation coffees and all other table beverages of this class combined. It is so pre-eminently the drink of the people that its use is increasing at an average of twenty million pounds a year. And the reason for this is twofold; it has been found to agree with and to advance health conditions here to a high degree; and very much of its prestige in this regard is due to the perfect methods and processes of blending, separating, roasting, cooling and packing, as notably carried on in the establishment of the Dwinell-Wright Company in Boston. This may be designated as the model enterprise of the kind in America, if not in the world, and its principal product, White House Coffee, is undoubtedly the purest and most perfect blend of coffee that can be obtained. It has made the expression "Boston Roasted Coffee" a synonym for perfection in every home and public place where good coffee is the uniform rule.

Perhaps the reader, possibly a bit skep-

tical, will be interested in a brief description of the various processes of preparation of the White House Coffee. The natural bean is imported in gunny sacks or hemp bags containing about one hundred and thirty pounds each. Thousands of these bags come from all countries where coffee is grown, Arabia, Java, East Indies, Brazil, Jamaica, etc., and the first step of the blending, an expert and delicate operation by which each variety is handled according to a special formula, is done on the lower floor of the great establishment. Then it passes through separating machines on the second floor. The coffee is separated by a system of screens and fans and the various sized beans are deposited in metal bins. From here it goes to the top floor, is transferred to other bins, and thence to an automatic weighing machine and is drawn off into hundred pound sacks. Thence it goes to the roasters, and the most extraordinary care is exercised by operatives long trained to the work, in getting it just right. The roaster cylinders, of which there are two batteries, one eight and one six, were built expressly for the Dwinell-Wright Company, and have a capacity of seventy thousand pounds a day. The coffee is automatically conveyed to these roaster cylinders, kept in continuous motion over hot fires and is watched by men with a keen eye for color, every instant. When it shows exactly the right shade, the standard which determines the flavor, it is automatically transferred from the roaster or oven into large coolers connected with immense fans, which exhaust the heat and steam from the coffee at once—this is essential to retain the full aroma and flavor. It is then conveyed to special bins for further cleaning and separating according to blend and brand. On the fourth floor the coffee is packed for shipment. The packing is divided into two departments—whole coffee and ground coffee. All the grinding is done on the floor above, the coffee dropping by gravity from the mills into the automatic weighing machines, without being touched by hand. All the machinery and apparatus of the establishment is of metal, so that there is no chance of the slightest impurity affecting the coffee and preserving all the delicacy of flavor and aroma for which the White House Coffee is famous.

Model factory construction in New England has placed this section on the highest plan as regards the sanitary, hygienic and other health conditions that surround the more sedentary and confining employments. In this superbly appointed structure of the Dwinell-Wright Company light and ventilation have been especially well provided; the work rooms are sunny and airy; the rules require scrupulous cleanliness and the employes—especially the fifty or more young women—look as wholesome and as tidy as college maids. A sense of absolute cleanness pervades the whole establishment. In the products purity is rigidly maintained. The White House Coffee is never touched by hands; it is put up in sealed packages under guarantee labels so that the purchaser always gets precisely what he buys—a uniform coffee of perfect quality and gets it at first hand without being tampered with in the course of trade. This is what has made the high reputation of "Boston Coffee." The Dwinell-Wright Company have their own power, lighting and heating plants and combination of the best known devices for steam and electricity. The building is supplied with automatic fire extinguishers, time-clocks, watchman's clocks and the most approved appliances for safety, health and economic operation.

The Dwinell-Wright building is a seven-storied structure of the most modern type, at numbers 311-319 Summer street, and is one of the industrial show places of Boston. Its length is one hundred feet and its width ninety feet. It is abundantly lighted and ventilated, having two hundred and nineteen windows. At the rear of the building are railroad tracks which enable the handling of shipments with promptness and convenience. There is a special place for handling wagon shipments expeditiously without blocking the sidewalk and street. On the first floor adjoining offices which give the visitor an impression of great business activity, is a coffee testing-room, equipped with a battery of six roasters and electrically driven mills for grinding samples. The practice of roasting green coffee before purchasing large lots has become so essential that the testing room is one of the most important departments of the business. In the olden days samples were roasted in a corn popper, but in the Dwinell-Wright plant the requirements are such that electrically equipped roasters had to be installed in order to keep pace with the business. The allotment of the work upon the various floors of the building is probably as perfect in all respects as the highest class of scientific methods and skilled workmanship can or do display anywhere in this country. A minute and technical description of the boilers, engines, dynamos and other features of the fine steam and electric plant which operates all the machinery would hardly interest the lay reader.

The third floor, as well as a portion of the second, is occupied by the spice department, for the Dwinell-Wright Company, apart from its great coffee business,



311-319 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

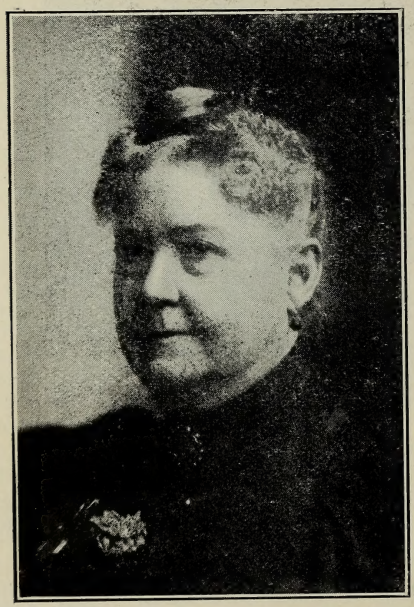
also controls the importation, blending, grinding and packing of the Royal Spices, that have become famed in the homes of America. This is an enormous business of itself and necessitates the employment of a large number of young women and men. The same careful attention given to the many details of coffee roasting and packing is exercised here with the numerous kinds of spices, with the constant determination to obtain a fixed standard which the company boasts, viz: "Nothing but pure, always pure, and of the best quality, too." In this spice department, also, automatic sealing and weighing machines have supplanted the hand labor and resulted in a large increase of output.

Standing in the shipping department of this representative establishment of its line, one can see at any hour of the day enormous quantities of cases, bags, and cans of White House Coffee, Royal Spices, and other products in course of shipment to every part of this country and to many foreign markets. A visit to the Dwinell-Wright Company's unique establishment is an experience worth while. It will make you a happy coffee drinker ever after.

The National Society of N. E. Women

BY MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY AND MISS JUANITA LELAND

Interest in the National Society of New England Women is spreading over our great country, and it is not unexpected that nearly every issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE will tell of the formation of some new Colony. In the great Middle West, where our forefathers were the first to make a home in the primeval forests and our foremothers showed a like courage with them, and where the population is now cosmopolitan, there should be many



MRS. WILLIAM DEXTER WOLCOTT

branches of the National Society. Northwestern Ohio is already knocking on the parent door. In Toledo descendants of Thomas Hooker, William Pratt and the Griswolds, Elys and Seldons of Connecticut are organizing a Colony.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the purpose of the Society of New England Women: "to perpetuate the memory of our glorious ancestors and to bind by the ties of a common interest the women born in New England or direct parentage therefrom," and further and more to the point, "to instill into the hearts of the younger generation a love for the traditions of New England and a proper pride for its history."

The Parent Society functions have been a marked success the past month. The most important of these was the annual breakfast, which was held on February 9th, at Delmonico's, and was in honor of the navy. The decorations were in accord. The long table at which were seated the guests of honor was trimmed to represent the flagship at full dress, the smaller tables representing the ships of the squadron. When the guests entered the banquet room no lights were seen except the many fairy lights of red and green that were shown on all the tables. When the electric lights were turned on it was a surprise to everybody to find the suggestion of a fleet of war ships.

Captain Albion V. Wadhams, U. S. N. and Mrs. Wadhams, the principal speakers, came from the U. S. Navy Yard at Norfolk, Virginia, especially for this occasion.

In introducing Captain Wadhams the president, Mrs. George T. Stevens, said, "Among patriotic Americans the navy of our country is a subject of pride and the men who make up the personnel are justly regarded as belonging to the best American type. We expect them to be brave and hardy at sea and agreeable and amusing on land. If our government provides for relieving these men from care for the future they should be willing in return to dispel all care from us for the present. Captain Wadhams will now proceed to execute this his official land duty by telling us something of life on board a man-of-war."

The Captain, after paying the ladies present graceful compliments, spoke of the navy in its earlier years when they felt they were not fitting representatives of the country in their old wooden ships. "The first time I knew I was on a ship that would whip anything that went out of or came into a port, I was the proudest man in the world." He added, "We want peace, but we want a navy in order to have peace." He spoke strongly on the splendid personnel of the navy and said that we must not suppose that the men

who wear gold lace look down on the Jackies in white duck. Every man is respected for his value to his country, the only question is, "are you entitled to the protection of the U. S. flag? If so, you shall have it." Throughout his address the Captain held his audience by his ready humor which interspersed the stronger sentiment. Mrs. Wadhams was quite as interesting as her husband as she spoke of the various women's interests in which she held a part.

The other speakers were Mrs. Philip Carpenter, president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, who gave a humorous description of her experience on a yachting trip; Mrs. John Howard Abeel, regent of the Daughters of the Revolution, state of New York; Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, president of Sorosis; Mrs. Albion V. Wadhams, vice president of the Abbott Collegiate Association; Miss Emma G. Lathrop, regent of the New York City chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Edward Addison Greeley, president of the National Society of Daughters of the Empire State; and Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, president of the Press Club. Music by Miss Reba Cornett and Mrs. Kirkham.

February 15th the annual meeting was held and the following were elected officers for the coming year: Second vice president, Miss Lizzie Woodbury Law; recording secretary, Miss Sara A. Palmer; corresponding secretary, Miss Ruth M. Holden; treasurer, Mrs. Charles E. Quimby; assistant treasurer, Miss Mary F. Bowron. The four new members of the Board of Managers elected were: Mrs. George Thomas Stevens, Mrs. Thomas Abernethy Fair, Mrs. James S. Lehmaier and Mrs. Theodore F. McDonald.

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The officers and colony committee of the National Society have set aside the 29th of March as Colony Day, to which are invited all of the officers and committees of the various colonies, the object being general social advantages. The season is a particularly prosperous and happy one in the Parent Society and Colonies, and all feel pleased that the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is serving as so favorable a medium of information regarding the interests of all. Through its columns, Buffalo, Colony Two, sends greetings to the various members of all the Colonies and says that their February meeting was the largest held in the history of the organization. Their president reports as follows:

"A very interesting paper was given on Lucy Larcom—several poems written by Miss Larcom were read and several of them which have been set to music were sung. The atmosphere was of a spiritual nature and greatly enjoyed by all. The members of Colony Two are preparing for a "Loan Exhibition" of New England relics—a candy and cake sale will be held in connection with the "Loan Exhibit." The affair will undoubtedly be one of the social successes of the winter and may offer a valuable suggestion to other Colonies."

Montclair, Colony Three, is still carrying on most interesting work besides their social meetings which have always been of the highest order. Their report is as follows: "The regular monthly meeting of the Montclair Colony was held Thursday, January 25th, at the residence of Mrs. Ogden Brower. Reports were given of the work of the district nurse employed by the Colony, and also a report by Mrs. James Trimble of the last meeting of the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs, at which meeting this Colony became a member of the Federation.

"It was decided to have a card party at the residence of Mrs. Frost on Washington's Birthday, to raise funds for the support of the district nurse."

Colony Four. It is a matter of regret to all that Mrs. Bertha M. Robbins, president of the year just ending, has finished her administration. She was not only a popular leader, but strong and capable, building the Colony up to nearly twice its former membership. The Colony are fortunate, however, in having as her successor Mrs. C. David White. Among the other unique features of Colony Four's methods, is the selection of a board of counsellors from the various New England states as will be noticed in their report as follows:

"At the regular meeting which was also the annual meeting, held February 19, 1906, at the residence of Mrs. Ellis Logan, 1253 Irving street, the annual reports were read and accepted, the election of officers for the ensuing year followed. President, Mrs. C. David White, 1443 Girard street; 1st vice president, Mrs. G. W. Benjamin; 2nd vice president, Mrs. Charlotte E. Main; recording secretary, Mrs. Paul Burkett; corresponding secretary, Miss J. C. Webster; treasurer, Mrs. Richard Rathbun and historian, Mrs. Bertha M. Robbins. Council: Maine, Mrs. J. S. P. Ham; New Hampshire, Mrs. W. H. Seaman; Vermont, Mrs. C. G. Gould; Massachusetts, Mrs. Charles Lyman; Connecticut, Mrs. H. H. Barroll; Rhode Island, Mrs. H. T. Guss. After the business meeting adjourned, a short program was given of patriotic music, reading of the article in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE; also the

reading by Mrs. Robbins of a letter written in September, 1748, at Nantucket Plantation, by a young lady, Ruth Starbuck Wentworth, to her parents who were pioneers seeking a new home in the interminable forests of central New York. The letter goes on to relate the home coming of her cousin Nathaniel Starbuck from a long voyage to China and the making of some of the tea which he had brought, the first of this beverage known on the island of Nantucket. The original letter is in the possession of an old lady residing in New York. The copy of the letter was read before the 'Society of Mayflower Descendants' in Illinois eight years ago, and recently before the 'Society of Mayflower Descendants' in Washington and now before our own Colony."

Rutherford, Colony Six, is also in a flourishing condition. At their annual meeting which was held recently, an original poem was read by Mrs. Sarah L. Flowers, in which she set forth not only the pride they have in the example established by our Plymouth Rock and other early ancestors, but the aim of their colony and the articles of their constitution and by-laws. I regret that lack of space will not permit its being published in this issue.

Pittsburgh, Colony Seven, is also progressing most satisfactorily in the increase of its numbers and the character of the social meetings they are holding. Their report is as follows: "The Pittsburgh Colony of the National Society of New England Women held its regular meeting on the second Tuesday in February at the residence of its president, Mrs. David Kirk. After a brief business meeting the distinguished writer, Miss Nella Sebert Cathee, who had lived at one time in Pittsburgh, read one of her unpublished stories and then at the request of many members consented to read some of her best known poems. After the reading the President invited those present to the dining room where tea was served and red and white carnations showed forth the club colors.

"The Pittsburgh Colony now numbers forty-one members and a club baby, representing every New England state. At the March meeting, Mrs. John Shelley Detwicke, one of its number who has lately returned from a long residence in Russia, will talk to the Colony on the home life of that country."

Brooklyn, Colony Eight, asks to withhold her report until next month, as their meetings of the last month have been largely executive with little that would interest the Colony readers generally.

Although Colony Nine, Utica, was crippled in its early start by the death of their honorary president, whose picture appears in this issue, still they have completed their charter membership and are prepared to take their place as a representative Colony.

In the death of Mrs. William D. Wolcott who died at her home in New York Mills, Oneida County, New York, on December 8th, the Utica Colony of New England Women lost one of its prominent members and organizers. She was the mother of William Stuart Wolcott, president of the New York Mills Co., whose death in September came to her as a crushing blow. Mrs. Wolcott was one of a long line to reflect honor upon a Connecticut ancestry. Her maiden name was Hannah Coe Hubbard. She was born at Middletown, Connecticut, July 3, 1817, and was the daughter of Captain Charles Hubbard and Lucretia Miller. Captain Charles Hubbard was one of the ten children of Lieutenant Hezekiah Hubbard and Esther Foster both of Middletown, Connecticut. In "One Thousand Years of Hubbard History, from 866 to 1895," it is stated that "Hezekiah Hubbard was a Revolutionary war patriot, was engaged in the siege of Boston, and that he served until the end of the war, and was one of the original members of the society of the Cincinnati." Mrs. Wolcott's ancestry, in the Hubbard line, included many distinguished New England families, among whom were the Fosters, and Porters, (Noah Porter a president of Yale College being of this family) and many other families of note. Among the maternal ancestors, the Millers, the Coes, descendants of the martyr Coe, mentioned in "Fox Book of Martyrs," Curtisses, Robinsons, Mosses, and Joseph Hawley, who was born in England in 1603 and resided in Wethersfield and Stratford. In 1837 she married William Dexter Wolcott, an Oneida County manufacturer, and since that time her home has been in New York Mills, which she efficiently helped to make a "model village." Mrs. Wolcott had ever entertained deepest interest in the village and soon after she made her home in New York Mills she was known to every family in the community. Her interest in the affairs of those employed in the factories conducted by her husband and Mr. Campbell was not of the obtrusive sort, the many visits she made being always welcome. The good old families who gained their livelihood at the loom were dear to her and she made many suggestions that added to their comfort. Mrs. Wolcott was a woman of fine appearance and dignified bearing, a person of deep sympathy and warm affections, and un-

swerving in her loyalty to the right and to all good things. She was a devoted Christian and had long been a member of the Wolcott Memorial Presbyterian church in New York Mills, which endures as a monument to the memory of her husband. She leaves to her family and to the community a rich legacy of kind words and good deeds and a rare example of Christian living.

San Francisco, Colony Ten, is in a most flourishing condition; their sixty membership blanks have already been accepted by the Parent Society. They meet twice a month at the California Clubhouse and are continuing a course of New England history for their program with music interpersed. Refreshments are served at every meeting with true New England hospitality.

Binghamton, Colony Thirteen, has completed her charter membership of twenty-five, the papers have all been accepted by the committee of the Parent Society and at an early date the president of the National Society and the chairman of Colony committee will visit Binghamton and Utica and officially complete the organization of each Colony and present them with their charters.

Morristown, Colony Five, Chicago, Colony Ten, and Portland, Oregon, Colony Twelve, have not furnished any report for this number.

Book Notes

AT THE GATES OF THE CENTURY. By Harry Lyman Koopman.

A pretty, little book of verse, containing about a hundred short poems. This one silences any criticism which might be made:

"Always the asses in chorus denounce
the poet's arrival,
Drowning the voice of his music,
drowning his gathering praises;
Idle to answer them, vainer to scold
them than scolding the weather,
For they will always be with us, the
asses, and always be—critics."

(The Everett Press, Publishers, Boston.)

SEBASTIAN RALE. By John Francis Sprague.

This is an interesting tale of the labors of one of the Jesuit fathers among the Indians of Maine, telling besides the struggles of the missionary to teach and civilize his wards their struggles for their lives against the aggression and cruelty of the white settlers and how all ended in cruel massacre and the martyrdom of the good father. The little book is an interesting foot note to Acadian history and contains, beside, The Tradition of Pamola, Letters of Rale, his dictionary, and other matter which is pertinent.

Sebastian Rale was one of the most remarkable men and strongest characters that appear in the early history of New England, and many historians, including Parkman, have referred to him as well as the French writers of that period. Much controversy has arisen regarding him. The author has made an extensive research of all the authorities regarding Rale, his life and his work while stationed at Norridgewock, and the circumstances and facts surrounding his death. (Issued by the Heintzmann Press, Boston, Mass.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE PURITANS. By Seth Curtis Beach.

This volume contains biographies of Catherine Maria Sedgwick, Mary Lovell Ware, Lydia Maria Child, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Louisa May Alcott. Whether or not familiar with the subjects of these sketches almost any one will enjoy reading them as they are not written in the style of the ordinary dry biography but are familiarly reminiscent and full of amusing and interesting anecdote. It is not surprising to find that these women, so far in advance of their times in other matters should all have been Unitarians in theology. One cannot fail to profit by intimacy with such women and the author of these sketches deserves our thanks for bringing them so intimately to us. The volume is attractively printed and bound. (The American Unitarian Association, Boston. $1.10 net, $1.20 by mail.)

THE SAGE BRUSH PARSON. By A. B. Ward.

A story of life in a Nevada mining town, dramatic in style, full of intensely emotional scenes, which however are relieved by most welcome bits of humor, and permeated with the atmosphere of the sage brush wastes. The author, without tire-

some introduction, plunges at once into his story and from the beginning of the book until its close the reader is with Clement Vaughan, the hero, in all his varying moods and adventures, out on the fascinating western plains. He introduces you at once to both hero and country thus: "The train went on and Clement Vaughan, once itinerant preacher in Gainsborough, England, became an atom, a speck, in the wide expanse of the Nevada plain, absolutely alone. He turned in the saddle to look this way and that. Wide stretches of gray, dusty soil with leprous blotches of alkali, he saw, patches of sage brush, no other growing thing, high mountains rimming the horizon. Over him burned the blue of a cloudless sky. Around him poured the limpid atmosphere, a curving line of willows showed the path of the Humboldt River. The one street of Battle Mountain stood out straight and clear. All else was barren plain, sage brush and alkali. Towards the two little hills between which ran the road the stranger urged his horse, but the two little hills evermore retreated. They were like everything else in this strange, tantalizing country."

Influenced by his half-sister and pained and disgusted by the license and brutality of the little mining town which he visits Vaughan is filled with a great enthusiasm for saving souls and works zealously among the rough miners, living in the tiny Methodist Chapel there and becoming generally known as the "Sage Brush Parson." Cleverly woven into the plot is a thread of romance of unusual strength and purity. Certainly a well written story and worth the reading. (Little, Brown & Company. $1.50.)

House Hints for Those Who Build, Buy, Improve or Rent. By C. E. Schermerhorn.

This very practical publication is a pamphlet of architectural common sense for those who would either build a new house or improve an old one. Good directions for arranging the plans of a new house with an eye to both harmony and comfort, the demands of specifications, the needs of site are given. The information is complete, of a brief sort and well arranged. All departments of the house subject are treated—from the relative position of rooms through the importance of good stone and brickwork foundations, the framing, tiling, heating and all the finishing details. As the list shows, the manual is thoroughly practical, but the like need for beauty and fitness is not forgotten. The final page is a direction of what should be looked out for in renting a house. It is an excellent authority for real use. (House Hints Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 50 cents.)

Little, Brown & Company, the Boston publishers, have an unusually promising list of new books on their spring list. This firm opened the publishing season of 1906 with "A Maker of History," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, followed by "On the Field of Glory," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, and "The Sage Brush Parson," by A. B. Ward. Other books of fiction announced for early publication are: "Hearts and Creeds," by Anna Chapin Ray; "Maid of Athens," by Lafayette McLaws; "Kenelm's Desire," by Hughes Cornell; "Called to the Field," by Lucy M. Thurston; "Old Washington," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Sandpeep," by Sara E. Boggs; "The Wire Tappers," by Arthur Stringer; "The Wolf at Susan's Door," by Anne Warner; "The District Attorney," by William Sage, and "In Treaty With Honor," by Mary Catherine Crowley.

This firm will also issue a new illustrated edition of "Truth Dexter," by Sidney McCall, with a series of pictures by Alice Barber Stephens; also new editions, with illustrations, of two of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novels, "A Millionaire of Yesterday" and "Man and His Kingdom"; together with popular editions of the following recent novels: "Painted Shadows," by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Viking's Skull," by John R. Carling; "Sarah Tuldon," by Orme Agnus; "The Siege of Youth," by Frances Charles; "Hassan, a Fellah," by Henry Gilman, and "The Wolverine," by Albert L. Lawrence.

Other books on Little, Brown & Company's spring list include the following: "The Heart of the Railroad Problem," by Prof. Frank Parsons; "The Fight for Canada," by Major William Wood; "The Up-to-date Waitress," by Janet McKenzie Hill; "Thunder and Lightning," by Camille Flammarion; "Practical Rowing, with Scull and Sweep," by Arthur W. Stevens; "The Economy of Happiness," by James MacKaye; "The Game of Bridge," by Fisher Ames; "The Book of Daniel and Modern Criticism," by Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D.; and "Centralization and the Law," by Dean Melville M. Bigelow, of the Boston University Law School, and others.

Little, Brown & Company, also announce a special limited issue of "The Triumphs," by Petrarch translated by Henry Boyd, and printed at the University Press from Humanistic type, made especially for the publication, together with six plates from ancient Florentine engravings.



Hang On

to Coffee as long as you can.

If it hurts you VERY HARD it is easy to drop into the Postum Habit, because you have the fragrant breakfast cup with the rich seal brown color which changes to a ripe golden brown when rich cream is added.

And the change in feeling is of tremendous value to those who appreciate health and strength with the ability to "do things."

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A



IN THE MARKET PLACE

AN ANTIQUE RUG

This antique Bergamo rug from the collection of the Paul West Company, 408 Boylston street, Boston, is the rug mentioned by Pauline Carrington Bouvé in her article, "The Story of the Rug" in the March issue of the NEW ENGLAND. Its small size proves its antiquity. The Bergamo is distinguished by its soft, silky



ANTIQUE BERGAMO RUG

pile, its floral or large geometrical design. The small sizes only of this class are antique, as the modern Bergamo is always made larger. This rare textile poem is a brilliant yet soft mass of rich colors that harmonize as perfectly as a field of parti-colored flowers, and reminds one of Walter Crane's beautiful suggestion that these designs were meant to represent the walled-in garden that has always been so dear to the oriental heart. As it was impossible to secure this rug for reproduction in time for the March issue it is presented in this number as a very fine specimen of ancient oriental loom art and worthy of a place in any periodical devoted to the interests of art in the home furnishings.

A GERM KILLER

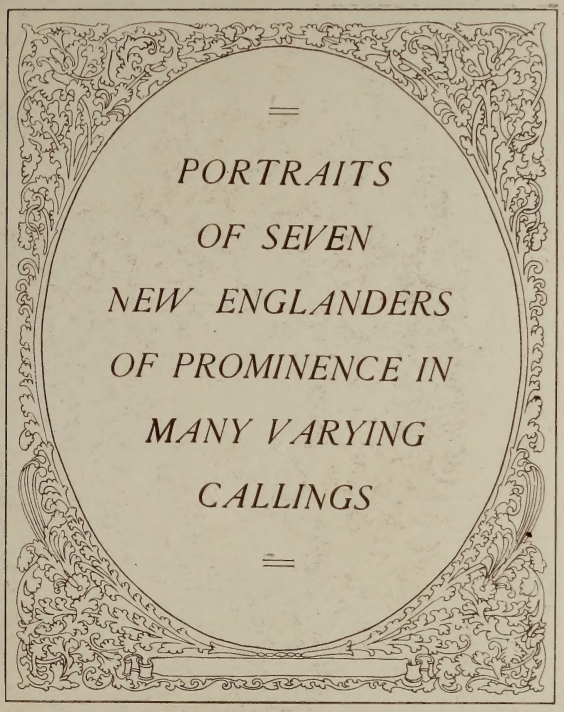
About this time of the year our lady readers are looking for something useful as a moth killer for their furs and a little later something that will drive away mosquitoes (great disease carriers). The Egyptian Deodorizer and Germ Killer will do this and on account of its value as a disinfectant is meeting with large sales. Its fumes kill all disease germs lurking in the rooms of your home, destroy all odors and at the same time perfume your entire house. Order a trial box of the Paul Manufacturing Company, 40 Fulton street, Boston.

THE BABY CARRIAGE SEASON

About this time of the year the nurse girl begins to make her daily rambles with the baby and she feels proud if she has a natty baby carriage in which to wheel the child. The Plimpton-Hervey Company have a variety of English patterns which are the finest made—some of them are beauties. Call and see them or send for list. 21 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

SOLID AS A ROCK

The statement of the Prudential Insurance Company, published on our third cover page, is certainly a fine showing of one of the old, reliable companies. It has assets of over one hundred and seven million dollars and a surplus of over sixteen millions. With a half a million policies in force it paid its policy holders in dividends last year over one million dollars. Such a company deserves the confidence of the public.


PORTRAITS
OF SEVEN
NEW ENGLANDERS
OF PROMINENCE IN
MANY VARYING
CALLINGS

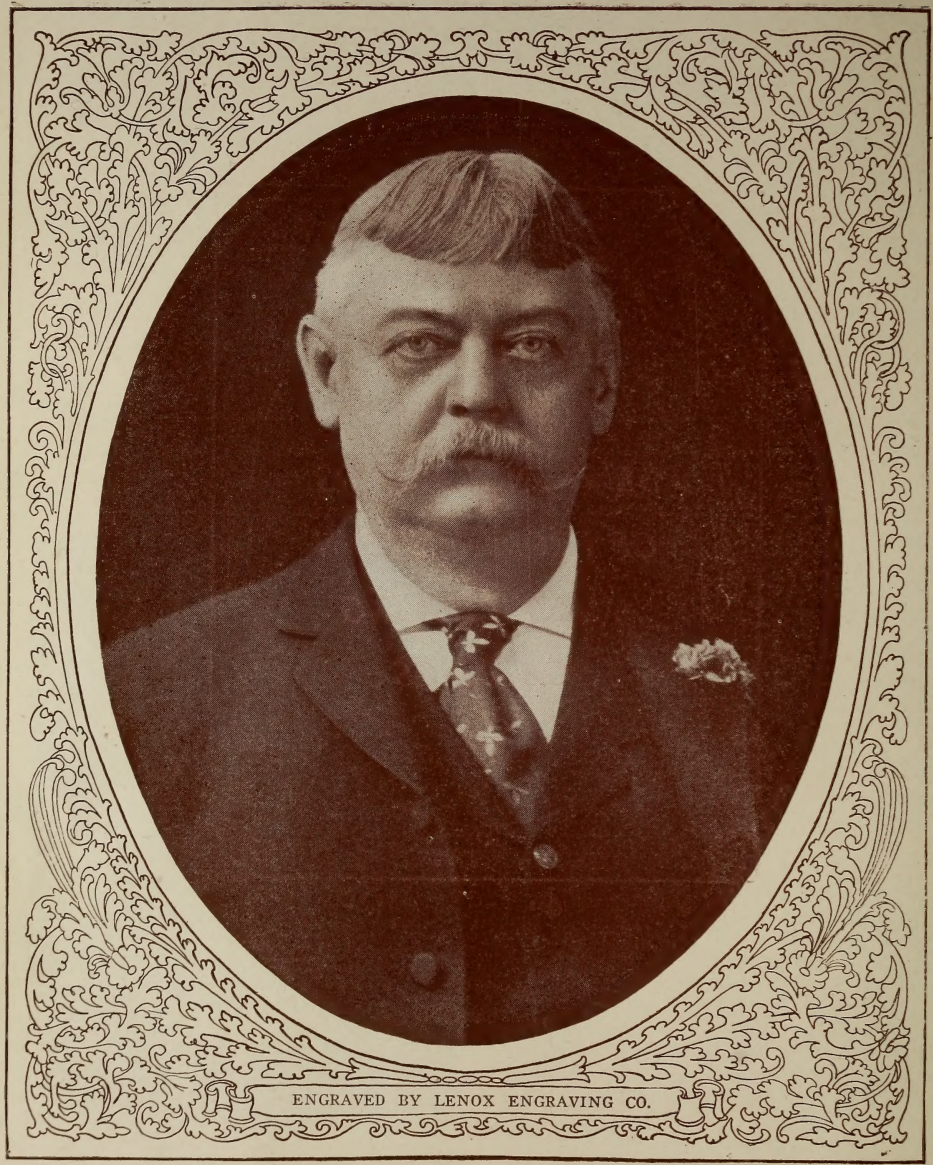


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

CHARLES W. BARTLETT

Lawyer and politician, Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts in 1905.

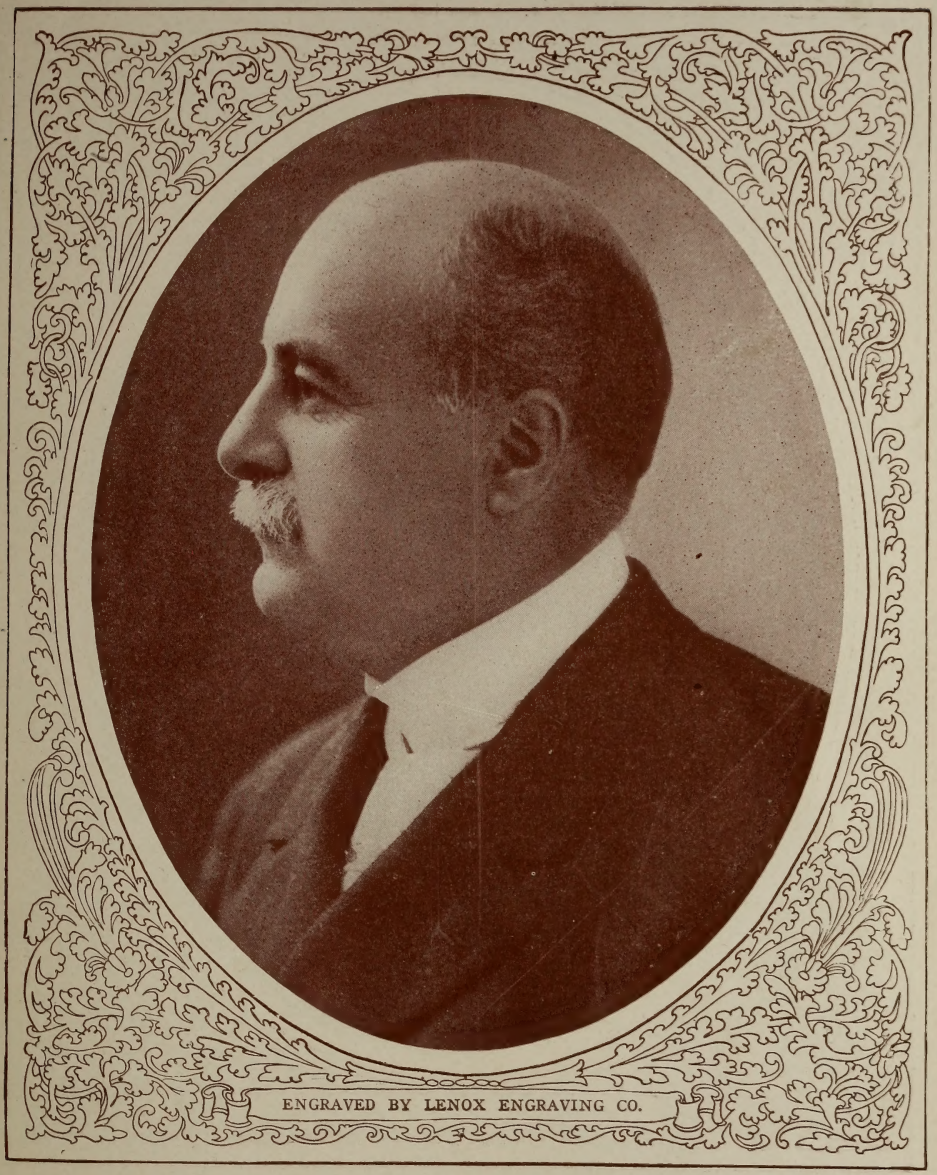


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

HON. EBEN S. DRAPER

Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, manufacturer, staunch Republican, prominent member of the Home Market Club.



MRS. GEORGE C. RIGGS

Widely known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of many books, whose pen name is a household word among fiction readers.

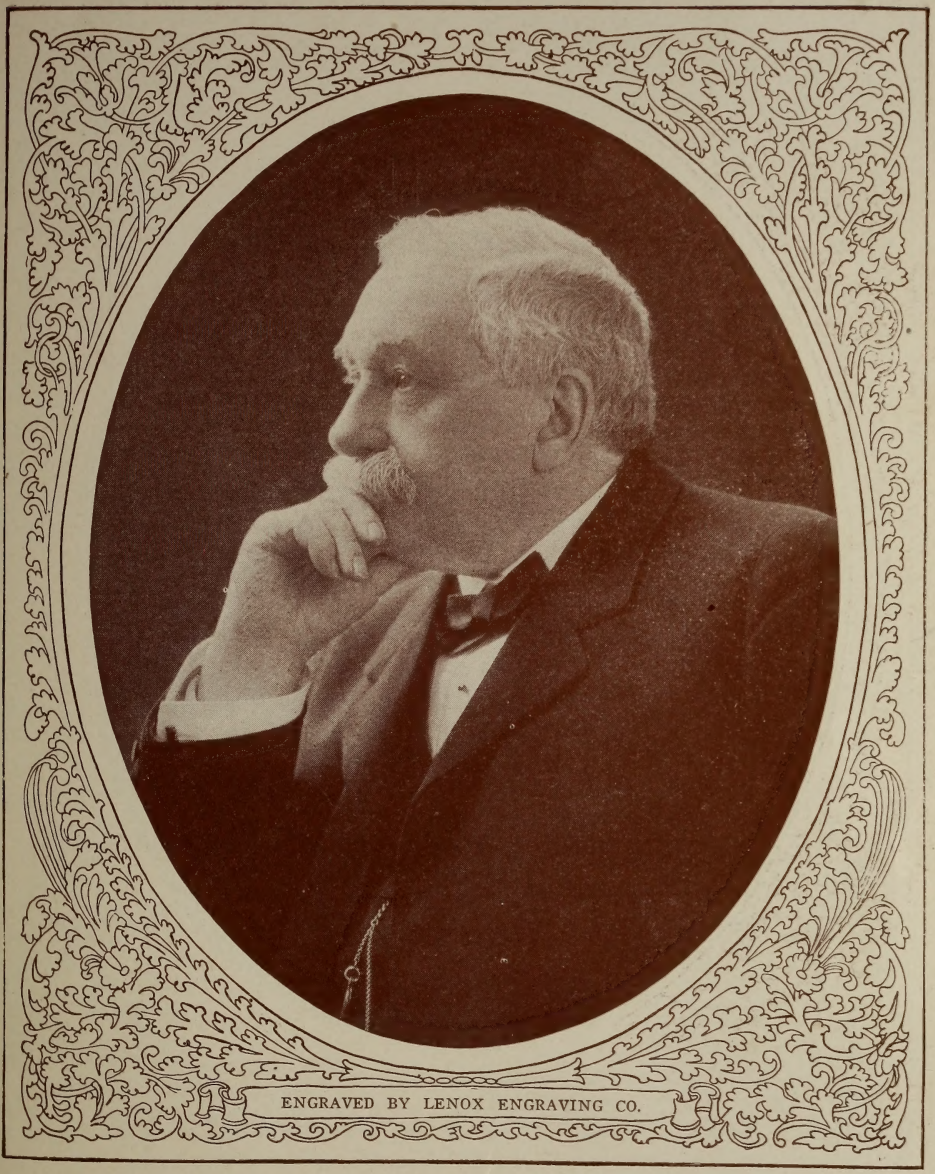


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

ISAAC B. RICH

Proprietor and manager of several of Boston's finest theatres, widely and favorably known to the theatrical profession.



PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

EBEN D. JORDAN

A leading Boston merchant whose horses win prizes at all exhibitions, well known in the social life of two continents.



KATHERINE ABBOTT SANBORN

Author and lecturer of wide repute, who writes of "Books as I see them" for the New England.

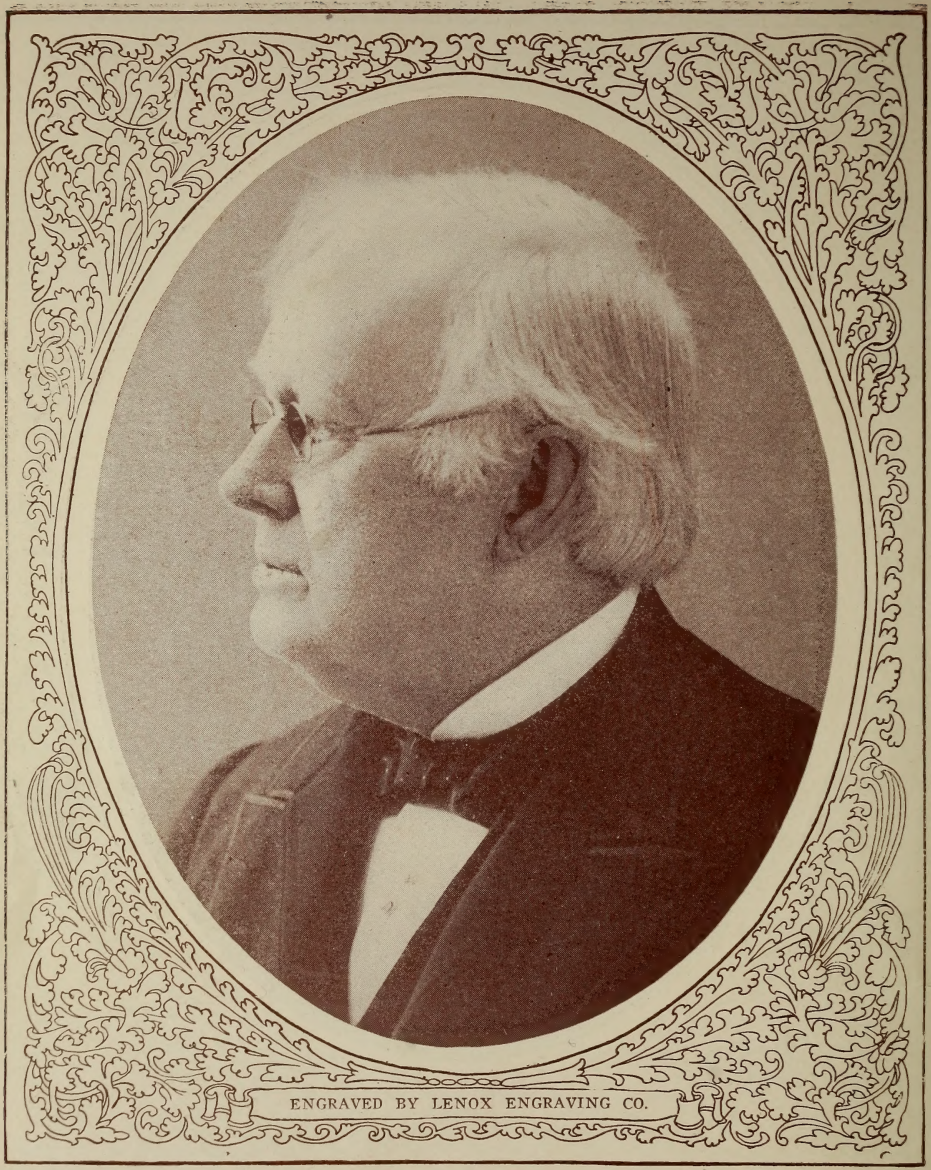


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

THE LATE GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

The grand old man of the United States Senate whose death was a loss to the whole nation.

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

May, 1906

VOLUME XXXIV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 3

The Whale and the Whaleman

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE

YEARS ago the whaling business was one of the most important and lucrative industries in New England, the seaports of New Bedford, Nantucket and Provincetown being the hailing ports of most of the vessels engaged in that occupation. In the early settlement of Provincetown, on the tip end of Cape Cod, whaling was carried on from the shore by boats. Right whales then used to visit the harbor, but it has now been many years since one was taken there. As the whales became scarce, vessels were fitted out and the industry grew, and kept growing until Provincetown alone boasted of a fleet of fifty-six vessels—barks, brigs and schooners, staunch seagoing craft, that sailed from her harbor. In those days a captain might pick his crew from among his own neighbors, and the interest manifested in the success of a voyage was far greater than in the harum-scarum crews in after years scraped from the refuse of creation.

So many whalers are fitting out this year, particularly from New Bedford which of late years has become the one New England port that supports that industry, that it would seem as though this prostrated "American industry" were about to awaken to something like its old-time vigor. Years of more or less desultory whaling have given the leviathans of the deep a chance to recuperate and that they were not guilty of race suicide during their time of rest is proved by the fact that whales are plentiful in all seas again. There are already twenty-three New Bedford vessels on the whaling grounds, all of them reported as doing well, and thirteen more are fitting out and will soon be ready to sail.

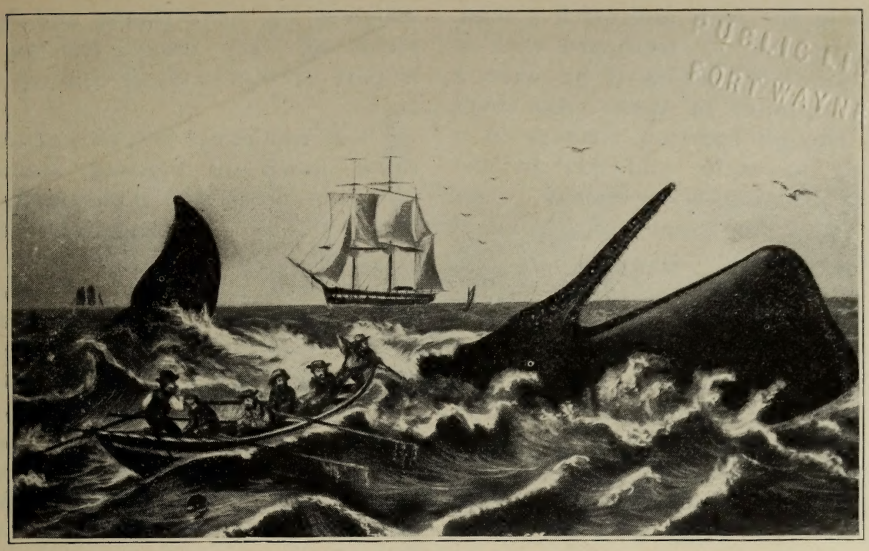
For the young American of means, who has sporting blood in his veins and longs to try a new and novel form of hunting, there is a great chance now to engage in one of the oldest forms of big game hunting known, and in a field which

has not been fittingly exploited by the amateur. To the man who has exhausted even the delight of the sixty-mile-an-hour automobile, there is an unlimited field. The chances are if he once gets an opportunity to taste the unbridled and terrific pleasure of a "Nantucket sleigh ride," he will view his auto-machine as a tame thing ever afterward. The Nantucket sleigh ride is so common an experience with whalers that they are prone to speak of it in disappointing, matter-of-fact language. But, for all that, there isn't an old whaler of them all whose nostrils will not dilate with zest when he thinks upon it, and the landsman who ever has had the rare fortune to experience one is not likely to find anything else in all the rest of his life that will not seem tame compared with it. Few landsmen ever have the opportunity. When a whale-boat lowers to fight a sixty-foot whale, the business is too important to encumber the craft with unskilled passengers. And not many landsmen would really care to go, even if they could, when they behold, wallowing in the sea, the huge thing that is to be attacked.

The ride begins after the whale has been harpooned, and when the boat-header considers it time to draw up alongside and begin lancing. The first thing that is done is to haul in upon the harpoon line until the boat is brought as close to the running whale as is consistent with the extremely delicate margin that the whaler allows for safety. "Safety" to the whaler really means to remain just about an inch or two beyond the reach of the vast fluke with which the big beast is beating the sea. Having hauled as far up on the whale as possible, the boat-header reaches over the bows and lifts the line out of the chocks. Swiftly he brings it around outside of the boat and passes it to the bow oarsman, who has faced around on his thwart so that he looks forward. He at once lays back on the line and holds fast with all his might. And immediately the boat, dragged like a railroad car by that mighty living locomotive, begins to run parallel with the side of the whale and just a few feet away from him, being prevented from running right on top of him by the oblique strain of the line.

Now, if the harpoon is well forward in the whale, the boat hangs in a precarious but sufficient arc of safety, for the swinging tail hammers the ocean behind it and the wildly sweeping jaw unavailingly searches the sea in front. The boat-header braces himself in the bows until he is based firmly as the stem-post, and begins to poise his long, keen, razor-edged, killing lance, waiting for his opportunity to thrust it into the whale's life. Sometimes the opportunity comes within a minute after hauling up on the big "fish." Sometimes it does not come until the boat has been towed for many miles. It does not require very much time to tow a mile when a sixty-foot whale is doing the towing.

As long as the whale runs in a fairly straight course, the boat will hang to him all right. He may champ and bite and hammer the ocean into acres of froth with head and flukes and tail and never shake it off. His only chance for retaliation is to run deep or to "mill." "Milling" is the act of turning suddenly and so bringing the boat within reach of flukes or jaws.



STRIKING THE WHALE

The position of bow oarsman is no joy in a Nantucket sleigh ride. The chauffer in a racing automobile is in a paradise of ease and laxation compared with him. He must keep the boat in position by his unaided strength. From the time he gets the line until the ride is ended, he drives into a smothering sheet of salt spray. When the sea is high every billow is met by the boat with a smash that wrenches his arms. The strain on the wet line cuts and burns his hands. And, if he lets a foot of it slip, he is disgraced. Once he is in it, he is in it for good, with no chance for help or relief till the wild adventure is done. Often the boat is hauled so close on a harpooned whale that the harpooner leans over and steadies himself by resting one hand on the butt of the harpoon that is sticking in the great sea mammal, while with the other he drives the killing lance. Again and again the long weapon is buried deep in the black sides, until suddenly thick, black-red clots of blood well from the wound, showing that the "life" has been reached.

Then it is "back," sometimes for dear life. A whale may take his death so quietly, so passively, that it is pitiable to see so mighty a swimmer killed thus easily by man, or he may fight till the boat seems only a black atom in the sudden uproar that smites the ocean and sends tons of water rising till they seem high enough to wash the sky.

The danger from fighting a whale is not alone in the whale himself. The boat is a perfect man-trap of keen, deadly tools. Lances and harpoons, cutting spades, knives and boat hooks, all sharpened to the finest edge the ship's grindstone can give them, fill the boat. If the whale gets at it and hurls it into the air, the men find themselves in murderous company when the weapons come raining down on them. The harpoon line goes hissing out—a serpent of rope far more dangerous than any cobra, for let it but

kink in the least and catch a man, and he will fly overboard with it and out of sight as if he were a mere splinter of wood. So there are enough sporting chances in a whale to excite and content the most exacting of sportsman. And the size of the trophy, if a whale is "bagged," certainly leaves nothing to be desired.

The sperm whale is the one most sought for an account of the oil being of more value than any other species. The sperm is the only whale having teeth, and these are only in the lower jaw; in the upper jaw there are cavities, into which the teeth fit snugly when the jaw is closed. These teeth are fine ivory, but do not command a great price in the market, being valuable only as curiosities, as they become discolored with age, which unfits them for use in any of the arts for which ivory is employed. The habitat of this species of whale in the north Atlantic Ocean is on the coast of Central America, the borders of the Gulf Stream, on what is called Hatteras and Charleston grounds, off Cape de Verde Islands, and others known to whalemen as the "Cornell," "Twelve-forty," etc.

The principal food of this whale is the squid or cuttle fish that are plenty in the warm waters of these grounds. The yield of oil in a full grown whale will be about one hundred barrels, from one-third to one-half being contained in the head. One peculiarity of this species is the case, so called; this is a cavity in the head, from which clear oil is bailed with buckets, amounting sometimes to twelve or fifteen barrels. This makes the very best oil, and only requires heating so that it will not become rancid. The junk, which is the huge cheeks and lips, yields oil very freely, and as it is part of the head, is counted as such.

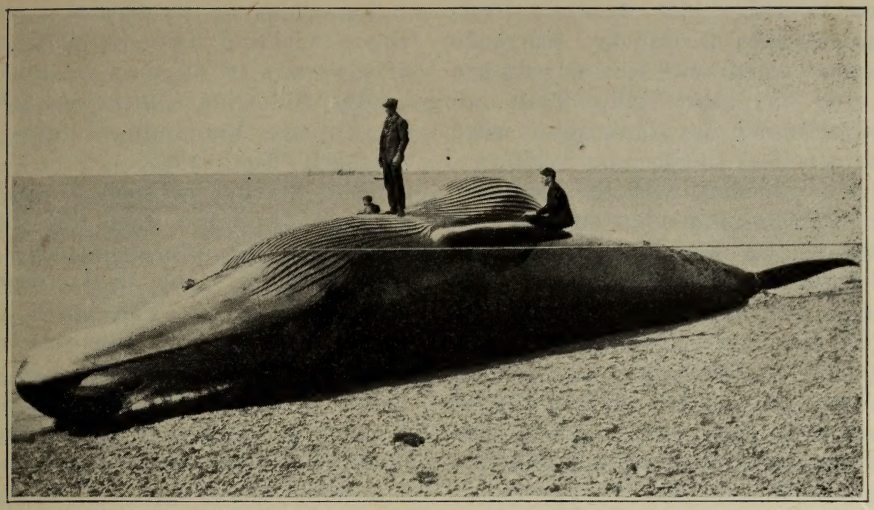
These whales are not, as a general thing, much for fighting, seeking safety in flight, but occasionally a lone bull, that has been separated from the school or herd, is fallen in with, and his ugly disposition, made more sour and morose by the want of companionship, makes him an ugly customer to deal with, often charging on the boat and crushing it like an eggshell with his ponderous jaw, leaving the whalemen minus boat and gear, and lucky, indeed, if they escape with their lives.

The whalemen of New England have been the sinews of the American navy. Inured to danger by a calling in which the chances were as desperate as those of battle, they stepped from the whale-boat to the man-of-war simply to face a foe of a different kind; when they responded to their country's call they grimly applied to each hostile ship the old whaling motto, "Dead whale or stove boat."

The New Bedford boy who ties a fork to his mother's darning cotton and then tries to harpoon the cat, yelling, as the latter makes its escape," Pay out, mother, pay out! There she sounds through the window!" is certainly worthy of the "boat-steerer" who was his sire.

In New Bedford and Nantucket one may still hear snatches of "Round Cape Horn," a song much in vogue in the days when the whaling industry was at its height. Following are a few characteristic stanzas:

"I asked a maiden by my side,
Who sighed and looked to me forlorn,



STRANDED FINBACK

'Where is your heart?' she quick replied,
'Round Cape Horn.'

"I said, 'I'll let your fathers know,'
To boys in mischief on the lawn;
They all replied, 'Then you must go
Round Cape Horn.'

"In fact, I asked a little boy
If he could tell where he was born;
He answered, with a mark of joy,
'Round Cape Horn.'"

There is no exaggeration in these stanzas. The male population of the old whaling ports was divided into those who were away on a whaling voyage, those who were just returning from one, and those who were preparing to start on one.

The New England whaling fleet is bringing in gold again—not so much as before the war, when whale oil was worth dizzy prices, but enough to make a good voyage mean a big profit. Even the schooners able to remain out only a few months and able to carry only a limited quantity of oil, have been coming home with from six to eight thousand dollars' worth of oil and whalebone. The large vessels are, of course, doing correspondingly better. The bark "Sunbeam," when out but two months, reported from Fayal that she had already secured six hundred and fifty barrels of oil. She bids fair to equal her recent record when she arrived in port with oil and bone that sold for over sixty-five thousand dollars. Another bark, the "Morning Star," reported taking seven hundred and fifty barrels in a little less than six months. Since leaving home on this voyage she had taken one thousand and three hundred barrels.

An old-time whaler, the oldest in the world, the ship "Canton," lately sailed on another voyage to distant seas. She brought home on her last voyage two thousand and two hundred barrels of sperm oil in sixteen months—an exceptionally short voyage for a vessel of her size. The "Canton" sailed the whale grounds of the world long before the garish days of kerosene. She struck whale in waters almost unknown to the rest of the mari-

time world. And stout in every timber, able as the day when she was launched, with ribs so well preserved that they chip fresh and bright under the shipwright's adze, she promises to carry her white and blue house flag, with the black letter "W" on the white and the red ball on the blue field, the famous old pennant of the "Wings" of New Bedford, around the world for many years to come. She was built more than half a century ago, a typical whaler of the far off days when men built ships like churches. She is about two hundred and fifty tons burden, but she has the appearance of a big merchantman, for she towers out of the water with bulky sides and her fat bowsprit is almost as big as a mast.

Within the last few years the whaling industry has been robbed of much of its romance by the adoption of the dart-gun to take the place of the old-fashioned method of harpooning. The dart-gun is fastened to the bow of the boat, and discharges the harpoon which attaches the whale to the boat, and almost simultaneously sends an explosive lance or "darting-bomb" which generally kills the whale. If it fails to do so, a shoulder gun is used, and the whale is instantly despatched. Sometimes, indeed, the old method of harpooning is used when the boats are lowered in the midst of a school, since it makes less noise; but the modern improvement is surer and safer. Still many of the old-time whalers refuse to use the "new-fangled" thing, and claim that the method they have used since boyhood was good enough; they got the whales with it then, and could do so now. This is true as to getting the whales.

Some idea of the size of a right whale yielding two hundred and fifty barrels of oil may be formed by the following dimensions given by Captain Benjamin Higgins, of the bark "Sunbeam":

"The blubber of such a whale," he says, "is half a yard thick, and if put together in a strip, would be sixty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The upper jaw would make a room nine feet high and twenty feet long. The lips and throat of the brute, with the supporting jaw bones, will weigh as much as twenty-five oxen of one thousand pounds each. The tongue will often weigh as much as ten oxen. The spread of the lips is thirty feet, and he can take in fifty barrels of water at one mouthful."

A valuable secretion is found in the sperm whale called ambergris. This is found in hard bunches in the whale's intestines; it is of a dark chocolate color, and in most cases the specific gravity is greater than water though there are cases where it has been known to float. It is one of the best known articles as a base on which to fix perfumes, and is largely used in France for that purpose. A good article is worth more than its weight in gold, or at present prices about three hundred dollars a pound. It has a strong odor, pungent but by no means unpleasant. Its formation is not fully known but it is supposed in some way to be connected with the food this species eats. It is never found in a healthy whale. It occurs most frequently in whales caught off the coast of Central America, where the squid are of small size, generally in lumps weighing from five to fifteen pounds; occasionally, though the cases are rare, pieces have been

found weighing as much as one hundred pounds.

The schooner "Montezuma," of Provincetown, while engaged in sperm whaling on the Mosquito coast, Central America, killed a large sperm whale. In "cutting in" the whale, the spade struck a hard substance which upon further investigation proved to be a large piece of ambergris, somewhat larger than a quarter-barrel, and judged to weigh over a hundred pounds. The wind was blowing heavily at the time, and the sea rough; all hands were excited over the find and due precaution was not taken to secure it; in hauling it on board the vessel it slipped from the slings and falling between the whale and the vessel, slowly sank from sight in sixty fathoms of water. At the price of the article at that time the crew had the mortification of seeing over thirty thousand dollars sink slowly from their possession.

The right whale is the largest known species of animal life, weighing upward of one hundred tons, and yielding in known instances three hundred barrels of oil. The whale most sought after, and in every respect the most valuable is the bow-head or Arctic whale, which makes its home and cruising grounds in the far north, up Behring sea and near Wrangel Land. The season for taking this whale is short, rarely extending over six weeks. Nature has provided him with a thick coat of blubber to withstand the rigors of the Arctic climate, and it is no uncommon occurrence to kill a whale with the blubber two feet thick and more. This whale also furnishes the whalebone of commerce, which readily sells in the market for two dollars and a half a pound. There are no teeth, but the mouth is furnished with large plates of this bone, twelve to fourteen feet in length, and two feet and over in breadth where it is attached to the jaw. A whale yielding one hundred barrels of oil will have about one thousand pounds of bone, by which the whale obtains its food. Swimming through the water with open mouth, it takes in immense quantities of small shrimp and other animalcula called whale food; it then closes the mouth and ejects the water, the long fibres retaining the food collected, which is then taken off by the tongue and conveyed to the stomach; the amount that a whale will eat is immense, and can only be estimated by barrels.

The bark "Bertha" lately arrived in port with one hundred and fifty pounds of ambergris. This is estimated to be worth sixty-five thousand dollars, which together with forty-eight thousand dollars, the value of the two thousand, six hundred and fifty barrels of sperm oil taken, brought the proceeds of the voyage to something like one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars. The crew of this vessel consisted of the captain, three mates, three boat-steerers, the cooper, the cook, the steward, the cabin boy and eighteen men before the mast. Of the forty-eight thousand dollar catch and whatever the ambergris brings, the captain gets a twentieth part. Counting the ambergris at sixty-five thousand dollars, he has for his voyage five thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars. The shares of the mates are less, the boat steerers and cooper come next, then the steward, followed in order by the cook, crew and cabin boy. The latter on board

the "Bertha" gets a two hundred and twenty-fifth part of the proceeds, or almost five hundred dollars. Between the captain's five thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars and the cabin boy's five hundred dollars, the others share, the amount decreasing from the first mate down.

There is another species of whale called the humpback, which seems to be the connecting link between the sperm and the right whale, partaking of some of the qualities of each. The oil is not so valuable as the sperm, and the bone is not as good as the right whale, still they are much hunted around the West Indies islands, where they are most abundant. Unlike other whales they do not go in herds or schools, but in pairs, unless the calves or young are present. Short-voyage vessels from Provincetown and other New England ports hunt this whale in the early spring, from February to June, then leave for the sperm whale grounds to finish the season.

In the old days scarcely a ship would come in from a long, deep sea cruise without bringing tales that seemed more wonderful than any "Sinbad, the Sailor" could tell, and that made the story of Jonah and the whale, in comparison, sink into insignificance.

Of whales attacking vessels and inflicting serious damage there are but few known instances. I recall one on the bark "Parker Cook," of Provincetown. This vessel was cruising off the Azores and struck a large, lone sperm whale, which proved to be an ugly customer and showed fight. After demolishing the boats it attacked the vessel, and rushing toward it with open mouth, bit the forefoot clean to the wood ends of the planking, causing a bad leak. Apparently satisfied with the damage done, it then left the vessel, and laid by about a quarter of a mile to windward of the ship. Captain Cook patched up one boat and notwithstanding the second mate had lost his leg in the encounter, and the rest of the crew were more or less demoralized, again went for the whale and killed him. After cutting him in, the vessel headed for Fayal, Azores, and by pumping and bailing was kept afloat till she reached that port. Upon examination it was found that only about one-half inch of wood was left forward, where the damage was done. Had that been removed the vessel would have gone to the bottom.

An amusing incident happened to a boat's crew engaged in whaling near the Spanish Main. A whale was struck, and capsizing the boat, one of the crew landed on the back of the whale, close to where the harpoon was deeply embedded. The man, thoroughly excited and frightened at his situation, grabbed firm hold of the staff. The whale instead of sounding swam quickly off with the man clinging on his back; the whale had cleared himself from the boat but was dragging the line after him. After swimming a short distance he turned and came back near the vessel, the man in the meantime retaining his slippery seat. A boat pulled up to within a short distance, the man then struck out and swam to it, carrying the line which was fast to the harpoon with him. The whale was finally killed.

The Idyll of Tristram Shepard

By Jeannette Marks

"'And what signs have told you now
That he hastens home?'
'Lo! the spring is nearly gone,
He is nearly come.'"

I

OVER the aureole of clear-ranged hills and over Veery Valley the blue air of dusk was spreading like a mist. From the hollow with its thicket of birch and elms the brook glimmered and across the valley over the top of a blossoming apple tree lay a brown field warm with spring and the shelter of twilight. In his thoughts old Tristram Shepard leaned out toward the warmth of the ploughed field, tingling with a sense of its human nearness. It was so long to wait; this year there had been a fortnight of waiting on the hill's brow, watching the dusk fill the vale and the stars crown the dusk. Would it come to-night? A swallow cut the air over his head, in the grass a cricket cheeped, down in the marsh the hylas called. Gray with shadows on the edge of the dim valley the blossoming apple tree seemed like some white dream. There was an exquisite nearness about it, not the touch of the warm earth yet still a caress, cool fingers upon his eyes,—the dreams of his boyhood, his vagrant manhood and now of his pauper old age. Those who might have understood these visitants laughed, and so their presence became his alone. Hope, too, had laughed, not unkindly but as an apologist. Tristram sighed to think that she had met herself and laughed.

Would it come this dusk? In the shrubbery at the foot of a birch a catbird scolded, paused, then whistled. Had she heard it and was mocking before he had caught even the first note? Tristram looked into the hollow and to the opposite hillside, the field turning black with shadows. Must he wait another day with the road winding up and over the hills and beckoning him to come away? Then at last from the uplands: "Come to me, Come to me," distinct, calm, restful, the wood thrush called. Again, "Come to me, Come to me," rang each clear-dropping prelude. Before the last note had sunk down, down, down from the hillside into the valley there came from the marsh and the thicket, up, up, up, an angelic circle of song: twirl of leaves, shadows, soft sound of running water in the spiral notes of the veery,—mystical, strange, unearthly. Clear antiphone rang the answer: "Come to me, Come to me" and Tristram's eyes followed the road winding up over the darkening hills.

II

"Ye were B-orn full of Si-in an' Enmity to Him: an' Hel-l wuz yoor desarv-ed Portion as soon as ever

ye came into the Wor-rold. Yours is a sin-full Heart, a cor-rupt Heart, a vee-cious Heart that is a ver-y Hel-l of Wickedness," droned Seth Kettle from behind a book.

Mercy Jiggels went on rocking violently, her hands on the arms of the rocker, her eyes upon the ceiling.

"A vee-cious Heart," repeated Seth Kettle, squinting at Mercy over his hooked nose and lantern jaw, "a ver-y vee-cious Heart, Mercy Jiggels, to pound Dea Edwards with the Hol-y Bible."

Mercy giggled, tightened her dirty shawl about her and pulled a matted lock coquettishly over one eye.

"A ver-y Hel-l of Wickedness, an' we're distrested. Satan's fair captivated ye an' in the sight of the Lord an' the nee-bors ye're ruinin' the good name of the Town Farm,—an' Dea Edwards lyin' sick!"

Mercy scowled, jerked her skirt and then smiled blandly as she repeated:

"Dea Edwards lyin' sick."

"Fie, Mercy," spoke up Angel Torrey gently, from the window where he was mending a rush-bottomed chair; "fie, ye've spoiled our repertation a pretty deal."

"Aye," threatened Seth Kettle, waving a knotty forefinger, "aye, Mercy Jiggels, ye have; an' Dea Edwards when he's up 'll put your name on the da-mn file an' there ain't been no one there sence Endcome Shove set fire to the old Town Farm."

Mercy giggled and began to rock again.

"I guess old Tris's been lookin' for the veeries," said Return Wait from the ironing board.

"I did see him out by the valley yestidday," admitted Seth Kettle, not yet willing to relinquish Mercy.

"He'll be startin' on his spring trip in a day or so now," added Angel Torrey between pats from his tack hammer; "I seen him shinin' his flute an' lookin' wild the way he hez of doin' when spring comes."

Mercy Jiggels pulled aside the matted lock. "Be he goin' to Hope Fenner's?"

"He be," replied Seth Kettle sternly. "I heard him playin' a new psalm tune this mornin' an' it sounded most like one of them ungodly meadder larks. When spring comes his tunes ain't ez sanctified ez they might be."

"But he's a religious man," asserted Angel Torrey; "no one can deny he prays an' reads the Bible an' plays a psalm tune's regular ez sun-up."

"A light tune's the devil's catch an' some on Tris's tunes is unsanctified light," replied Seth. "It wuz allers jest so with thet fam'ly. I kin remember his mother; they had dretful ungodly names. The mother spoke her name Ee-layne an' they said it wuz took out'n a light book. With the neebors it wuz allers plain Ellen. They wuz a readin' an' playin' tunes an' singin' tunes an' dretful shiftless the whole time."

"There," said Return Wait, giving a thump with her smoothing iron, "thet swaller's nest is nice an' stamped out. Come here, Seth Kettle, an' I'll dampen it an' put it right on your throat."

Seth lifted his crooked body and sidled over to her. "I guess thet'll keep ye out'n the wooden chest ye'll be boxed in some day—for a while anyway," said Return cheerfully.

Mercy Jiggels raised her hands, looked at them, smiled and mumbled: "Buryin' gloves?"

"Ye pernee-cious critter," snarled Seth.

"I see Tris comin' this way lookin' special uplifted," announced Angel Torrey, giving his chair a final tap.

"He's comin' in," giggled Mercy Jiggels, "he's comin' in."

III

Hills ran away into the distance trailing thoughts of quiet, cool places and suggesting mysteries of far-off roads and woods. Around the hill-tops clouds manœuvered lazily. The sun, beneficent, dappled the rocks and woods and fields with gold. Ahead through the chequer of sun and shade a brown road wound upwards and at the meeting of summit and sky tipped over the horizon. Tristram turned to look at the Town Farm crouched meagre and gray on the village plain, and below on the edge of Veery Valley the apple tree blithe with green. Would Hope be glad to see him? He was old, he was a pauper, yet he did not feel himself poor, and a little bird overhead calling "Early! Early!" told him he was not old. This May morning, abundance within overflowing into the sunshine made life generous. He, even he, had much to give but he had gone that way before with his gifts over the hills into Apple Valley down the long, winding road to Peace Dale, and he had returned that same way with his flute for company.

The road wound idly on and on, the hours lengthening and growing warmer, the only sun dial the shining hill-tops. "Early! Early!" sang a chickadee hopping out onto a branch-end, eyeing Tristram with curiosity. "Early! Early!" piped Tristram on his flute.

Apple blossoms drifted from the trees in little flurries to the road. It was warm and the shadow from the stone wall was cool. Out in the full sunlight bobolinks paddled a-wing singing their songs, suddenly bobolink and song dropping into the meadow grass. From a tree close by a pewee called, high, sweet, sad. The village was so near that Tristram could see the church and the walk leading up to the white portico. Its nearness rested him as he leaned against the wall. At its zenith noon has dreams, not those of night, yet dreams breathless, quiet, sunbathed, and Tristram dreamed. He heard the thrashing of the wind through the grass, the long roll of the sea through the pines, the tip-toeing of elfin breezes among the leaves, the slumber of running water, the whispering of the stone wall, the soft patter of fluttering, drifting blossoms on his closed eyes.

IV

Hope Fenner's tongue had the habits of neighbor-tongues; it talked easily of births, burials and economies, but it neither acknowledged nor revealed the possession of anything so immaterial and unpunctuated as feelings. Neighbors thought Miss Fenner with her tidy income could have done better than potter around doing nothing in a comfortable house. Years ago she might have had Ezekiel Verin and now Jonathan Eldredge was a widower. But Peace Dale had ceased to speculate on her inclinations for she showed none. The yearly visits of Tristram Shepard the neighbors classed with the

yearly visits he made to them also. Mis' Verin never dreamed that the arrival of the thrushes meant more to Hope Fenner than a season for planting cucumber seed. Tristram was likely to reach Miss Fenner's on Saturday, stay over Sunday, get his clothes washed Monday and change to Mis' Verin's house on Wednesday or Thursday following, thus making the round of the village hospitality.

There was the crispness of an old-fashioned pink about Hope Fenner, and still a tint of the pink in her old cheeks. On either side of her face the white hair was neatly parted and rolled in curls. Below the hem of the full gray poplin skirt, white stockings were visible. As she rocked she drew her shawl more closely about her for the late spring afternoon was growing coolish. She was ashamed of herself to be watching the road like a silly schoolgirl. She had seen the first jack-in-the-pulpit push up through the sod of the low meadow, the first anemone blow shyly in the grass, the first liverwort blossom in the tangle of brush and brier, the first violets bloom by the edge of the brook, the first bluebirds settle on the ridge of the barn roof. Now Mis' Verin told her the thrushes had come. And from jack-in-the-pulpit to thrush these harbingers had for her but one meaning.

Hope settled back in her rocker; if only he would act like other folks instead of saying fancy things about birds and flowers, and forever playing on his flute. He made her nervous,—perhaps she could get accustomed to it. Such things might be all right in a poetry book but they did not seem quite decent in a man who ought to know better. For the moment she forgot that things he said had flashed upon her long afterwards like blinks of sunshine or that snatches of recollected song had warmed up cold winter days. Such idling did all very well for a child but he was a grown man. He was certainly different from anybody she had ever known; it did not seem natural to have a man around who made you think of a garden,—there were times, too, when he was about as hazy as her garden love-in-the-mist,—or of an orchard tree full of birds. He had much better be chopping wood than playing on a flute to a tree of squeaky phœbes!

Hope folded her hands decisively but the next moment her eyes were searching the road; the pink in her old cheeks deepened, the hands lost their decisive fold, the poplin bodice suffered a strange disturbance and Hope's silver curls swung out from her face as she craned forward looking down the winding valley.

V

The moon waded through the dark filigree of low-spreading apple trees, the branches with their crinkle of twigs and bunches of blossoms stood out silvery and clear as the tracery of screen-work; even the long orchard grass caught and held the shimmer. There was soft depth to the liquid light which haloed the trees, sparkling on leaves, trickling down twigs and branches, and streaming through to the deep grass. The orchard was dreaming and waiting, expectant as the silver stillness of water. As the moon rose the intervals of silence lengthened, broken only by the drowsy chant of an awakened song sparrow.

Two shadows fell out from behind a large tree.

"I ain't heard it yet, Hope, but it'll be 'long now, jest keep 's quiet ez you kin," whispered one shadow.

"I be," responded the other shadow plaintively, "but my feet's dretful wet an' I don't see no sense hangin' round in an orchard after dark."

"Don't you think this light's kind of pretty?"

"I dunno, well p'r'aps it be; looks a mite like the shine on my teapot."

"There!"

"I ain't heard nothin'."

"Way down by the river."

"No, I don't hear nothin'."

"These crickets sing nice an' quiet, don't they?"

"I dunno, perhaps they do," said Hope, drawing her skirts up higher.

"They seem so kind of happy," whispered Tristram with a sigh.

"A God-fearin' man's a sight happier than one of them black, hoppin' critters."

"Well, likely some be," whispered Tristram, "but they do sound cosy an' 's if they didn't never get lonesome."

Miss Fenner said nothing.

"I do get awful lonesome, Hope; seem's if they wuz somethin' I'd ought to hev an' ain't never hed."

"I dunno ez ye ever made much effort to get anythin', Tristram Shepard."

"Mebbe ye're right, Hope; I ain't cared ez much about some things ez other folks. There, Hope, way down by the river!"

"No, I can't hear a thing."

"D'ye think there's somethin' I'd ought to hev an' ain't never hed, Hope?"

There was no reply.

"I ain't nothin' to give ye, Hope, 'cept what I feel. I dunno ez you'd set any store by thet.—There! I kin hear it jest ez plain; it's comin' up from the river towards the orchard," whispered Tristram.

"I don't hear a thing an' I don't see no use making such a fuss over the first whip-poor-will when after they get here they're singin' steady in the garden the whole month."

"P'r'aps not," admitted Tristram, "but, Hope, would ye set any store by what I hev to give?"

"I dunno; there ain't no one needs takin' care of more'n you an' I guess, Tristram—"

"O, Hope, will ye?"

"Well, I've 'bout made up my mind to it, but let's get indoors out'n this orchard, my feet's dretful soppy."

Ancient Pemaquid

The Jamestown of New England

By H. O. McCrillis



PEMAQUID LIGHT

AS the ter-centennial anniversary of its settlement draws near, Jamestown, Virginia, becomes the subject of much interest and research. Just now, on account of the discoveries recently made there, it has been called the "Pompeii of America." But, whether celebrated or not, the ter-centennial of another "Pompeii of America," the Jamestown of New England, where relics of the past lie even more evident than on the famous site in Virginia, will be due in exactly the same year.

To Maine belongs the honor of possessing this place as well as of receiving the first colonizing expedition to New England. About forty miles south of the Penobscot, on a peninsula at the mouth of the Pemaquid river, are scattered the ruins, until recently buried, of the town which began in the time of Popham, Gorges, Captain John Smith and the Pilgrims. "We cannot expect to find here the broken columns and heaped up ruins of some grand city. These are only the footprints of a nation's beginning." Summer cottages have arisen on these beautiful shores, and the whole region has become the Mecca of vacationists.

One of the greatest attractions is ancient Pemaquid, or Jamestown of Pemaquid, where have been and are being unearthed these many interesting facts of our early history. This section was very early visited by explorers and adventurers. The records of the voyages of Gosnold in 1602, Pring in 1603, and Weymouth in 1605 give long accounts of it, particularly of the islands.

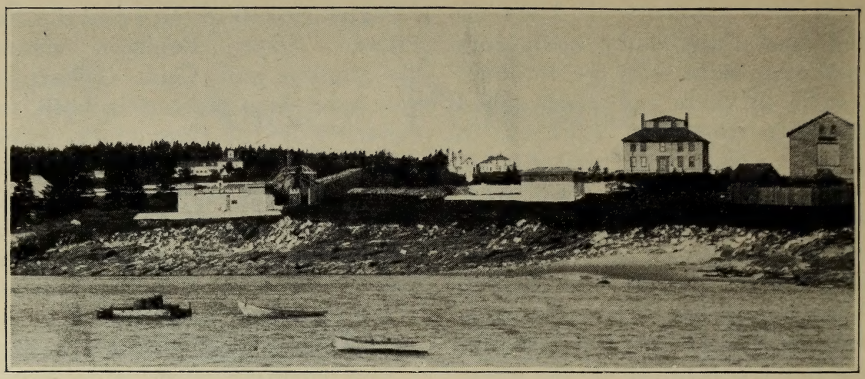
It is not pleasant to have to record that these early navigators did not keep faith with the Indians; but enticing them on board sailed away with them as captives to England. Good was brought out of this, however, for they were brought back and were useful as interpreters. In April, 1606, was established in England the Council of Virginia, which in two divisions called companies proposed to set about the colonization of the great territory in America, then known as Virginia. The London company, which was to operate in the southern part, organized and sent out a company which made the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, in the spring of 1607. While the settlers at Jamestown were building their houses, a colony sent out from England by the Plymouth company, which was the division of the Council of Virginia designed to colonize the northern section, arrived in two ships, the "Mary and John" and the "Gift of God," off this coast of Maine, in August, 1607.

Probably the first land they saw was Monhegan, called then St. George's Island. Weymouth recorded the fact that he set up a cross at the harbor of Pentecost where his ship lay. This harbor has been supposed by some to be Monhegan; but there is no secure harbor at Monhegan, and as Weymouth states he found a harbor nearer the mainland, probably it was in one of the islands called the Georges near Monhegan.

The first Sunday after their arrival they landed on the island where Weymouth set up the cross and held a religious service, a sermon being preached. "Monday," (August 10, 1607) so runs the narrative, "Capt. Popham manned his shallop and Capt. Gilbert his boat with fifty persons in both, and departed for the river of Pemaquid, carrying with them Skidwares and arrived in the mouth of the river, there came forth Nahanada with all his company of Indians, with their bowes and arrowes in their handes." Skidwares and Nahanada had been captives and could speak English.

The narrator goes on to tell of their friendly reception by the Indians at Pemaquid, and of their landing on the other side of the Pemaquid river, probably opposite the site of the present ruins, where they passed the night, returning the next day to their ships. Thus we have an authentic record of the first landing, at Pemaquid on the mainland in 1607, of the first colony that ever came to New England.

It is out of our province to pursue further the fortunes of this company save to mention that "they weyed anchor and sett saile to goe for the river of Sachadehoc" to make the settlement which so soon however proved unsuccessful. This first company of colonists in New England numbered one hundred and twenty. It is interesting to note that it was the largest of the first three expeditions. The "Mayflower" brought one hundred and two persons, and there were one hundred and five in the first landing at Jamestown. While this attempt at a colony failed, Pemaquid was being settled; but by whom no one can tell. Perhaps some of the Popham colonists stayed or returned here. There was no Bradford to relate its beginning and progress, and tell of the happenings in the embryo town, as at Plym-



THE OLD FORT FROM THE SEA

outh. Records are meager, but enough are found to make it certain that Pemaquid, very soon after the first landing in 1607, became of importance.

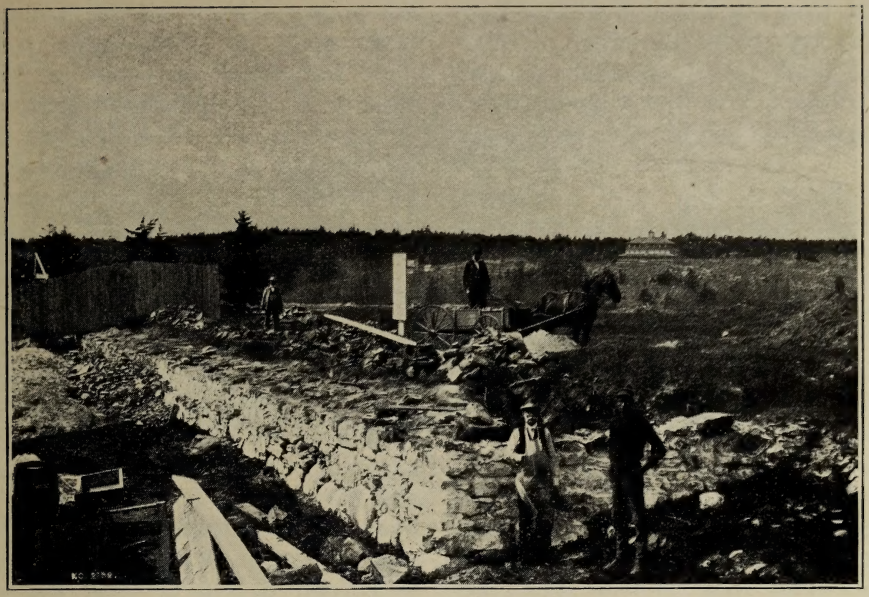
Spain, as well as France and England, claimed this territory of the North. The Spanish ambassador to England reported the plan of the Popham expedition in 1606. In March, 1610, he reports: "I am told vessels are loading at Plymouth with men to people the country they have taken; and colonies from Exeter and Plymouth are on two large rivers." There were but two, the Popham colony and Pemaquid.

In 1613, England by her Secretary of State replied to charges of Spain about this territory, "that England by discovery and actual possession had paramount title through two colonies where of the latter is yet there remaining." The Popham colony had been abandoned. Captain John Smith came to Pemaquid and the islands in 1614. He explored the coast north and south and made an accurate map of it. At his request the Prince, afterward Charles I, named Pemaquid Johnstown, as well as Monhegan Batties Island. But neither name seemed to stick to the place. His name clung to the bay however, which is to-day called John's Bay.

Early records declare that many ships entered and cleared from the harbors of Pemaquid and its dependencies between 1607 and 1622, and that in 1622 thirty ships were trading about Pemaquid. There are no harbors there which are capable of accommodating thirty ships except Pemaquid and Boothby.

J. Wingate Thornton, who is certainly reliable as an historian of New England, says that "while the Pilgrims were struggling for life at Plymouth, and Conant was founding Cape Ann, Pemaquid was probably the busiest place on the coast." From the foregoing it appears that Pemaquid was the contemporary of Jamestown, Virginia, and fully as prosperous and important. Jamestown has been called the "Cradle of the Republic" and Thornton says that "to Pemaquid we must look for the initiation of civilization into New England."

It has been by some thought and advocated that Damariscove and Monhegan, the islands first settled, were superior to Pemaquid. But at



BRINGING THE RUINS TO LIGHT

least two testimonies refute this. The first is a sworn statement by Abraham Shurte, magistrate and probably acting town clerk of Pemaquid as early as 1625, that "Damariscove with all the islands adjacent belonged to Pemaquid." Also in 1682 the people of this section petitioned the Governor of New York, under whom they then were, "that Pemaquid may still continue the metropolitan of these parts, because it ever have been so before Boston was settled."

Everyone ought to know the part that Pemaquid and its dependencies were permitted to play in the history of the Pilgrims. In the spring of 1622, that second winter and spring at Plymouth when the little band were in danger of starving, it was from here, the largest town in New England and its adjacent islands, that help came sufficient to carry them through. The Pilgrims obtained more than a temporary supply of food. They found out that here was a good opportunity for replenishing their treasury and discharging their obligations to the London company, under which they held their patent, by engaging in the business of fishing and the fur trade. They at once took advantage of this opening. It was the means of the establishment by the Pilgrims of a trading post on the Kennebec, called Konssinoc, at the present site of Augusta, which was maintained thirty-four years. Many of the Pilgrim fathers with whose names we are familiar acted as agent or governor there by turns. The ventures were financially successful. Thus did Maine furnish food and financial help for the first settlers of Massachusetts.

The first patentees of Pemaquid appear to have been Robert Aldworth and Gyles Elbridge, merchants of Bristol, England, who received a patent dated February 29,

1631, from the Council of New England, signed by the Earl of Warwick and Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The patent conveyed to them twelve thousand acres of this section including the site of the town. Over this territory they were to exercise civil authority, and many exclusive rights were granted them. A notarial copy of this patent is owned by the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Massachusetts.

The agent of Aldworth and Elbridge was Abraham Shurte whose name appears in records of Pemaquid. No doubt much of its influence and prosperity was due to his sagacity, knowledge, wisdom, and honesty in dealing with the Indians. More than once he made peace between them and the white men and averted trouble for the colony. His usefulness extended to old age, but he was spared the sight of the desolation of the place for which he had worked so long and well.

Other grants of land in the territory of Pemaquid have been claimed which have seemed to conflict. To go, however, into a discussion of these disputed early land titles would be impossible. But there was a disposal of land about Pemaquid earlier than those mentioned above, and it was the first deed of land properly executed in New England.

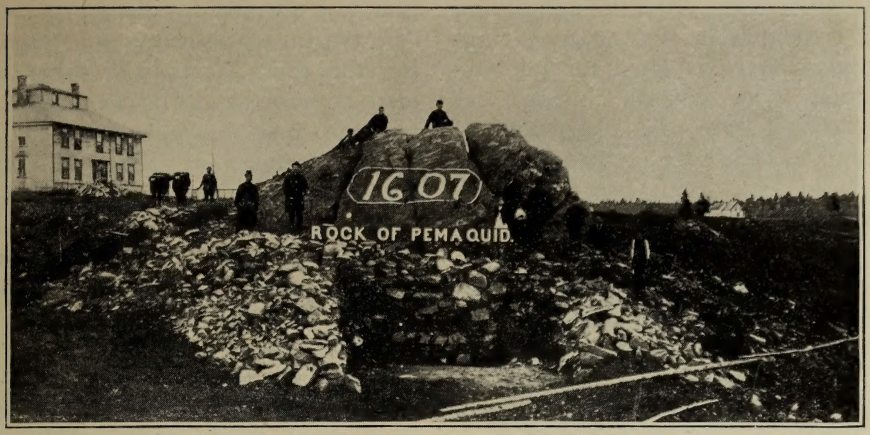
In August, 1905, there was placed near the present landing at New Harbor, which is about a mile and a half from ancient Pemaquid, a monument to commemorate the passing of this deed, fifty years before that of William Penn.

The deed is as follows: "To all people whom it may concern know ye, that I Capt. John Somerset and Unnongoit, Indian Sagamores, being the proper heirs to all the lands on both sides of Muscongus river, have bargained and sold to John Brown of New Harbour this certain tract or parcell of land as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from thence to the south end of Muscongus Island, taking in the island and so running five and twenty miles into the country north and by east, and thence eight miles northwest and by west, to Pemaquid where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Capt. John Somerset and Unnongoit, Indian Sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown of New Harbor, in and for consideration of fifty skins, to us in hand paid to our full satisfaction for the above mentioned lands and we the above said Sagamores do bind ourselves and our heirs forever to defend the above said John Brown and his heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above said lands. In witness whereunto the said Capt. John Somerset and Unnongoit have set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord God One thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

"Capt. John Somerset
"his mark
"Unnongoit
"his mark

"Signed and sealed
"in presence of us
"Matthew Newman
"Wm. Cox

"July 24, 1626, Capt. John Somerset and Unnongoit, Indian Sagamores, personally appeared and acknowledged this instrument to be



THE ROCK

their act and deed, at Pemaquid, before me

"Abraham Shurte.

"Charlestown, December 26, 1720. Read, and at the request of James Stilson, and his sister Margaret Hilton, formerly Stilson, they being claimers and heirs of said lands, accordingly entered.

"Per Samuel Phipps.

"One of the Clerks of the Committee for Eastern Lands."

Notice that the deed was not recorded for almost one hundred years.

Somerset, or, as it is most commonly spelled, Samoset, was always a friend of the white men. Here is another bond between Pemaquid and Plymouth, for Samoset, the Sagamore of Pemaquid, was the one who met the Pilgrims with the words, "Welcome, Englishmen!" and told them that his home was far to the eastward "a day's sail with a great wind."

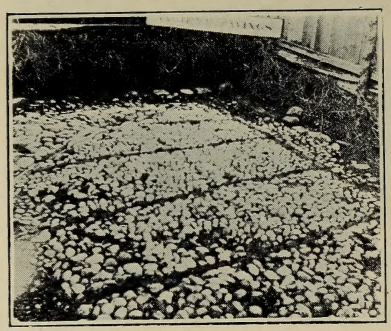
The precision and conciseness of this first New England deed written at Pemaquid is remarkable, as well as the neat acknowledgment, the same form as in common use now.

N. I. Bowditch, Esq., of Boston, dedicates his book on Suffolk surnames as follows: "To the Memory of A. Shurte; the Father of America Conveyancing, whose name is associated alike with my daily toilet and my daily occupation."

The settlement at Pemaquid seems to have lasted about the same time as that of Jamestown, Virginia, or until 1696. Its greatest prosperity was probably from 1677 to 1689 when it was the capital of the ducal province of the Duke of York, afterward James II, and for whom it was called Jamestown. The first years of its existence record little organized government. We read of the lawlessness of all the Maine settlements of the earliest days. Under the Aldworth and Elbridge patent with Abraham Shurte agent and magistrate, a regular government was established and continued through the New York and Massachusetts administrations.

Authorities agree in calling Pemaquid the chief center of trade law

and authority. After its rebuilding and renaming in 1677 many stringent laws were enacted for its government. A custom house was erected; it was the only port of entry and clearance; courts were re-

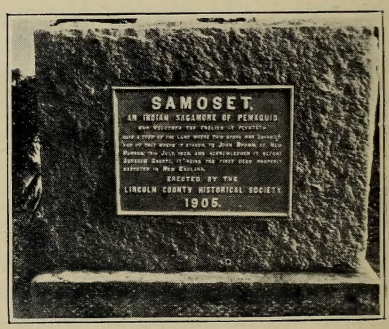


OLD PAVING

established; more substantial houses were built; religious duties and habits were fostered by the government. "For the promotion of piety it was ordered that a person be appointed to read prayers and the Holy Scriptures."

Pemaquid was raided in 1632 by the pirate, Dixey Bull; destroyed by the Indians in 1676 and 1689, and by the French and Indians in 1696. Though the fort was rebuilt in part at least, never again did the town regain its former life. Finally in the time of the Revolution, with the destruction of Fort Frederic, the site was utterly abandoned. Grass, shrubs, and vines covered its site; the plow was driven over its streets. The first movement toward unearthing the secrets buried here was made by the Maine Historical Society, which held field days here in 1869 and 1871 with the result of stimulating research and preventing further destruction. In 1893 the Pemaquid Improvement Association was formed for the purpose of "excavating, preserving and restoring the relics, forts, and other objects of interest at Old Pemaquid."

Much has since been done to carry out the plan. Mr. J. H. Cartland, a resident, has been very active, and devoted much time in searching out and putting on permanent record the facts ascertained. His book, "Ten Years at Pemaquid" (from which extracts for this article have been made), is very valuable and interesting. The work of research needs funds. Here on this spot where stood the rival of Jamestown, Virginia, Plymouth and Boston; the buffer town in the contention between the French and English; where England erected her best fort on American shores,



THE SAMOSET MEMORIAL

should be preserved all the relics and records belonging to it that can be found, together with its bibliography. What more fitting museum than the castle built of the original stone and after the plan of 1692? Together with Jamestown and Plymouth let Pemaquid stand, a memorial of our earliest civilization.

The ruins most easily traced now are those of the forts. Only the

foundation remained when the first excavations were made, and the stones lay in heaps around it. Now the walls have been partially restored throughout. Many years ago portions of the walls standing were broken down and much of the stone dumped into the water near the shore. Four forts have stood here; but what is seen are the ruins of Forts William Henry and Frederic, particularly the former.

In 1630 or earlier, the inhabitants erected a fort or stockade which was called Fort Pemaquid, also Shurte's Fort. This is said to have been destroyed in Dixey Bull's raid. There is no record of its restoration, though probably some kind of a fortification existed. In 1677 a year after the first destruction of the town by the Indians in the horrors of King Philip's war, a strong redoubt was erected under the direction of Andros, Governor of New York (afterward of Massachusetts and New England). This was called Fort Charles and was, as the ancient record says, "a wooden Redout with two guns aloft and an outworke with two Bastions in each of which two greatt guns and one att ye Gate; fifty souldiers with sufficient ammunicon, stores of warre, and spare arms victualled for about eight months and his Royall Highness sloope with four guns to attend ye Coast and fishery."

No doubt the French invited the Indians to make their attack which resulted in the downfall of this fort in 1689.

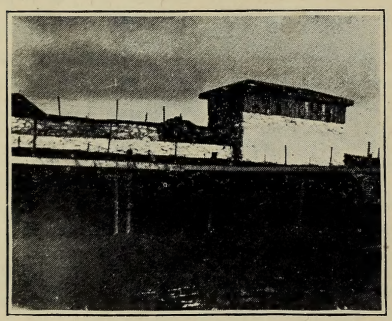
Fort William Henry, the next fort, was the most formidable one England had in America, built, as Mr. Cartland says in his book, "to declare and maintain the claim and the rights of the English to the eastern territory, and also to restrain the Indians from encroachment on the western settlements."

Sir William Phips, the Governor of Massachusetts, a native of this locality, who won fame and riches by finding the sunken gold in the Spanish main, built this fort in 1692. Phips had in 1690 captured Port Royal and restored to the English this eastern country, including that lost by the fall of Fort Charles and Pemaquid. Fort William Henry was square, with a circumference of seven hundred and thirty-seven feet. Its walls six feet and more thick, stood twenty-two feet high on the seaward side, and in the rear ten feet. The great rock was included in the corner tower, which was twenty-nine feet high. Diagonally opposite this tower was a bastion. Over two thousand loads of stone were used in its construction. For its erection and armament England paid twenty thousand pounds. Eighteen cannon frowned from its ports, and it had a garrison of from sixty to ninety men.

It seemed to the people then, as it must now to us, that a fort so strongly built, thoroughly armed and equipped, might successfully fly England's flag with defiance to all enemies; but it was not so to be. Pemaquid was the border town, the bulwark of the English against the French and Indians. No sooner was Fort William Henry planned and built than the French commenced to plan against it. Only four years later, August 14, 1696, Chevalier D'Iberville with three ships of war, one the "Newport" just captured from the English, and accompanied by two hundred In-

dians, invested it by sea while more Indians surrounded the fort and town by land. D'Iberville mounted heavy mortars on the opposite river bank and threw bomb shells into the fort. This together with the rain of cannon balls from the ships completely demoralized the garrison. Probably the presence of the terrified people of the town in the fort made defence much more difficult.

Great had been the boasting of Captain Chubb, their commander, that he would hold the fort against anything brought against it; but how vain; it seems to be the opinion generally that this fine fort was surrendered with very little resistance on his part. Enough work has been done in excavating to show what this stronghold must have been when new. A great many cannon balls and fragments of shells have been picked up all over the peninsula, relics of the bombardment. Many are in the museum. But the bulk of them have been sold as junk.



THE ANCIENT FORT REBUILT

The fourth fort was simply a rebuilding or repairing of Fort William Henry. Colonel David Dunbar came here in 1729 with a royal commission to rebuild, furnish and garrison the place. He gave it this new name of Fort Frederic. During the French and Indian trouble of that century it served as a protection and bulwark. But when the colonies went to war with the mother country the people dismantled it for they feared the British might use it against them.

To say that "the pavements echoed with the thronging feet" was true at Jamestown of Pemaquid; for the spade has revealed the fact that the principal street at least was paved with small stones and had gutters and sidewalks, probably like those in the homeland. Some of this paving has been removed in the process of agriculture, but apparently most of it remains. A section of the very stones pressed by the feet of the long-forgotten men and women whose lives were here is now uncovered and shown to visitors. More would be uncovered but for the relic hunters. Some years ago when a few feet of it were exposed to public view every stone was carried away in a very short time. It became necessary to securely enclose the part uncovered.

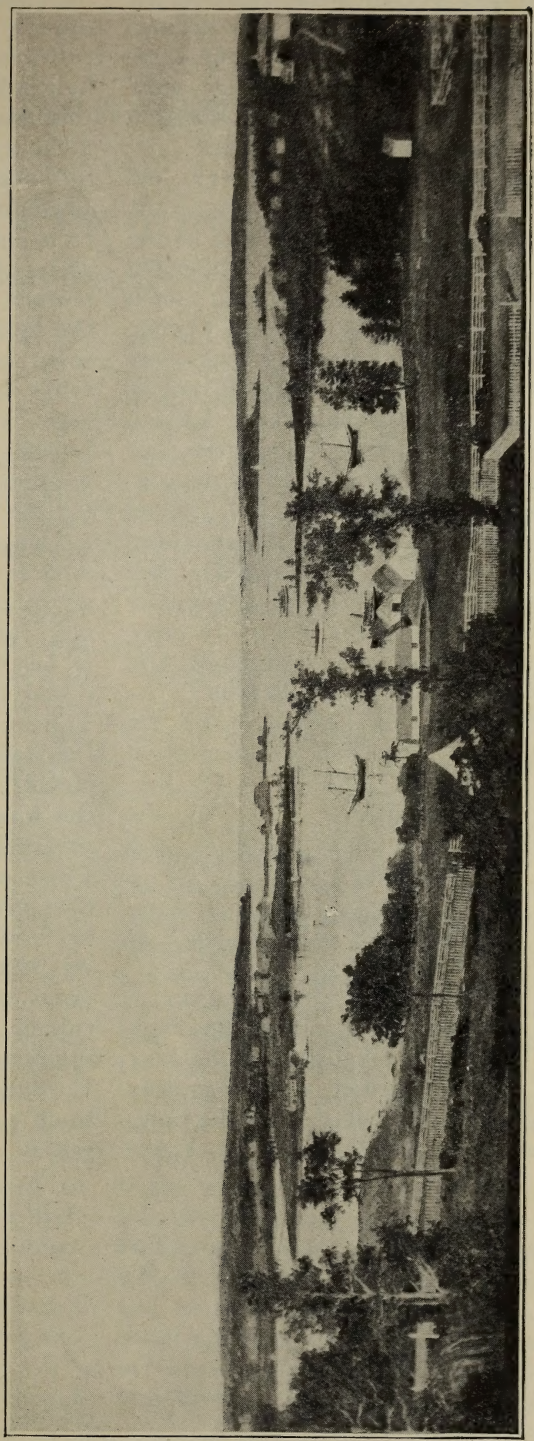
Among the laws of Jamestown, as the capital, was one commanding that all trading should be done before the houses on the principal street between sunrise and sunset. There are affidavits of men on record that this paved street extended from the shore to the cemetery, a distance of maybe three-eighths of a mile, according to their observation more than sixty years ago. No one knows exactly how much paving there is. It has been found in several localities.

The number of houses here very early can be estimated by the cel-

lars known to exist. Many have been filled up, many through natural and artificial changes cannot be traced; but forty are yet traceable, and authentic statements by very old men are recorded telling of three hundred found here in early times. There is testimony also to the fact that they were built in a very substantial manner some of them having log or stone floors. Some of them have been excavated and examined. There must have been houses without cellars also. The earliest tradition or remembrance obtainable has no mention of any habitation connected with the cellars. They belong to the Pemaquid of long ago.

At very low tide appear strong timbers of the old "King's Landing." Marks on the timbers are of axes of a width not used now. The sea has encroached on them so that they are nearly covered. The ship yard has been located by the chips, bolts, and other evidences on the spot. The Massachusetts Records speak of the building of a small vessel here in 1695. Remains of two clay tobacco pipe factories have been found; there were several blacksmith shops here as evidenced by articles and remains of forges.

For a long time a deep, circular, well-like cavity in the ground, walled securely



PEMAQUID HARBOR

with odd shaped brick, puzzled the antiquarians. But it is now decided that it is a secret "cache" like some used in Europe for storing valuables or provisions. It is thought to be the only one in America.

Remains of several very old vessels are scattered along the shore near Pemaquid. Some of the timbers have been found embedded in the sand, thus keeping them from the ravages of the worms. Scattered over these wrecks are sometimes found limestone, coquina and flint probably for ballast, showing that they came from foreign shores. One of these is conjectured to be that of the "Angel Gabriel," known to have been wrecked here in August, 1635. We must speak of the old graveyard. It is said that there are many more graves outside of it than in it, and there are graves upon graves.

The oldest gravestone bears the date of 1695 and has the inscription "H. M.—1695," said to be for Sergeant Hugh March, killed by the Indians. One bearing date of 1768 has the following:

> "Behold my dad is gone
> And leaves me here to morn
> But hope in Christ I have
> That he and I will save."

The graves of many of the original settlers are believed to be here but all unmarked and forgotten long ago. Many have been the times when men in digging one grave have unearthed the contents of some other. Even the plow has been ruthlessly driven over a part of this hallowed ground. The condition of the whole yard is a strong argument for prompt action on the part of some society to ascertain and preserve all possible data of historic interest in this spot. As the scene of the earliest exploration this section will always be interesting; the more so that it contains Jamestown of Pemaquid, about whose relics hang the mystery of centuries. We know the story of Plymouth and the Pilgrims. Here is another story untold. Who shall tell it? It is a task for the novelist to weave into this warp of fragmentary history the colored threads of romance. Did not the ancient city fulfil its best mission, though it be destroyed and buried, when it fed the Pilgrims and gave them a business that they might bless the world with their undying principles? When it served to break the force of the French onset, and preserve to English speech and Protestant liberty of conscience that great state on whose coast it lay? Surely, in those days when we shall celebrate three hundred years of civilization in America, the ruined "Capital of the East," which interested the crowned heads of Europe, and over which three nations contended, should not be forgotten.

Goorroogoo

An Epic of the Australian Bush

By Leighton Demain-Grange

I

Family Annals

GOORROOGOO was a little blackman. He was just born so; and did not mind. Goorroogee was his sister; she also was black. She died young.

Now Goorroogoo and Goorroogee had a father, and his name was Goorrooboo; he was of the tribe of Kanowna. And they had a mother, and her name was Goorroogin; she was the wife of Goorrooboo at that time. But she was killed.

These things happened at Kalgarrie by the Big Clay Pan in the limestone by the Bitter Springs, before the white men rode that way upon the camels.

Now Goorroogoo was well formed: although his legs were shanky and his hair did not curl—but that was because Goorroogin made cries when she was beaten. So Goorroogoo was not killed and eaten. But Goorroogee, his sister, was very puny; and her back had a crook in its middle; and she would have been killed and eaten, had not Goorroogin, her mother, hidden her in the donga. But Goorroogin always was foolish—that is why Goorrooboo killed her.

So Goorroogoo and Goorroogee had no mother. Then Goorrooboo, the father, married; he took a gin of the tribe of Kalgarrie, while she sought wood grubs in the Iron Stone ridges. And she was called Goorroogin, after the custom of Goorrooboo; and she was very ugly and would have nothing to do with Goorroogoo.

So Goorroogoo grew up by himself.

Now the growing of Goorroogoo was in this wise. When Goorroogin, his real mother, hid Goorroogee his sister in the donga and was killed, Goorroogoo was eight years old and carried the fire-stick for Goorrooboo, his father. And when he let the fire-stick burn out—that was when the rains were on, and when they travelled they could not light a fire—he ran away and lived with Goorroogee, his sister. And that year they had plenty of water, and the wood-grubs and snakes were plentiful. So Goorroogoo had much time to learn things.

And when the year was done, he knew how to find food, even when the drought was on; and how to hollow a clay-pan so that the rains would trickle in without wasting; and he had fashioned his spear and could match Goorrooboo, his father, in throwing it—but he never met him during that time; and he had

hit a parakeet at fifty paces with his nulla-nulla.

Then he left Goorroogee, his sister, and became a cattle-boy for the white man who came up from the sea. And with the white man he learnt how to ride a horse and eat off a plate, how to chew tobacco and wear clothes. And he became very sleek.

And he would have lived a long time that way had not the white man always walked in front.

So the day when he had made a spear from the knife blade the white man had given him—the white man always was foolish—and the white man was injured in the shoulder and Goorroogoo was hit with the bullet, Goorroogoo returned to the donga and lived with Goorroogee, his sister.

Now at this time Goorroogoo was twelve years old, and he began to have feelings and wanted to be a man.

Such was the growing of Goorroogoo.

II

Goorroogoo Becomes a Man

Two years Goorroogoo lived in the donga with Goorroogee, his sister; and his desires grew. So he set forth to become a man; and went in search of Goorrooboo, his father. Now Goorrooboo, his father, lived no more by the Bitter Springs; for he suffered from a harmful malady; and the salt that made the waters bitter was not good for him. Goorroogoo journeyed far to find Goorrooboo, his father.

And, by the way, Goorroogoo learnt many things. For he passed the Great Barrier and crossed the land-line of the tribe of Nyngarre, which was very risky. And he came in toward the places where the white men dug for the little red pebbles—and this knowledge was of great value to him later. Then it was the Great Drought came, and he would have died but for the white man. And when he killed the camel because he was thirsty and they would not give him drink, he lay five days in the mulga until his wound healed and had nothing to quench his thirst but the two camel bladders. So after many happenings he found Goorrooboo, his father.

Now Goorrooboo, his father, lived on the outskirts of the white man's camp at Koolgarrie, that stood on the old corroborree ground of the tribe of that name. And Goorrooboo, his father, lived in much comfort, for Goorroogin, his wife, did things for the white healing man and he gave soothing ointments to Goorrooboo in payment of her labors. And Goorrooboo had forgotten Goorroogoo, his son.

But Goorroogoo had not forgotten Goorrooboo, his father, but waited for him amongst the spinnifex. And he left each night before the shack of Goorrooboo, his father, a lizard pierced through the head with a little piece of mulga. And Goorrooboo, his father, read the sign and was full of fear. But did not know from whom it spoke.

Then Goorroogoo became tired of waiting in the spinnifex for Goorrooboo, his father. And when night was down he went to the shack of Goorrooboo, silently. And Goorrooboo was asleep beneath the branches, and Goorroogin, his wife, lay without like a log.

So Goorroogoo stepped across her and met Goorrooboo, his father.

And there was no sound but from the drink-house of the white man; and Goorrooboo, his father, slept soundly and did not struggle. So Goorroogoo had no trouble.

Then Goorroogoo looked upon Goorroogin, the widow of Goorrooboo, his father, but she was more ugly than when he was a child and very old. So he did not desire her; and then he thought of Goorroogin, his mother. So Goorroogin joined Goorrooboo and Goorroogoo became a man.

III

The Love and Ambition of Goorroogoo

After these happenings Goorroogoo should have led the tribe of his father. But none knew that he was Goorroogoo, for he was forgotten. And he desired a wife, but as is the custom he could not marry of his own tribe—and he did not love his father's people—so he left them. And with him he took Goorroogin—whom he called after Goorroogin, his mother—and she was of no tribe, and lived with the white man who kept the store at Koolgarrie. And she became his wife, for the time. And they went to the donga where lived Goorroogee, his sister.

And Goorroogee was very miserable, and had grown very thin for want of eating—for she was very weak and her back was more twisted in its middle; and she did not love Goorroogin, the wife of Goorroogoo, because she was well and strong. But Goorroogin feared Goorroogoo, her husband, and did her no injury. And they lived together that way many months.

Then was the time that Goorroodin was born—but he was not of Goorroogoo. And Goorroogoo took no pride in the child, but did not kill it as is usual. And the drought still continued.

In these days, Goorroogoo became ambitious. He longed for a tribe of his own to rule after the manner of the white man. For this he had ever had in his mind, insomuch as he could think—which was but little. So he left Goorroogin, his wife, and Goorroogee, his sister, and the child that found no favor in his eyes and went forth to gather a tribe to rule after the manner of the white man. And he went into the Northern Territories, where roamed the men who had no tribe and were outcasts for no good cause. And they had learnt something of the ways of the white man and he gathered them together and told them of the things he would do for them, and brought them to the donga where lived Goorroogin, his wife, and Goorroogee, his sister, and Goorroodin, that was not his child.

And that night they held a Great Corroborree, which is the tribal dance of his race. And the younger gins, which the tribesmen brought with them to the donga, gathered up mulga scrub, and the older gins stacked it upon the fire. And the tribesmen sat round the fire and smeared their bodies with earth and clays gathered in the Red Iron caves by Weld. And when darkness had fallen and the flames burnt brightly, the gins both young and old laid themselves down upon their faces around the fire. Then the tribesmen lifted their nullas and rising to their feet danced round the burning mulga, stamping upon the prostrate gins and beating them as they passed. And Goorroogoo, being their chief, chanted a

tribal chant which he would make his own—but none could follow it, for he chanted after the manner of the white man.

So they danced till the scrub burnt low and their limbs grew tired; and the gins wailed loud and long till their throats were dry. Then they slept—each one where he had fallen.

So Goorroogoo loved and attained his ambition.

IV

The Doings at Skull Creek

Now Goorroogoo ruled his tribe after the manner of the white man, as far as he knew it. And he would have taken them to the distant camps but for the scarcity of water. And the rule of Goorroogoo chastened the tribesmen, and they all of them feared him. So, when they grumbled because they had little food and would have returned to the Northern Territories, he spoke to them with a heavy hand. And it was at this time that there came that way the eight white men who pitched their tents by the limestone ridges. And four of the white men rode north with the camels and four remained by the cloth house. And, amongst the four that remained, one knew little. And he it was who watched the camp while the other three searched for the little red pebbles.

Then Goorroogoo had the thought which made him an outlaw.

For he took Goorroogee, his sister, who had grown very thin and whose back was twisted even more in its middle, and he sent her unto the white man, who knew little, to beg food. And he, knowing no better, and because of the twist in her back and because she was thin, gave her food. And Goorroogoo and the tribesmen eat the food; and the gins were not nearly so hungry, having now only to find food for themselves. So again he sent Goorroogee unto the man, who knew little, and again she brought food. And for many days this continued, for the heart of the white man was soft and Goorroogee was very pitiable to see.

Then Goorroogee came back, and she had no food; and Goorroogoo was very angry; but Goorroogee was glad that her time had come, so she lay down quietly.

And afterwards the anger of Goorroogoo did not pass as was its wont, but it burned fiercely because of the white man who refused to give food to his sister; and Goorroogoo forgot altogether that the white man had fed him for many days.

So the next day, before sunrise, he watched the three white men pass over the ridges; then he went down to the one who knew little — and it was very easy, for there were thirty and three of the tribesmen. So they left him across the embers and burned the cloth house and took all the other things with them. Then they returned to the donga. But Goorroogoo would not go with them, for he took of the best of the things and went to keep watch over the other three white men; and the tribesmen believing him, for they knew nothing better, returned to the donga. And that night they danced the Corroborree.

You have read — for is it not history? — how the donga was called. You have been told what the seven white men did because Goorroogoo became angry that they would not

give food to his sister — how the thirty and two skulls bleach in the sun to this day. Oh, the tale of Skull Creek needs no telling.

So Goorroogoo became outlawed, because he hated the white man.

V

The Bitterness of Stone Soak Jimmy

Now in these days, after the happenings at Skull Creek, Goorroogoo was not heard of any more but, in his stead, there came one Stone Soak Jimmy. And the person of Stone Soak Jimmy was like that of Goorroogoo, having straight hair and legs that were shanky, but the name was different and his doings were more evil.

And Goorroogoo was so called because he fled from Skull Creek to the soak which lies up the Earleston that is known as Stone Soak. And the soak was so called because the white man once lined it with boulders to contain the waters which burst from the ground. So there Goorroogoo lived alone and would have nothing to do with the gins which the white men did not kill at Skull Creek—the white man always was foolish—and he brooded continually upon his hatred of the white man.

And his bitterness grew and having no one to comfort him he became morose and fierce-eyed like the wild beasts that lack water. So he left Stone Soak one day and passed over the sand stretches to the place where Laverton now stands; and he rested beside the camel pad, and there came down the pad a white man. And Goorroogoo hated the white man before he could well see him, because of his sister. So he sat down by the pad-side and waited. And the white man greeted Goorroogoo, but his hand fell not from his gun. And Goorroogoo had only a nulla-nulla. So Goorroogoo remembered the ways of the white man and did not show his anger beyond grasping his nulla the tighter. So they sat until the shadows went down.

Then Goorroogoo became tired, and his imagination wandered, and he heard camel bells coming over the ridges, and a sound jumped from his mouth. So the white man turned his face away from Gorroogoo and looked over the ridges.

And afterwards, Goorroogoo hid his nulla in the mulga and took the gun with the chased handle which the white man had carried and the other things from the camel pack that were comforting, and travelled to the place where the white men dug in the sands for the little red pebbles.

And he came upon one who was alone and who stood in a ditch that reached but to his shoulders, and he squatted beside the ditch-rim and played with the gun. And the white man looked down the gun's mouth and turned very white but did not tremble. So Goorroogoo told him how much he hated the white man, and the white man nodded his head and believed him.

Then a strange thing happened. For, when Goorroogoo had told the white man how very much he hated his people and the white man had not trembled, he threw up his gun onto his shoulder and left the white man. And for many days he led the white men—such as knew little—to where there were many little red pebbles. And he took each one alone. And, such joy was his, his hatred for the white man was

almost swallowed up in pity. And he might even have forgotten the white man for pride in his gun and joy in his hatred, had he not gone to the store-house at Garrie. Then it became greater than ever.

Such was the hatred of Goorroogoo for the white man.

VI

The Ending of Goorroogoo

But Goorroogoo, because he had no more powder or lead bullets, went to Garrie to the store-house that was kept by the white man. Now the store-man slept at the back of the shed which was covered with white iron, and the front of the shed was heavily shuttered at night. So Goorroogoo made little noise as he entered the back of the shed, but crept softly to where the white man lay.

And afterwards, he went into the front of the store and broke open the boxes which held the powder and lead bullets; and lit a candle and drank out of the bottles that stood upon the counter. But it so happened that the light shone through the little hole which the store-man had cut in the doorway —through which he could see who would enter at night—and he who had come from the coast, the white man who rode with the troopers on horse-back, was passing and looked through the hole and saw Goorroogoo. And he crept away silently and returned with the other white men.

Now Goorroogoo had drunk of many of the bottles when the white man returned with the others. And as he saw them enter through the back of the shed and when he would stand up and tell them how much he hated them, his knees trembled and his arms shook. But he reached out his hand and took hold of the candle and held it over the powder. And Goorroogoo and the white men remained so and looked at each other, and Goorroogoo laughed. Then he told them how much he hated the white man and they listened in silence. And every time he tried to rise or the white men to move, his knees trembled and his hand shook and the candle swayed all the more.

Now Goorroogoo had forgotten the little hole that was cut in the doorway and did not think of it until, as his hand swayed from over the barrel, the bullet shattered his wrist.

And when the candle was burning again and they had bound him securely, Goorroogoo looked round and his lip curled as he saw the still smoking rifle in the hand of the white man who had not trembled when he worked in the ditch that reached but to his shoulders.

So they took Goorroogoo to the island that stands in the ocean where lived in captivity many of the tribesmen, and they set him to work doing many things after the manner of the white man. And Goorroogoo's anger grew fiercer and fiercer, and he became thin and haggard about the face, and the white men who lived on the island were afraid of him and covered their ears when he spoke.

And that day when the ocean grew angry and beat on the island and the night was very black, Goorroogoo crept down to the water's rim; and he tore off the clothes they had made him wear. And as he turned to plunge into the waters, he saw on the sky-line the white

man whose rifle had smoked in the store-house at Garrie.

And when Goorroogoo had made sure he was dead, he rose up and standing across what remained shouted defiance to the white men. And as they came running toward him, by the lightning's glare, they could see him standing across the white man. And he let them draw quite close before he rushed over the sharp rocks into the waters. And the white men watched him swimming toward the mainland which showed motionless against the rushing sky. And they knew he could never reach it, but they dare not go out in a boat. So they stood on the shore. And when he had swum to where the fast current runs, they saw him turn back and return to the shore. And as he drew nearer, they gathered together to seize him as soon as he landed.

But when he was less than a spear-throw away, he stopped. And the lightning lit up his face and it was all distorted and livid. And they heard him crying his hatred of the white man. Then he raised his arms and sank.

Such was the ending of Goorroogoo.

The Coming of May

By Grace Stone Field

Sing a song of April
  Written into rhyme,
Thirty frowning, fretful days,
  Weeping all the time.
Buds and blossoms languished
  Drowned in April's tears,
Hung their heads forlornly,
  Sighing, pretty dears.
Came a merry robin,
  Radiant with cheer,
Spite of sullen weather
  Piping sweet and clear;
April, through her weeping,
  Smiled—Ah well-a-day!
All the flowers, gladly, whispered
  "It is May."

Legends of Old Newgate

By George H. Hubbard
(Continued from the March issue)

IV

"Old Guinea"

HUMAN courts are not infallible. Though every precaution be taken to discover the truth, and all possible care exercised to avoid injustice, it sometimes happens that the guilty go scot free and the innocent suffer for the crimes of others. Could we ascertain the exact truth of the matter, however, we should doubtless discover that the cases in which innocent persons have suffered serious punishment are far more rare than many would have us believe.

The great majority of the convicts in Old Newgate were living though unwilling witnesses to the excellence and value of our judicial system. Their conduct while in the prison abundantly confirmed the judgment of the court committing them, and furnished unmistakable proof of their criminal character. No one connected with the prison ever for a moment doubted the justice of Dublin's commitment, though he himself constantly protested his innocence of all crime and with the most laughable persistence declared himself the victim of a mistaken identity. In fact he made numerous efforts to secure a second trial and when these failed he besieged each new governor for a pardon. The negro Jake also bore the imprint of his criminal nature indelibly stamped upon his features, not to speak of his habitual ferocity of manner and brutality of life. Parker, the arch hypocrite, could delude many an unsuspecting victim outside the prison walls with his smooth tongue and pious ways. But within the prison his villainy was recognized from the day of his entrance, and he was despised by officers and convicts alike as being utterly mean and worthless.

The case of Prince Mortimer, commonly known as "Old Guinea," because of his origin, was, however, of quite another character. A more apparently innocent and harmless man never lived. Even the prison officers, familiar as they were with every phase of criminal character and quick to detect shams and hypocrisies, saw in him none of the tokens of the criminal spirit. On the contrary he seemed to them as simple and artless as a child. The convicts, too, skilled as they were in the subtle freemasonry of crime, never looked upon this man as one of their number; but always accorded to him a unique position among the inmates of the prison. They trusted him and made use of him in certain ways for their own advantage; yet they did not discover in him a kindred spirit. Almost from the first he won the confidence of all connected with the prison life, and before long he was

frequently employed as well by the guards as by the convicts in the capacity of messenger to the stores and farms in the neighborhood and no one ever thought of his attempting to escape. No other convict ever went outside the prison walls without a guard, and few without irons, but guard and irons were dispensed with as wholly unnecessary in Guinea's case.

The story of "Old Guinea's" life, were it fully recorded, would doubtless supply the most touching chapter in the history of Newgate prison. Amid a group of men for the most part uninteresting, sometimes repulsive, his was a picturesque figure. Black as the Prince of Darkness and originally strong and well proportioned, he was already bowed with the weakness of age when committed to prison. More than seventy years had been spent in slavery, and twenty-three years spent in the state prison at Newgate and Wethersfield seemed only the bitter climax to a long life of misfortune and suffering.

Born near the coast of Guinea (whence his sobriquet), the son of an African chieftain of no mean position among the native tribes, Prince was captured when about sixteen years of age by a slave trader. In the hold of a filthy slave ship, amid scenes of darkest cruelty and wretchedness, he was brought to Connecticut and sold to a gentleman by the name of Mortimer living in Middletown. From his royal parentage he was given the name Prince, and according to custom he bore the surname of the family to which he belonged. He was therefore enrolled upon the books of the prison as Prince Mortimer.

While in the Mortimer household he had performed the duties ordinarily required of a slave with a good degree of faithfulness and was trusted by the family in many ways, gradually winning his way into their regard and affection. True, he had a weakness for strong drink which he was prone to indulge; but under the espionage of his master and the household this was seldom permitted to cause any trouble. And to two generations of the Mortimer family he rendered valuable service.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the elder Mortimer entered the Continental army as an officer and Prince accompanied him as his body servant. During all the period of that great struggle his unswerving loyalty to the cause of freedom and his perfect trustworthiness made him a popular messenger of the officers and a favorite with the men. He served in various capacities as occasion required and was honored with not a few errands by General Washington. Tradition has it that he at one time fell into the hands of a band of red-coats who tried to obtain from him some information regarding the disposition and equipment of the Continental troops. He possessed all the information desired, but though subjected to severe tortures he refused to disclose anything that could be turned to the least account by them. In vain they tried to bribe him with offers of freedom, or to frighten him with threats of being burned alive. In vain they tried new cruelties upon him each day. Nothing could shake his perfect constancy. Before many days he was recaptured by his friends, but he bore to his dying day marks of the ordeal

through which he had passed. It was his boast, also, that he had sat astride many a cannon when it was fired at the British troops.

After the war was over, he returned to this former service in Middletown and was for many years accounted a good servant. But one sad morning his aged master was found dead in his bed with evidences of poisoning. Whether the drug which caused his death was taken by himself through mistake or with suicidal intent or was administered by another hand is not known. But at the time it was thought to be a case of murder and circumstances pointed to the old negro slave as the one who had committed the deed. Prince was arrested, tried and convicted upon circumstantial evidence; but the court hesitated to pronounce the death sentence because of a lingering doubt in many minds as to his guilt. With one voice the members of the family testified to his good character, and declared their belief in his innocence. Whatever faults or weaknesses Prince had revealed, there had been no evidence of criminal tendencies or an evil temper in his past life. Yet a strange combination of circumstances convinced the jury of his guilt. As for himself, he persistently asserted his innocence from the first, and the most careful questioning failed to discover any inconsistency in his story. He was therefore sentenced to Newgate prison for life, and entered the institution when past eighty-five years of age utterly broken in spirit by the terrible accusation from which he had been unable to clear himself.

After the first period of despair resulting from this new and supreme misfortune, the old man fell into the regular routine of prison life with a sort of hopeless dejection pitiful to see. Years of slave labor had bowed his shoulders and tinged his hair with gray; but now each day seemed to do the work of months. His hair whitened rapidly. His step became feeble and uncertain. His sight gradually dimmed and the damp and chill of the caverns added the tortures of rheumatism to his other sufferings. For some years he continued to perform a daily task to the best of his ability in the shoe shop, and no complaint ever fell from his lips; but the warden realized that he had neither the skill nor the strength to do much work and so he required little. He was never held accountable to strict prison discipline, and even the hardened criminals showed a degree of consideration for "Old Guinea's" infirmities.

In his less dejected moments, or when his tongue was loosened by drink, Prince loved to entertain his fellow prisoners with stories of his earlier and less unhappy days. He could recall some incidents of his boyhood life in the wilds of Africa, of the wars of his tribe and of great hunting expeditions in the forest, in which all the men and older boys of the village took part. He took no little pride in his royal birth, for in his own land he was a prince indeed; and sometimes when his potations had been unusually deep fancied himself once more in the African forest while his fellow prisoners were transformed temporarily into his tribe of dusky subjects. At these extreme moments he would altogether abandon the broken English which he commonly used and relapse into an incomprehensible

jargon which was probably the language of his boyhood. Again he would describe the coming of the slave traders and the scenes of bloodshed and cruelty and woe that followed, concluding with the account of his own capture and abduction. The nearest approach to vindictiveness ever displayed by the old man was aroused by the recollection of these outrages upon his unoffending people. At this point in the recital his eyes would flash, and he would sometimes express a desire to avenge their wrongs; but the storm of feeling would quickly pass away, much more quickly with himself than with his audience. True his limited vocabulary and waning faculties often hampered his powers of description and made his statements somewhat obscure; still his story always excited interest and he never failed to enlist the sympathy of his hearers for his own misfortunes or to arouse their indignation against the institution which was their prime cause.

At other times he would recall incidents in the Revolution. He could tell many a story of his dead master's brave deeds; and occasionally he aroused himself to a degree of enthusiasm when speaking of this or that service which he had performed for General Washington. For that great man he cherished the profoundest reverence, and he delighted to dwell upon his majestic appearance and soldierly bearing. In his mind no other human being ever held so high a place, and it is doubtful if he recognized any divinity as superior to George Washington. His reverence was, moreover, tinged with personal affection. For the General had shown him no little kindness and consideration whenever he required any service, and he had spoken words of hearty commendation when Prince was retaken after his capture by the British.

As the days of the prison life went by, however, the old man became more silent. At first he had hoped that his innocence would soon appear, and that he should be restored to his former position. But as that hope died within him a settled melancholy became his habit. It was difficult to arouse in him any interest in his surroundings. He moved about as one in a dream, doing his duties mechanically and with increasing feebleness.

Because of his absolute trustworthiness "Old Guinea" was frequently despatched on errands about the neighborhood of the prison. As the convicts were allowed to earn money by extra work either in the prison shops or, under the surveillance of guards, for farmers and others near by; so they were permitted to spend the money thus earned for extra comforts or to increase the variety of their prison fare. And if any of them wished to purchase liquor no objection was made, even though the caverns below ground often witnessed terrible drunken orgies. Thus it not seldom happened that Guinea was commissioned by his brethren in misfortune to go out and purchase cider from the Granby farmers, or other and stronger liquors from the tavern of Lieutenant Viets hard by. On some occasions he would come home laden with several gallons of liquor; and once in a while, when he took his toll on the way, he would become helplessly intoxicated and remain anchored by the roadside over night. He never failed, how-

ever, to return in good time next day with his precious freight.

When Prince had been nearly twenty years at Newgate and Wethersfield (for the prison was transferred to the latter place during the period of his incarceration), the warden obtained an order for his release. By this time he was so old and helpless that he had become a serious burden to the keepers of the prison, and he was so clearly innocent of any criminal designs that all were agreed he might safely and justly go free. On being told that he was at liberty to go from the prison the old man wept for joy fully believing that his earlier dream of establishing his innocence had been realized. With all haste he made ready for his departure. Bidding good-bye to keepers and convicts, he hobbled out to the street with more agility than he had shown in many years, saying to everyone whom he met, "I'se free at last! I'se free at last!"

Without delay he went to Middletown; but his old friends and acquaintance were either dead or removed from the place. None of his old master's family remained. The old house was torn down and the whole city was changed. In vain he sought for some familiar face or some old landmark that might serve as a reminder of former days. All were passed away. The old world of his slave days had vanished, and it was a new and strange world that he found on emerging from the prison.

For weeks he wandered about in his forlorn quest. Many hearts were touched by his sad story and many were the little kindnesses shown him by those to whom he came; but no one could tell him anything of the persons whom he sought. They had vanished completely. At length he gave up in despair. The light of hope once more faded from his eyes. His step became more feeble than before, and not knowing what else to do with himself he retraced his weary way to the gate of the familiar prison.

Arriving there he begged to be admitted once more to the only home he knew on earth, and there he spent the remainder of his sad life. It was in 1834, when "Old Guinea" had reached the astonishing age of one hundred and ten years, that he was carried out from Wethersfield prison one morning never to return. After long years of waiting his freedom had come at last.

V

"Priest" Parker

Convict life reveals a great variety of character. Types of sinners are as many and as diverse as are types of saints. There are criminals and criminals. Some men command a certain respect even when they are known to be rascals. Whether we will or not we often catch ourselves admiring an adroit and courageous villain, and no most determined self-chiding avails in the slightest degree to lessen our admiration. But there is another class of scoundrels whom everybody despises, men who have no standing even in criminal society, pariahs, outcasts. True, there is honor among thieves, but not among all thieves. There are thieves who have no honor.

The select society of Old Newgate included criminals of every

class. At one time or another all types of villainy were to be found within those walls or in the dark caverns. The most dangerous convicts were seldom wholly lacking in noble traits. And the keepers frequently cherished a genuine respect for men whom they both feared and hated. The notorious Barnes brothers, for example, dangerous though they were, were yet so manly in appearance, so refined in their manners and so ingenious in their devices, besides being withal so courageous, that their names occupy a sort of heroic position in the pages of the prison annals, and their keepers looked upon them with no small degree of respect. All the officers looked upon big Jake the negro with dread and aversion, but they never despised him. Then, too, there was a certain attractiveness about Dublin with his blarney and dare-devil ways that was not entirely effaced by his crimes. But for "Priest" Parker, as he was called from his readiness to adopt the clerical guise, guards and prisoners alike felt only the profoundest contempt. He seemed utterly wanting in every element of manly character. An arrant hypocrite, a coward, a cur, without one redeeming feature, for an old time sermon on "Total Depravity," he would have furnished a shining illustration. Unprincipled enough to commit any crime in the calendar, his actual transgressions were limited by his lack of courage to villainies of the meaner sort.

Parker was committed to Newgate for a most miserable and heartless case of fraud, the mere suspicion of which he pretended to deplore deeply. From the first he assumed an air of piety and claimed to be a minister of the Gospel. He even went so far as to offer to preach in the prison chapel, which offer was promptly rejected. For work he clearly had no relish and countless were the devices which he adopted to shirk his daily task. He pretended to be subject to fits which came on him suddenly (always during working hours it was noticed) and which rendered him helpless and sometimes insensible for a considerable time and required a good dose of brandy or other liquor to restore him. A permanent cure was effected, however, when the warden and two assistants seized him one day while apparently in a fit and plunged him head foremost into a hogshead of freezing cold water standing in the yard and left him to get himself out as best he could, assuring him that this remedy would be applied every time the attack returned. At other times he would try to arouse the sympathy of the guards by an apparent hemorrhage from the lungs. This he produced by chewing red brick or by pricking his gums. By pounding his elbows and similar violent means he could vary his pulse so as to deceive the prison physician. And when by any of these pretences he could escape work, he would spend much time reading his Bible and praying with his fellow convicts or laboring for their conversion. The other prisoners soon learned that he would betray all their plans to the keepers and report all their misconduct for the purpose of currying favor with the authorities, and he was promptly banished from their councils, and once or twice received a severe drubbing in the course of the drunken brawls in the dark caverns of the mine.

Parker's history was a strange one, and stranger still, in view of his origin, was the spirit of depravity that seemed to possess him. He was the son of a Methodist minister of undoubted piety, his mother being a most saintly woman. At no slight sacrifice on the part of his parents he had received a good education, and from the first his religious training had been their chief thought. His knowledge of the Bible, which was far superior to that of most Christian people, was turned by him to good account in some of his worst escapades.

Notwithstanding his manifest love of evil his father looked upon his pranks as mere evidences of youthful folly and hoped that in time the wild oats would be sown and that he would then settle down to sober and upright living. He therefore sent him to college to prepare for the ministry. While in college his course was marked by a series of wild deeds and frequent collisions with the authorities. He had nearly reached the end of his senior year when, being detected in a raid upon some orchards and chicken coops in the vicinity of the college, he found himself threatened with arrest and imprisonment. To avoid this he fled in the night and came to another state. As he was wandering rather aimlessly about he came one Saturday evening to a farmhouse in the Connecticut valley. There he asked and obtained permission to remain over the Sabbath. The farmer chanced to be a deacon of the village church, and in course of the conversation at supper mention was made of the fact that the church was without a pastor and that there was no provision for preaching the next day. Parker with all seriousness told the deacon that he was a clergyman travelling for his health and that he would be delighted to preach for them, the more so as he needed the money that would be paid him for the service. Word was accordingly sent to the post office and village grocery whence it was widely disseminated through the town that there would be preaching at the regular hour in the church next day.

To explain the decidedly unclerical appearance of his dress Parker told a very plausible story of a fire which he said had occurred at one house where he stayed in the course of his travels. While keeping up a show of modesty, he yet made himself the hero of the story, winning the profound admiration of the younger members of the household as he related the daring rescue of a helpless babe in accomplishing which his clothes were ruined. His present outfit, he said, was given him by the grateful parents, and he had not been able to obtain anything better suited to his calling since the affair.

Although the young man was quite gay during the early part of the evening and related some rather questionable anecdotes of his college life, which he represented as some years past, yet he dispelled all doubts and greatly edified his host by the fervent manner in which he conducted devotions before retiring and by sundry pious exhortations to the children and hired help. It was no part of his plan, however, to appear in the church on the morrow. By adroit suggestion he had induced the deacon to pay him that night the five dollars which was the fee for supplying the pulpit, and he intended after a few hours' rest to

arise while the members of the household were still asleep and make good his escape. He even went so far as to arrange a Bible on his dressing table open at the first chapter of Proverbs, with a conspicuous mark at the twenty-eighth verse, which reads, "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

The sudden illness of one of the children frustrated his plan. The mother was awakened soon after midnight and spent the remainder of the night applying remedies to the sick one, so that Parker found no opportunity to leave the house without being observed. Consequently he was obliged to carry out the program which he had arranged for himself with the deacon. This he did to the complete satisfaction of his hearers and to his own great astonishment. His familiarity with the Bible and an unusually retentive memory which enabled him to recall the leading points of some of his father's sermons stood him in good stead. So encouraged was he by his success that he tried to make a permanent engagement with the church; but for some unknown reason his overtures were not accepted.

Continuing his travels he came during the same week to another village where he found lodging at the tavern. While chatting with some of the tavern loungers he heard the story of a woman living just outside the village that greatly interested him. The woman was known as the "widow" Morse, and her life history had become a favorite bit of village lore. It appears that about twenty years before this time, Emma Thurston, the village belle, had married a well-to-do young farmer named Morse. They settled on one of the best farms in town, and for five years were happy and prosperous, a son and daughter being born to them. It was early in the sixth year of their married life that Morse set out one day for Boston to transact some business and failed to return. No trace of him had ever been found. He was not seen in Boston by those with whom he had business, nor had anyone encountered him on the way beyond a certain point. The neighbors and friends believed that he had been murdered or had met with some fatal accident; but Mrs. Morse and the children clung to the hope that he would yet return.

By guarded enquiries Parker learned that the Morse family possessed not only a good farm but other property of considerable value, besides a respectable bank account. He also learned enough about the missing man to enable him to get himself up as a fair counterfeit. Naturally very mature in appearance, he used every art to increase his apparent years until he felt confident that he looked the present age of the absent Morse. Then in the early twilight he presented himself at the homestead of the widow and saying that he had important business with the family was invited within. Dexterously he led the minds of mother and children to the right point, first throwing out hints and finally announcing himself as the long lost husband and father.

The joyful welcome following this announcement I shall not attempt to describe. Enough to know that it was not tinged with the slightest shadow of doubt, but seemed a complete vindication of

their long cherished hope. After the first outburst of gladness had partially subsided, the wily rascal told them the story of his adventures since that day fifteen years ago when he had left home for Boston. He told of falling in with a couple of men who seemed friendly and to whom he confided his business. They had treated him to a glass of wine that was drugged, and then after robbing him of all his money took him to New Bedford and put him on board a vessel bound for South America. When he recovered from the effects of the drug he was far out at sea and in the power of men who had been paid by the robbers to get him out of the way. On reaching the destination of the vessel he was turned adrift, and seeing nothing better at hand shipped on board another vessel bound for Australia. Thus he had travelled about from country to country, looking for an opportunity to return to his home. Misfortune and sickness had delayed him till at last after almost fifteen years' absence he had again reached his native land and at once set out in search of his family.

As he descanted upon his feelings, telling of his fear lest, supposing him to be dead, his beloved wife should have married another, he was almost overcome with emotion. As for Mrs. Morse, she was affected to tears. So plausible and consistent was the story which he had carefully arranged before coming, that it awakened no suspicion to mar the happy confidence of the household.

The evening rapidly wore on, and the younger members of the family retired. Soon after this, Parker, gaining confidence, drew near the fire and removed his shoes to warm his feet. His recent travels had told somewhat on his clothing and there was a large hole in his left stocking revealing a well formed little toe. An apology based on the hardships of travel drew the attention of Mrs. Morse to the hole and the exposed toe. At sight of this the hitherto unsuspicious widow sprang up exclaiming, "You miserable impostor! My husband had lost the little toe of his left foot; but yours is sound and whole. Get out, you wretch!" And seizing the broom she began to belabor Parker with all her might. The son, hearing the racket, quickly appeared and joined forces with his mother, despite Parker's assertions that the toe had grown during the fifteen years of his absence, and soon the deceiver found himself outside the door and considerably the worse for the fray.

Fleeing from the neighborhood Parker spent one night in the home of a country pastor where he was treated with great kindness, and before leaving he succeeded in purloining a goodly number of his host's manuscript sermons, thinking they might be of use to him in future. Soon after, coming to a village in Connecticut where there was a pastorless church he repeated his former trick of passing himself off as a minister of the Gospel. This time he was even more successful than before and secured an engagement not for a single Sabbath merely but for three months.

Here, although he was suspected by some of the clearer minded ones, he was able to win the complete confidence of a few unsuspicious souls. Among the latter was an old lady who possessed a sum of money,

not large, indeed, but sufficient to keep her in comfort for the remainder of her days, and sufficient also to arouse the cupidity of Parker. Pretending to know of an investment which was safe and would bring her larger returns than she was then receiving, he persuaded her to entrust her money to his care and once more vanished, leaving the woman penniless. Her condition aroused general interest and friends took the matter in hand, putting the authorities on the track of the false prophet. In due time he was captured, tried and found guilty. The publicity given to the case brought out the story of many other misdoings and the rascal was committed to Newgate prison.

Probably no other inmate of that institution ever aroused such utter contempt as he. At first, under the guise of deep piety, he laid several adroit plans for escape, some of which were nearly successful. But finding that he was closely watched and mercilessly punished when caught, he turned his skill to schemes for shirking work. Again and again he was condemned to the treadmill, the whipping post or the stocks. But he received these punishments with such blasphemous expressions of mock piety and resignation that the warden finally threatened to imprint the brand of "rogue" upon his forehead if he ever heard anything more of the kind from his lips. The solitary cell was to him a welcome escape from labor, and his abundant mental resources deprived that place of all terror. Furthermore, when shut up there he was safe from the tricks and insults which his fellow prisoners delighted to heap upon him. The feeling of the inmates toward him was manifest in the exclamation of one of the convicts on the day of Parker's liberation,—"Woe unto the inhabitants of the earth, for the devil has gone out among them!"

Patriotism and Peace

By Eugene C. Dolson

Of men who love their own dear land the best,
When we have learned to gauge their lives, we find
A passionate, human heart within each breat,
That feels for all Mankind.

These are our patriots; men in word and deed;
Men with unshaken faith in final good;
Whose souls have grown to grasp the larger creed
Of Peace and Brotherhood!

Amazi's Courting

By Dora Read Goodale

('Squire Heron and Amazi' Woodruff seated before a big fireplace. 'Squire Heron speaks:)

How the wind doos blow!
Doo north: there'll be a power o' snow,
And drifts to match. You left all tight?
Shan't let ye go back home to-night!
Must be a lonesome spot, I swan,
Now, with your good old mother gone . . .
Not stay? Pooh, pooh! Draw up your cheer!
Christmas don't come but once a year!
Girls 'll be in soon, I'll be bound;
Bless 'em, they're hanging ground pine 'round!
Who'd ever dreampt my rough old stem
Could put out buds as purty as them?

A lonesome spot. Yes, yes, I know
You've kept all snug there: come and go
Brisk as a bee. Wal', how time flies!
Ten years, heh? since you lost your eyes.
The ways of Providence—I vum,
Neighbor, I wonder at 'em some;
Likeliest, best-hearted man I knew,
Down come a bolt, an' lit on you!

Clear grit, you was. Made no complaint:
"Don't feel jest called to act a saint—"
(Reckon you'd had your wrastling-spell,
Like Jacob, though, at Peniel)—
"What will I do? W'y, keep right on,
Try to, same as I've al'ays done;
Be as human-like as I can—
A busy, plain, straight-forrard *man*."

You've stuck to that. Went right about,
No favors as't, year in, year out;
Farmed it, and laid by money, too;
Must kind o' brag on what ye do!
Know the roads, and the folks you meet;
Ac'chally beat me once, thrashing wheat!
Yes, sir! You've held your own in life:

Stand high: now, all ye want's a wife,—
Best o' man's lot. You've thought jest so? . . .
Rhody, you want? Plague take ye, no,
Not by the Powers! . . . Picked her out, eh?
Had it on my tongue's eend to say,
All you want to do well in life,
Is a good, smart, spry, *humly* wife.

Humly! W'y, that's the hahnsomest kind,
Lord love ye, yes—when a man's blind.
Won't waste her 'tarnal time on clo'es,
Bunnits, and sinful things like those;
Meek, knows her place; feels thankful, too,
'N' do-on't cut up didoes like some do.
There's Leverett's dotter—slim an' straight,
Shock o' red hair—try her. Or, wait,—
Rufe's cross-eyed Sal that lost her beau,
Down to the Forge. Don't suit ye? Sho!
Give 'em a chance! You're like the rest,
Sot on the purtiest and the best.

She! W'y, she wa'n't half grown, not nigh,
When you—wal'—bid the sun good-by.
Mind how she'd kind o' skip an' spring,
Little, shy, brave, quick-steppin' thing—
Do, eh? Wisht you could see her, though,
Way she looked half an hour ago,
Blushing—wal', blushing—pshaw! let's say
Like my blue pearmain, middle o' May,
Bloomed out its rosiest, thick with bees,
And sweeter'n anything you please.

Yes, yes—I've heerd there's ways unknown
You'll tell a white hoss from a roan—
Wal, I don't know a man, that's true,
I'd sooner give her to than you.
But there! Fact is, I cain't jest say
She's mine, out'n out, to give away.
In my time, mebby, low an' high
Took parents' ch'ice; but that's gone by,
And now'days girls is sort o' prone
To tastes an' likin's o' their own.
You'll resk it? Sho! Ef that's your mind
B'gin t' think it's ben me that's blind.
Wal', 'twas an uphill course to run;
Say your luck's changed, you've 'arned, it, Son.
Rhody—my girl! Whar be ye, dear?
Come in: Amazi' Woodruff's here.

Marketing of Fake Masterpieces

By Frederick W. Coburn

ABOUT this time of year look in Boston newspapers for advertisements and reading notices containing the information that the greatest art event in the history of New England is shortly to come off, giving the public an exceptional opportunity to view a large and rare exhibition of Barbizon, Dutch and old English paintings gathered in Europe last summer by Mr. E. Z. Fühlem, the well known art collector of London, Paris and New York. The pictures, it is stated, will be on free exhibition for a week at the galleries of Messrs. Snyder and Company, in Sweepclean street, after which they will be sold at auction. The catalogue, which will be sent on application, is profusely illustrated and contains an elaborate list, with appropriate comments, of works by Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Jacque, Delacroix, Troyon, Turner, Old Crome, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Morland, Romney, Pourbus, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Sir Peter Lely, and many others. A few canvases by Thaulow, Frederic Ede and other living painters of some repute and great popularity are thrown in.

The adroit auctioneer of Sweepclean street does the rest. A collection of unblushing but not unvarnished counterfeits, products of the fake factories of Europe which work overtime these days to supply the demands of this country, is knocked down to a gathering of well-to-do and presumably intelligent citizens of the most highly educated community in America.

Odd, isn't it? But Boston and New England are undeniably easy when it is a matter of working off a lot of bogus masterpieces — however narrow the market may be for the placing of the works of resident painters and sculptors who are at this time actually doing the best work in art that is done anywhere. Names rather than unquestioned merits are desired. It is proper to own a few Corots and Gainsboroughs—an indication of opulence and culture. Hence from every direction come the buyers to choose from among Mr. Fühlem's fakes. Some of these go in knowing that they are plunging into a gamble in which by exercise of shrewdness they may win largely, since a scattering of genuine and really valuable works is usually mixed in at these exhibitions. Many more, however, innocent folk who know the names of a few of the great masters and nothing about the wiles of the clever copyists, buy in the supposition that they are really getting a square deal. One cannot know everything in these days, and it is no discredit not to be able to detect the spuriousness of a Daubigny that is offered at a bargain. So, although the methods of the Sweepclean street auction rooms are well understood in the artistic profession and are

from time to time hinted at by the press, a big houseful of victims can always be brought together if enough important names are blazoned forth in the catalogue.

To what extent this community is annually mulcted by the purveyors of fraudulent art would be hard to say; the total amount in the aggregate must be very considerable. For the prices paid for masterpieces in Sweepclean street are ridiculously high, considering what the canvases are; absurdly low if they were genuine. Undoubted examples of the good painters of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries do not beg for buyers in provincial galleries. They rarely enough come to this country for sale.

You can for example purchase "old English portraits" in Boston for from fifty dollars up. For three or four hundred you may secure your pick at an auction room and for a couple of thousand dollars you may get from a fairly reputable dealer one that has some appearance of being genuine.

Yet somehow the canvases by the same masters that change hands in England obtain about one hundred times the prices that Mr. Fühlem is able to secure here, and about ten times those asked by less notorious dealers who bring "select collections" over from New York every winter. Thus, to quote a few specific instances, in London the other day, Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of Lady Raeburn" brought at auction $43,500; Hoppner's "Lady in White," $29,000; Romney's "Horseley Children," $22,000; Gainsborough's "Lady in White and Gold," $14,000; Old Crome's "Landscape with Figures," $15,000. These are not to be regarded as in any way exceptional figures; they represent prevailing prices for ordinary and well authenticated works by the masters named. Whoever buys for very much less is dealing with a man who is either ignorant of the business value of what he sells or is careless in declaring that to be a certainty which is only a probability or a possibility, or is deliberately attempting to perpetrate a fraud.

There is in reality an extraordinary dearth in the picture marts of unquestionably genuine canvases by any of the masters of the immediate past, to say nothing of the paintings of the best periods of Italian and Netherlands art. The present scarcity of Barbizon pictures is in point. Good works by Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Rousseau and Jacque are nowadays infrequently found in the hands of even the most prosperous of European dealers. They simply are not to be had. Their owners are holding them for the future. The product of even a prolific painter's working life time is limited. The market in many instances has been cornered. The visible supply of merchantable Millets is limited. The man who undertakes to sell Corots short courts bankruptcy.

But that's truth you won't learn from the Sweepclean street catalogues. There are always more masterpieces in Boston for those who have money to waste. Take Corot. His guileless little tricks of execution, his easily imitated mannerisms, have made his canvases particularly susceptible of forgery. The United States must contain nearer one hundred thousand than one thousand canvases attributed to him. More Corots have been sold

in New England than ever came out of the painter's studio—including one which was the subject of a famous lawsuit years ago. There is apparently no limit to the supply of these "masterpieces." Europe is full of forgers who can make you "an early Corot" while you wait; and at least three of them are able to do the more difficult "stunt" and turn you out a passable example of the canvases of his later periods. Some of these copies, it must be confessed, are not so contemptible as works of art; though they are never worth the price that is paid for them by the humbugged. One of the best of the imitators is a Parisian painter, talented and industrious, who makes his Corots from nature in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. Except that he signs his works with another name than his own he is quite honest. He does not copy the canvases of the master; he has simply learned the game so well that his pictures are externally very like Corot's and occasionally deceive even the experts.

Another celebrated character is an Italian painter, resident in London, who has learned to do Corots and Daubignys of any desired period. This man is even more honest than the foregoing in that he sells his pictures as copies and never as forgeries. They usually come, however, sooner or later, into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who have them improperly signed and forthwith consigned to the United States. The painter of Ville d'Avray himself, it should be said in passing, was to blame in some instances for the perpetration of counterfeits of his works. This story was told not long ago by Henry Dumay in a sketch of Corot in the Journal des Debats:

"Some friends one day brought to Corot a picture bearing his signature. 'Here, master, do you recognize this canvas?' 'What? Why it's a counterfeit! Who made it?' 'It is by X. You ought to have him arrested.' 'Have X arrested? You do not mean that. He would be disgraced. He is the father of a family.' And taking the counterfeit picture, Corot with a few strokes of the brush transformed it and signed it himself. 'Go,' said he, 'give him back his canvas and let him do so no more.'"

Counterfeiting in these days has been made into a science. One dealer whose collections occasionally come to Boston has developed a specialty in counterfeits of genuine canvases owned by himself. He buys in Paris and elsewhere a great many pictures of the genuineness of which he is personally convinced;—and he is really an expert judge in matters of authenticity. He is equally expert in advertising. Whenever he purchases a work of art the fact is heralded in the newspapers. Then presently a picture bearing the same title, and often referred to in the catalogue by a quotation from a European press notice, is exhibited in America. Its antecedents appear to be so unquestionable that it usually brings a big price.

But the canvas that is sold here isn't the one which was bought abroad. That reposes in a dark little gallery. The astute dealer employs clever copyists to reproduce his canvases with some little variations. His scheme has worked well for many years. The fakes are disposed of at several times their value

and the genuine pictures are held until it is safe to dispose of them again in Europe.

Regulation of the sale of spurious masterpieces appears to be practically impossible. The Salmagundi Club of New York City made an effort not long ago to get the legislature at Albany to pass a law by which the selling of or dealing in forgeries and fraudulently signed copies of pictures or other works of art should be considered a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. The attempt was unsuccessful; and perhaps deservedly so. Even if prohibitory legislation were to be enacted there would be great difficulty in proving, in many cases, that the dealing and selling were done "with knowledge and intent to deceive." Reputable dealers now and then sell disreputable canvases innocently.

To get after the producers of counterfeits is almost equally difficult. The fake factory does not have to be a big one. A single industrious hireling can flood the market with canvases of a certain kind. Many of the offenders claim innocence of intention. They are simply copyists. Their studies from the old masters are no more reprehensible than the studies made by young art students. They deliver unadulterated goods; the wicked dealers incriminate them. The law for the most part never disturbs the forgers, though occasionally one of them is apprehended and punished.

Thus there appeared not long ago a case in a London police court in which an artist and his daughter were found guilty of making and selling spurious water colors, bearing the signature of David Cox, the English aquarellist. The drawings were cleverly manufactured on old yellowish paper and were taken by the daughter singly or in pairs to dealers and private collectors who often were deceived by them. As several of the London art houses have New York branches whose managers send exhibitions into New England each winter it is not at all unlikely that some of the counterfeits of this precious pair have been seen and sold here.

What is the remedy? It lies first of all of course in an awakened suspicion and intelligence in the general public. But above everything else the responsibility rests upon the art dealers. Most of these men are high minded and conscientious in all their personal relations. Yet an almost incredible laxness exists among many of them as regards the authenticity of the pictures they sell. Every dealer is his own expert. The canvases that look to him genuine are selected and displayed. Outside criticism is not always counted. Entirely on his own judgment, the local dealer stakes his reputation that the foreign collector to whom he has rented his gallery is all right.

And the foreign collector asserts that he too stakes his reputation. In the event of a complaint or hint of fraud he stands ready to refund. Thus a Paris-New York dealer, on the occasion of his visit to Boston about a year ago, sold a canvas apparently well vouched for, to a local man of means. The picture was studied carefully by a local painter who has a high standing as a critic. Abundant traces of forgery were discovered. Thereupon a letter of inquiry addressed to the dealer at his New York office

brought him over to Boston in a towering passion:

"A work of art for which I have stood sponsor, questioned! I, whose reputation is unchallenged in every great city of the world. No; I will not argue the matter. Here is your money back. I never discuss these matters with a customer."

Yet those who know say that this was a case of sheer bluff. The dealer can afford occasionally to pay for a little parade of apparent honesty. He could not afford to have the picture in question impartially examined.

The wiles of the European dealers, needless to say, are many. Occasionally you will find one who leans the other way to the extent of perpetually challenging the authenticity of pictures not sold by him. A distinguished art collector of Paris and New York who for many years has had a virtual monopoly of the sale of the works of some of the foremost of modern artists is noted for his custom of decrying the few canvases by these men that have not gone through his shop. He once visited at the house of a New York gentleman who had recently bought a large Daubigny from a dealer in Boston. Standing attentively before it, the Parisian—as is his way when he expresses disapproval—shrugged his shoulders severely several times. That shrug, as was intended, was interpreted by the owner of the picture to mean that the work was probably spurious. He had paid a large sum for the canvas. Anxious to get at the truth, he took the midnight for Boston and at the opening of the store next morning stood with the canvas wrapped in brown paper under his arm awaiting the arrival of the proprietor. The picture was promptly identified as one that the Boston dealer had bought in Daubigny's studio. Fortunately for the reputation of his firm he had purchased it in company with the late J. Wells Champney, who gladly added his written testimony as to the genuineness of the work. Not often can an art dealer be so certain of the genuineness of the masterpieces he sells nor the purchaser rest so serenely satisfied.

Lyric in May.

By Hallett Abend

The glad, eternal spirit of the Spring
  Steals o'er the greening earth like some soft sigh.
The mating birds will soon begin to sing;
  And thou and I,—Sweetheart,—and thou and I?

Over the purple foothills in the west
  The fleecy clouds of May are sailing high.
The mating birds will soon begin to nest,
  And thou and I,—Sweetheart,—and thou and I?

Over the Spite Fence

By Muriel A. Brady

ELIZABETH put out her tiny night lamp and opened her blind with cautious fingers.

Doctor Hazelton's smooth lawn was flooded with moonlight. Every bush had itself stamped in fairy lace work of shadow upon the ground beneath it. Only the thick laurel hedge, in dark defiance, loomed sombrely beside the winding driveway which swept away to the many-gabled house, lying hushed and cloistered in the shade of thickly clustering elms.

The murmur of the river came faintly up from the foot of the terrace and once in a while its soft song was marred by the discordant creaking of a boat, straining to free itself from the chain which bound it.

Elizabeth sighed as her eyes drank in the beauty of the summer night. She was essentially gregarious, a pleasure unshared was a pleasure spoiled. She sighed again as a fragrant whiff of cigar smoke floated up to her. Low in the shadow of trees about the doctor's house winked and blinked a cheerful red eye; its erratic swaying betokened the near neighborhood of a hammock. Elizabeth blushed a little as she watched it.

"He is even handsomer than I remembered him," she murmured softly. "Oh, dear!"

Her gaze wandered downward and rested on the spiked top of an uncompromising fence; she frowned as she contemplated its twenty feet of spitefulness. Presently she closed her blind with a little pettish shrug of her young shoulders.

"I think," she said, distinctly, "that there are an awful lot of fools in this world!"

Elizabeth was twenty and romantic; her aunt was forty in the extreme. Arrayed in a lavender morning gown which did full justice to her handsome person, she laid down the law to her niece.

"I understand, Elizabeth, that a young doctor has come to study with the person next door."

Miss Cary had an inimitable way of saying "person." She slowly ate three grapes as if to rid herself of an obnoxious task.

"You are cognizant, I think, of the state of affairs and I desire you, under no circumstances, to make his acquaintance. Connected as he is with that objectionable person, no intercourse is possible. I believe him dissipated also. I know the odor of his vile tobacco penetrated the entire house last evening. You can have nothing to do with such a character, my dear. Your father and mother would not approve of it any more than I do. Thank heaven there are plenty of desirable and proper friends for you in Rexford!"

"Yes, auntie," she agreed, with some hesitation, "but if you mean the rector and his sisters, I think they are a little slow."

Miss Cary adjusted her glasses on her handsome nose and inspected her niece with strong disapproval.

"I do not recognize the word," she remarked, austerely. "If you intended to say that you do not like Mr. Thomson, I am astonished. He is a most worthy young man. His mother was a Clavering."

A vision of the worthy Mr. Thomson—pale, straw-colored hair, weak, red-rimmed eyes, retreating chin, deprecating manner—in fact, his putty-like ensemble unredeemed by one enlivening trait, rose before Elizabeth, but she said nothing.

Her aunt finished her coffee with an air of finality which was as a stone wall to further discussion and rose from the table. She swept to the door, but there she paused and looked back at the slim figure, sitting with elbows propped on the shining table.

"My dear," she said, kindly, "ring for Barbara. Don't you think it would be nice to run up to the rectory for tennis this morning? The girls are very pleasant. I don't want you to mope while you are with me, Elizabeth, and I shall be away from home for an hour or so. It is quite three days now since I have taken my customary exercise and I feel the need of it."

Elizabeth rose a little wearily.

"I think I'll read, auntie," she said, apologetically; "the sun is too hot for tennis."

She did not add that the rectory girls, sisters to the worthy Mr. Thomson and as like him as peas in a pod, were too much for her, but the thought lay distinct in her consciousness as presently, through the library window, she watched her energetic relative mount her wheel and spin rapidly down the drive.

Miss Cary was blest with a girlish back, a gift of the gods which she meant to preserve if possible, and wheeling seeming a means to that end she pursued it as vigorously as she did everything else. Her trim tailored costume was perfect in fit and cut and her color rose becomingly as she passed the last straggling house of the little town and turned into a real country road.

From the roadside sweet wild roses lifted delicate pink faces; thorny tangles of blackberry clung to gray stone walls; knee-deep in lush meadow grass stood patient cattle with solemn eyes and a little brook tinkled riotously under a wooden bridge.

The intoxication of a summer's morning seized Miss Cary. She was a girl again as she had been that morning so long ago. Twenty years! The very road—around the curve, a steep hill — the big dogwood to the right. Laughing a little, she let the wheel coast. She had forgotten her forty years; she had forgotten Elizabeth, sitting pensively in the cool, dim library at home; she had forgotten the heinous crime of Barbara, the cook, in burning the roast the day before! All the little vexations which go to make a lonely woman a hard one slipped from her as the wheel gathered momentum. Green fields, where the wind's breath eddied and dimpled; spreading trees; flowering roadsides slipped by in kaleidoscopic fashion; faster yet—and they became a flying blur.

A little startled, she felt for the pedals. She was not frightened yet and when a road crossed hers and a wheelman suddenly turned

the curve there was no time to be.

Time seemed to stand still while she lay in soft grass and lazily counted a multiplicity of stars in the noonday sky. Presently a sound, between a malediction and a groan, reached her; she sat up.

In the dust of the road was a man, a fearful spectacle of dirt. About his neck clung the remains of a tire and his visored cap was jammed low over his eyes; the wrecks of both wheels strewed the road. Something in the sight moved Miss Cary to laughter.

The object in the road scowled as he tore the tire from his shoulders. He was a stout man and he swore softly as he limped to the side of the road and faced the woman in the grass.

"Madam," he said, with the ominous quiet of a man slow to wrath, "allow me to inform you that you are a fool. Any woman who coasts a hill is a lunatic; any woman who laughs when her lunacy has ruined two wheels and might have killed two people is a chuckle-headed, blithering idiot! Do you hear?"

"My hearing is yet unimpaired," she retorted, nonchalantly, for the spell of her past girlish impertinences was on her; but the nonchalance vanished in a cry of pain as she attempted to rise from her abased position. The man in the road turned quickly. He pushed back his cap and came toward her.

"You are hurt? Your arm—let me see it. I am a doctor."

Miss Cary retreated to the wall behind her. Her face was curiously white.

"You?" she said. "You?"

A slow flush rose to the man's face. "Even I. I beg you to believe I did not recognize you until this moment, Constance. Let me see your arm, please."

"Never! Go away. I decline your services, sir."

Unmoved, he crossed the road and picked up his satchel. "I'll just slit your sleeve," he remarked, professionally, "and see what damage you've done to that arm. I'm afraid it's a bad fracture, Constance."

With the litheness of her girlhood, Miss Cary placed the wall between them.

"Robert Hazelton, don't you come one step nearer! I wouldn't have you to a sick cat! Do you hear? A—sick—cat. There is nothing serious the matter with my arm. If you will send my niece to me with the pony carriage you will greatly oblige me, and if I need a physician I can get one myself."

Doctor Hazelton hesitated. "You know there is only myself and my —I mean young Carewe who is staying with me in town just now, Constance, but I will send him if you wish. You will not need to insult me twice."

It seemed a long time before Elizabeth and the pony carriage came down the sunny road, a weary time to the pain-racked woman on the wall, and a more dreadful time followed. When it was over, a tall, dark young man came into the library where Elizabeth, in a tumbled white gown, had been curled up in the depths of a big chair and covering her ears to shut out all sounds from the room above.

"Miss Cary is resting comfortably," he began, formally; then, as she turned a startled face, formality flew to the winds.

"Elizabeth! Beth! How in the

world— What—what are you doing here?"

Elizabeth ignored his eager hands. "Visiting," she replied, coolly. "How did you leave all the girls?"

"Hang the girls! To find you here! I can't believe my eyes. And I right next door—you haven't been very neighborly, Miss Elizabeth Cary."

Elizabeth pointed to the spite fence, looming darkly outside the library windows. "My aunt and your uncle are not on neighborly terms. Naturally I identify myself with my aunt."

The tall, young doctor's face lengthened. "You are disgustingly don't-carish," he objected, reproachfully, "but I'm going to call anyway. Your aunt raised the dev—er, I mean, she distinctly refused to let me call my uncle in with me so she's obliged to put up with my services. Pretty serious break, too; I'm afraid of fever. You may as well invite me, Elizabeth, for, you see, you can't keep me out."

Elizabeth tossed her head. "I can—by simply telling auntie that you are your uncle's nephew. Maybe I will. I didn't know you were a doctor, Mr. Carewe. Why didn't you tell me?"

He flushed warmly under her cool scrutiny. "A fellow isn't expected to talk shop at dances and theatres, is he? He—he's thinking of other things. Besides—what's this beastly fence to do with you and me? If it's going to make trouble, I'll knock it into kindling wood."

"The fence marks our legal boundaries, Doctor Carewe. You stay on your side, and I on mine. If auntie knew about you, she'd never let you in to see her poor arm."

The young doctor thrust his hands despairingly deep into his pockets and faced his tormentor.

"But she's got to have a doctor, hang it! She won't have my uncle so she will have to put up with me unless you send to the city. Don't you see the folly—Elizabeth, why didn't you answer my letters? I think you owed me that courtesy if nothing more."

The red rushed into Elizabeth's face. Then he had written! "I received none to answer," she said, demurely.

"You—" His eyes questioned her truth; he sighed a little as he came nearer. "An explanation is due from somewhere," he said, grimly. "I wrote you seven times. See here; let's make a bargain. In the house, while I am here professionally, we will ignore our former friendship. It will be hard for me—but loyal to our relatives' absurd prejudices. But their spite fence doesn't cut the river in two and it's neutral ground. Will you come out this morning, Beth?"

In the silence of surrender, Elizabeth walked the length of the wide, cool hall beside him. At the door, he turned and looked deep into her eyes. "Bring a wrap," he said, carelessly, trying to hide his elation, "it's coolish on the water."

From her window, Miss Cary had seen August flaunt herself into pensive September. A purple haze lay over the river in the early mornings. The trees in the orchard bent under their load of ruddy fruit and the fields across the road wore a marvellous crown of goldenrod. A first touch of frost had added nectar to the grapes, purpling the trellis

in the garden and had rattled down a few reluctant chestnuts in the grove back of the house. Flock after flock of southbound birds whirred softly through the still air, but the quail yet whistled shrilly in the heart of the woods and partridges drummed reveille on hollow stumps.

Summer was yielding up her sweet spirit in a chastened mood. To Miss Cary, strangely chastened too, the sounds of the life about her came through a sort of retrospective haze. She had never been an analytical woman; her mental processes were as direct as a man's and she had never dissected them as a more nervous, more indolent woman would have done. Her life, trivial perhaps in its round of small routine, had yet been full of interest to her. If a longing, a wish for what might have been, troubled her, she had promptly strangled it with a journey, a new book, or a spasm of house-cleaning.

But in her weakness, a new mood claimed her. She sat long in vague day-dreams. Her niece's lame excuses for continued absences were received abstractedly. The child was well and happy; doubtless she was learning to appreciate the charm of the worthy Mr. Thomson although, at his one visit to Miss Cary in the role of consoler, she had felt a most unwarrantable irritation at the sight of the faultless part in the rector's pallid hair and had savagely wished that a mighty breeze would riot through the room and rumple that smooth expanse violently since she might not get her fingers at the task. Nothing of the sort had happened and the Reverend Mr. Thomson had complacently carried his carefully arranged locks downstairs to see Elizabeth.

Still the rector and Elizabeth occupied but a small share of the invalid's thoughts; they were eclipsed by a more troublesome source of reflection—the spite fence. She loathed it; she could not put it out of her mind for a moment. It had become an obsession.

Below stairs, the amazed Barbara, hurried no longer, breathed a sigh of thankfulness to a persistent follower who had heretofore stolen agitated interviews behind the woodshed, but who now sat in security beside the kitchen table, a plate of crullers on his knee and a pitcher of milk convenient to his hand.

"It ain't," said Barbara, earnestly, wiping floury hands on her blue apron, "as I wishes harm to the poor lady an' her that peaceable-like now she's ailin'; but she'll be down an' scrougin' 'round any day now. The young doctor do say she'd have been well long ago only for her waitin' so stubborn-like in the hot sun an' ketchin' a fever from it afore gettin' the bone set—an' then what'll happen? Poor, young Miss Elizabeth'll be sent packin', you'll be sent packin', John Simmonds, an' maybe I'll be sent packin' without my lines. God forgive me, but I wish she could be hurted an' stay upstairs a year!"

The follower was a practical man and the difficulties of such a situation were clear to him. "Think of the waitin' on her, Barb'ra," he objected, stolidly. "You'd run your legs off goin' up an' down stairs! An' what would the rector say if he heerd you make that wicked wish? You'd be churched, Barb'ra."

Barbara bridled. "Rector indeed!

If he ain't about the next notch to nothin'! An' shinin' up to Miss Elizabeth too. She can't abear him neither, John Simmonds, an' I say again if Miss Cary could be stopped a-tryin' to manage folks, we'd all be better off. Goodness knows any old maid is hard enough to live with, but a managin' old maid would try the patience of Job! Look at Doctor Hazelton, as nice a man as ever stepped! Didn't she try to manage him? An' when she couldn't, it madded her so, up went her old spite fence—an' they a-courtin' at the time! But for three miserable little feet of no-account ground he wouldn't let her grab, she broke off with him. An' for twenty years she's held spite agin that man! I thank my Maker," finished Barbara, virtuously, "that I wasn't born no manager nor no brawlin' woman."

Miss Cary, clutching the wall in the hallway outside, turned silently and crept back to her room. This then, was the estimation, stripped of all pretence, in which she was held by the outside world. A brawling woman! There was bewilderment in the look she cast on the glorified fields as she sank exhausted into her chair by the window. A brawling woman! And all these years she had laid the flattering unction to her soul that, in all she did, the dignity of her gentlewomanhood had been apparent. Even the fence had its legal and moral justification to her mind.

Her eyes flashed as she recalled that humiliation of twenty years back. Quarrel after quarrel had ended in a lawsuit to determine the exact boundaries of the two places and the case had been decided in the doctor's favor. The next day the fence had reared its ungainly height and all intercourse ceased. Tears dimmed the hot anger in her eyes as she recalled a picture of what she had been then—and now, a brawling woman! She winced as she looked down upon the fence.

"I thought I was doing right," she whispered, wistfully, "I thought I was upholding the dignity of the family. I was only a girl—a hot-headed, proud girl, left alone in the old home. And he—he dared to claim my land! Self-interest was more to him than love of me and so—"

Crickets chirped shrilly in the meadows. From Elizabeth's room, the clear, rolling trill of the canary floated in. On the Hazelton lawn, two white-flanneled figures darted back and forth. The little bald spot on the elder doctor's head caught the sunlight and his laughter came up to Miss Cary's ears in a mellow roar. She frowned at the interest she caught herself displaying.

"Doctor Carewe is altogether too intimate there," she said severely to her image in the mirror; then she leaned forward and earnestly inspected her reflected face. A little paler, a little thin from her recent illness, but with bright, brown hair, untouched by silver, piled in soft masses on her stately head and the Cary mouth, set in its matchless curves—and the Broxton eyes, her beautiful mother's eyes, full of a little sad wonder; her face confronted her. She smiled a little mournful smile.

"Much good you have done me," she murmured, wistfully. "I might better have been squint-eyed and ugly and—and sweet tempered! Then I should not have to think of that ghastly fence all the time, I suppose. Why should it bother me

so? I had a perfect right to build it and I never cared for the comments of outsiders in the least. I was always independent, an exception to the belief that only the two extremes, childhood and old age are careless of criticism, and now I—"

She shivered a little as she turned from the glass and sank back upon her cushions. Ten slow minutes passed. She was unearthing motives and the process was painful. A decision had always been final with her. There had been no looking back, no digging up of purposes to examine them as children dig up plants to watch their growth, but now—

"What is the matter?" she burst out, impatiently, pushing her hair from her hot temples. "If I have been hard toward him, it was but justice. He was hard toward me. A brawling woman! I wonder if he thinks so. Perhaps I do scold the servants—who doesn't? I like things done directly. I was brought up to manage people—a sick mother, a bookworm of a father, a roving brother and incompetent servants forced it upon me and it is a habit which grows with years. It is well I had that outlet for my energy. It enabled me to put him completely out of my life as few women could have done and I have been content —yes, satisfied with my life!"

She spoke fiercely with an intense desire to convince herself of her veracity. A half hour passed in silence, then the white figure on the couch raised itself with sudden intensity.

"I wish that fence—" she began, feverishly, then paused, for Elizabeth tapped and entered. The girl was plainly ill at ease. Her color was rising brilliantly as she drew her pink skirts about her preparatory to immediate flight.

"Auntie," she faltered, "could you come down—or will you receive a—a caller up here?"

"Who is it?"

Elizabeth studied her slipper. "He—he did not give his name, auntie. He said it was important he should see you but—but he would detain you only a moment."

A suspicion was confirmed in Miss Cary's mind. She rose from the couch. "I will be down directly. Tell him so, Elizabeth."

She made a careful toilet unassisted. A late yellow rose she tucked in the lace on her breast—a trick of her girlhood which she had never outgrown; then she went slowly downstairs, knowing she should meet him.

Doctor Hazelton rose as she entered and remained standing as he talked. "I do not apologize, Constance, for this intrusion. I have that to say which must be said. If I wrote it, you would return the letter unread as—as you have done before."

A slow red crept painfully into Miss Cary's face. Barbara's verdict —a brawling woman—seemed confirmed.

"You have John's girl staying with you," the doctor went on. hastily, "and it has just come to my knowledge that she and my young scamp of a nephew are engaged. This piece of tomfoolery has been consummated while you were ill but I understand they claim some previous acquaintance. I think this is news to you; I know it is unwelcome tidings but you have despised me too long for me to risk adding another to my long list of crimes. I was obliged to conceal my

nephew's identity while you were in need of his services, Constance, but now I claim him as mine and I am telling you the simple truth when I say that this engagement has just come to my knowledge."

Miss Cary's mind was working busily while he spoke. It was twenty years since he had stood upon the rug and looked at her kindly with his grave, dark eyes. Twenty years! A long time—and time does not double upon its flight. There is no going back and knitting up our raveled threads again so that no rent is visible and yet how few lives are without their darns and patches! Comfortable, placid lives, she thought, enviously, and then a sudden remembrance of a line in her Yearbook crossed her mind. She had read the words that morning: 'the little lives of men and how they mar that little by their feuds'— She looked up and gave a little forced smile.

"Well?" she said, gently.

The man on the rug drew a long breath. "Well?" he echoed, amazedly. "Don't you care, Constance? You have carried your dislike of me to my roses, my fruit, my house, my profession—is it possible you except my nephew? Surely you have not known about this?"

Constance Cary, looking into his earnest eyes and reading rightly the deep, underlying tenderness there, also looked a great temptation in the face—and fell. For the first time in her forty years, she told a deliberate, calculated lie. Her starved heart had suddenly awakened from its lethargy and rebelled and the human heart, alas, has little use for the stern morality of the human head.

"Yes," she said, calmly. "I knew."

The doctor's eyes kindled. "You knew? And said nothing! Constance, perhaps you do not hate me as you used to do, as you were right in doing! I—I have been a confounded curmudgeon, Constance. To lose you for three feet of land! What were three feet of land when all I had was yours anyway? I have been a pig-headed fool, Constance, and to think I called you one the other day! Can you forgive me, Constance?"

There were thick tears in the famous Broxton eyes. "Don't," she said, abjectly. "It is I who should ask pardon. It was my horrible demanding of those three feet which made you resent it. And I built that—awful—fence! You can never forgive that."

The tension was growing dangerous for the tears had crept into Miss Cary's voice and he changed the subject with ready tact. Even a man and a doctor cannot bridge a separation of twenty years in a moment.

"How's the arm?" he said, cheerfully. "I see you've discarded the sling. Jack is all right but I shall never be content until I examine his work for myself. Are you willing to allow me, Constance?"

Twilight shadows stretched long arms across the river. In the west, still rosy, hung one brilliant star. His more timid brethren peeped faintly through the blue dome beyond. Around the point where one pine sentinel held aloft his slender bayonet, drifted a boat. Elizabeth sat in the stern, the rosy light upon her face. Her white hat lay on her knee and the airs of heaven ruffled the soft, bright hair about her

temples into little, dancing rings of shining gold.

Young Carewe looked at her with a very gravely tender face, but he did not speak. A wonderful silence enfolded them and the world and its clamor of tongues was shut out. Presently, breaking in on their happy silence came the plash of oars and another boat rounded the point. Elizabeth turned her head as the boats passed each other.

"Auntie!"

The girl's voice was full of consternation. She looked guiltily toward young Carewe and wonderingly at the elder doctor. A flash of almost womanly intuition told Elizabeth's lover many things. He bowed courteously.

"Neutral ground, I think, Miss Cary," he said, pleasantly. "The fence is not in sight."

Miss Cary hesitated. The habit of years is not easily broken and a remnant of her old authority caused her to glance half-severely toward Elizabeth; Elizabeth who sat unchaperoned and without permission in a stranger's boat—hatless, in a gossamer gown and a heavy dew falling. She opened her lips to issue orders and then her eyes met the kindly, quizzical, amused gaze of the elder doctor. A boat's length separated them before she spoke and then her voice was low and sweet.

"There is no longer need of neutrality, Doctor Carewe," she said, kindly. "Elizabeth, your throat, dear. Please put on your shawl."

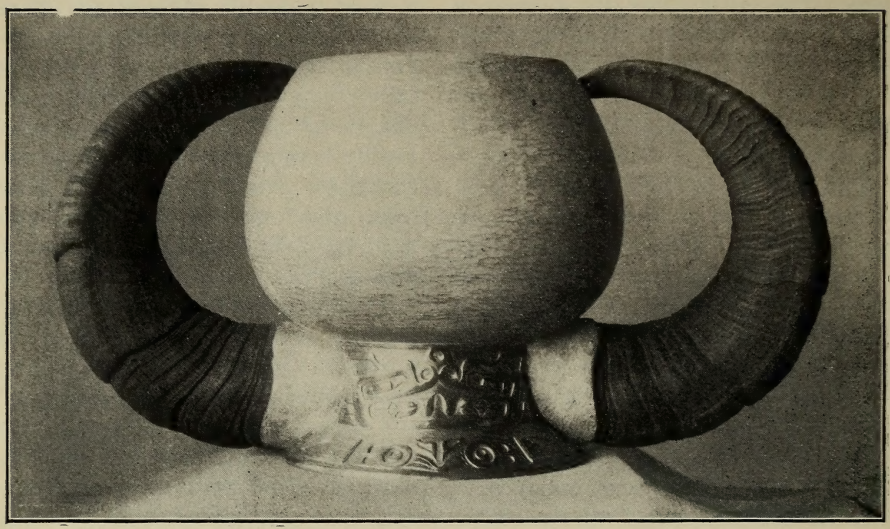
Twilight

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

O goddess of the violet veil,
Impassionate and dewy-pale,
With thy one amber-lucent star
For guardian and avatar;
Loved by the moth of mottled wing,
And many another fluttering thing;
Stranger to stridence and rude mirth,
Healer of the rough hurts of earth;
Evoker of low airs that range
Through rich gradations sweet and strange;
Creep on my senses softlier
Than fall of foot on miniver;
I, that am weary of the light,
Lift me and lay me in the arms of Night!

Story of the Goblet

By Pauline Carrington Bouve



Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

LOVING CUP OF PINK METAL, ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP-HORN HANDLES, SITKA INDIAN STYLE

THE story of the goblet is a record of that inherent love of beauty that has been the primary cause of human development from savagery to civilization,—a record written in successive periods of the world's history in wood, gold, silver and glass, the materials which have had the closest relation with the natural and human side as well as the artistic side of man's nature.

The origin of glass making lies in obscurity and the account left by Pliny of Phœnician merchants who, returning from Egypt to Syria with a cargo of natron or soda, cooked their breakfast on the sandy beach beneath Mount Carmel, and taking up their pots from the blocks of natron discovered a curious substance identical with glass, is no longer believed. The heat of the fire would naturally have caused the alkali to form a flux from the silicious sand, but as a heat of from one thousand to fifteen hundred degrees is required to make this fusion, it is not likely that this could have occurred in the open air. So much for Pliny's interesting story of accidental glass making during a Phœnician picnic breakfast.

In the course of certain metallurgical operations such as smelting of ores, glass is produced acciden-

tally and it is also formed when vegetable substances that contain both silica and an alkali are burned together in large masses. Now reeds and straw contain silica and an alkali, and as these were frequently piled up in enormous quantities in Egypt, Mr. Nesbit remarks that such a discovery might very easily have been made by such an accidental agency as the burning of these reed and straw piles somewhere in the land of the Nile.

Pliny's legend points to Phœnicians and to Egyptians as the earliest glassmakers, and antiquarians agree that the art was carried from Egypt to Phœnicia, a theory sustained by the fact that a small spot near the mouth of the river Belus furnished enough sand to produce glass for centuries and that the silicious element of the sand was of such a superior quality that the Venetians imported it in later times for their frail fabrications. Six thousand years takes us a long journey backward in history, yet glass-blowing was known then, for on monuments of the fourth dynasty, which extended from B. C. 3998 to B. C. 3721, glass bottles holding red wine are faithfully represented, and we may infer that glass-blowing was not a new industry at that time.

In the famous painting of Beni Hasan, which archæologians tell us dates from the reign of Usertesen I, 2758-2714 B. C., glass blowers seated before a brazier, each with a green colored bulb of glass on the end of his blow-pipe, are shown. Some authorities claim upon the plains of Chaldea and the shores of the Persian Gulf the "beginnings of liberty and the first advances beyond the pictorial infancy of man" must be sought; but certainly the earliest extant specimens of glass have been discovered in Egypt. Geometry, astronomy, architecture, medicine and anatomy were known at the beginning of the fourth dynasty, and the arts as well as industries flourished. Harp, flute and national instrument, the sistrum, were employed in expressing national sentiment or individual emotion generations before the rule of the Ptolemies. The potter's wheel and kiln, the saw, adze, chisel, plough, lever and blow-pipe served the needs of man then as they do to-day, and glazed pottery and glass in various forms served the ends of use and ornament.

"With the name of Menes," says Mr. Gaudy, "the first king of the first dynasty, all the ancient chronological lists begin. He is on the borderland between myth and actuality." The date assigned for his reign is about 475 B. C. The embanked course of the Nile near the city of Memphis is supposed to be the result of his engineering, but aside from this no monuments of his building exist to-day. Among the ruins of the city of his founding, a golden necklace was found stamped with the name of Menes, and to this two beads of blue glass were attached! The turquoise glass of which these two beads are made is in all probability the oldest glass in the world. Truly the goblet from which we drink is an aristocrat when one thinks of its ancestry, for though some of its predecessors have been fashioned of gold and silver, yet it has ranked along with them; for if the Syrian, Greek and Latin versions of the Old Testament are correct, Job placed it in the very same category as gold. Mr. Gaudy observes that the Eng-

lish version renders the word meaning glass in the other tongues, as crystal.

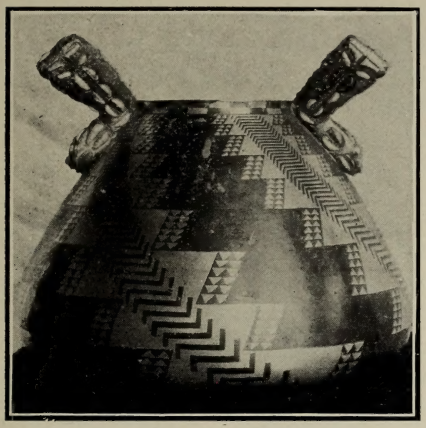
It was supposed for a long time that the making of transparent colored glass was one of the later arts in Egypt, and certainly there are few specimens of this sort now to be found. Opaque glass was used sometimes for statuary, the oldest work being done in pastes and enamels. There is, however, a large, clear, glass bead which was found at Deir el Bahri, which bears the name Senmut, the chief architect of Queen Hatshepset, the aunt of Thothmes III. This monarch's reign extended from 1503-1449 B. C., and in this way we may get an idea of the relative age of Queen Hatshepset's bead.

From the reign of Thothmes III, a close connection existed between Egypt and Syria, and the examples of glass made at this period may be found in various private and public collections. All of these designs are similar, though they are varied greatly in color. Repeated zigzag lines and bands running parallel in contrasting colors are the distinguishing mark of these Egyptian allastrom amphorae and oenochoi. The bottles in the form of columns with slightly tapering body and turned out lips, are less frequently seen. These bottles contained the stibium, or kohl, which Egyptian ladies used to darken their eyebrows, and sometimes these vessels have been found with the glass rods or pencils of hematite still in them. It is a pathetic sight, these frail accessories of the toilette which have outlived by thousands of years the almond-eyed beauties who enhanced their charms thereby, remaining mute witnesses to that feminine vanity which is as old and as charming as the first woman.

In the British Museum there is a collection of ornamental glass labelled "Found on the rubbish heaps of Tell-el-Amarna," and these articles show the student what influence the Syrian queens exerted over Egyptian art. The worship of the sun was established by Amenhoptep IV, whose royal wife was Tadukhipa, a Syrian princess, and under the new influence, the strained conventionalism of Egypt gave way to a closer and more direct study of nature. Among the presents sent to the Egyptian king were "a goblet of gold set with crystals; a necklace of twenty crystal beads and nineteen of gold, in the middle a crystal carved in gold; a necklace of forty-two Khuhlu stones and forty gold beads." No doubt the craftsmen of Egypt set to work to fashion jewelry similar to the queen's, and so, little by little, a less conventional style of workmanship was introduced in the handicraft.

There are hints also of the connection of the Hebrews with the Egyptians on one side and the Syrians on the other, from the use of glass and glazed work, and when after many tribulations the city of Jerusalem was built, the records of luxurious furnishing of temple and palace begin. Under Solomon the kingdom of Judah reached the acme of its glory and there are passages in the Koran which describe the floor of the court before the king's palace as of "clear glass laid over running water, in which live fishes might be seen." "Perhaps," remarks a writer on Hebrew glass, "the Queen of Sheba thought that it was real water and gathered up

her marvelous draperies of silk and gold as she walked upon the crystal floors." The same writer (Gaudy) suggests that a pavement of glass or crystal would seem to have always presented some attraction



Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

HUPA INDIAN BOWL

COPPER AND SILVER, HANDLES SET WITH AMERICAN TURQUOISES

to the Eastern mind; even the Apostle John makes use of the picturesque idea in Revelation iv: 6.

Then Egypt conquered the "City of Peace" and later Sargon of Assyria, carried the last of the Israelites off into captivity. Four glass bowls of this period, 722-705 B. C., are in the British Museum. Egyptian, Phœnician and Persian were in turn conquered by the Greeks, and Alexander the Great was heir to the wealth of the world. Clever workmen, artificers, and artists gathered in Alexandria and among them, supposedly, came glassmakers from Egypt and Phœnicia. This may be inferred from one curious fact. Though Greece became famous in the history of poetry, she did not hold a similar supremacy in the art of glass-making. The specimens of early Greek glass are not distinctively Greek, but bear the marks of Egyptian and Phœnician workmanship. In fact, glass was not known to the early Greeks. Homer, who



HISTORIC JACOBITE GLASSES WITH EMBLEMS OF THE PRETENDERS

mentions so many of the crafts, says nothing about glass, and Aristophanes in the year 450 B. C. speaks with some surprise of the Athenian ambassadors to Persia's capital drinking from "cups of gold and glass."

Chronologically we come now to Roman glass, and from the specimens found wherever the Italians planted the standard of the Eagle we know that the substance was used in more ways, even, than at the present time.

Many methods of decoration used

by the Venetians may be traced back to a Roman origin. Of clear glass the Romans made all sorts of vessels, sepulchral urns, bottles and goblets, having been from time to time unearthed and the British Museum contains a collection that shows that ancient Roma, which swept into its empire all the knowledge, art and science of its conquered states, had reached the culmination of the glassmaker's art. A glass boat found at Pompeii, a long-tailed glass bird discovered at Cumae, a drinking cup in the shape of a helmet dug up at Severinus, Cologne, and various little bottles in the form of dates, pine cones, scallops (moulded from the real things evidently) show that the early glass workers of the Roman Empire had "conceits" just as our modern glass blowers who fashion "campaign tumblers" showing McKinley and Bryan heads.

More artistic are the cups and bowls, which represent upon their moulded surfaces the circus and gladiatorial contestants, sometimes giving the names of the victims. An interesting cup at the British Museum bears upon it the inscription "Exult and be glad," while another bears the name "Ennien" and the words, "Remember this, O buyer." A number of moulded glass dishes are engraved with figures of Christ and the Saints and these date from the fourth century and probably were used in the early church as in the preceding century Pope Zephirinus ordered patens of glass to be used.

From the moulded and engraved glass it was but a matter of evolution in art to arrive at more artistic results, and the cutting or carving of glass in transparent varieties or through contrasted layers of different colors, known as the cameo style, produced remarkable work. The few remaining examples of this sort are the Naples Amphora, the Auldjo vase, which was found in Pompeii in the house of the Faun, and the famous Portland vase. This last frail relic of antique art has had a curious history. The Greek character of the subjects as well as its workmanship suggest that the Portland vase was executed at Alexandria about 150 B. C. The figures represent on one of its sides Thetis consenting to be the bride of Peleus, and on the other Peleus and Thetis together on Mount Pelion. It was discovered in a marble sarcophagus in the Monte del Grano near Rome during the seventeenth century. This tomb is supposed by archæologians to have been that of Alexander Severus and his mother Julia Mamæa who were murdered in the year 235 near Mainz during an expedition undertaken for the defence of the Rhenish frontier. This vase was placed in the Barberini Palace in Rome where so many works of art have found lodging, and for many years it was supposed to be a carving from a natural stone,—a sardonyx or an agate. Winckleman and the great English potter Wedgwood agreed, however, that it was glass.

Owing to a loss of a game of cards, — the present passion for Bridge has an aristocratic heredity we may infer,—a prince of the Barberini house had to sell some of his family treasures, and among them the famous vase,—although the Pope forbade the sale. Sir William Hamilton, the husband of the beautiful Lady Emma who made Nelson forget his honor, was ambassa-

dor at Naples at the time and he became the owner of it. From Sir William it passed to the Duke of Portland and from a succeeding Duke it was placed as a loan in the British Museum, where it was safe until 1845 when a crazy visitor smashed it! It was skilfully mended, however, and is now carefully guarded in the "Gold Room" of the Museum.



DRINKING GLASSES SHOWING ENAMEL PAINTING, INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM OF NORTHERN BOHEMIA

The order of Pope Zephirinus in the third century brings us to the interesting part of the goblet story, for with his order for "patens" of glass begins what may be called the religious chapter in its history. In the story of the search for the "Holy Grail" one reads the story of the human stretching out for the ideal—the cry of man's soul for purity—which was typified throughout mediæval times in art, song and tradition by the recurrent story of the long search through the perils of temptation for the mysterious chalice which held the Blood of Redemption.

The tiny wine glass and the "baluster" stemmed goblet from which we quaff "a little wine for the stomach's sake," or nature's solace for thirst—water—are therefore links that bind us in our common daily domestic uses with the early ideals of Christianity, which had so much to do with the world's art as well as the world's faith!

Christ, the angels, saints and martyrs were represented in the stained and leaded windows of church and cathedral in the West. Through the swinging mosque lamp of the Saracen shone the lesser light of Mohammedan faith —the ideal of the East—while Romance may be spelled in the iridescent cups and bowls of Venetian or Bohemian workmanship, as in those so-called "crystal" goblets which have so curiously survived the flight of years and are to-day

treasured as heirlooms by many old European families. In the Musgrave family, in England, the famous "Luck of Edenhall" is its most jealously guarded treasure. A band of fairies, so runs the legend, dancing one day around St. Cuthbert's well were surprised by the Edenhall servants, and the tiny folks fled in a panic, leaving the wonderful clear glass goblet, painted with arabesques in enamel colors, behind them. One fairy bolder than the rest, came back to rescue it, but finding the mortal holding it in his hand, flew away, calling out as she went:

> "If that glass should break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

When our poet Longfellow was visiting in England he was somewhat roughly attacked by the owner of the famous goblet, who asked by what right he had allowed the goblet to break and the "luck" to vanish in his ballad of "Uhland."

Sir Thomas Malory, Tennyson and Wagner have enshrined the legends of the chalice in poetry and melody, and though none may hope to enter the Castle of Monsalvat, where the mystical wonder of the "Grail" is kept, if one goes to Genoa, one may see a very ancient glass vessel of Byzantine or perhaps older craft,—which the Genoese tell you is *il sacro catino:* the sacred dish!

Next in order comes the Byzantine glass and there are some specimens of old mosque lamps in the British Museum which are full of interest. One of fifteenth century date has these words on the handle: "Of what was made for the mosque at the grave of the lady El Takuna." The rest of the inscription tells succeeding generations that "the lamp is a glass; the glass as it were a glittering star; it is lit from a blessed tree, an olive neither of the East or the West, the oil thereof would shine though no fire touched it—light upon light. God guideth to His light where He pleaseth; and God shines out parables." Sometimes these lamps bear also the name of the painter or writer, but not often. The cup said to have belonged to St. Elizabeth of Hungary is enamelled in red arabesques, showing its Saracenic workmanship as is the "Luck of Edenhall," while two bottles from Damascus, mentioned in the inventory of St. Stephen in Vienna in 1373, are still preserved in that city.

In the Church of St. Mark at Venice, there is a link between Byzantine and mediæval art in glass making. Designed as a Byzantine church, St. Marks was not completed until Gothic times, and its building, from foundation to finish, occupied two hundred and fifty years. When in 829 Mohammedans demolished St. Mark's at Alexandria, the ruling Doge of Venice secured the relics of the Saint and proclaiming St. Mark the patron saint of the Republic in the place of St. Theodore, ordered the building of a great cathedral in which the wonderful relics might have a fitting shrine. The Doge Contarini erected the greater part of this remarkable building in the years 1063-1071.

Two or three centuries later the glassmakers of Venice were far famed for their beautiful fabrications. In 1291 the Council became alarmed on account of the numerous furnaces, and fearing that Venice might be destroyed by a great

conflagration ordered the glass furnaces to be demolished. As a result of this the establishments, except those of small pretensions, were moved to Murano, where to this day some of the most beautiful

"makers" had their guilds or fraternities, and the members of this craft were considered and took rank as "gentlemen." Indeed noblemen did not consider themselves dishonored by matrimonial alliance with daugh-



GERMAN PUZZLE GLASSES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM OF NORTHERN BOHEMIA

glass is made. So lucrative was the glassmakers' business and so powerful did they become that they soon decided to have a close corporation. In 1295 they petitioned that a fine be laid upon all workers who should return to Venice after working elsewhere. Before this it had been found necessary to prohibit the exportation of sand for glass making, and the four groups, the "phiolari," vessel and window makers, the "Cristallai," optical instrument makers, the "Specchia" or mirror makers, the "Pater nostreri," rosary makers and various other

ters of the "gentlemen" of the glass guilds.

For the workmen the power of these guilds was very dangerous. Any craftsman who took his art into a foreign country was likely to be tracked and slain. Many murders of this kind were perpetrated, the victim being found with a dagger through his heart, the word "traitor" being written on the weapon. The earliest piece of Murano glass existing is a marriage cup ascribed to Beroviero and owned by the Coner Museum at Venice. It was in Murano that the

lost secret of murrline glass known to the Romans was rediscovered—as also was the *vitro di trina* or method of making lace or reticulated glass.

The forms of cup and goblet were very elegant in Venetian glass though the taste of the workers ran riot in some other directions. In spite of these bizarre designs used, the fame of the Venetian glass was world wide, and in 1399 Richard II permitted two galleys in the port of London to sell their wares free of duty. Sir Anthony Denny, who made an inventory of the property of Henry VIII in 1542, mentions "great glasses like bolles standing upon fete." These were nothing more nor less than Venetian goblets, and it is strange how so old a fashion has held its own, for even now we have very much the same thing at our tables.

Every glassmaker as well as potter has a passion for making puzzle cups and goblets of glass, and there is a very curious one which has instead of a stem and foot a little metal windmill for a foundation, and cannot be set down when emptied until it has been reversed. Fastened to this windmill was a tube which directed a stream of air against the sails and made them revolve. Even the most dexterous of tipplers found it difficult to swallow the contents of the windmill goblet gracefully.

In Germany glass work is characteristically different from Venetian glass,—more clumsy but possessing individual interest. There is a mystery concerning its origin, but in certain neighborhoods, near Trèves and Cologne, many specimens have been found that point to glass making in the early days when the Romans were stationed there. An early abbot, Cuthbert of Wearmouth, wrote to Tullo, Bishop of Mainz: "If there be any man in your diocese who can make vessels of glass, pray send him to me." This is significant of one thing—that it was always the monk, the prelate in mediæval times, who fostered and conserved the arts and the industries. The debt we owe to the early church is one we cannot estimate.

In France, as in Venice, glass making was one trade in which the aristocrat might dabble, nay immerse himself, and we find "Gentils'-hommes Varrius" making a pretty show of fashion, and many a Huguenot of fallen fortunes later on, taking up this trade by which to retrieve his ruined estate. One wonders if the daintiness, the fragility, the grace of these perishable articles, in some subtle way suggested an affinity with the "Noblesse"—a kinship with the elegance and frailty of the aristocrat.

Judging from the sizes of the German, Anglo-Saxon and early English drinking vessels of silver and gold, as well as of glass, there was not much delicacy among the bibulous generations of the past. Indeed they seem almost a refutation of the doctor's and moralist's dicta about the pernicious effect of strong drink,—those enormous old "horns," beekers, tankards and goblets from which sturdy Germans, robust Englishmen and even the slender Frenchman of feudal days "drank so long and deep."

In a letter from one social celebrity to another, written during the period when champagne was become the vogue in the "smart set" of London, we read that "going to

the devil is the mode"—a fact one can easily believe was true when one reads of the incessant tippling of that time. Champagne, by the way, was not introduced into England until after 1660, and with its advent came a new sort of drinking glass. Lord Beaconsfield, before he was a peer, wrote to one of his daughters that he had dined somewhere where he drank champagne from a saucer fashioned on a tall stem, and speaks of it as a decided novelty.

But earlier than the champagne vogue, which was for a long time so expensive as to be quite beyond the means of any except the notably wealthy, glassmakers from Venice and later on from France had been allowed to set up works in England and they pretended that the English knew little or nothing about glass making. All of the patents granted were on condition that the art should be taught to the English, and for a long while there was but little native glassware fashioned in Great Britain. The lightness, strength and elegance of the Venetian glass was due to the absence of lead in its composition, and it is not likely that our modern flint glass will ever rival it in delicacy.

Sir William Morris, with characteristic energy says in his "Lesser Arts of Life": "Nothing but commercial enterprise capturing an unfortunate man and setting him down in the glassmaker's chair with his patterns beside (which I think most generally have been originally designed by a landscape gardener)—nothing but this kind of thing could have cut ugly glasses!" Then going at some length into artistic glass, he says: "Such a manufacture yet remains to be set on foot, and I very much wish it could be done; only it must be a manufacture; must be done by hand, not machine, human or otherwise." This is simply Morris's old plea for the artist artificer, the individuality of the craftsman.

With the Jacobean glasses one follows the historical chapter of the goblet's story and there is indeed a



RAVENNA CUP, FLORENTINE BACCHANALIAN STYLE, REPOUSSE SILVER

pathetic interest on these glasses, from which the loyal adherents to the house of the ill-fated Stuarts drank silent healths in secret to "The King over the waters."

From documentary evidence, as early as 1399 Venetian glass was imported into England and into the Low Countries about four years earlier, but one hundred years later we find importations from Murano increased to a very great extent. Until the middle of the eighteenth century English pottery was of the roughest sort, although native glass vessels had already acquired an excellent quality. During this century there were porcelain works at Bow, Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Plymouth and Bristol and Wedgwood ware was already placed upon the market. When we consider the dearth of dainty tableware in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is not strange that wealthy nobles were glad to pay extravagant prices for the beautiful Murano glass, for it was the fashion for those of rank to surround themselves with the most luxurious furnishings they could afford.

The curious custom of breaking glasses used at festive gatherings, which must have been a very expensive one, did not bar out the delicate Murano glasses from this rough usage on such occasions, and when the Prince of Mantua was married in 1591 the magnificent drinking glasses were smashed at the banquet according to the foolish fashion of the times. What heart-breaking must have gone with glass-breaking in the bosoms of the careful housekeepers of those riotous days of magnificent extravagance!

Shortly after the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries enamelled vessels came in due order, the cup and glass partially burned in. They were sometimes colossal in size and simply decorated with oil or varnish color and gilding. Then came the drinking glasses of so thin a quality that they could not bear the heat necessary for enamelling and that form of decoration was consequently limited to the thicker tazzas and bowls. This extreme fragility made it impossible to cut them on the wheel, and their ornamentation was restricted to engraving with the diamond, which under such fingers as those of the sisters Rormer Versches and Anna Maria von Schurman became one of the fine arts. The Venetians were so jealous of their secret process of manufacturing glass, that the Inquisition of State in the twenty-sixth article of its statutes ordered in 1454 that if any of its workmen of any kind should transport his craft to a foreign country to the injury of the Republic and refuse to return, an emissary should be commissioned to slay him.

The Emperor Leopold induced two workmen to enter his states in 1658-1705, and these craftsmen lost their lives as a result of their rashness. In spite of the threats of Venice, many of the Murano artisans were persuaded to settle in other countries, and before the middle of the sixteenth century Venetian glassmakers were working in the Low Countries, Germany and France, and in these countries far from Venice, produced Venetian glass which was soon copied by the Flemish, German or French workmen and sold as "verres façon de Venise." Of these, Mr. Hartshorne says: "They animate the conversation pieces of the Golden Age of

artistic costume, and the pictures of still life of countless Dutch masters; they shine from the panels of Faubourg and the canvases of Van Der Helst, and form the motif to many a brilliant and joyous Dutch interior."

they are noble although glassmakers; in Venice they were nobles because glassmakers; and at Altere they were glassmakers because they were noble."

Between the years 1660 and 1663, there came into the world a new



Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

THREE HANDLED LOVING CUP OF SILVER, OXIDIZED FINISH

Besides the Venetian glassmakers there were the descendants of a colony of strangers from Normandy, Brittany, and perhaps Florence who had settled at Attare in Montferrat, about ten miles from Genoa, and who had been instructed in the arts by Venetian artists from Murano. These altruists claimed their trade on account of their rank, none other than nobles being allowed to work in this. Mr. Schurmann remarks: "In France and the Low Countries

influence in glassmaking. This was the dawn of the "Flint glass" era in England, and from 1680 the "de Bon hommes" who had been making "Verres d'Allemagne" began with feverish haste to produce what they pleased to call "Verres d'Angleterre." The reign of Venetian and German glass was over. Henceforth English and Bohemian glasses were what the fashionables determined to have.

In mentioning Dutch glasses, it

is interesting to know that under the delicate touch of three Dutch ladies, many diamond engraved glasses became famous for their perfection and vested with a peculiar charm. Roemer Visscher, a very rich merchant of Amsterdam and also a poet, formed a little literary circle at Muiden, near Amsterdam, which had a direct and important influence in directing the literary and artistic development of Holland early in the seventeenth century. Visscher had three daughters, Anna, Gertrude and Maria Tesselschade, and all three of them excelled in needlework, dancing, were musicians, wrote poetry, engraved glass with diamonds and were excellent swimmers! One likes to think of these round-faced, fair-haired girls, writing out the distiches which were to be engraved on the frail, green glasses, while perhaps Vondel, the great Dutch poet, or Hooft, the famous historian of Holland, quaffed berkemeyes of good beer and praised their work. Here we see that the goblet has its literary associations, too, as well as its religious and social associations. For Hooft, Maria Tesselschade especially designed a pale green "Roemer," six and one-half inches high, which bears the inscription "A Demain les affaires," and the date 1646.

Mr. Hartshorne tells us in "Old English Drinking Glasses" that "glass drinking cups from England which we are accustomed to associate with Anglo-Saxon times, are like those of the Merovingian period, based upon late Roman models."

As to the establishment of glass houses in Britain, in Roman and Anglo-Saxon times, there are probabilities but no absolute proofs. Certainly there was a falling off of glassmaking in western Europe after the sixth century, but that it was made and used in the north of England in the year 675, we know, for according to Bede, Benedict Biscop wrote to Gaul for artificers who were to glaze the windows of his church, with the cloisters and refectory at Wearmouth, and about the same time Wilfred of Worcester caused glass windows to be put in his cathedral in the place of wooden shutters or wicker-work lattices. When the good folk of Worcester saw the stars and moon through the windows they were mightily frightened thinking a supernatural agency was at work.

For domestic use English-made drinking cups were not general before the middle of the fifteenth century. The rich preferred the semi-barbarous splendor enhanced by massive vessels of gold and silver; hence the form of the goblet, the loving cup and other drinking vessels has been abundantly preserved to us in gold, silver and pewter—very magnificent specimens of which are still extant in museums and are still being fashioned by European and American gold- and silversmiths to-day.

The common folk of England were content to drain their mead, sack and ale from vessels of wood, horn and leather,—the latter giving rise maybe to the report long believed in France that "Englishmen drink out of their boots." Worse things have been believed of them on slimmer foundations!

Venetian, French and Dutch glassmakers at different periods had "glass houses" in England with certain protective rights from the Eng-

lish crown, but after the advent of the "Flint glass" era, English glass obtained a reputation not inferior to that enjoyed by continental European manufactories in earlier times.

The space of this article does not allow more than a very cursory allusion to the historic and inscribed glasses made shortly after 1745, many of which are commemorative of English loyalty to the lost cause of the Stuarts. The goblet with its rose, two buds and stem tells the story of the rebellions—1715 and 1745 and is a Jacobean relic treasured in many an old English family to-day. More touching is the glass with the roses on the bowl, and the heraldic rose and leaves engraved under the foot from which the loyal adherents of the old and young "Pretenders" might drink without being incriminated by the government. The rose and the thistle and the Jacobite star are often to be seen in these old 1745 glasses.

Sometimes the reigning beauties were immortalized in these frail relics, and Mrs. Albert Hartshorn possesses one which bears the words, "Mrs. Walpole, June 27th, 1716."

Among American manufacturers, the Tiffanys have produced a very beautiful art glass called the "Favrille" which possesses some of the qualities of the Murano and is of exquisite design. Among the most interesting of the house's drinking vessels are some which are purely American in material, design and workmanship. A silver cup with handles of buffalo horn is really unique, and another representing a distinctive Navajo Indian pottery pattern is both a beautiful and original conceit. Other American firms, Reed and Barton, Gorham, the Rogers, and other New York houses are making very beautiful drinking vessels in the precious metals, but of that frailer and more commercially used substance it may be said that the progress of art, the daily service of the human races, religion, and the social life of the nations, are recorded in its various uses throughout the ages, and are definitely preserved and daily presented to us if we choose to recall that story written in glass,—the story of the goblet.

The Despotism of Combined Millions

Is the Higher Socialism a Danger or Blessing to the Nation?

By John W. Ryckman

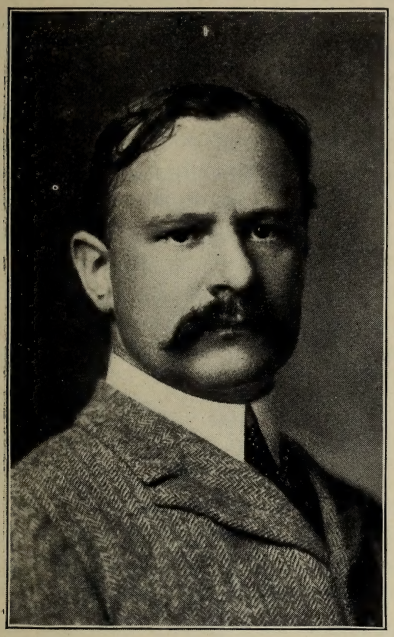
The writer is no alarmist; these things are not written carelessly or with ill-considered abandon, but in the profoundest sincerity. The people should foster no delusions; the opportunity—almost at the finger-tips of the plutocrats—is a graver public menace than imagination could devise. If not checked these men will soon have the power to make or unmake governments, prescribe or abolish laws at will and make interest, exchange, taxes and tariffs so burdensome as to convert the whole business system into a game of shuttlecock for the pleasure of Messrs. Ryan—Rockerfeller—Rogers—Morgan and their puppets. And what will be the result of such intolerable conditions? Why, revolution and possible merciless civil war. Some readers may call this socialism or perhaps even anarchy, but far from being either of these it is plain rational common sense which early-day facts will prove to be only too close to the mark.

FOR more than a year I have, time and again, in these articles, warned the people of this country of the dangerous approach of socialism through the monstrous abstraction of financial buccaneers. Not the socialism of ignorant and discontented classes but an active, strong, controlling socialism headed by such intelligent, high-minded and purposeful commoners as James G. Phelps-Stokes, Robert Hunter, Joseph Medill Patterson, W. J. Ghent, Arthur Brisbane, Thomas E. Watson, Jack London and others of their kind.

Those who attributed this impending peril of the nation to the efforts of freakish reformers who sought to awaken the public to the havoc of certain so-called abuses, have not appreciated the significance of the tendency of strong and true men in high places to enter the ranks of real socialism. They looked upon the warnings as miasmatic effusions of "queer" tutelary geniuses. The big pirates of Wall street smiled at these apprehensions and made merry. They continued to eat, drink and digest money. Having in their safe deposits practically everything of value the people possessed they saw no reason to be disturbed and as the law was a sort of bought and paid for privilege and dispensation of their own, a little agitation was more or less diverting rather than aggravating.

But an awakening came—a severe and savage eye-opening. Unexpectedly a yawning chasm opened and exposed the dark secrets, the treachery, sham and cunning by which the people had been cheated and robbed. It is not necessary here to enlarge upon the story so fully published in the series of articles, of which this is a continu-

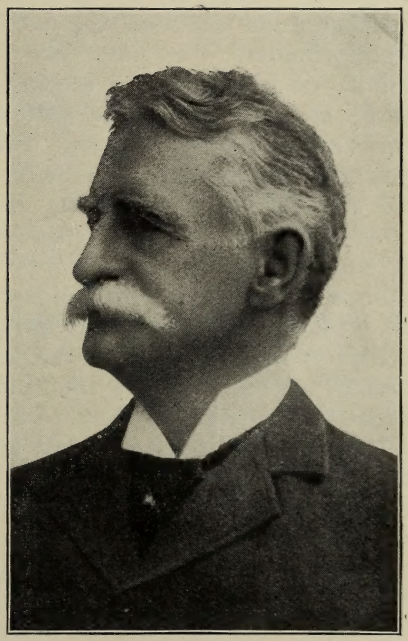
ance—the story of rottenness and perfidy, of fraud and venality which aroused the people to intense abhorrence of the detestable plunderers and induced hundreds of thousands of influential men to make common



GEORGE J. GOULD

cause with the masses. And when we come to consider all the conditions—the abominable and direful conditions, should not the outcome be naturally accounted for? Here were five billions of money in insurance companies, banks, trust companies, railroads, industrial trusts and other entities representing most of the employments, the products, the resources of the people, in the absolute control of men who could be counted on two hands. Had these men used their power decently and discreetly for the upbuilding of the nation and the steady, consistent betterment of the common people this condition might have been tolerated, un-American as it was, but they were merciless and arrogant financial tyrants.

It was folly to suppose the plain people of this twentieth century democracy, cherishing the proud charter that placed them all on a level under the law, would much longer endure tamely the confiscation of their property, the trammelling of their opportunities, the strangling of competition and imposition of heavy burdens, the absorption of their savings and reduction of their earnings by plutocrats more insatiable and grinding than the most inexorable despots of history. A social revolt seems inevi-



H. H. ROGERS

table now and the consequences, whatever they are, will be upon the heads of the real perpetrators of this revolt the Rockefellers, Ryans, Morgans, Harrimans, Rogerses and their confederates.

The people have been sadly worsted but their moral vision has not been blurred. They have seen men of highest power and station in the commercial and financial world joining savagely in the selfish and dishonest race for wealth. They have seen all kinds of dubious schemes carried through to the enrichment of their promoters and the greater impoverishment of the producing classes; they have seen a Morgan rise from obscurity to a high position in the financial world by empiric manipulations of great corporate interests without personally earning a dollar; they have seen high officials of life insurance companies sink to mountebanks and charlatans and steal the money of policyholders; they have seen the iniquity of Amalgamated stock flotation and know of the colossal profits of its manipulators; they knew of the Standard Oil octopus with its forty-five per cent. dividends and its law-defying tentacles; the sugar trust and its rewards of millions to its promoters; the baneful beef trust, controlling prices both to producer and consumer and levying toll upon every mouthful of food in transit; they knew of railroad rebates in disregard of law and court decrees and that some of the lawbreakers were promoted to high positions. They have seen their franchises given away and illegal charges extorted in their operation; they have seen legislatures bribed, juries fixed, courts and officials made subservient to money; they have seen graft in every department of public affairs; they have seen thieving politicians fatten upon the spoils of their miserable trade; they have seen tainted money eagerly sought for by colleges and pulpits and the ruthless absorbers of their natural heritage living in marble palaces built with the people's money and by the sweat of the people's brows; they have seen immunity given to criminals of the respectable millionaire class by a timorous district attorney and arrant rascals held up as examples worthy to follow.

It can be well understood how, facing these oppressions and others even more onerous that I will shortly mention, men of the type I have named and thousands like them have said to themselves or among themselves; this condition of things shall not continue longer, the people will rise in their might and prevent it.

To understand more clearly why this higher socialism is becoming a great power and why the impending social revolt is being brought about let us consider a few specific examples of the plutocracy it is intended to destroy. The Standard Oil group for instance control practically all the oil produced in North America with all the analogous industries and commerce connected with the business; they have made it impossible for others to engage in the traffic; they have successfully maintained a crushing monopoly in open defiance of law and have carried on an enormous system of absorption until they dare to tell the President of the United States what shall and shall not be done in matters of government. The Constitution provides a government by, of and for the people. The Standard Oil group demand a government by, of and for the Wall street pirates. The so-called Rockefeller group control wholly or in major part

four hundred and seventy-five great industrial, commercial and financial corporations which they are constantly adding to. In such of these as they do not own a majority of the stock their domination is nevertheless absolute since opposition to their wishes means a fight destructive to those who would venture to thwart them. The four hundred and seventy-five corporations have a capitalization of $5,239,098,802 and are classified by the New York "World" as follows:

GROUPS OF ROCKEFELLER CORPORATIONS

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES

	Capitalization
Standard Oil	$100,000,000
U.S. Steel Corporation	988,000,000
American Tobacco Co.	70,000,000
Amer. Linseed Oil Co.	35,500,000
Continental Tobacco Co.	100,000,000
Wells-Fargo Express	8,000,000
American Express	18,000,000
U. S. Realty & Con. Co.	60,209,000
Union Typewriter Co.	18,015,000
Col. Fuel and Iron Co.	25,000,000
New York Dock Co.	17,000,000
Amer. Smelt. & Ref. Co.	100,000,000

TELEGRAPH, TELEPHONE, &c.

	Capital
Western Union	$97,370,000
Postal Telegraph Co.	15,000,000
Wash. & No. Tel. Co.	50,000,000
Cen. & South Am. Tel. Co.	8,000,000
Gold & Stock Tel. Co.	5,000,000

BANKS, TRUST COMPANIES

	Deposits
National City Bank	$124,640,000
Farmer's Loan & Trust	50,307,201
Guaranty Trust	42,133,690
Hanover Nat. Bank	50,782,100
Mercantile Trust	59,187,103
Morton Trust Co.	53,620,571
U. S. Trust Co.	61,790,595
N. Y. S. & Trust	40,290,803

RAILROADS

	Capitalization
Pennsylvania	$400,000,000
New York Central	132,250,000
Baltimore and Ohio	184,252,000
Wabash	52,000,000
Southern Pacific	200,000,000
Union Pacific	296,000,000
Chicago and Alton	39,068,800
Northern Securities	400,000,000
N. Y., N. H. and H.	100,000,000
Denver and Rio Grande	44,400,000
Texas Pacific	50,000,000
Illinois Central	95,000,000

INSURANCE COMPANIES

	Assets
Equitable Life	$558,417,284
New York Life	322,540,900
Metropolitan Life Ins.	89,168,700
Mutual Life	430,000,000
Q'n. Ins. Co. of A.	5,744,340

CITY TRACTION COMPANIES

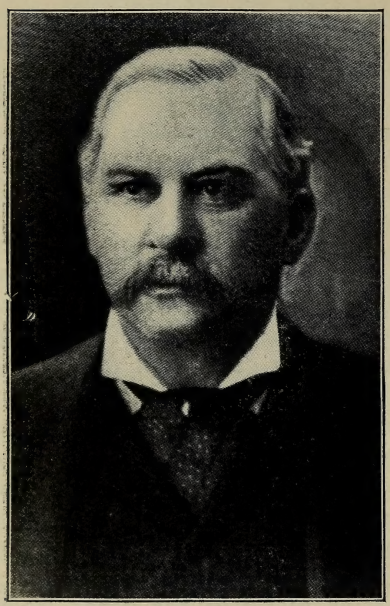
	Capital
Brooklyn R. S.	$15,000,000
Manhattan "L"	60,000,000
Interborough	35,000,000
Wash. Ry. & E. Co.	15,000,000
Rapid T. Ferry Co.	1,000 000
Richmond "L" & Ry.	3,000,000
N. Y. & H. R. Ry.	5,750,000
New H. Tract. Co.	1,000,000

The Standard Oil group control more than sixty per cent. of all the railroads of the United States and more than six million of our people are directly dependent for the necessaries of life upon the earnings of those in the employ of this group. They are largely interested in practically all of the leading banks, trust companies, building and loan companies and safe deposit and surety companies in New York City as well as many in the other leading cities of the country. Wherever it is essential to maintain their absolute dominance of public and private interests and keep the people in a condition of abject subserviency there you will find the Standard Oil group well entrenched. Here is a partial epitomé of their power:

	Capitalization
Railroads	$2,521,523,072
Industrial companies	1,835,872,300
Banks and trust companies	181,062,399
Safe deposit companies	609,531
Telegraph and telephone companies	182,870,000
Insurance companies	3,200,000
Mining companies	195,000,000
Gas, electric light and power companies	110,763,700
Traction and transportation companies	166,750,000
Navigation companies	41,447,800
Total	$5,239,098,802

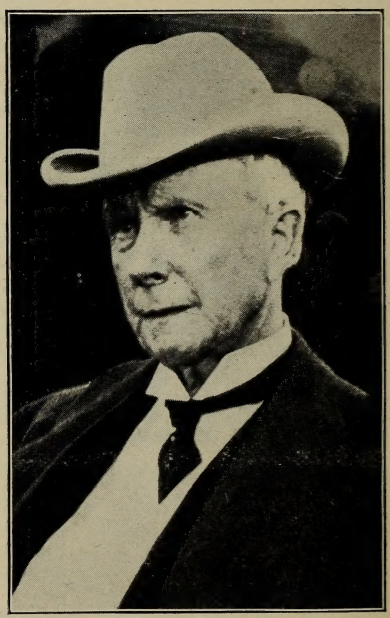
This does not include the more than a billion dollars of life insurance funds they have sought and are seeking to acquire permanent control of.

Another reason for the present



J. P. MORGAN

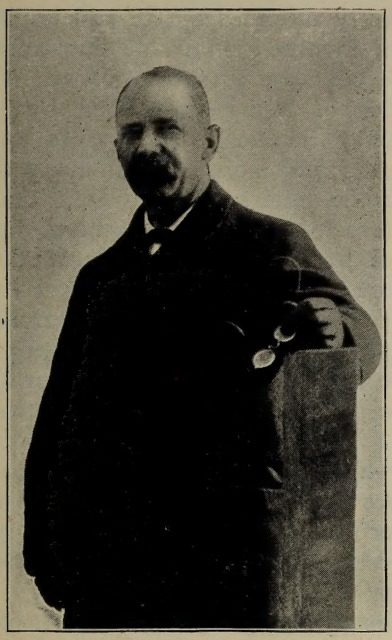
unrest is shown in the wave of resentment that has passed over the country affecting every community and arousing all classes of citizens to a sense of the nation's extreme danger through the growing power of railroads and the illimitable ambition of the few unhesitating, masterful men who have conspired to deprive the people of the rights and powers of government; to force upon the country a bogus mortgage of eight billions of dollars of illegitimate and unreal value; to extract enormous, unnatural and ruinous tribute from every avenue of business and to absorb and put into their own pockets the results of all opportunity, development and private effort. There is a disquieting influence in the popular view of the enormous fortunes of the present generation of Vanderbilts, Goulds, Harrimans and other railroad magnates, wholly acquired through the stealing of the people's franchises and the colossal watering of stocks and in some cases devoted entirely to uses that provoke popular disgust. These men and their predecessors, through stupendous agrarianism have succeeded in forcing a mortgage on the country equivalent to $27 a year on every $1,000 of property. The total taxation, federal, state, county, city, etc., is approximately $1,200,000,000. Twelve per



J. D. ROCKEFELLER

cent. on eight billions of water in railroad stocks is $960,000,000. This bogus railroad mortgage was sure sooner or later to be met with stubborn resistance in some form and

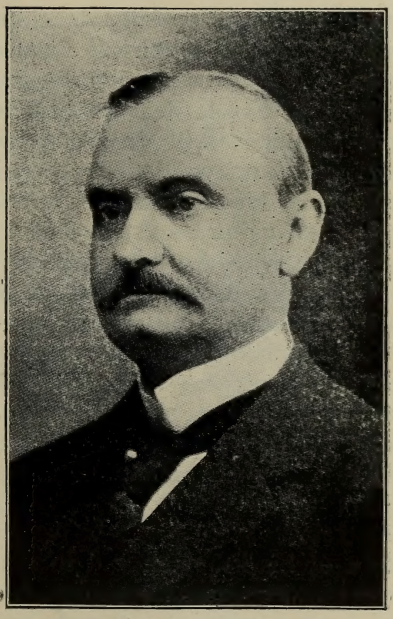
the fast growing tendency toward government ownership is the first step in the direction of emancipation from the grasp of the giant railroad octopus. There are many men who believe that private con-



E. H. HARRIMAN

trol of so essential a public entity as railroads, under the best conditions, is bad in principle but in the hands of the present control is becoming wicked and beyond toleration. The railroads of the nation of good right belong to the people and if those who are mismanaging them cannot be restrained they should be taken over and operated under government control, far removed from the zone of graft and acquisitiveness.

A shifting of forces is going on just now in the camp of the plutocrats. Colossus Rockefeller, on account of age and infirmity, is giving place to Sphinx Ryan and his puppets, while Ulysses Rogers continues at the head of the secret service, issuing backstairs instructions and making new plans to defeat the people, seize their reserve resources and dispossess them from the earth. Doubtless the greatest menace to the country to-day is Thomas F. Ryan, a man who has no scruples that have ever been discovered and who possesses an overmastering greediness for money and power. Acts of his daily life from which most men would shrink are to his mind merely the legitimate means of business conquest. To him all methods that tend to defeat



THOMAS F. RYAN

public benefits and destroy public welfare are fair if they bring within his grasp greater control of affairs. He does not scruple to buy a life insurance company at a fabulous price if he can manage its mil-

lions of assets to advance his various schemes to disencumber the people of their property and franchises. He does not hesitate to ruin a railroad company and bankrupt its stockholders in order to get possession of its lines and property for himself at a song. He delights in merging all the traction franchises and facilities of New York City, which he extracts from the people without pay, by political intrigue, for a thousand years, so that the citizens must pay to him the tribute he levies. It is an especially agreeable diversion to him to plan some new tyranny over the producing classes and make them dance to his harsh and dissonant tunes. He has developed himself into an acquiring trust to concentrate power in his hands—the power that is dear to him because it means still greater power and more money. It enables him to develop his vast plans and to reach out further and take more, so that those who are deprived, while feeling their loss, cannot understand who has injured them or how it was done. He possesses a kind of satanic humor that enables him to enjoy the bewilderment of his victims. He seems to take genuine delight in occasions that come to him to use really well-meaning and straightforward men in the execution of his schemes and to make them his unconscious accomplices. It is such a man who threatens by execrable devices to amass for himself money and property, by absorbing the traffic and the opportunities of the common people. It is not surprising that his zeal has carried him beyond the bounds of toleration.

The emoluments and the power of the highly privileged monopolists increase with stunning rapidity while the penuriousness of the helpless common people grows constantly more irritating and galling. The favored rich are getting richer; the poor are growing poorer. The rules of living prescribed by the money classes make existence harder and more onerous every day for the toilers. Their rents, taxes, interest, provisions, clothing, light and heat are made to cost them more than they can bear, yet they are abject victims of a merciless system that forbids participation in the just rewards of their labor and the property of their own creation.

I do not say that I approve of or even countenance socialism but it does seem to me to be part of the eternal fitness of things that if plutocrats take from the people property which rightfully belongs to them the people should take it back again and acquire the full benefits accruing from it. It does seem to me that if these confiscators who have built up a colossal money power upon a chimerical foundation without producing anything persist in centralizing opportunity and making life almost too costly to live, the multitude who toil and produce have a solemn duty to perform in taking this power from the oppressors and opening wide the doors of equal and untrammelled competitive exertion in the maintenance of the nation's prosperity and prestige.

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What's to Become of Cape Cod?

AN automobile party flashed into a Cape Cod town the other day, each ponderous machine swinging through the dust of its predecessor into line in the square. A well-groomed man rose in the foremost and propounded the query, "What's the matter with Cape Cod?" and in a score of well-modulated voices came the answering shout, "Cape Cod's all right." Then the engines barked, gongs sounded and the fashionable throng disappeared, flashing along the way Bostonward, leaving behind mingled memories of violets and gasolene. Time was when that answering shout might have been echoed by thousands of broad-chested Yankee seamen, in voices hoarse with breathing the gales of the world. Cape Cod bred such men for more than two centuries, but she breeds few of them indeed, now, and the time seems at hand when she will breed none.

Is Cape Cod all right? To the begoggled, beveiled and bewitching automobilists it is. To the lingerer on sunny sands and the bather in blue waters it is. But the Cape Cod of song and story, the nursery of the finest seamen the world has yet seen, is no more, nor does there seem any hope of a joyous resurrection.

A study of statistical figures shows the decline of the Cape to be something startling, in the last half century. In 1855 Barnstable County, which is the Cape, had a total population of 35,442; in 1860 this had increased a bit, to 35,996; in 1900 it was reckoned only 27,826 — these from census reports. In other words, while the total population of the country and the state, and particularly the eastern part of the state, has increased very materially in the last forty years, that of the Cape, which is a portion of this eastern section, has declined practically a fourth.

This alone is enough to mark a serious decline in any community, for,

"Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Nor has wealth accumulated on the Cape. Its former thriving industries have left it, both by land and by sea. Many of these were perhaps of no great importance to the nation, though they were of vast importance to the Cape; but one at least, the training of hardy seamen, was of inestimable value to the country at large; this, too, is no longer to be found. A further study

of statistics shows some startling figures in this regard. In 1855 there were one hundred and sixty-eight salt manufactories on the Cape, representing an invested capital of $100,000. One of these is reported as still existing and making a little salt. In 1855 there were tanneries on the Cape, and woolen goods were manufactured in considerable quantity, while the making of boots and shoes was carried on quite extensively. All these have passed, but need not cause particular regret because the work is being done elsewhere, perhaps to better advantage. But the one thing which the Cape did better than any other portion of the country, and which can ill afford to be lost, was the training and trying out of hardy seamen. American seamen were a half century ago the pride of the world. To-day you can hardly find them afloat. Probably in the good old days not all of them came from Cape Cod, but a good portion of them did, and wherever they trod a deck they were guide and exemplar for their shipmates.

What has become of them? Well, for the old-timers the answer is easy. You have but to search the little graveyards of the foreign ports of the world. You will find Cape Cod seamen buried in every one. You have but to ask the sea where the white crest of the surges is the only headstone for alas! too many of them. Yet most of them after all came home to Cape Cod to die, and if you drive from one end of the Cape to the other you will note that Cape Cod's graveyards hold far more of her seamen than her ships, or any ships, do to-day. The churches of the old time still stand on the bleak sandy headlands, huge structures some of them, large enough to hold mighty congregations. The people that once filled them lie in the graveyards which surround them, with quaint headstones and quainter epitaphs over them, and the churches they once filled are closed or minister to scant congregations.

In 1855, to go back to our figures again, Provincetown had a whaling fleet of seventeen whaling ships, ninety-seven vessels engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries, the whole employing 873 men and representing a capital of $450,000. In 1865 this had increased to twenty-eight whale ships and 105 fishing vessels, employing a total of 1260 men and increasing the capital employed to $626,262.

In 1865 Dennis had a fishing fleet of forty-eight vessels employing 722 men and $117,000 capital and a coastwise fleet of eighty-five representing $401,400 and 445 more men. Nearly 1200 seamen sailed from this one Cape Cod town whence to-day not a ship hails. Wellfleet had eighty fishing vessels and 824 fishermen in 1855. Yarmouth had fifteen vessels and 170 men, and so the story goes, all up and down the sandy "right arm of Massachusetts."

In all, Barnstable County had in 1855 twenty-four whale-ships and 357 fishing vessels sailing the seas with 3849 seamen aboard, enough to man the whole United States navy when the civil war broke out, and man it with the best seamen in the world. This enumeration does not count the deep water sailors who were on every clipper ship that sailed the sea, and many of them in command.

In the years that have followed that date Cape Cod seamen have fallen upon evil days. Though

more cod and mackerel fishermen sail to the banks than ever before the vessels no longer hail from the Cape, nor do scarcely any of the fishermen. Along the south side of the Cape thirty years ago great wharves stretched far to seaward over the sandy shoals, a hundred sail of fishing vessels might have been seen in the offing, and a thousand men sailed from Dennisport, Chatham, and other towns alongside. Now only the ro'ting piles show here and there where these costly wharves stood, and for a good part of the year the little towns, grown gray and sleepy, slumber and dream of past glories. In 1895 Provincetown still registered forty-seven fishing vessels, the rest of Barnstable County but seventeen. To-day but three or four hail from Provincetown, while from the other ports hardly a single vessel sails to the banks. Massachusetts has a great fleet of fishermen, the finest vessels in the world, but the Cape owns and sails them no more. They hail from Boston or Gloucester and are manned in the main by men from the British Provinces. So far as the Cape is concerned the eclipse is almost total.

The old family names still stand by in the districts that they once made populous. The Kelleys are prevalent in one part of the Cape, the Nickersons in another, while the Nyes hold their ancient habitat, not of course to the exclusion of all other names, but they prevail. In many instances the final appellation seems to be understood. John I. Nickerson will be known to everybody as John I. If you hear a man spoken of as 'Miah Doane, you need not believe that Doane is his last name. It probably is only his middle one. But nobody on the Cape would know Nehemiah D. Kelley if you spoke of him that way. 'Miah Doane it is by common consent and always will be. But John I. and 'Miah Doane no longer sail the seas. John I. runs a livery stable and a notion store, both for the exploitation of summer visitors, and 'Miah Doane may own a cranberry bog, but the chances are he makes his living by keeping the summer boarders who ride behind John I.'s horse, or else he has divided up the ancestral acres into little houselots on which the summer visitors build cottages. In fact in a long trip from the wrist of the right arm of Massachusetts down to below its elbow the chief signs of business or prosperity are in the communities where the summer visitor is prevalent.

Of the old-time industries one at least has increased and is profitable to the people. That is the raising of cranberries. Hardly a year goes by but you hear of a big, new bog being put into condition and during September and October everybody on the Cape earns good money by picking cranberries. Yet not all bogs are prosperous, the best being the most expensive, and these in very many instances are owned and exploited by outside capital.

In the town of Eastham some years ago a man set out quite a field of asparagus. The soil of the Cape, at least in this vicinity, seems peculiarly adapted to this vegetable and the field was so successful that its owner enlarged it. Others in the neighborhood were inspired by his success to do likewise and now there is a large acreage in many parts of the town and many people have

found prosperity in their sandy fields which were considered as of little worth. In fact you can buy land in this portion of the Cape still for two dollars an acre, and from surface indications one might well be sorry to pay that for much of it. Yet the town which had been going down is now on a little wave of prosperity. One man reports that from his asparagus field last year, with only one man to help him in his work he cleared two thousand dollars. Not bad for sandy barrens where the grass has often a hard fight for existence and yields the ground to "poverty moss" which will grow where nothing else can but for which no man has yet found a use.

Yet the chief business of Cape Cod to-day is not whaling or fishing, or any other of the old-time industries which brought prosperity. It is entertaining summer visitors. These come in greater numbers every year, stay longer, leave more money behind them, and go away better satisfied than ever. All the way down to the very tip you will find the fine houses of wealthy owners who spend the summer months there, the less pretentious cottages of less pretentious visitors, and hotels, many of them quite palatial, at almost every vantage point. Better than this, there is an income for two or three months of the year for almost anyone who is willing to take boarders at a fair price, and in all these ways prosperity is coming back to the Cape. It is not so good a prosperity as that of the old-time days when the Cape sailors were the great men of all seas, either for the people of the Cape or for the nation at large, but it is of a kind that comes in these modern days, and it is not to be taken lightly. Already sandy strips on the seashore, that were formerly held as not worth taxes, bring good prices to cut up into cottage lots and points of special sightliness and convenience bring especially good money. Even in the Truros, which certainly are the jumping off place, cottages spring up, forming little communities where only a few years ago was barrenness and seemingly utter desolation. Few things will grow in this barren soil along the narrow wrist of the Cape, yet cottages seem to, and prosperity for the all the year round Cape dwellers may blossom from these.

This then seems to be the future which opens before the Cape, to be the pleasure ground for prosperous people who live in cities and are willing to pay for free winds, ozone and good bathing from sandy spits far out in the very realm of Neptune. The Cape Codders are Yankees and already realize this and begin to cater to it extensively. The state roads are penetrating the sand abysses where formerly wheels sank deep and horses ploughed laboriously. These roads bring the automobiles and in them come people who spend money freely and are glad to do so. The Cape landscape has a subtle charm which makes the visitor want to see it again and again, and such always return to these quaint towns and sandy ports. It is not an ignoble condition which promises for the future of the right arm of Massachusetts, but it is a far different one from that which made it famous in the centuries gone, and one can but regret the sturdy, skilful seamen who once swarmed from its shores.

The Cape grows able men still, many of them, but the old paths to prosperity are no longer open to them, and they must find fortune far from the home land and the home traditions. The seven seas know their wanderings and you will find them in business all over the world, sturdy, self-reliant, keen and honorable, but they are no longer sailor men of the Cape. That is a school for sea captains no longer, nor, so far as can be seen, will it ever be again.

The Torch

By Elisabeth R. Finley

The God of the Great Endeavour gave me a torch to bear.
I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky air
And straightway with loud hosannas the crowd acclaimed its light
And followed me as I carried my torch thro' the starless night;
Till mad with the people's praises and drunken with vanity
I forgot 'twas the torch that drew them and fancied they followed me.

But slowly my arm grew weary upholding the shining load
And my tired feet went stumbling over the hilly road
And I fell with the torch beneath me. In a moment the flame was out!
Then lo, from the throng a stripling sprang forth with a mighty shout,
Caught up the torch as it smouldered and lifted it high again
Till fanned by the winds of heaven it fired the souls of men!
And as I lay in darkness, the feet of the trampling crowd
Passed over and far beyond me, its pæans proclaimed aloud,
While I learned, in the deepening shadows, this glorious verity:
'Tis the torch that the people follow whoever the bearer be!

Tickle-Town Topics



An Unregenerate Grave-Digger

By Gertrude Robinson

JOE RICH was digging a grave in the old cemetery. It wasn't often that the old man had a chance to dig one. Most people went over to Wood Lawn or to St. Mary's; so he took a great deal of pains, making a nice, deep, well-squared cavity and piling the dirt up neatly to one side. It was hard work for Joe. His blue overall-clad form swayed with every shovelful of soil and threatened to pitch into the grave. The perspiration stood out on his weather-scarred face although it was a cool day; and his knotted old hands took to shaking so that half of each shovelful fell off before it was safely landed. But old Joe would not have given up before that grave was finished if it had required his last breath. He was living over again the days when he and the cemetery had been young. People then called it the best tended cemetery in the county. Joe had been kept rather busy digging graves in those days. This taste of that active life made his thin blood go leaping again in his veins. At last Joe straightened up and looked at the completed grave.

"It is the prettiest one I ever dug," he thought proudly. His musings were interrupted by a shrill voice:

"Joe Rich, Joe Rich, ain't you got that grave dug yet? I want you to dig the greens for market now."

Joe Rich shouldered his shovel and pike, cast one last admiring glance at the completed grave and meekly ambled away in the direction of his cottage, whence the voice issued.

This cottage, across the road from the cemetery, was the one perquisite of Joe's office as town grave-digger. He was as proud of it as of his position. The path to the front door was gorgeous with its flanking of round, white-washed stones. Beyond these, on either side, were rows of stiff dahlias, many-colored asters, flaunting geraniums, and on the outskirts, a medley of towering sunflowers and drooping hollyhocks.

Mrs. Joe Rich stood in the doorway. Her stately figure reminded one of a mis-proportioned elephant and was strangely at variance with the guinea-hen quality of her voice. Just now her strident tones fell on deaf ears. Joe Rich was too full of plans for the afternoon to be sensitive.

He took the two tin water-pails and the short-handled knife, which constituted the green-digging outfit, and ambled away to the meadows back of the house, where it was his daily duty, in the spring, to gather the dandelions which his energetic spouse sold in the village. The gathering was not so bad; the bright sunshine was grateful to his rheumatic joints, but the after process of cleaning the greens was one painful to contemplate, not only on account of the weariness of the task but also because of the humiliating results of Mrs. Joe's sharp-eyed inspection of his work. She inevitably ended by saying:

"If you'd get you a pair of them twenty-five cent spectacles down to the store, you could see to spy out them weeds and leaves." And since Joe's good old eyes were the pride of his life, the mention of spectacles was obnoxious to him. He would as soon have thought of himself as bed-ridden, as bespectacled. But to-day there was a deeper source of discontent. If it had been long since Joe Rich had had a chance to dig a grave, it was still longer since the delight of attending a funeral had been his. It is true that Mrs. Joe generally patronized such functions; but an inconvenient theory of hers that someone must stay at home to tend the house, had, for some time heretofore, kept her husband an unwilling but obedient prisoner. However, Joe Rich had no intention of being kept away from the cemetery to-day. He felt he might never dig another grave and he wanted to get the utmost satisfaction out of what he considered his masterpiece.

"It is a right pretty one," he murmured determinedly, as he hauled up a reluctant dandelion by the roots (a method characterized by Mrs. Joe as "sinful wasteful"), "an' I'm goin' to see it put to the use God and I meant it for. Who knows but that they might let me help fill it up after the service!" It was long since Joe's trembling old hands had performed this office.

As Joe Rich went on planning how to elude Mrs. Joe's watchfulness, get on his best suit of army blue, and exchange the afternoon of drudgery cleaning greens for the rare exhilaration of a funeral, the pile of dandelions grew slowly. When the twelve o'clock quarry whistle sounded, Joe looked down ruefully at his collection of grasses, roots and greens.

"It won't take long to clean 'em, no-way," he chuckled finally.

After dinner Joe Rich cheerfully announced that he was going to lie down "a spell." Since Mrs. Joe made no objection, he scuttled away with alacrity to his room under the eaves. It was hard work to lie still, even fifteen minutes; but he realized the necessity of appearing to sleep until Mrs. Joe became so absorbed in arraying herself in her Sunday best, which she kept in a clothespress opening off the living-room, that a little noise overhead might pass unnoticed. Mrs. Joe was going to attend the "funeral doings" at the house as well as at the cemetery. Once assured that she was thus intently employed, Joe crept out of bed, unlocked the chest in the corner, took out his army suit and slipped into it. The feeling of the familiar garments recalled to him some of the pride of manhood he felt when he went marching away in them.

"She don't need to be so stuck up

and overbearing," he thought resentfully, "because she kin do more'n I kin now. If 'twasn't for the pension I earned for her a-wearin' these things an' this house I've got her the right to live in, where'd she be now? Guess her ol' greens and sassafras and mint wouldn't keep her going long."

With this incendiary thought came a wild idea into Joe's mind. He drew on his blue overalls over the uniform, squeezed into his every-day coat and crept slowly down-stairs. The kitchen was deserted. It did not take him a minute to open the clock, draw out the pocket-book from its hiding place behind the works and extract a shining dollar.

"'Tain't stealing," he muttered stoutly to himself, "a man's got a right to use his own pension money if his wife does hide it away from him. I'm a-going out to-day, like a man, a soldier—with money in my pocket, an' maybe—maybe—I'll have some 'bacca."

Perhaps it was the heat of his extra clothing, or the fatigue from his morning's work, but, at any rate, when Mrs. Joe, having garbed herself, returned to the kitchen, she found her husband soundly sleeping, his head bent over the pan of greens he ought to be cleaning. With a sniff Mrs. Joe ambled across the room. She sniffed again when she saw the miserable collection of herbs in the pan.

"He is getting blinder every day," she declared to herself. "He has got to wear spectacles. He ain't no mortal use without them."

Then the manager of the Rich household locked the back door and pocketed the key, went out the front door and locked that after her, slid the key under the door-step and sailed majestically down the road. It never entered her head to leave the house open. It was her theory that her husband was about as responsible a caretaker as a child and was not to be trusted with keys.

When Joe was awakened an hour later by the sound of wheels crunching the cemetery gravel, he dropped the greens recklessly on the floor, got his army cap from the closet and started to open the front door. It refused to budge. He tried the back door. Then the truth was clear to him. Here he was—he—Joe Rich—an ex-soldier—a man who had recently emancipated himself from petticoat control—locked in his own house, and by the petticoat ruler. Forgetting his rheumatism, Joe Rich rushed upstairs. He well knew the downstairs windows were firmly sealed. With a mighty effort he flung up the window in his bedroom, opening on the shed roof, clambered out, slid down the roof, and jumped six feet to the ground. Once down his rheumatic limbs again claimed attention.

"O, Lordy," he gasped, "what if I can't walk, after all." But grit and outraged dignity can accomplish much. So it was that old Joe Rich walked decorously through the cemetery gates, at the very end of the procession of mourners. Mrs. Joe, fortunately, was far ahead.

The funeral service was all too short, for Joe Rich. He lingered affectionately by the new-filled grave until the cemetery was deserted. His wildest hopes had been realized and he had been privileged to assist in replacing the dirt he had dug out in the morning. He knelt down and laid his gnarled hands lovingly upon the rougn, brown

earth of the grave. A poet could not have breathed his swan song more tenderly.

"I shan't ever do another, I'm a-feared," he whispered, "but if you are my last one, I've seen that you was done right, straight up to the end."

Just then a step sounded on the gravel path. Joe looked up. Before him stood Mrs. Joe Rich. Her ample figure seemed, in every line, to demand an explanation. She stared a minute, then without a word, turned and walked away.

It was an hour before Joe returned to the house. He had lingered about the graveyard, trimming bushes, snipping grass, and rubbing off bits of mould from the stones. Now, as the season of retribution seemed no longer avoidable, guilty fears oppressed him. When he entered the door his wife was stirring something hot and steaming on the stove. She turned as he entered.

"Here, Joe," she said, "you've caught your death of cold, pottering around the graveyard so long in the damp. You drink this if you don't want to keep me awake, nursing your rheumatism all night."

Joe drank the draught uncomplainingly, wondering why he was not ordered upstairs to change his best clothes. When he saw the pan of greens, all cleaned, sitting on the pantry shelf he was sure miracles had not yet ceased.

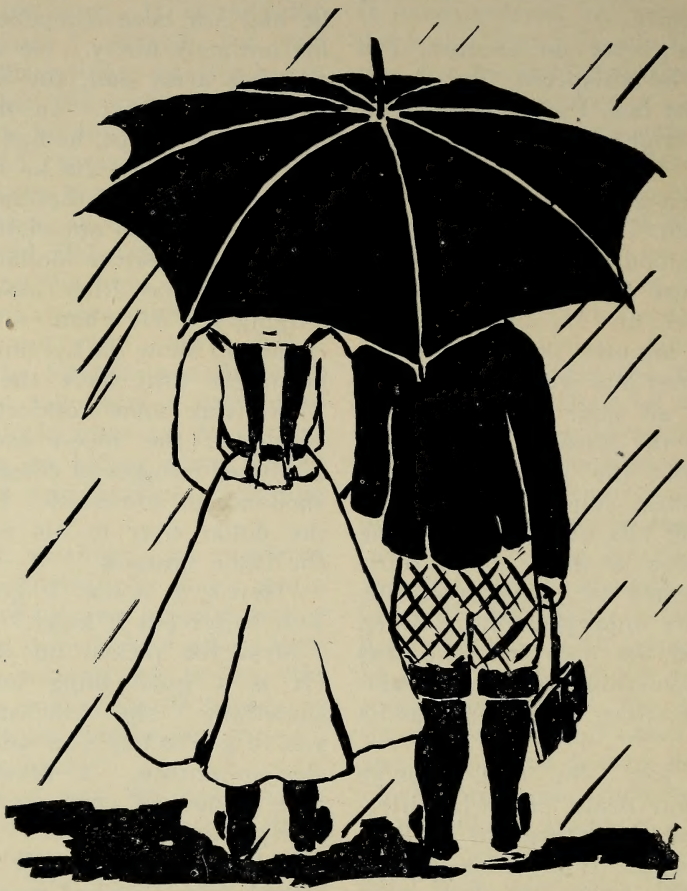
That night Joe went to bed before his wife. He discovered why he had not been compelled to doff his untimely finery. He still wore, over his army suit, the blue overalls and old coat. In the excitement of his escape, he had forgotten to remove them. As he folded the garments away in the chest, something hard rolled out of the pocket. It was the silver dollar he had secreted. Joe Rich looked at it longingly. He had missed the chance to show off his uniform, but he might still have the tobacco. There was some comfort in that. However, the mood induced by combined twinges of conscience and rheumatism prevailed. He tossed the dollar over to his wife when she came upstairs.

"Here's a dollar I got to-day. You better put it away."

Mrs. Joe picked up the dollar. "It is a good thing you earned something," she vouchsafed, "for you've got to buy you some spectacles to-morrow. I never cleaned such a mess of no-count greens as you gathered to-day."

Old Joe's conscience suddenly seared over. He had meant to confess the whole thing. But confess to a woman who talked of spectacles to a man whose eyes were sharp as needles—never!

He turned over peacefully in bed and slept the sound sleep of the unregenerate, disturbed only by dreams of tobacco "that might have been."



April and May

By Jack Lorrimer

April showers are mighty nice;
  Me and May, we are not sad
When the rain comes pelting down,
  Kinder makes us gay and glad.
Me and May walk home from school
  Under one umbrella;
Fortune smiles on some one; see?
  And I'm the feller.

A Pirate Crew

By Thomas J. Partridge



"COME," I said to old Uncle Hiram, who had made "thirty-seven winter trips to Newfoundland after frozen herring and never lost a man, never so much as started a reef-point, sir;" "tell my friends the story about that pirate crew."

I seized the tongs and, extracting a live coal from the glowing maple, placed it in the bowl of the old man's pipe. A few vigorous puffs and Uncle Hiram leaned back with a long inspiration of satisfaction.

As my guests drew up about the cheerful winter fire, my little boy Harold pressed my hand with a tighter grasp and bent his earnest face on the weather-beaten visage of his great-great-uncle, one of the few men now living who remember the strange incident in the early annals of the New England fishing fleet.

"Way back in the summer of 18—," began Uncle Hiram, "I found myself, a stout lad of fifteen, looking around the wharves for a chance to go fishing. As it was late in the season about all the mackerel fleet had sailed, and so I determined to try a chance to cut out tongues and sounds on one of the numerous bankers that were fitting away. Wharf after wharf was visited, and skipper after skipper approached, but it was always the same story. Some boy had forestalled me, or the skipper had made up his mind to never again carry a boy over whom he must assume a kind of guardianship with the attendant worry and responsibility. I was about to give up my quest in despair when I ran across old Captain Adoniram Prindall of the schooner 'Watercress.'

"I want to say, in order to explain the deception practised on this man, that he was very old and had long passed his period of usefulness. Luck had been running steadily against him for a long time and he had been sinking money every trip. The owners, however, couldn't find it in their hearts to discharge an old servant who had done so much in former days toward building up the firm and so he held on, but the fishermen were not so careful about the old man's feelings, and the consequence was, his crews had steadily deteriorated in skill and experience until at last he found it hard work to get any

one to man his vessel. This, then, accounts somewhat for the ready manner in which I was accepted, and the careless scrutiny given to the character of the rest of the crew.

"I had shipped at the last moment, and had barely time to run home and get my clothes bag, at the bottom of which my mother had—God bless her memory—carefully placed the things I would need first, when we cast off our moorings and went to sea. We had put the land well behind the horizon, the evening was coming on apace, when Captain Prindall called out: 'Set the watch —all hands aft to thumb the hat!'"

Uncle Hiram glanced quizzically at his audience. "You folks understand about that?" he asked.

My guests were as polite a lot of gentlemen as the crowd behind my neighbor, Colonel Higginson, when the door of the Boston Court House with the muskets behind it yielded sufficiently to allow but one man to enter at a time, and so for a space the strenuous yet courteous abolitionists stood waiting one upon the other. So my friends waited, each for the other.

"It's like this," I said, coming to the rescue, "the crew, standing in a circle, place their thumbs on the band of the Captain's hat. He counts around to twelve, the man indicated falls out, and so on to the end, just like children at their games. The last two men counted out, constitute the first watch."

"Well," continued Uncle Hiram, "as the crew came running aft, I had a chance for the first time to size them up as a whole. Boy though I was, I was at once struck with the foreign aspect of the whole crowd. The long, white thumbs inserted in the hat were not the thumbs of fishermen. The last man counted out, the watch set, Captain Prindall glanced casually at the chart that lay half unrolled on the house and weighted down by two cod leads, picked at the ringlets in his short, close-curling white beard a moment meditatively, and turning to the man at the wheel said: 'Keep her east half south!' A tall man stepped out from the crew, tapped the skipper on the back and said: 'Excuse me, Captain, but we'll go a little to the south of that this trip;' to the man at the wheel,'Keep her east by south three quarters south!' The skipper turned around on him like a flash: 'What do you mean, you scoundrel?'

"A half dozen men slipped behind the old man, pinioned his arms to his side and in a moment he was bound and helpless. 'What's all this! What's all this!' he cried again and again, struggling with the thongs that held him. The tall man jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the mainrigging. I looked in the direction indicated. One of the crew was bending something to the pennant halliards. The next moment I saw the 'Jolly Roger,' a white skull and crossbones on a black ground, run aloft.

"'Pirates, by God!' ejaculated the dumbfounded old man.

"With the impulsiveness of a boy, I threw myself between the tall man and Captain Prindall. 'Don't you dare to harm the skipper!' I cried out. A blow on the side of the head sent me reeling into the lee scuppers. Picking myself up I ran forward, crying and bewildered. Some of the crew were removing the main hatch. The next moment five desperate looking

fellows whom I had not seen before climbed out of the forehold. The vessel was in the hands of pirates, sure enough.

"That night, coiled up in my little forepeak berth, watching the crowd carousing and playing cards, I learned the wild scheme they had on hand. Through some confederates in England, they had been informed that the ship 'Thrace,' a merchantman, was coming across with a million dollars in gold on board,—that is the figure they put it at. Their intent was to waylay her on the banks and by some artifice, board and take possession of her. Their leader, the tall man, Bygrave by name, had seen more or less of the sea. He took the sun daily and figured out our position. There was among the number a pale actor-fellow who was eternally striking attitudes and spouting dramatic lines. As for the remainder, they were all of a piece, as vicious and desperate a lot as ever pitched their tents with Walker in the pampas. They had managed to smuggle a small cannon on board and this was now lashed to the lanyards of the mainrigging, pointing seaward. No particular attention was paid to me. When I attempted to go aft to ascertain the condition of the Captain I was minded that if I was ever caught again with my feet on the quarter deck I would be immediately thrown overboard. As one of our dories was missing two days before we arrived on the banks, I guessed the Captain's fate.

"Well, we made a fair trip to the banks and were soon in the track of westerly bound vessels. Every sail that came out of the horizon was carefully examined by Bygrave with a long, powerful glass and then our schooner was kept away. These tactics continued for three or four days and I guess the pirates were beginning to think that they had missed their prey for one night they were all assembled in the forecastle talking over a scheme to beach the vessel on the Newfoundland coast and scatter. Toward the evening of the next day, however, things began to happen.

"It was a flat calm, a heavy fog hung over us and we lay rolling in a long swell, our jib-block rattling over the traveller and our sheets slatting back and forth. Our fog horn was kept going at regular intervals and late in the afternoon we made out an answering horn. As blast replied to blast, it became evident that the two vessels were rapidly drifting together. Suddenly, the hull of a large vessel loomed dimly through the fog. Bygrave was forward, peering into the fog bank, when the bowsprit and part of the ship's prow pierced the mist.

" 'Look, boy!' he said to me, 'your eyes are young, can you make out that name?'

"I took the glass offered and levelled it at the prow disclosed. Some light cordage hid the forepart of the word, but I managed to spell slowly and distinctly the letters: 'T-H-R-A-C-E.' Bygrave ran aft, leaving the glass in my hands. In a moment there was a great stir on board. Some of the men ran below, some began secreting pistols and knives, of which there was a plentiful supply on board, in their clothing. Others took to the pumps.

" 'It's our meat!' I heard Bygrave say to one of the crew, 'seems like a special providence running across her like this. Here, boy,' he said to me, 'come!'

"I followed him down the forecastle companion way and as we reached the door leading from the forecastle into the hold, he stood aside and bade me enter. My foot had scarcely crossed the bulkhead when a push from behind sent me floundering in two feet of water. A large hole had been chopped in the vessel's side and the ocean was now pouring in like a torrent. I listened as a hail from the ship beside us fell on my ears. There came an answering hail from our deck: 'Schooner "Watercress" — banker — we are foundering—take us off!' That was their game, then! And I was shut up like a rat in the hold to go down with the scuttled vessel. With all my strength and weight I threw myself against the door that had been barred behind me. It yielded. I ran up the companion way. The slide was drawn and the lock was inserted in the staples. I shouted, I cursed the pirate crew. Realizing the futility of appealing to such desperadoes, I reëntered the hold and climbing on the head of a barrel I attempted to push open the forehatch. It was battened down. The height of the fountain that was leaping upward from the gaping wound in the vessel's side was momentarily growing lower and the water in the hold rising higher. If I would save myself from immediate death by drowning I must act quickly. Seizing the cook's axe I made my way into the after hold. Knocking down the uprights that supported the empty fish-bins I swung back my axe and drove it with the energy of desperation into the after bulkhead. The soft pine gave way and I crawled through the aperture made into the cabin. One man was there, the actor. Rolled up in his hands was the pirate emblem, and I knew by the wild light in his eyes that the excitement of the situation had upset a mind that was never overly well balanced. He paid no attention to me and I followed him up the companion way.

"Every man of the desperate company was massed forward on the maindeck. As I crouched behind the wheel box in the hopes of escaping detection, I heard distinctly these orders given on the ship near us: 'Clear away the first cutter—clear away the third cutter —stand by to lower—all you first cutters away!' At that moment the actor-fellow descended from the mainrigging, deliberately depressed the breech of the little gun amidships, stepped back, struck an attitude and pulled the lanyard. There was a deafening report followed by a shriek of anguish on board the ship. Bygrave leaped forward and with a blow of his clenched fist, struck the wretched actor to the deck. In the brief interval of dead silence that followed, a puff of wind came along and rolled up the fog that hung between the two vessels as you would draw back a curtain, and there, close aboard, the dumbfounded and cowering wretches on the maindeck beheld, first the yardarms, then the topmasts, and now the twin-streaked and ported hull of a British frigate, twenty-four guns! On her stern I saw in letters of gilt: 'H.M.S. Samothrace!' The same wind that rolled up the fog lifted the pirate emblem in our mainrigging and flaunted it in the face of the Union Jack at the frigate's peak.

"The terror-stricken crowd on the maindeck were given no time to par-

ley, no time to explain. On board the frigate I heard a hoarse voice cry out: 'Mr. Wells! Mr. Wells! beat to quarters!' There was the sharp roll of a drum, the shrill piping of whistles, the patter of hurrying feet, the creaking of blocks and pulleys and the half-suppressed cries of excited men. Then sternly and evenly the commands rang out: 'Port men to station—raise your ports—load—by broadside, on the upward roll—fire!' The warship beside us seemed to explode. A dozen sheets of flame and smoke gushed from her hull. The whole starboard side of our little vessel was crushed in like an eggshell. I saw our mainmast tottering and with the quickness of thought, I reached over and threw the sheet from the bit and the spar pitched forward, carrying the boom and sail on the wounded and shrieking wretches forward. Not one of the pirate crew escaped. I saw the tall form of their leader cut completely in two, the upper portion of his body falling one way, his nether limbs another. Something passed near me with the whir of a bird from its nest and the anterior part of my body seemed pressed against my spine and for some seconds I could not take my breath. How I wholly escaped the death-fire and the flying splinters can only be accounted for by my position in the extreme aftermost part of the vessel. The waves soon began to wash over our decks, and the doubly stricken schooner, her stern rising in the air, began to slide forward and downward. I climbed out on the taffrail, and as I prepared to leap astride the now uncovered rudder, I lived for one moment in the hope that the air caught in the afterhold would cause her to turn turtle. Suddenly, a stern plank flew out with a loud report. Then I leaped far out. I was an expert swimmer and I strove with all my strength against the power that was dragging me down. When I shot out of the water my head struck against a section of our mainmast. It was a glancing blow and it rendered me partially unconscious for I must have remained in a bewildered state some little time clinging to the spar. I was at length conscious of the ring of rowlocks and the sound of voices, and then through the clear space that always lies between the surface of the water and a bank of fog, I saw the lapstreaks of a boat, but the crew that manned her could not see me. I attempted to cry out and make my presence known, but the power of speech seemed paralyzed and for the moment suspended. In vain I essayed to utter a shout, in vain beat upon the spar with my open palm. The boat circled around me and then boarded the frigate. A few brief commands and the ship, propelled by the light wind that had sprung up, glided away in the mist, and I was left alone on the wide Atlantic.

"We die heroically with the crowd looking on. I have stood shoulder to shoulder with my fellow man in the face of death and feared not,—that is the courage of association; but now as I beheld the moon staring ghostly down through the mist, and looked into the cavern-like space that stretched away between the ocean and the fog bank, I was struck with a chill of terror.

"All about me things from the foundered vessel began coming to the surface. An empty water cask

with its lashings attached rolled up, turned over and over two or three times and then spun round like a top. Next our foremast shot half its length out of the water, falling back with a splash. Soon a dory appeared bow foremost, showed half her yellow side, seemed about to turn bottom up and then slipped back and lay rocking on the surface, level full. A pair of oars was fastened within her and the baler still stuck in the rising. Here was salvation, but how to free her from the water she held! In her present condition she might as well have been a thousand miles away. I could not bale her from without, for, although it was comparatively a flat calm, the gentle swell was running right across her. Johnson did that in midocean, but his dory had compartments. I could slip over the side, a trick I was skilled in, but my weight would but carry her gunwales further beneath the surface. A happy thought struck me. Swimming out I secured the painter of the dory and running it through the lashings on the water cask, belayed it short. Hand over hand I now passed along the gunwale, and seizing on the stern, by a vigorous use of my legs I slowly but surely propelled the dory to the mast. Steadying myself by the dory I now stood erect on the spar, and grasping the stern becket I leaned far back and pulled with all my strength. The dory slid easily some few feet on the mast while the cask kept her nose from sinking beneath the surface. I now reached over and extracted the plug and then to my great joy I heard the water running out of the dory. But it was slow work. On a receding swell the water ran out freely, but when it rolled back I had hard work to hold the ground won by partly stopping the plughole with the butt end of my oar. After a time that seemed an age the dory would bear my weight with the gunwales above the surface and then I leaped in and finished the task with the baler.

"By this I was completely exhausted and, after wringing the water from my saturated clothing, I stretched myself in the stern of the dory and fell into a profound sleep. When I awoke, in steaming garments and shivering like one with the ague, the sun blazed on the edge of the eastern horizon like a ship on fire. Not a sail, not a breath of air vexed the wide expanse of waters that stretched away on either hand. I was the exact centre of a ring that was vaulted with blue and floored as with glass.

"I had a fair idea of the position of our vessel and the lay of the land when she met her strange fate, but under what part of the round horizon lay that land now! I stood up and, extending both arms, faced the sun. And now for the life of me I could not tell whether my right hand pointed to the north or to the south. While I vainly endeavored to recall the rule, becoming more and more uncertain every moment, a flock of gannets passed over my head.

"These birds were, led by their instinct, bound for the fall run of mackerel at Cape Breton; that is, to the northward. The Newfoundland coast then was directly between the rising sun and the course of the birds, northeast. Buoyed up by the hope and the energy of youth I took to my oars. Briefly, I was four days and four nights in an open dory."

The old man paused suddenly in his narrative and listened intently. "Harold," said he at length, "some one has left a faucet open; there's water running to waste,—quick, lad, quick!"

When Harold returned, the old Captain continued: "On the evening of the third day, parched with thirst and my frame racked with fever I was ready to give up in despair when I ran across some herring nets adrift. An examination of the fish enmeshed showed them to be a recent catch. Taking heart I struggled on again. The following forenoon I was picked up by some fishermen and carried on shore where I was kindly cared for. After a long, deep sleep I made my way overland to the nearest American consul."



The Song of the Pines

By Winthrop Packard

The pines were asleep in the mid-day heat,
That quivered down the lea,
But they waked with the roar of a wave swept shore
When the wind came in from the sea.

They sang of ships, and the bo's'n piped,
The hoarse watch roared a tune—
The taut sheets whined in the twanging wind,
You heard the breakers croon—

For their brothers, masts on a thousand keels,
Had sent a greeting free
And the answering song swelled clear and strong
When the wind came in from the sea.

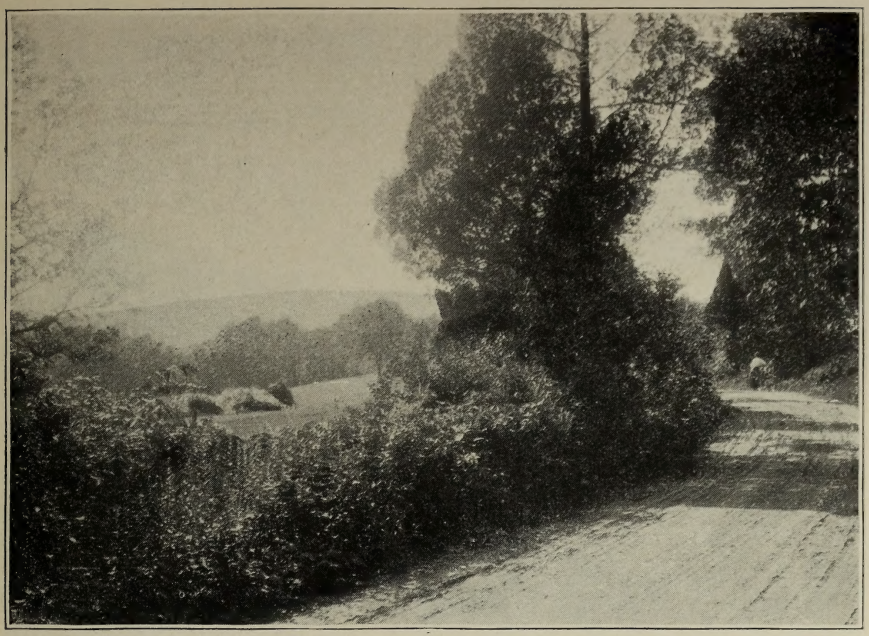
The Works of the Watch City

By Percival R. Eaton

THE town of Waltham was one hundred and fifty years old eighteen years ago. It was the city of Waltham, however, which made celebration of the event though the city was only four years old at the time. Thus do children outstrip their parents in these times of hustle and the rapid growth of giant enterprises. On the afternoon of January 16, 1888, church and factory bells, the old cannon on the Common and the joyous shouts of the people were chorused in welcome to Governor Ames, his staff and other notables who as guests of the city were escorted to the beautifully decorated Music Hall in Waltham. On either side of the stage were the symbolic legends, "Incorporated a town, 1738," "Incorporated a city, 1884," and on the front of the gallery, "150th Anniversary," which explained the enthusiasm.

The story of Waltham begins with the story of Watertown and that story really begins in England where, on March 19, 1627-8, a grant which took in all lands between three miles north of the Merrimac and three miles south of the Charles rivers, from ocean to ocean, was obtained by the New Dorchester Company. When we figure out the total area thus cheerfully granted we realize that the city-to-be had no mean beginning. It was to stretch from ocean to ocean, and so its influence does, though fate has since somewhat circumscribed its land boundaries.

Sir Richard Saltonstall was first associate to the six original patentees mentioned in the King Charles Charter and under the leadership of this staunch leader, at once aristocrat and Puritan, a small party settled on the banks of the Charles. In September of this same year (1630), this settlement known as the "Saltonstall Plantation" was incorporated and took the name of "Watertoune" from the numerous springs of fresh water within the limits of the early settlement. Watertown was one of the few early towns of Massachusetts which had no trouble with the Indians and its citizens built their homes over a wider area. Hence with the lapse of the first century two portions of it found their interests tending to diverge. The east side settlers were near the church, but those of the "west side" having such a distance to go to service it was voted in 1715 to build another church, but not until 1720 was this accomplished. Again in 1729, dissensions arose over the establishing of a school in this part which resulted in a petition being presented to the General Court on December 14, 1737, and on January 4, 1737 (old style), January 15, 1738 (new style), the one hundred and forty-fifth town in the Commonwealth was born and christened "Waltham"—presumably after Waltham Abbey,



PROSPECT HILL

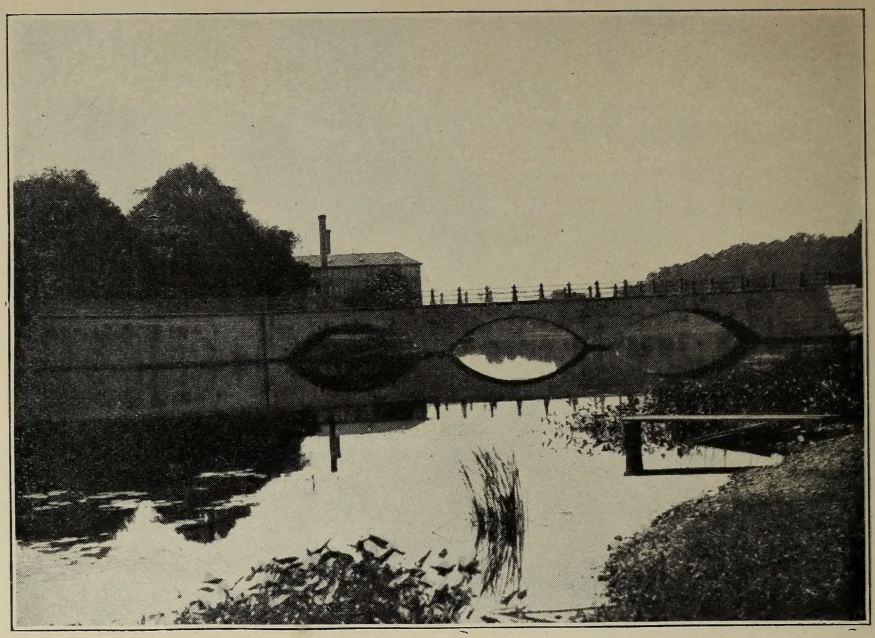
which in England was known as Waltham Holy Cross and near the birthplace of Rev. John Eliot and other notable settlers in New England.

Records show the first church in Waltham to have been dedicated in 1720—a rebuild from an old church moved from Newton. This church was abandoned in 1767 and a new one built near the entrance of the old Lyman estate. The anti-war sermons in 1812 caused a secession which lasted until 1815 and again trouble arising in 1820, the Second Religious Society was formed.

The present Trinitarian Congregational is an off-shoot from this society and was organized September 28, 1820. After outgrowing two additions to the church built in 1826, the present fine structure was erected in 1870-71. Such were the beginnings which, devotedly carried forward, have made Waltham a city of churches as well as of business enterprise.

The first Methodist preaching was held at the house of Abraham Bemis, July 19, 1794. The Universalists held their first meeting in the old Bank Hall in 1836, disbanded in 1859 and formed the present society in 1865. The present edifice on Main street was dedicated in 1883.

The Second Religious Society ceased to exist about 1837. The First Society closed its affairs in 1839. This same year the Independent Congregational Society was formed and in 1866 by act of legislature became incorporated as the "First Parish in Waltham." The Protestant Episcopal, or Christ Church, parish was organized in 1849. Ascension Church—the first to be erected on the "south side"—was organized in 1882. (In 1849 about six hundred acres of Newton



PROSPECT STREET BRIDGE

territory became a part of Waltham and is locally known as the "south side.")

The first Catholic Church, from which has grown St. Mary's Parish, was established by Rev. Father Strain about 1852. The First Baptist Church was organized November 4, 1852. The New Jerusalem Church Society first worshiped in its own chapel on Lexington street in 1860. This chapel, destroyed by fire in 1869, was rebuilt on a larger plan in 1870. The Beth Eden Baptist, Emmanuel Methodist and Presbyterian (on the "south side"), and the Swedish Lutheran, Swedish Congregational and French Catholic are the other churches of the city.

The town and city of Waltham has been well represented also in the newspaper world since 1830, when "The Hive" was published by S. B. Emmons. The "Waltham Sentinel," founded by Josiah Hastings in 1856, was purchased by George Phinney and consolidated in 1876 with the "Waltham Free Press" which he had been publishing since 1863. This paper is now the "Free Press-Tribune" and is edited and published by R. B. Somers and Alexander Starbuck to whom the writer is indebted for many facts contained in this brief historical sketch of Waltham.

In 1876 the "Record" was published and continued by E. L. Barry until 1885, when it became the property of Pratt Brothers of Marlboro, Massachusetts. The "Daily Tribune" was successfully launched in 1882 by Messrs. Eaton and Reed and in 1897 was sold to and consolidated with the "Free Press."

The "Waltham Daily Times" was founded by Messrs. Rice and Drake in 1886 and survived a little over one year. The "Waltham Evening



MAIN STREET LOOKING EAST

News" was founded in 1893 by T. B. Eaton. It is now owned and published by C. A. Pierce & Company.

The beginnings of the present excellent Public Library are equally interesting. On December 24, 1826, the Rumford Institute was organized for the purpose of "mutual instruction in arts and sciences." The Rumford Institute Circulating Library, a "feature of the town," in 1865 donated its books which, in conjunction with a similar gift from the "Waltham Social Library," established in 1798, formed a nucleus for the present finely equipped Public Library of Waltham.

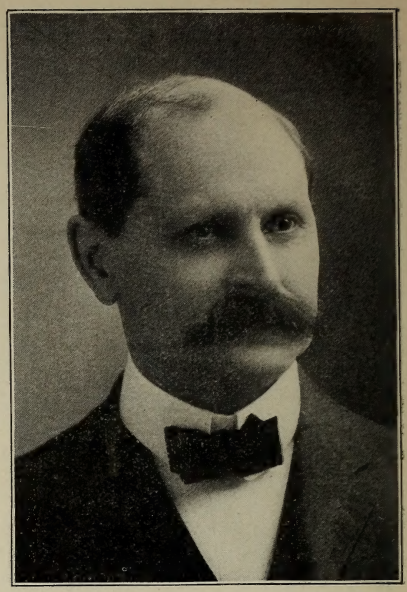
The Farmers' Club—originally the "Waltham Agricultural Library Association"—was formed January 15, 1857, and meetings were held in Rumford Hall. The books, formerly kept at the store of Peters and Moore, were donated in 1873 to the Public Library.

The Board of Trade, organized in 1885, and the Business Men's Association, established in February, 1902, with a growing membership of over four hundred, comprise a host of staunch merchants and manufacturers ever on the alert for the advancement of the city's good.

April 19, 1903, on motion of Mr. G. A. Fiel, it was voted that April 27th to May 2nd be observed by the Waltham Business Men's Association as a Merchants' Week. A large committee was appointed to make arrangements for the same, with G. A. Fiel as chairman. The committee worked with a will, the merchants throughout the city and the various railroads coöperated, money enough was contributed to make it self-supporting, and the First Annual Merchant's Week in

Waltham passed into history as a great success. The Second Annual Merchants' Week was held in 1904 a little later in the season, the dates selected being from May 9th to May 14th inclusive. This year proved even more successful than the last; many new features were introduced such as band concerts, foot races, ball games and an exhibition by the Waltham Fire Department. People from the surrounding country entered the gates and made many purchases of the merchants. In 1905 the days chosen were from May 8th to 13th inclusive, G. A. Fiel still acted as chairman of the committee. The week was one round of enthusiasm and entertainment. The business blocks were handsomely decorated, the merchants' windows beautifully trimmed and thousands visited the city to admire and spend their money. Much credit is due the several railroads for the manner in which they coöperated to make the Merchants' Week a success. Great credit should be given to the various committee having the arrangements in charge and Mr. G. A. Fiel cannot be too highly praised for the great and efficient work done by him to further the stupendous undertaking. Merchants' Week in Waltham has become a yearly custom and a custom the observance of which will add much to the prosperity of Waltham. For this present year the week will be that from May 7th to May 12th inclusive and still greater success is predicted.

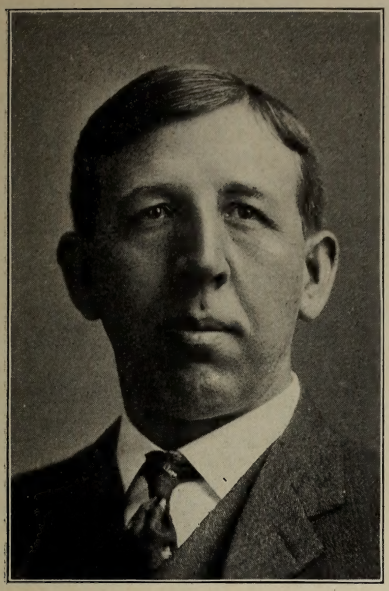
The Waltham Bank, organized in 1835, is now the Waltham National Bank and represents the general national banking interest. The others are the Waltham Savings Bank, Waltham Trust Company and the Waltham Co-operative Bank—the latter one of the oldest of its kind in the state—have been of great value in the upbuilding of the financial strength of the city.



JOHN L. HARVEY
MAYOR OF WALTHAM

The Hospital, Ladies' Hospital Aid Society (incorporated by charter in 1885), the Training School for Nurses established the same year (the latter self supporting), the works of art in the High School building, the Public Library, the mills and the factories referred to in this article are all institutions which will be found of great interest to a visitor to Waltham.

The quaintness of the old New England town has passed, superseded by the bustle and vigorous growth of a modern city. Most of the "ancient" dwellings, and there were many, have been built over or replaced by modern ones. Yet it is pleasant to shut out the roar of



G. A. FIEL

PRESIDENT OF BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION

traffic and the hum of machinery for a moment and recall them.

The first house erected on the north side of Main street, above Beaver Brook—which at that time was "four rods wide"—was "Cutting Tavern." Among other noted houses were "Bird Tavern," corner Pleasant and Main streets, "Kimball Tavern," where the Central House now stands, "Green Tavern" on "Brown's Lane" (now Howard street), "Brick Tavern," "Bemis Tavern" and the "Fiske House"—just above "Skunk Lane" (now Bacon street)—on Main street.

The "Jonathan Stearns house" is still standing. The hand carved mouldings and painted panels in the front hall of this old home of the Hagar family one hundred and fifty years ago are of great interest to the curio lovers.

The Harrington home, though not the original dwelling, is over one hundred years old and very noted from the fact that this family still retain the original deed of the land from the King Charles grant in 1628.

The Nathaniel P. Banks residence built by Jacob Gale in 1798 and the "Lyman Mansion" on the Lyman estate are also noted. This estate is on part of the original fifty acres granted William Paine and sold to John Livermore ("ancestor of all the Livermores in the United States"), who came from England in April, 1634. The property in 1773 was purchased by Jonas Dix and sold to Theodore Lyman, who turned the rough lands into a most beautiful estate.

In the heart of the town the vigor of business enterprise has laid iconoclastic hands on much of the natural scenery, though there are quiet nooks along the Charles river and Stony Brook where one may forget the bustle and hustle of to-day and the view from Prospect Hill is more interesting now, if not more grand and inspiring than of old. The beautiful winding reaches of the Charles are populous all summer with canoes and pleasure craft and the festivities culminate each year in a carnival which brings thousands to its shores. In 1904 the feature of the encampment week of the G. A. R. was the grand reception extended the four thousand war veterans who were among the eighty thousand visitors at Waltham's water carnival in August.

During the early Indian troubles, the war between England and France, the war of 1812, the Civil war and the late Spanish campaign, we find records of praise for the men and women of Waltham. About seven hundred young men answered

the call in '61 and, in commemoration of those who never returned, a marble monument was dedicated May 30, 1868, and stands on the Common to-day an object of veneration to every rising son and daughter of the city.

The natural water courses flowing into the Charles early pointed the way to business enterprise, and as early as 1662-3 a mill for fulling the woolen cloth woven by the first settlers was erected on Beaver Creek "on the spot where Kendall's Grist Mills stood," and in January, 1679-80 a "new corn mill" was erected on Stony Brook.

The next we have record of is the mill built by John Boies (about 1780) for the "manufacture of brown and white paper." The Massachusetts Magazine for April, 1793, published an engraving of this mill property which in 1798 was valued at $4,550 and was purchased by the Boston Manufacturing Company, who erected their first cotton mill on the site of the old paper mill.

In 1800 the Governor Gore paper mill was erected on the site of the present bleachery.

About 1802 Nathan Upham, an apprentice to John Boies, built a mill on Stony Brook for the manufacture of wrapping paper. This passed into the hands of William Parker of Cambridge, who placed the first dwelling house on Stony Brook, and is the only mill of the three retaining its original purpose. In 1820 it became the property of John M. Gibbs who in 1835 sold it to John and Stephen Roberts. This business was carried on afterward by the son of John, who succeeded his uncle Stephen, and eventually the old wooden mill and water power gave way to the present granite structure and steam power of John Roberts and Son where



HEART OF WALTHAM IN AUGUST

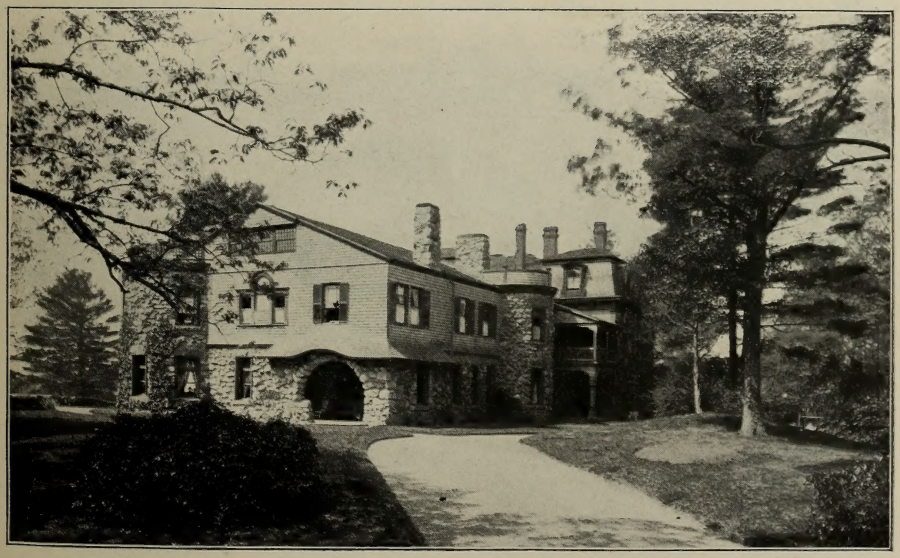
fifty employes turn out an annual product valued at $50,000.

From 1819 to 1872, sulphuric acid was manufactured near the mouth of Beaver Creek by the Newton Chemical Company. An interesting process by which chalk crayons were manufactured was invented by Dr. Francis F. Field, a Waltham dentist, in 1835, and from a little shop, near Lexington and Pond streets, run by Zenas Parmenter, the business increased until in 1882 the Parmenter Crayon Company was incorporated. The company's business has since been transferred to the West.

History states that during the second war with England, Francis C. Lowell, a prisoner on Dartmoor prison ship, learned certain facts pertaining to England's success in cotton manufacture. That on his return to America he, with Patrick T. Jackson and Nathan Appleton, formed the Boston Manufacturing Company and purchased the old Boies paper mill property which stood on the bank of the Charles, east of the present Moody street. With the knowledge gained by Mr. Lowell's visits to English and Scottish factories, the company began operations, and while Mr. Jackson was erecting the dam and building, Mr. Lowell was perfecting the power loom which was a success in 1814.

The first goods turned out were in imitation of those imported from India: "A heavy sheeting of No. 14 yarn, 37 inches wide, 44 picks to the inch and weighing something less than three yards to the pound." The first record of the mill's product on the books of this company, which was incorporated in February, 1813, shows: "1816, Feb. 2, 31 pieces—912.2 yards, 4-4," or 36 inch goods. This record gives the date of the first cotton cloth manufactured from start to finish under one roof in America.

In February, 1819, the Boston



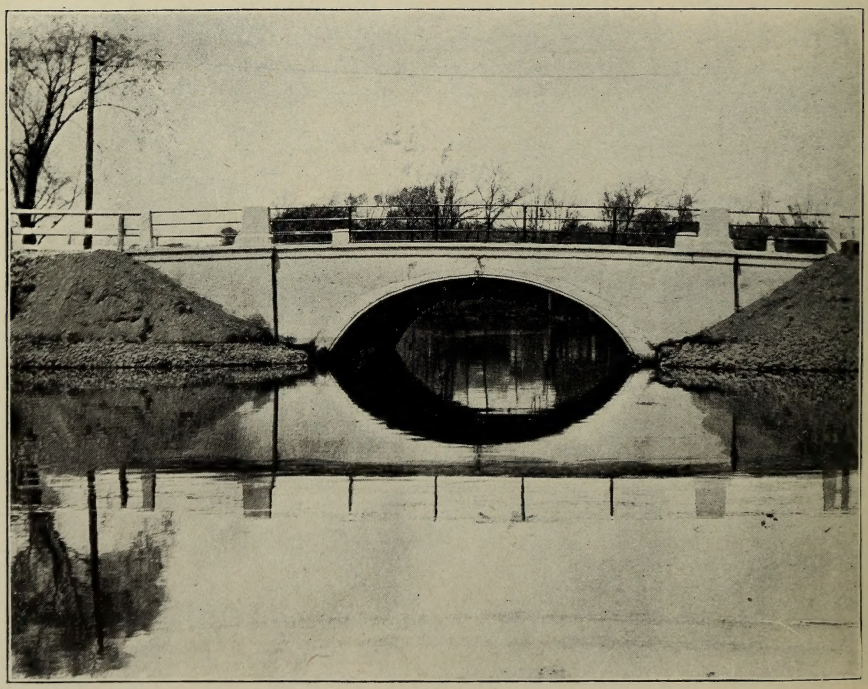
ROBERT TREAT PAINE'S RESIDENCE

Manufacturing Company purchased the entire property of the Waltham Cotton and Wool Factory Company, a corporation which had ever set a high moral standard of probity and consideration toward its employes, which was organized in 1810 and located on the Governor Gore mill property.

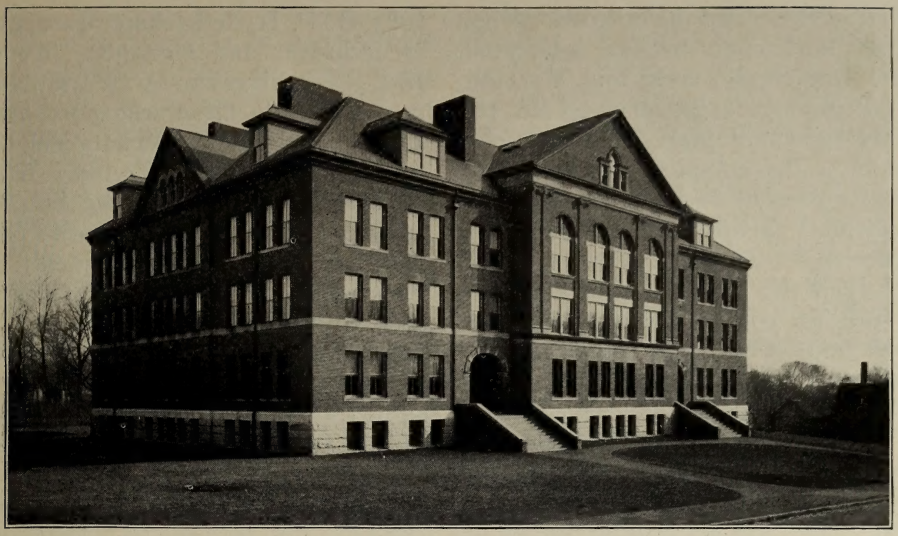
This company took down the old wooden mill, laid the foundations for a new factory and bleachery and, to connect the two establishments, bought all the land on the north side of the river, laid out River street, widened Newton street, improved Willow and Pleasant streets and planted several thousand shade trees along the two miles of road. This was in 1820, and in the succeeding eighty-six years, this company has ever stood for the moral and intellectual advancement of Waltham. It established and for years maintained good schools. It encouraged its employes in the formation of the Rumford Institute and erected for them Rumford Building in 1827.

In the list of names found on the records as speakers before this Institute are those of Everett, Emerson, Bancroft, R. H. Dana, Agassiz, Holmes, T. Starr King, Whipple, Sparks, Sumner, Saxe and Hill. Hon. N. P. Banks, who at one time was "bobbin boy" in the mills of this company, made his first public speech before this Institute. Such men as Lowell, Appleton, Jackson, Paul Moody, Joshua Swan, Warren Colburn—of mental arithmetic fame—are among those who at one time were connected with this company.

In 1868 this company turned



WOERD AVENUE BRIDGE



WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

out about 24,000 dozen hosiery per month, but on account of the large importations from Germany this industry gave way to the production of underwear which in turn has given way to the exclusive weaving of cotton cloth both plain and colored designs. Its records show an increase in four years from the infant production of 4,000 yards to 25,000 yards per week, and from what at one time was almost a monopoly (one stockholder, fearful of flooding the market, advising the management to "go slower"), we find even with the present conditions of competition that the 1,150 employes using 62,672 spindles are turning out an approximate annual product of eleven million yards.

The Waltham Bleachery and Dye Works, at one time owned and controlled by the Boston Manufacturing Company, but now an independent corporation, is worthy of more than the slight mention heretofore made in this article. It dates back as far as 1821, after the company purchased the old cotton and wool factory in 1819. Old buildings and ideas had to give way to new and, ever progressing, the records show a yearly use of 125 tons sulphuric acid, 100 tons clays, 400 tons starch, 125 tons chloride of lime, 300 tons alkalies and 8,000 tons of coal. Material comes from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Texas and is shipped to Canada, California, Middle Western States and South America. The works cover five and one-half acres of floor space. The annual freight bills on cloth received amounts to $12,000. The pay roll exceeds $130,000 and the three hundred employes turn out forty million yards per annum.

In 1844 an iron foundry was established by R. P. Davis near the Moody street crossing. After a few years Frederick J. Davis took the business and in 1860 erected a larger building of brick between

Felton street and the railroad. When John R. Farnum became interested, the firm was Davis and Farnum, and in 1876 was changed to the Davis-Farnum Manufacturing Company. The company since moving to its present location in 1870 has excellent facilities for handling its general foundry business. Its specialty is the production of complete plants for coal gas works. Its payroll represents two hundred employes and the annual product valuation is $480,000.

In 1862 Messrs. Kidder and Adams, two machinists, left the employ of the American Watch Company and began making lathes—a business which eventually passed into the hands of John Stark who by perseverance and economy formed the foundation for the present reliable Stark Tool Company, which employs twenty hands and whose annual product is $25,000.

In 1872 Messrs. Whitcomb and Ballou, two other skilled machinists employed by the American Watch Company, formed a partnership from which in 1874 Mr. Ballou retired. In 1876 Ambrose Webster resigned as assistant superintendent of the watch factory and with Mr. Whitcomb organized the American Watch Tool Company. The annual product from this company's seventy-five employes is valued at $80,000.

In 1880 the manufacture of fine grade emery wheels for watch work and fine tools was begun by Henry Richardson, a machinist employe of the American Watch Tool Company. In 1881 another machinist, Henry Shuman, was taken in partnership and the Richardson Emery Wheel Company continued in a portion of Hobbs' machine shop. In 1883 H. P. Hyde became associated as treasurer and manager. About 1890 the business outgrew its plant, the present location was purchased and new buildings especially adapted to the work were erected. This Company was incorporated in 1889 as the Waltham Emery Wheel Company, C. E. Getchell, president, H. Richardson, treasurer and manager, and employs forty hands with a yearly production valued at $90,000.

In 1883 Charles Vanderwoerd resigned as general superintendent of the American Watch Company and organized the Waltham Watch Tool Company. This Company purchased a lot on Charles street and erected brick buildings. About 1885 it was reorganized as the United States Watch Company, began making watches in 1886, put its product on the market in 1887 and to-day is known the world over. It is now the E. Howard Watch Company. The annual product is valued at five hundred thousand dollars, and there are five hundred and fifty employed by this company.

In 1889 the Judson L. Thomson Manufacturing Company came from Syracuse, New York, to be nearer the market for its product, rivets and buckles. It is located at Roberts' Crossing in a building 400 x 75 feet and employs about two hundred with an annual product valued at $300,000.

The O'Hara Waltham Dial Company was organized in 1891 by Daniel O'Hara, a former assistant superintendent of the American Watch Company. The business was located originally on Bedford street in the building now occupied by the Massachusetts Fan Company. In 1893 a lot at Crescent Park was purchased and the present large

brick building was erected. Mr. O'Hara is deserving of great praise for his perseverance in overcoming early obstacles and developing a business which supplies work for over two hundred employes with an approximate annual product of $180,000.

The Waltham Manufacturing Company, formerly the Orient Bicycle Company, was organized for the manufacture of bicycles. The business increased so rapidly, extensive additions from time to time have been made to the original plant at Crescent Park. Three hundred employes and an annual product of $700,000 is its record. The company is at present turning out Orient motor carriages famous the country over for durability and cheapness.

In 1891 the Waltham Screw Company began operations in the old Laundry Building on the river bank in the rear of Crescent street and about seven years ago moved to the brick building it now occupies in Crescent Park employing thirty men and women.

The American Horologe Company originated in Roxbury in 1850, moved to Waltham in 1854 and after a brief struggle made an assignment in 1857. The property was purchased for Tracy, Baker and himself by Royal E. Robbins for $56,000, and for about one year business was done under the firm name of Appleton, Tracy and Company. In 1858 in conjunction with the Waltham Improvement Company, the American Watch Company was organized with a capital of $200,000.

In 1860 a dividend of five per cent —the first profitable return from any watch factory in America—was paid and the capital stock increased to $300,000. In 1862 the plant of the Nashua Watch Company—organized in 1859—was purchased, moved to Waltham and carried on as a separate department until July, 1878.

From the woods and fields and pasture land the south side has become almost a city by itself. The efficient employes of this great establishment own their own homes and from among the eligible voters many city officials have been chosen. In 1885 the city's name was added and, like the Boston Manufacturing Company, the American Waltham Watch Company has proved itself a vital part of the community.

This company has a marked advantage over others as it produces every part of the perfect watch. It employs thirty-eight hundred men and women and its approximate annual product is $3,000,000. The business has continued to increase and even now important additions are about to be made to the already mammoth plant.

A brief summary of some other Waltham industries of interest is as follows:

A	B	C
Hathaway Bakery Co.	21	$93,000
Lally Patent Column Co.	30	75,000
Waltham Foundry Co.	33	60,000
Waltham Clock Co.	25	55,000
Godber Jewel Factory	20	40,000
Metz Motor Cycle	15	35,000
Lane's Organ Factory	12	30,000
Mass. Fan Co.	12	30,000
Tomlin's Sweater Factory	20	30,000
Waltham Machine Co.	33	25,000
Stephen's Advertising Novelties	8	15,000
Atlas Chemical Co.	3	20,000
Worley Jewel Factory	5	12,000
Nutting, Canoe Builder	4	6,000
Bergen, Canoe Builder	3	5,500
Arnold, Canoe Builder	2	
United Metile Co.	20	
Waltham Horological School, watches and material. Scholars	45	40,000

A—Name of company; B—Number of employes; C—Approximate annual product.

Mayor John L. Harvey was born in North Fairfield, Ohio, educated at Ohio Wesleyan University and graduated from Boston University School of Law in 1888. In July, of this year, Mr. Harvey opened a law office in Waltham. For seven successive years from 1896 he was City Solicitor and in 1903 was elected to the highest city office, that of Mayor. The confidence of the citizens of Waltham in Mayor Harvey is shown in the fact that they have twice since re-elected him by an increased majority each time.

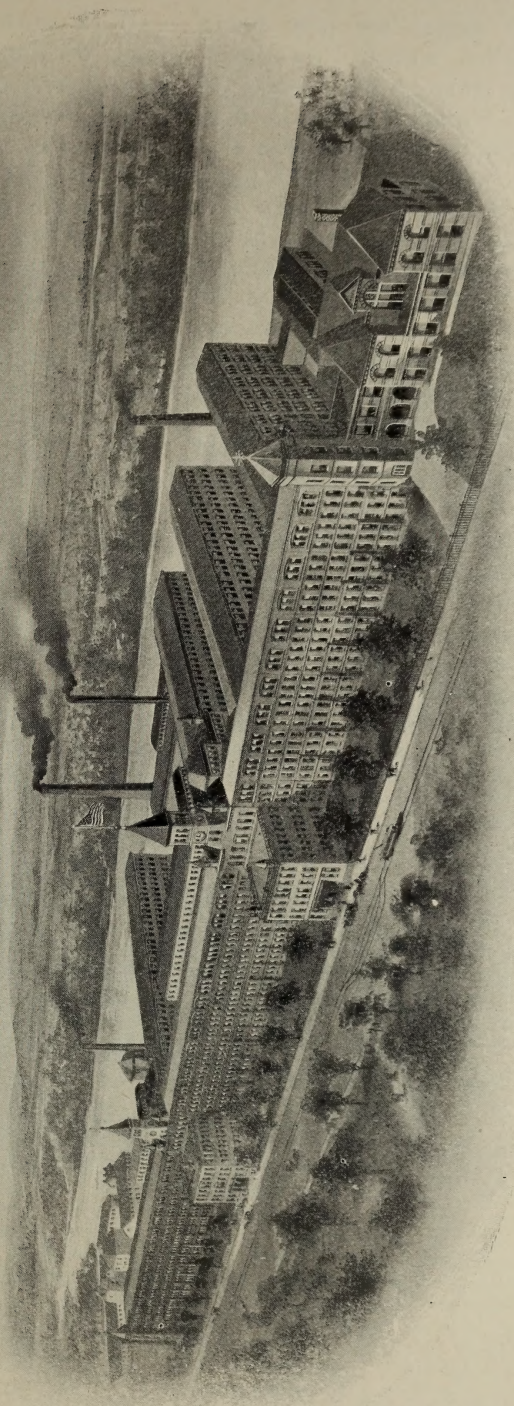
In his inaugural address, January 2, 1905, Mayor Harvey reviews with pride the better condition of schools and public service, improved drainage, protective service from loss by fire and "wayward man," building and care of highways and water supply, the establishment of recreation grounds and the advancement of interests of the people by improved educational system in schools and libraries.

Within the past three years the city has paid out about $40,000 in the purchase and equipment of three public playgrounds and has purchased about one hundred and fifty acres which are known as Prospect Park. On the opening of the playgrounds, July, 1904, Director E. D. Angell said, "Manliness, honesty, courage and health are not poor assets to give a boy for his start in life, and the public playground stamps these upon the growing boy."

A brief summary of statistical facts may be of interest: Total area, 13.56 square miles; river frontage, 7.5 linear miles; highest point, Prospect Hill, 482 feet; lowest point, at river, Watertown line, twenty-two feet above sea level.

From time of incorporation as a town the population of Waltham has increased from less than 550 to over 27,000. In the matter of educational facilities the citizens of Waltham have reason for pride. With a people quickly responsive to educational needs and promptly meeting the requirements of growth the people of the Watch City are proud of the number and excellence of its schools. Among the first municipalities in the Commonwealth to recognize the need of manual training in the educational curriculum, Waltham has for fourteen years maintained such instruction and has just completed a new school building for that purpose which is a model of its kind. The present school enrolment is 4,783. There are fifteen churches, seventeen school houses, thirty mills and factories, eleven railroad stations and 3,432 buildings. The Fire Department of forty years ago with seven pieces of apparatus, —everything drawn by hand—one permanent man and seventy-two call men, now contains thirteen pieces, twenty-two horses, fourteen permanent and sixty-nine call men. There can be no comparison in electrical appliances. The Police Department from eight officers (1885) with no signal system, now has eighteen officers with twenty-three boxes.

From a purely scenic point of view the city of Waltham is delightfully located. Originally built entirely on what James Russell Lowell describes as "Waltham Plains," the amphitheatre of a circle of hills which nearly surrounded the hamlet as the golden crown of a ring surrounds the beautiful gem it incloses, the exigencies of growth have impelled householders gradually to encroach on the hills until

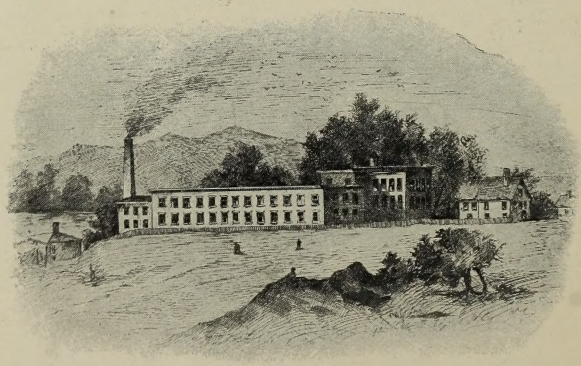


AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY

the eastern slopes are now being covered with sightly dwellings. Chief in the surrounding setting of heights is Prospect Hill, which, with its adjacent territory, the city government has laid out for a park. Rising to an altitude of 482 feet above the level of the sea, it is the first land sighted by the incoming mariner from the east, and from its crest the view is delightful. Far away on the west and north can be seen the distant peaks of Wachusett, Monadnock, the Unconunocks and Kearsarge. To the south and east are the clustering cities and towns of eastern Massachusetts, and the Blue Hills of Milton, culminating in Boston with its plainly visible, golden crowned State House. Right at one's feet, as it were, the beautiful valley of the Charles is spread out, through which the river meanders, almost bisecting the city, a thread of silver in a carpet of emerald.

With such charming surroundings, with unsurpassed streets and roads, with delightful drives in almost any direction, in easy touch almost any ten minutes during the day with the wealth of art and literature of Boston, surrounded by the localities made historical by the early scenes of the American Revolution, with just enough of city for sociability and just enough of country for desired seclusion, Waltham is indeed ideally situated.

A fitting conclusion to this article would be to quote Governor Ames at the sesqui-centennial celebration referred to in the opening paragraph: "Your factories are an illustrious example of the success of the protection of American industry. There is no town in the commonwealth whose past has been more useful, which has a more honorable present or brighter future, and no one city more famous the world over than Waltham."



EARLY WORKS OF AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY

Books As I See Them

By KATE SANBORN

Once in a while a man or woman whose heart and brain are on fire from realization of hideous wrongs endured by some race, class, or sect, writes out the facts studied at close range; a shocking revelation. And we, self engrossed cumberers of the ground (in comparison with those who give their lives for others) wonder, sigh, possibly shed a few sentimental tears and wish that the generous Plutocrats, instead of endowing colleges and building libraries, would turn the current of their benevolence in other directions.

When Robert Hunter, the earnest Settlement worker, stated that eighty thousand children went without proper breakfast every morning in New York City he raised a storm of doubt, derision, criticism in the minds of the sleek, self satisfied, overfed readers: What a preposterous exaggeration! The man's mind must be affected less drunkards who waste their wives' There was so much excitement, as there always is when a loathsome sore is touched on the raw, that Mr. John Spargo, a man of great experience in such matters, not given to wild statements, volunteered to investigate the facts. His inquiry was searching and his study of the distressing problem is now offered in book form, as "The Bitter Cry of the Children." Macmillan Company, $1.50.

It is an appalling mass of proof, black as midnight, more horrible in its directness than any nightmare dream of suffering, where every thing is wrong and no way to better it. He shows that inadequate food supply and lack of pure air are the primary causes of such high mortality rates among the children of the very poor, for Nature usually gives a healthy body at the start, at least while the mother is sufficiently nourished. Dr. Vincent declares food to be much more important than sanitary conditions. Few have any conception of the overpowering burdens borne by the laboring child in our modern Moloch, our industrial system. These piteous little martyrs seldom complain or cry; that is the most heart harrowing view of it to me: they are so crushed, diseased, benumbed, hopeless, exhausted that they do not realize their condition.

Through Mr. Spargo's burning words we see woeful pictures; we hear the oaths and brutal orders of the overseers; we listen to a mother's moaning plea when not allowed to go to her dying baby in the dreary place called home; we watch the girl scarcely fifteen, shrieking in anguish, forbidden to leave her work and actually forced to give birth to a child on the floor, surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children! Unspeakable sins are daily habits under such environment; boys of ten are vilely diseased; girls are unmarried mothers as soon as this horror is possible. The common diseases of childhood, usually so far from fatal, sweep away by thousands the half starved children. Better far that they do go.

"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

The stories of want and suffering are too sad to hint at. No one seems to say much about the irresponsible fathers of these wretched waifs, who really ought to share the responsibility! Many are worthby overwork in those dreadful slums. wages; others are deserters when their own offspring are too numerous for their comfort; many are diseased; few get more than six dollars a week. The deeper the search, the more discouraged you become. Do you decry a gleam of hope in the Malthusian dream of restricting the family to such a number as can be cared for?

That is as Utopian as attempting control of a tidal wave. Love, passion, animalism will have their way. So, these thousands of undesired victims must come into life and should be well fed and rescued.

But how? After accompanying this missionary on his rounds, you do not want to sit still and moralize, regretting that such things are as they are; you will perhaps rise to a sense of personal duty, not as a member of a fashionable guild or even as a slummer. No wonder that merciful women nurses advise chloroforming infants at birth when there is nothing before them but torture and tragedies. But what can be done? They have been trying the experiment of providing meals for poor children in the public schools of London

and it is found that those who most need the food are not those who are sent.

* * *

It is a relief after this to turn to the brilliant chat of an exceptionally clever and versatile woman; Mrs. John Lane of London, wife of the publisher and daughter of Julius Eichberg, the master violinist of Boston a score of years ago.

"The Champagne Standard" is a fitly named book in several ways: this is her explanation of it. "There is nothing in the modern world so absolutely real and convincing and universal as its pretence. It has set itself a standard of aims and of living which can best be described as the Champagne Standard. To live up to this standard, you have to put your best foot foremost, and that foot is usually a woman's. It is the women who have set the champagne standard. Nothing else so accurately describes the insincere, pretentious and frothy striving after one's private unattainables. It is aspiration turned sour."

So few also dare omit champagne at a formal dinner, although they can ill afford it. This interesting woman certainly shows none of the primness, reserve and frigidity assumed by humorists to belong to Boston women; on the contrary she is like champagne herself, effervescent, sparkling, exhilarating London Pommery!

All the literary reviewers of London are enthusiastic in their praise and several editions have already been exhausted. Yet Mrs. Lane hesitates never; her frankness is illumined and sugar coated by genuine New England humor. She recounts her own experiences in a foreign land in such an amusing way that no one can possibly take offence. Can this enviable, inimitable "way" be called "Hub Punch"? I particularly enjoy and endorse what she says about full evening dress for mature women who at fifty have either too much bust development, or are forced to exhibit themselves as bony horrors!

Listen to what she writes from the depths of experience, about dress. "What a social comfort a hat is! It gives one so much moral courage. It is less terrible to encounter society in a hat; one can take refuge in it from the coldest blast. But in the evening, garlanded with roses and deserted, so to speak, by God and man, society is a trial. There is no greater martyrdom for the middle aged than baring their shoulders to the bitter air and transporting them to an evening function, to shiver for n instant in the smile of the hostess, and then subside against the wall, while the young and ardent flirt about with members of the other sex; or if they don't flirt, they appear to, which is just as well."

Being a thorough musician herself and accustomed to listening to only the best masters, she was nearly driven to tears by the pianola. "There was something exasperatingly perfect in the sound. An imitation artist steered the music and pumped in the expression at the proper place, while the indefatigable instrument ejected miles of punctured paper. You can be a Paderewski while you wait, but thank heaven! no ingenious American has yet invented a mechanical Joachim!

This book needs no praise; it is sure to have a tremendous success. John Lane Company, The Bo ley Head, London and New York.

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The Conquest of Arid America has found its faithful historian in William E. Smythe, who has been intensely earnest regarding the subject from the beginning of the work in 1889. Every one who cares for the best interests of his country should rejoice over the constant progress, the marvellous achievements, the splendid success of the attempt to make the desert not only blossom like the rose but rich in crops, fruit, trees; attractive for home seekers. The stories of the labors read like fairy tales and the pictures of before and after, sometimes with but two years of water, seem like a miracle. I will give but one quotation, but it tells the whole result.

"Nowhere are there sharper contrasts than that which is presented by these green and fruitful farms, gleaming like islands of verdure upon the brown bosom of the far-stretching plain, which have been seared by the hot breath of rainless winds. The uses of the artificial reservoirs are not limited to irrigation; they are usually stocked with fish, which multiply with surprising rapidity and enable the farmer to include this item of home produce in his bill of fare every day in the year. These fish are very tame, and in some cases actually trained to respond to the ringing of the dinner bell, coming in scurrying shoals to fight for crumbs of bread thrown upon the water. The reservoirs also yield a profitable crop of ice in the winter. The Starvation Belt has become a Land of Plenty." The Macmillan Company, $1.50.

* * *

President Hyde of Bowdoin College, with a wide experience of twenty years among college students, gives in straightforward, practical style his views on the various themes connected with that life; such a sensible and common sense book

and not destitute of keen perceptions and playful humor. The volume opens with letters home and to the best girl in different periods of a student's development. These are brilliantly done; his positive omniscience gradually tones down to a reasonable lookout on life and at last he sums up his inner experiences as "Naturalness, Selfishness, Self-Sacrifice and Self-Realization." He owns that the great majority of men go through college, as the great majority go through life, without getting beyond the first or second stage, and graduate as Matthew Arnold says most men die, "Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

This ability to rapidly change one's opinions is something to be thankful for. As John Burroughs said when shown an eagle's feather dropped in flight, "That eagle moulted the feather because he is growing a better one."

How wise President Hyde is, we see by his tolerance and optimism. "The attempt to regulate pleasure and amusement by rule is mischievous and futile. The attitude of many good people towards cards and billiards, the theatre and the dance, is a concession to the devil of things that are altogether too good for him to monopolize. Against opera or drama no lover of his fellows has a word to say."

His advice to the college girl is also especially fine. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, $1.50.

* * *

Another poetical drama from Stephen Phillips; this time the subject is Nero, that "homicidal lunatic," self-obsessed, steeped in almost nauseating luxuries, fancying he could act, or sing, or charm with his mediocre music. Gibbon gives a picture of one of his beastly revels. "The Christians died in torments, and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others were sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to the fury of dogs; others smeared over with combustible materials were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. The emperor mingled with the populace in the dress and attitude of a charioteer."

As before we are given accurate history, splendid pictures, vivid character sketches; some of the lines are beautiful poetry, the dialogue is wonderfully done in excellent verse, and above all the barbaric glory of color! An English critic well says, "It blends the fragrance of rose leaves with the scent of blood." Macmillan Company, $1.25.

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The six best selling books just now in New York: A Maker of History, The Wheel of Life, The House of Mirth, The Man of America, The House of a Thousand Candles and The Truth About Tolna.

I have asked several of the leading publishing houses to tell me what new books deserve especial mention this month in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. Here is the list.

Macmillan Company: The Life of Wesley, by Professor C. T. Winchester. Volume one of a History of the Inquisition of Spain, by Dr. Henry Charles Lea. Life of Lord Randolph Churchill, by Winston Spencer Churchill. Salve Venetia! Gleanings from Venetian History, by F. Marion Crawford. Nero, by Stephen Phillips.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company: The Evasion, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. The Clammer, by William J. Hopkins. What is Religion? And Other Student Questions, by Henry S. Pritchett. The College Man and The College Woman, by William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.

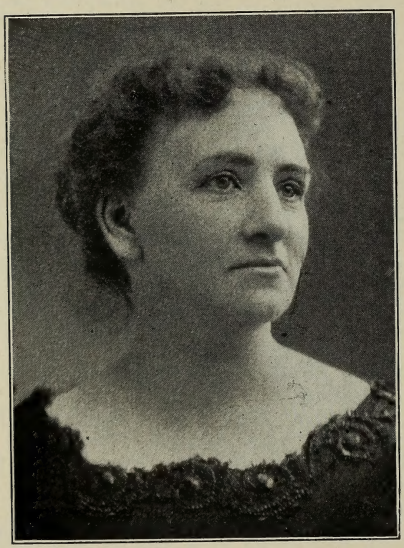
Doubleday, Page and Company: The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair. The Wheel of Life, by Miss Glasgow. Dixie After the War, by M. L. Avary. The Spur, by G. B. Lancaster.

Little, Brown and Company: The Sage Brush Parson, by A. B. Ward. Old Washington, by Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The National Society of N. E. Women

BY MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY AND MISS JUANITA LELAND

The club year is nearing its end; and it would seem that the National Society and Colonies had reserved the best of everything for the last were it not that interests of so satisfactory a nature have so generally prevailed throughout the year. The weather has been sweetly lenient toward neighborhood functions and one could almost consider tales of suffering from cold in early New England as legendary. But March has methods of her own and —for New York, at least—crowded all



MRS. GEORGE F. RALPH

PRESIDENT OF COLONY NINE

that she had held in reserve of winter into the 19th. The storm above and stress below was something that dwellers in our metropolis will never forget.

But the 20th smiled on cleared sidewalks and piled roadways. At Delmonico's early in the afternoon came eager groups of club women and their guests ready for the treat prepared for them by the Literary Committee of the National Society of New England Women. The two preceding literary programs had whetted appetite for a similar feast and as the brief press notice had mentioned that Miss Amy Murray, with new material gathered during last summer in the Outer Hebrides, was to entertain the Society, the seats filled rapidly.

The taking title, "The true edge of the great world," roused conjecture; and when the officers entered, accompanied by a slender woman in a white robe with a tartan scarf gracefully draped over her shoulders, the applause was quick and cordial. Miss Murray carried her clairschach, a model of the one used by Mary Queen of Scots, and all eyes were drawn to its polished carving and antique form. During the program Miss Murray explained that there were only four of the original harps in existence, and that the one used by Queen Mary was in the Royal Museum in Edinburgh. Mrs. Homer Irvin Ostrom, the Chairman of the Literary Committee, said in her introduction that the audiences had been led during the season from Japan to Isle la Motte on Lake Champlain, and now would become acquainted, through Miss Murray's guidance, through the songs and sayings from "The true edge of the great world," with the humor, pathos and broad humanity of the folk of the Hebrides.

Miss Murray then gave the following program to a delighted and enthusiastic audience:—Part I: Old Hebridean Songs with accompaniment upon the clairschach; Ailein Dnina (song of Flora MacDonald); Mairi Bhoid heach (Lovely Mary); Oran na Soneoraich (Song of the Thrush); Oran nah Uiseag (Song of the Lark); and Liathag (Tangle Rhyme), the last three were child songs from Eriskay; Oran nah Eiclo Wiesge (Song of the Water-horse). Part II: Old Scottish Songs with accompaniment on the pianoforte. Charlie is my darling, Hey, Johnnie Cope, (Songs of 45); My Heart is Sair, The Deil cam' Fiddlin' thro' the Toun (songs of Robert Burns); I Know My Love by His Way of Walking (Irish song from Donegal); The Twa Sisters o' Binnorie (old ballad), and The Barrin' o' the Door (narrative song).

The old Hebridean songs are unique and of deeper interest to the students of folk songs. Miss Murray often translated a Gaelic phrase, and in the child songs gave the meaning of the little rhymes. Her

imitation of the wild laugh of the girlie who sang them to her was irresistible. The child was full of wondering glee that what she had always crooned was music. "I never knew that I was singing." "Charlie is my Darling" and "Hey, Johnnie Cope," were electric. "I know my Love by his way of walking," was sung by request, and is an entirely new and characteristic Irish song. "The Twa Sisters" is a most picturesque form of the old ballad of two sisters courted by the same knight; the jealous murder of the younger by the elder, the finding of the body, and the harper's stringing his harp with its golden hair, the weird harp strings telling through song in her father's hall of her death at the hands of her sister. Mr. Wark was the accompanist on the piano. Miss Murray made a charming picture at the clairschach as she played and sang. The members and friends of the New England Society are feeling that the literary meetings are a leading feature of the club season. We are indebted to Mrs. Homer J. Ostrom for the report of this most interesting meeting.

* * *

Another function of social interest was "Colony Day," celebrated on the 29th at the home of Mrs. Fitch James Swinburne. The officers of the Parent Society and all of the Colonies, together with the members of the Colony Committee were invited; about one hundred responded in person, or by proxy, and as many more by regrets. The affair was purely social. No program interrupting the various groups of conversationalists and the two hours proved too short for the desired acquaintances to be made. The dining room was as usual on such occasions, wondrously attractive, though strictly New England delicacies were not dispensed—but everywhere, as characterizes Mrs. Swinburne's entertainments, the true spirit of cordial hospitality prevailed. A particularly beautiful piece of flowers consisted of a solid bank of red and white tulips.

The Parent Society are exceedingly regretful that in one more month their charming president, Mrs. George T. Stevens, retires from the chair. She has endeared all hearts to her and has presided always in a graceful and genial manner, holding up the attributes for which the Society stands. The Colonies are progressing finely in numbers and interests are growing in a substantial way.

* * *

Mrs. D. Frederic Potter, president of Colony 2, Buffalo, sends the following: "This Colony held the regular March meeting on Thursday, the 8th. A very interesting and original paper on "Harriet Beecher Stowe" was written for the day by Mrs. Jennie Robbins Smead. Mrs. Frances W. Graham, State W. C. T. U. president, was a special guest and sang several times clearly and charmingly. Each member of Colony 2 was privileged to invite a guest and many friends were present, among them Mrs. Frank J. Shuler, president Western New York Federation of Women's Clubs, who gave a word of greeting from the Federation to the New England Women. The most distinctive entertainment which has been given in the history of the Colony is the Loan Exhibit of New England relics, held during the week ending March 10th. A candy and cake sale was a feature of the entertainment together with a talk on old china and a musical program. The first year book edited by the Colony is completed and each member is happy in possessing a copy of same. The year is nearly ended. All is well in Colony 2—prosperity reigneth therein."

* * *

Montclair, Colony 3, held its annual meeting on Thursday, March 22d, at the residence of Mrs. Schoonmaker, 84 Fullerton ave. S. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. H. C. Newell; first vice president, Mrs. W. G. Frost; second vice president, Mrs. Frederick B. Lovejoy; recording secretary, Mrs. Charles W. Royce; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Merwin Rice; treasurer, Mrs. Francis S. Foote; assistant treasurer, Mrs. John McGhie; managers, Mrs. Edward P. Mitchell, Mrs. Charles Whiting Baker and Mrs. E. G. Hovey. During the past year money to maintain a district nurse and meet other expenses of the club was raised in three ways. Early in the year wooden boxes were sent out to the members, requesting them to collect all the money they could in any way they chose. After six months they were called in and it was found that over two hundred dollars had been collected in this way. A musicale was held in December which netted another two hundred and a euchre party was given on the evening of Washington's birthday, from which one hundred and sixty dollars was cleared. The trained nurse supported by the Colony charges a fee where patients are able to pay, though usually it is very small, and over two hundred dollars came in from this source; all of which, with the dues of the eighty members, gave an income for the year of over nine hundred dollars. Miss Lawrence, the nurse, is a graduate of Grace Hospital, Toronto. She has made her work a success far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Fif-

teen hundred calls were made during the year; compared with similar work in other towns, this is a remarkable record, considering that she walks for hours daily in going from house to house.

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Since the last issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE Washington, Colony 4, has installed her officers for the coming year. All regret deeply the close of Mrs. Bertha Robbins' presidency but are happy that her successor, Mrs. C. David White, is so thoroughly qualified for the position. Mrs. Robbins is now historian and sends the following: The regular monthly meeting was held March 19th. After regular routine business a resolution was passed to send the following memorial to Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte.

"As women of New England we cannot remain silent while there is a possibility of the old ship 'Constitution' being broken up and disappearing from the register of the navy. We beg to present our most earnest remonstrance against any such action and hereby pray that necessary steps forthwith be taken for preserving the 'Fighting Frigate of 1812,' that she be repaired and renewed and once more put in commission to be used as a training ship, in connection with the Naval Academy. Not only preserving the old 'Constitution' for the glorious victories won, and at the time of the fight with the 'Guerriere' restoring the self-respect of this nation, but it will instill in the hearts of the present generation and those who follow a proper pride in the history of that period."

It was also adopted for regular program that papers should be prepared by members on the various Colonies from which our New England states originated. At the next meeting Massachusetts is to be considered. During the social which followed most beautiful music was enjoyed, given by the host, Lieutenant Commander Barroll, on the violin, his wife accompanying on the piano. Hon. Charles Lyman read some choice poetry. Although a terrible storm had raged all day there was a very good attendance.

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Mrs. D. W. Kuhn, secretary Pittsburgh, Colony 7, sends the following: "The Pittsburgh Colony of New England Women had an unusually full meeting in March when Mrs. Detweiler, one of its members, who has lately returned from a long residence in Russia, gave an interesting talk on that country illustrated with photographs and specimens of needlework. This address was followed by the usual informal talk over the teacups. The Colony welcomed on that day several new members but none more warmly than the first Colony baby, to whom was presented a 'Paul Revere' porringer with the inscription:

GEORGIA PEARSON
FROM
THE PITTSBURGH COLONY OF NEW ENGLAND WOMEN
TO
THE FIRST COLONY BABY

The Colony hope to give one or more lectures and readings this spring by representative New England writers but plans are not yet perfected."

* * *

Mrs. Agnes B. Ormsby, chairman press committee, Brooklyn, Colony 8, reports as follows: The Brooklyn Society of New England Women at its March social meeting warmly welcomed to its ranks seventeen new members. The total membership has now reached the gratifying number of one hundred and ninety-two. This colony, number eight of the National Society, is continuing its initial prosperity and rapidly arranging the business details to its satisfaction. The Constitution and By-Laws, having received the final approval of the members by vote, has been printed and sent to each individual. Arrangements have been made to have the address book printed and distributed directly after the annual meeting, the first week in May. Under the efficient chairmanship of Mrs. H. B. Shute of the executive board, matters pertaining to the May social meeting and the annual meeting have been arranged and all indicate a successful finishing of a prosperous first year.

The spacious home of Mrs. Camden C. Dike, Columbia Heights, was crowded to its full capacity at the March social meeting on the eighth. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore, Miss Isabel M. Champman presided and in a gracious manner introduced the first vice president of the National Society, Mrs. Frederick Frehlingheusen Seward, who made a cordial speech to this "latest child of the Parent Society." Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, chairman of the Colony committee of the National Society, sent her remembrances in a mass of scarlet and white tulips, tied with the society's colors. The subject for the afternoon was the women's colleges of New England, which Mrs. Lucy T. Lewis, chairman of the literary committee, had thoughtfully arranged. Mrs. H. Lee Mallory, who represents three generations of interest through her mother, daughters and self in Mount Holyoke, gave an interesting paper full

not only of the details of the beginning of this, the first woman's college, but also of the rare spirit of its founder, Mary Lyon. Mrs. Mallory is a member of the Brooklyn Society but Miss Anna S. Jenkins who spoke for Smith College, and Miss Alice Stevens who treated of Wellesley College, were honored guests. Both of the speakers emphasized earnestly the special aims of her alma mater, its history and achievements, till the members, who represented largely the college of matrimony, were only comforted for the loss of their youth and opportunities by the conviction that choice between Smith and Wellesley would be perplexing indeed. Mrs. H. Brooks Day, one of the society's talented musicians, rendered most excellent piano selections and Mrs. Emma G. Beveridge, chairman of the entertainment committee, sang with charming simplicity two groups of songs. Miss Joseph, another of the society's guests played the accompaniments with care and taste, while a cordial letter from California from the society's president. Mrs. Moore, completed the afternoon's enjoyment.

* * *

San Francisco the first of the Pacific Colonies, is growing rapidly in numbers, calling to her membership women that represent the finest ancestry — names that have helped make the history of our Republic. We of the East are righteously proud of the achievements of Colony 10. They have already printed their Constitution, By-laws and membership list—the latter numbering upwards of eighty. Their secretary, Miss Jennie Partridge, sends the following: The New England Colony held its regular meeting last Friday at the California Clubhouse. The Colony is growing in interest and numbers, many new names being presented for membership. An interesting feature is that several presidents of other clubs are among its members, so that the working force is greatly helped thereby, and there will be no danger that business will not be carried on in the most parliamentary way! The committees are as follows: Membership, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst; literary, Mrs. Clare O. Southard; music, Mrs. E. De Los Magee; refreshments, Mrs. Eli P. Burr; reception, Mrs. John Jay Scoville; decoration, Mrs. A. J. Tinker. Mrs. Southard read a paper on the Early History of New England up to 1620, beginning with the Algonquins and their characteristics, of their agglutinative and polysyllabic language; speaking of the slave system of woman, polygamy, etc.; then giving the beginning of the Pilgrim movement and their leaving Delfthaven in the leaky "Speedwell" and later sailing in the "Mayflower" with one hundred passengers. Mrs. John Bakewell of Oakland gave a paper on the Home Life of Early New England, describing the conflict of France and England over the Colonies, the thirst for adventure which led men to brave hardships, and sail for the New World, Bartholomew Goswell being the first to land in 1602 on Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod . George Weymouth next sailed for Cape Cod and coasted north to Kennebec which resulted in the formation of two great stock companies, one under Sir John Popham, who started an expedition which landed at Kennebec in 1606. In 1614 Captain Smith explored from Penobscot to Cape Cod and named it New England. The "Mayflower" arrived in 1620, and lay in the harbor for five weeks, the women landing every day and cooking supplies, and the men scouring the country for game, forty-six dying that awful winter, one of whom was the beautiful Rose Standish. By spring seven houses had been built, and twenty-six acres cleared. Mrs. Bakewell gave interesting details of daily life. Miss Rahout gave two piano solos, one by Liszt, and Mrs. Southard read a beautiful poem, "Daffodils," by Mrs. Grace Hibbard, whom we are happy to claim as a member. A Grace Hibbard Day is in preparation by the literary committee. Refreshments were then served and the members enjoyed a social hour.

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Mrs. George Frederick Ralph (Cornelia Marion Barnes Ralph), President of Colony 9, National Society of New England Women, has a highly honorable and interesting ancestry. Through her father, the late Sylvester Wallace Barnes, she is eighth from Thomas Barnes who signed the New Haven Colony constitution in 1644, ninth from Captain Isaac Johnson who fell in King Philip's War, tenth from Captain John Johnson, "Surveyor of all ye King's Armies in America," and ninth from Justice Edward Howell, leader of the founders of Southampton, Long Island, in 1640.

Her Topping line is interesting for an unbroken succession of military titles. It runs as follows: Captain Thomas Topping, Captain Elnathan Topping, Captain Stephen Topping, Lieutenant Daniel Topping, Southampton, Long Island; Sergeant Daniel Topping, seven years' veteran of the New York Line in the Revolution; Lieutenant Jared Topping, War of 1812; Lucina Topping, Sylvester Wallace Barnes, Mrs. Ralph. Captain Thomas Topping, in 1635-39 of Wethersfield which he represented in General Court, was an original proprietor of Milford, 1639-44, leading man of Hempstead, 1645-50, and in 1651-1664 of South-

ampton, where he was captain, magistrate, deputy and assistant. Of Milford and Branford subsequently, he commanded all the New Haven troops in 1672, and from 1674 to 1684 was Assistant of Connecticut.

Through her mother, the late Cornelia Augusta Chevalier, Mrs. Ralph is linked with the very earliest founders of both New England and New York. Eleventh from Stephen Hopkins and tenth from his children, Giles and Constance, she descends from three "Mayflower" passengers. Again, she is ninth from Joris Jansen de Rapalie and Catalina Trico, the only two whose names are certainly known among the company of French and Walloons who in 1623 established the first permanent settlement in New Netherland.

Mrs. Ralph's other early New York ancestors include Anneke Jans, Dominie Bogardus, Resolved Waldron, the Tellers, the Chevaliers, the Renandets, the Van Vechtens, the Hooglandts. Her New England ancestors include the Holts, Collines, Bartholomews, Dakins, Perrys, Swifts, Prentices, Benjamins, Burgesses, Porters, Snows, Deanes, Cheneys, Kings, Freemans and Merricks.

She is eleventh from William Collier, Commissioner of the United Colonies, assistant and richest man of Plymouth; and is tenth from Constant Southworth, assistant and treasurer of Plymouth Colony. Through the latter a descendant of the ancient and knightly Southworths of Samlesbury Hall, Lancashire, Mrs. Ralph is an "American of royal descent," claiming as ancestors the crowned Plantagenets of England, William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, "Emperor of the West," various Roman Emperors of the East, and innumerable other royalties of early and mediaeval Europe.

Reports from the other Colonies arrived too late to be used in this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. It will be interesting to know that the various Colonies now aggregate a membership of nearly seven hundred.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

A celebration unique among the anniversaries which the people of historic New England remember, was held not long ago in North Hadley. The occasion was the one hundredth birthday of an old-time teacher, widely known, feared and loved as "Aunt Betsey." "Aunt Betsey" herself died twenty years ago but her memory is still bright as a gathering of one hundred and twenty-five in Bartlett chapel to commemorate the little red schoolhouse days bore witness. Still brighter were the remembrances of many a method, many a wile of hers to reward her pupils in the paths of righteousness and to maintain good sound obedience to discipline. There are few New Englanders who do not remember before the days when systems and theories were much talked of, some gaunt woman fond of learning, very lovable, very fearful, for to the naughty and the stupid ones she was as uncompromising as truth. Other memories also linger about such a teacher of old days—the clutter of school room life, the bleak winter and the big stove, the little half circle of the reading class, her awful severity and the thrill of her kindness. These qualities and more must have been accentuated in Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Baker, "Aunt Betsey" of the one hundredth celebration, to keep so warm an affection in the hearts of her boys and girls. The exercises of the day began with calling the roll, and the pupils present responded. One seventy-one year old boy told in his speech how he got shut in a dark closet with a girl who had to wear his hat while her hood was tied on him. His wife, another pupil, recalled "Aunt Betsey's" warming her apron on cold days and wrapping little Helen's chilled hands in it, but when the same little girl brought rag dolls to school and hid them under the fold of her dress, with one sweep of the teacher's arm, the dolls were in the fire. One absent scholar wrote, "For me, she and not David composed the twenty-third Psalm. The 'green pastures' have always been those of Mount Warren that I saw from the east window of the school room. We all came out strong on the last verse because she did." Another one recalled "Every afternoon as surely as the recess bell rang which ended the day for us little ones, she rose impressively from the arm chair, walked slowly across to the throne end of the room, mounted its height, raised the cover of the desk, and from behind and beneath it produced something for every good child according to the degree of his goodness. Sometimes it was a raisin, sometimes a lump of sugar, sometimes only a half one, sometimes a big red peppermint." Speeches were made by principals of schools in Hadley and Hop-

kins and Clifton Johnson, the author, also made a clever speech; an address was given by the principal of Westfield Normal school where "Aunt Betsey's" good courage and love of knowledge led her to become a student at the age of forty. The Normal school was then considered new-fangled. But "Aunt Betsey" had attended the public school at its first opening in North Hadley. This was her first regular school career. The next year she began school teaching and followed her profession with great success and honor for thirty years till 1881. There was an interval of a few years when she was married. After her husband's death she resumed school teaching. She taught largely in North Hadley, and also in Hadley Centre, Haydenville, Leverett, Dockanum and Plainville. For many years she lived in her home village, taught her school and cared for her old parents. Her family was a large one and numbered one hundred cousins, many of whose children went to school to her. Little toddlers were sent to school at an early age in order that they might say in later years that they had been under Aunt "Betsey."

* * *

The orthodoxy of New England has been popularly considered to be a fixed quantity. The sporadic declaration of advanced opinions from time to time has had but limited welcome from the recognized leaders, and it has been a frequent remark that in the reception and adoption of new thought and belief the pews have been in advance of the pulpit. That this has been apparent rather than real appears from the revelations of opinion and belief published by *The Congregationalist* in the number of March 8th, celebrating its ninetieth anniversary. It asks of seven representatives of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian churches the question—"The Religion of the Next Ninety Years—What Will it Be and Do?" The answers are most significant in their unanimity in practical surrender of a theory of dogmas on which great stress was formerly laid, and insistence on the authority of enlightened reason and established science in interpreting the Bible. Thus Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus says: "After all readjustments are made in the study of the Bible and its higher appreciation according to the truer views of to-day, that to-morrow marks the new era for a civilization when the child's heart hears and answers the child's Savior." Professor Henry S. Nash, D. D., says: "The Old Testament is disclosing itself to us in its true character. It is the book of the nation. We are ceasing to take it as a body of infallible teaching in the field of doctrine or of inerrant prediction of future events." And later: "We no longer speak without effort about predestination in the theological sense. Something more terrible than the foreordination of souls to damnation is confronting us. Can we contemplate, without sinking of heart, the possibility of social conditions which doom and damn little children to misery and hopelessness?" Rev. James R. Day, D. D., says: "The working creed will be the thirteenth chapter of second Corinthians, which has its climax in the heart of Christ with which it closes. 'Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love.'" Professor William N. Clarke, D. D., says: "Much of the present unrest is due to the seeking after reality, with its abandonment of the unreal; and the eyes of hope are turned to the day when religion shall be understood to consist in a genuine life, in the realities that are eternal." Rev. Charles E. Jefferson's thought is: "Since the Reformation era Protestantism has been handicapped by an intenable doctrine of Holy Scripture, which has produced in each generation a host of skeptics and filled the heart of many a saint with perplexity and misgivings. By the scholarship of the last ninety years the power of that conception has been forever broken, and clergymen hereafter instead of squandering time on questions incidental will be free to attend to the one thing essential—God's revelation of Himself in Christ." Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon says: "The worship of the Bible, the subjection of the conscience to it is, for the educated man, no longer possible. In the best sense of that uncertain and perilous adjective the Bible has become a natural book. It has ceased to be the Lord of conscience; it has taken its place as the supreme servant of the conscience." Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle closes the symposium with this thought: "The regeneration of the individual will be sought with increasing earnestness, not simply, however, that his soul may be saved and that he may go to heaven, but quite as much that he may save and serve society and produce a little more of heaven on earth." And Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning, the editor of *The Congregationalist,* in summarizing this symposium says of the seven men quoted, they "speak in this number in words as divinely prophetic as those of the Old Testament." He also says: "There is a voice of authority not limited to any past period nor confined to any one book. It is a living voice to living persons." Those of us who are not very old can recall a time when this group of sentiments could not be uttered in the ears of orthodox New England without raising a storm of protest and innumerable

heresy trials, and there would not be disclosed in the community a sufficient number of supporters to establish a respectable schism. This publication emphasizes the record of a progress in religious thought which has been so quiet as to attract but little attention. It will do much to crystalize this evolution of thought, and it should operate as a powerful incentive toward a more general eagerness to learn and appropriate the new forms of truth which mark the opening of this new century.

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The Congo Reform Association has issued the following address to the people of Massachusetts. Governor Guild, who has headed a petition to the President and Congress, asking for an investigation of the atrocities in the Congo, is a vice president of the Congo Reform Association and has united in the preparation of this address.

To the People of Massachusetts:—

The Governor of the Commonwealth, the Lieutenant Governor, every member of the Governor's Council, the President and every member of the Senate, the Speaker of the House and an overwhelming majority of its members have signed a strong petition, urging the attention of the President and Congress to the terrible condition of affairs now prevalent in the Congo valley. There can be no mistake about the conditions, the official report of the Commission, whose appointment was forced from King Leopold, admits that the people of that unhappy country are chained to the soil like serfs and forced to turn in rubber to the agents of the king and his concessionary companies. The theory of law under which the king acts is that the entire land and even the wild products of the forest are the king's property, and that those who gather them may be proceeded against as "poachers" —to use the language of the report—and those receiving them may be proceeded against as "receivers of stolen goods." It is a matter of official record, supplemented by the evidence of photographs, that the unhappy natives who do not collect the exorbitant amount of rubber demanded of them are hunted like animals by organized bands of savages in the royal employment. Women are outraged. Men, women and children are tortured, mutilated and massacred. The first country to acknowledge the flag of the Congo State, now controlled by the King of Belgium, was the United States. It seems to us that the United States, therefore, should be the first country to resent the awful conditions under which this once fertile district is becoming not only barren of produce but of population. All citizens of Massachusetts, who desire to support the Governor in his appeal for an investigation by the State Department, are invited to send to the Congo Reform Association, Room 710, Tremont Temple, Boston, where copies of the petition headed by Governor Guild may be obtained for circulation. G. Stanley Hall, President; Hugh P. McCormick, secretary, Congo Reform Association.

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The traffic in india-rubber is as nearly a monopoly as any great commercial enterprise can be, but there is a shadow of hope that relief is coming from an unexpected source. A Colorado farmer had a valuable ram, which died of indigestion. An autopsy disclosed a mass in the animal's stomach which chemists have decided was practically india-rubber. Then the farmer gathered samples of all the vegetation to which the animal had access, and their analysis revealed one plant from which excellent rubber can be secured. There are uncounted acres of the weed already growing, and an unlimited area open to its cultivation. Capitalists have already begun to exploit the discovery and Colorado rubber promises to speedily compete with the gum of Brazil and the Congo Free State.

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The recently revived agitation of the question of the propriety of shortening the sufferings of incurables by the taking of life has brought out a counter movement which seems to be a preposterous interference with the right of individual opinion and candid discussion. A New York assemblyman has introduced a bill in the legislature which provides that any person who by word of mouth or by written or printed circulars, documents, articles, etc., advocates or teaches the propriety of putting to death persons afflicted with incurable mental or physical diseases shall be guilty of a felony. The proposition is farcical and if enacted it would do more to popularize the idea it proposed to suppress than anything its advocates could accomplish. Free thought and free speech are too firmly established here to tolerate such a limitation.

Greater Industries of America

NUMBER TWO

The Watch-Word of Commerce, Made by Ten Million Ingersoll Watches

By HERBERT CHURCHILL

It was not a very long time ago that anything in our work-a-day life was considered too prosaic to be written about in the clever magazines. The lesser feats of invention, the problems of the shop, the efforts of toilers to master mechanical difficulties and to give the world new things of utility and value were thought fitting features for treatment in journals of the trades, but not in the magazines. Many a good story was turned down because it was just shop talk. But a skilful magazine man saw possibilities in stories of industry; in narratives of real human interest evolved about the struggles and attainments of the plain worker. He believed every man and woman had a curious interest in those who do things worth while, who produce something of usefulness, who carve success out of hard and hostile elements.

He exploited the idea and was surprised to find that his readers, old and young, took immediate and keen interest in everything pertaining to the employments of the people. The little stories of industry were strangely popular. Now, all the magazines are glad to print narrations of achievement in any kind of work, even at the risk of giving free advertising, and the most popular monthlies are those that feature, in stories about little and big industries, the facts and feats of factory and shop.

What could be more inspiring to the man or boy with a purpose than the story about Robert H. Ingersoll buying that odd old-fashioned timepiece, a cross between a clock and a watch, from the shop of a clock dealer near the building in Fulton street, in which twenty-seven years ago, in a dingy little room, he made rubber stamps and stencils for a living; how he took the curious device to pieces and worked and fashioned days and nights into months and years to contrive a practical pocket timepiece of moderate size at low cost; and how he finally succeeded after many discouragements in producing the Ingersoll Dollar Watch. There is something thrilling in the thought of the plodding, determined youth toiling over the rusty works of the old clock to make it possible for every boy and man in his country, and later in the world, to carry a reliable timepiece; to make watches so cheap that instead of being a jewel ornament for the rich they became such a utility to the poor that bells and clocks in church steeples were no longer necessary to tell the time.

It is one of the striking facts of our modern industry that more than twelve millions of these watches are now in daily use; that the products of the great business of Robert H. Ingersoll and Brother have become synonyms of American commerce; that the dollar watch can be bought not alone in jewelry stores but in almost any well stocked mercantile establishment and more than ten thousand a day are turned out to supply a continually increasing demand.

The Ingersoll watch has become a standard article of its kind. That passage in scripture which says "By their works shall ye know them" seems to apply not inappropriately to the dollar watch. It is not a small clock but a perfect watch in every sense, a marvel of timekeeping mechanism, worked into as small space as the ordinary watch; it is made in various sizes and ornamental cases of filled gold, gun metal, nickel, silvered, etc. Of course there is no jeweling, there is an absence of precious metals in the cases but there is great strength, owing to thickness and weight of pivots and wheels. There is not the careful adjustment of expensive watches but it just goes on keeping time at a surprising rate of accuracy. Some one has said it is a good thing to have expensive clocks in the house, if you have an Ingersoll watch to set them by. A good many men of prominence to whom time is most valuable have had Ingersoll watches not only for themselves but have sent them to friends with high commendation, among these have been Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, W. K. Vanderbilt, J. P. Morgan, Admiral George Dewey, and others. A testimonial to the accuracy of the watch was received from Mr. Edison years ago. Referring to his experience, New York *Herald* recently said:

"To Mr. Edison time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. Time to him is only the chance to get things done; and no matter how long it takes they must be got done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a $2,700 Swiss watch, given him by a Euro-



SCENES IN THE FACTORY

pean scientific society. It is never used. He buys a stem-winder costing a dollar and a half, breaks the chain ring off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket—and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer and buys another."

On his trip to Labrador last year, Secretary Root and his boys, it was said carried Ingersoll watches. The makers have a letter from deep in the mines of Pennsylvania telling how gangs of workmen there regulate their movements by the time of an Ingersoll watch, which takes the place of the sun to them. The United States midshipmen carry Ingersoll watches and orders are regularly received from the midshipmen's supply department of the navy. Among the many testimonials which the Messrs. Ingersoll have, from hundreds of users of the dollar watch, is one from a captain in the United States army who tells how his soldiers have for months risen, eaten, worked and slept by his Ingersoll watch which regulates the time of the company. A thousand men in a regiment of Brooklyn during their encampment at Peekskill had a similar experience.

At the Paris, St. Louis and Portland expositions, the Ingersoll watch received gold medals, in each case the highest awards. A business of several thousand watches a day is being done in free trade England against competition of the poorly paid labor of Europe. In Germany a considerable demand is being created based wholly on the excellence of the watch, notwithstanding an almost prohibitive duty and the ridiculously low priced but worthless watches bearing the typical mark "Made in Germany." The De Selms Watch School of Attica, Indiana, answered an



TIMING THE WATCHES

inquiry not long ago from a missionary in China to the effect that the watch of greatest practical use to the people he was working among, was, all things considered, the Ingersoll.

A year or two ago a prominent English scientist sent to Canada on government work, being a member of the commission, fell to discussing with some other men in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car the biggest dollar's worth in the world. This scientist stated that he considered the Ingersoll watch the most wonderful thing that a dollar could buy. A lecturer recently distinguishing the legitimate from the illigetimate in advertising, in Chicago, referred to the Ingersoll watch as an example of the legitimate saying that he had purchased a watch and found it to be a good one. The enormous success of the makers is one of the most conspicuous illustrations of the infallibility of present-day advertising methods. One thing that illustrates how universally accepted is the Ingersoll watch, is the attention it has received on the stage. Many noted comedians have taken it up and worked it into their lines either in relation to the watch itself or its advertising.

Because of its tremendous sale the Ingersoll watch has done a great deal in furthering promptness and a higher regard for the value of time among classes of people who would not otherwise have had a watch. It has contributed its mite toward the general efficiency of this country. A wholesale jewelry house in Chicago sold fourteen thousand Ingersoll watches during one year out of which only forty-eight made them any trouble. notwithstanding an exacting guarantee was given with each watch.

A change which has just been made in the Ingersoll watch, converting it into a stem-winding and stem-set model, is the most important thing in the watchmaking field in years, and it is remarkable that the added expense of a more complicated movement is possible within the price of one dollar. Only the invaluable patents and immense output, the strong organization, the magnificent factory equipment, and experience of years makes such a thing consistently possible. It is a distinctively American product needed by the people; it is a perennial companion-piece of the people and is unquestionably the most cosmopolitan watch in the world.

BOOK NOTES

THE MENACE OF PRIVILEGE. Henry George, Jr.'s, Book on the Dangers to the Republic from the Existence of a Favored Class.

What Henry George, Jr., has sub-titled "A Study of the Dangers of the Republic from the Existence of a Favored Class" is carried vigorously through four hundred odd pages of his latest work, "The Menace of Privilege." In this exhaustive inquiry into existing social, industrial and moral conditions the author seeks to trace the relations, secret or overt, between special privilege and the portentous political and commercial forces that make for personal aggrandizement in the republic. The author deals with the social and economic situation thus outlined in concrete, instead of by methods of dialectics. He cites events and forces in bewildering array, conspicuous in the eyes of all men. What he desires to demonstrate is that the anomalous and seemingly unrelated state of things, social and political, mental and moral, that are so gravely disturbing the republic are in reality related and spring from privileges granted or sanctioned by government. For the untoward and perilous situation into which the march of events threatens to plunge the nation, Mr. George offers the remedy proposed by his distinguished father: "Tax land monopoly to death, thereby enabling the remission of all taxation now embarrassing production, and take all public highway functions into public hands, and the main causes of the unequal distribution of wealth would be removed. The destruction of the numerous secondary causes would quickly follow." But after all the means of cure are scarcely as vital at this juncture as an exact ascertainment of the nature of the disorder to be combated. Mr. George's surprising synthesis of privilege, if laid to heart by the masses, will work its own abolition. (The MacMillan Company, New York.)

THE FIGHT FOR CANADA. By Major William Wood, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

Canada is to-day a wide field for the new. As to her history, it is true that the great Parkman has written that. But since the whole bulk of documents and the missing links in naval evidence were brought to completion only in 1903, the present resourceful and vigorous account, centering in the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, fills a real need in history. As to Parkman's histories, it is only a tribute to his genius that, with such a scarcity of exact Canadian data to his hand, his mind could compass history. As to the present volume with its exhaustive data, its unbiased stand, there is no doubt that it will be to the three races concerned in that epic struggle—the death of Greater France, the coming of age of Greater Britain, and the birth of the United States—an authority in history. Five editions have already been issued, for America, Canada and England. Major Wood justifies his book for three reasons—one the self-evident one of complete first hand evidence. The second reason is the same one which brought forth Captain Mahan's book—the justification of the power of the navy, the Silent Service. In this light the author brings Saunders, admiral of the British fleet, into prominence along with Wolfe and characterizes the struggle on the plains of Abraham as a landing party on a large scale. However much the naval influence be exalted, Wolfe and Montcalm lose no vestige of their glory but glow brighter under the book's steady light of historical reason and truth. Third and last, Major Wood calls the campaign of Canada a most valuable object lesson in imperial defence—an insight into the philosophy of empire at the present day. Besides the solid foundation of authority, the work is rendered especially attractive by the author's skill in setting forth the situation and the freshness of the illustrations. Little, Brown & Company have acquired the American publishing rights of "The Fight for Canada" and are just issuing a definitive edition of this important historical work at a low price ($2.50 net).

WHISTLER. By Haldane Macfall.

A little volume on Whistler, breathing a very Whistler like spirit, comes to us from the pen of Haldane Macfall. A remarkably suggestive image of this great one among the greatest artists of the English race rises to us from the pages of this tasteful book. Whistler's life—in America as a West Point cadet, in Paris as an art student, in London where he made his home and wrought his successes; his career, from one stage and one great achievement to another—is told us, but especial prominence is given to a subtle presentation of his character and to a discussion of craftsmanship vs. art. "Butterfly, wasp, wit, Master of the arts, enigma," the author calls him. The closing pages are an apt word on Whistler's craftsmanship, commenting as they do on the power of mystery in life and in art. (Illustrated. First in the Spirit of the Age Series. John W. Luce & Company, Boston and London, Publishers. Price, 75 cents net.)



Get Out of the Shell

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THE GOSPEL OF LOVE. By Edmund G. Moberly.

So many advances and new practicalities have come to us from the island states of the South Seas that it is natural this broad and inclusive bit of theology as well should emanate from there. The Gospel of Love is a story very old, but evidently not so thoroughly accepted as yet as to forbear repeating. Rev. Mr. Moberly sets forth in his theological essays a new dispensation, not with the flavor of a new sect, however, for he speaks to us from the stability of a fifty-five years' ministry in the Church of England. Many of his views concur with those of Swedenborg, to whom the author refers with a great deal of earnestness as heralding more than a century ago the true scope and meaning of many things which are being tentatively worked out to-day. The keynote of the volume is: the power of love which is greater than sin and can cure the disease of sin; the basis of love on which the churches should earnestly work to set right social relations and bring about the true socialism of all for each and each for all, not that false socialism which is jealous of superior endowments. Under this light, the definitions of the terms of religion—communion, righteousness, sacrifice, true unity form the interest of other chapters. The book includes the world in the new dispensation—the ignorant and evil, also, within the circle. Christianity is upheld as the crown of the world's religions as it centres not on a shadowy and distant first cause but on a loving person. The chapter of interpreting the Bible by regarding recurrent words and phrases as symbols is especially in the thought of Swedenborg. (The Nunc Licet Press, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, $1.00.)

"CHRISTIAN ORIGINS." By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, translated into English by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph. D.

The author enriches theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries of curious interweaving, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a clear and succinct style.

Professor Pfleiderer divides his book into two natural sections. The first is devoted to the preparation and foundation of Christianity: its five chapters show the influence of the Greek philosophers and the Graeco-Jewish philosophy of Philo, the basis of Judaism, the achievement of Jesus and the loyalty of the small group of his believers, known as the messianic congregation. Particularly noteworthy and certain to cause widespread comment is the portion relating to Jesus; for the attitude of the modern liberal school of Protestant theology is here defined by one of its greatest leaders. The second section of the book treats of the evolution of the messianic congregation into the Church. The chapters of this section discuss the teachings of Paul and the three older Gospels, the success and failure of the Gnostic movement, the meaning of the Gospel of John, and the establishment of Church authority.

By flashes of new light which play about many dark passages of the new Testament, Professor Pfleiderer shows his gifts as an interpreter of Scripture; by the surprising parallels of oriental legends with the Gospel stories, he furnishes proof of his industrious research in the field of comparative religion; his experience as a teacher and a thinker gives to the whole volume, balance and soundness.

He shows what Christians ought to know and think about the beginnings of the Christian religion, presents the viewpoint of modern historical science, but above all, leads them to distinguish between the ephemeral and the permanent truth in early Christianity. (B. W. Huhsch, New York. Price $1.75, postage 12 cents.)

THE QUICKENING. By Francis Lynde.

This is one of the best stories of the season. It is honest and entertaining like its hero, Thomas Jefferson Gordon, who comes first to our attention as a bare foot boy, spatting down the pike, who got religion at a Methodist revival held by his uncle, the great brimstone preacher. We see him next as the school boy of a sectarian theological school, who had to choose, on one side, between pleasing his mother and being a hypocrite, and on the other, deserting his preacher aims for the business life. Then we learn his love affairs with the beautiful, spirited Ardea; his business life struggling to defeat men who stopped at nothing to gain their own ends, he, too, stopping at nothing to gain his aim of ruining them. The excitement of this business struggle; Tom's love for the strong character of Ardea and its outcome and the hero's outcome in manliness, hold our interest to the end of the book. The Southern spirit of the old Colonel, Nancy, the poor mountaineer's daughter, the real strength of Caleb Gordon, the hero's father, the boyish vigor and mistakes of Tom, the revival converts of Little Zoar, the delicacy, clarity and girlishness of Ardea, the Colonel's granddaughter, the whole range of background characters, enlist our sympathy. The book is the best yet of this favorite author. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.)

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With the Publishers

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has just received from Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson the manuscript of an important juvenile entitled "Four Boys in the Yellowstone," the first volume of "Our Own Land Series." In this important series Dr. Tomlinson will by the travels and good times of his characters teach an actual knowledge of the United States as few are qualified to do.



FRANCES POWELL

Author of
"The Prisoner of Ornith Farm"
Published by the Scribners

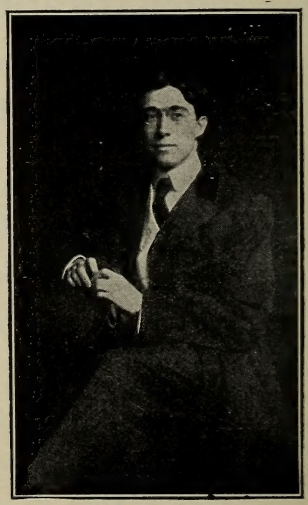
Frances Powell, whose full name is Frances Powell Case, was born in Newburgh on the Hudson River and spent most of her childhood there. Of late years she has lived in a little town called Wainscot, on the south shore of Long Island. There she spends most of her time and it is there that she does her writing. The scene of her first success "The House on the Hudson" is in the country around Newburgh, and the original of the "House" itself is an old tumbledown mansion not far from that town about which there were many stories.

* * *

President Charles F. Meserve of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., was so impressed by the shrewd philosophy of "Old Cy Walker," a prominent character in Charles Clark Munn's new book, "The Girl from Tim's Place," whose sayings are quoted on a card issued by the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, that he has ordered five hundred of these cards in order to present one to each student under his charge.

* * *

When the manuscript of Dwight Tilton's new book, "The Golden Greyhound," was submitted to its publishers, the manager was so impressed with the skilfully conceived mystery which completely baffled him that he felt safe in offering a dinner to any one in his office who would fairly guess the denouement. After repeated failures the guess was made, and the manager settled, but the readers of the book are now declaring that the successful one must have "peeked."



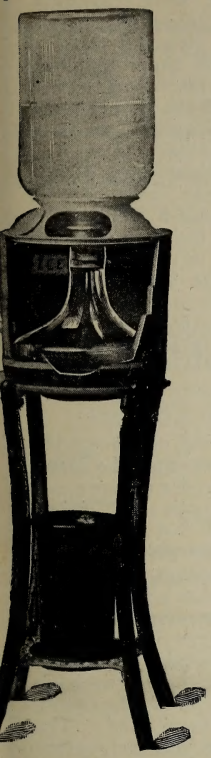
JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose new novel "The Day Dreamer" has just been published by the Scribners, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman and editor. The author was born about thirty-five years ago in Virginia. Mr. Williams is a Princeton man of the class of '92, and his first literary work, an unusual success, was "Princeton Stories" which has been called "the truest and most attractive picture of the recreative side of American college life that has yet been written." After leaving college he became a newspaper man and for some time worked on the staff of the New York *Sun*.

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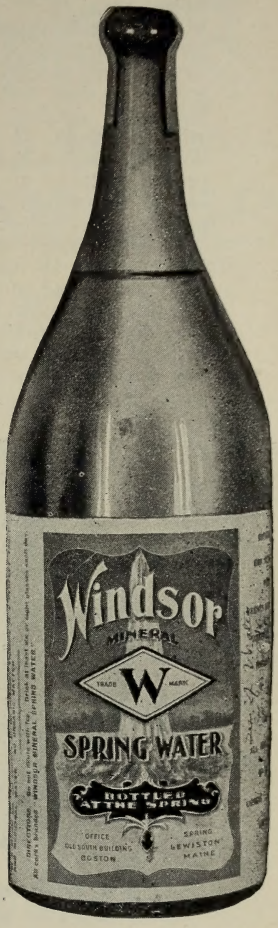


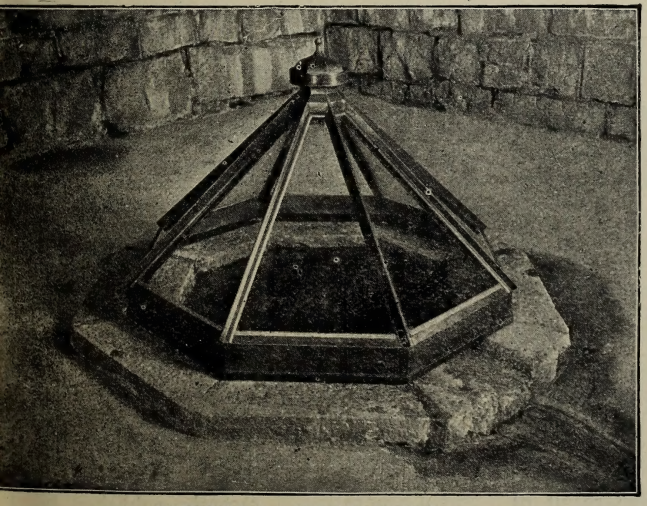
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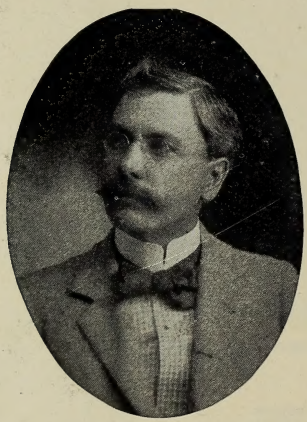
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Howard Chandler Christy makes still another departure from his earlier work in the pair of beautiful colored pastels, "The Army Girl" and "The Navy Girl," which his publishers, Moffat, Yard & Company, announce for spring publication. These two fascinating figures show his powers in their full maturity, and combine his most finished technic and coloring with elements of popularity which will doubtless make them the two most successful pictures of the year. They show, each, an American girl, typically beautiful, gracious and spirited, dressed in the coat and hat, respectively, of the Army and Navy. They are executed with wonderful dash and vigor and are in every respect pleasing and most unusual. Typifying, as they do, the American National spirit and, respectively, the two great departments of our power as a nation, they are destined to an immense popularity.



CY WARMAN

Cy Warman, the author of "The Last Spike" just published by the Scribners, is by far the best known writer of railroad stories in America. His romances and adventures are all the more vivid from his years of actual experience in the shops and as a fireman and engineer on the road itself. Born in Greenup, Illinois, in 1855, Mr. Warman at present lives in London, Ontario.

* * *

Ginn & Company announce the early publication through their Trade Department at Boston of a unique contribution to the literature on outdoor life. It is called "Mountain Wild Flowers," and is written by Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw, who has in this book gathered together the result of many years' study of these fascinating flowers that bloom above the clouds. The illustrations, of which there are one hundred and one, are full page reproductions of the original photographs taken by Mrs. Henshaw, and are pronounced by experts to be singularly successful. They are not chance photographs, but were carefully planned for artistic and scientific effect. Inasmuch as the book is intended for the general public each of the three hundred flowers described in the text is classified according to its color, and the descriptions are expressed in popular English. Professor John Macoun, the eminent naturalist, in a letter to Mrs. Henshaw says, "That the work should have been done as you have done it is more than I could have hoped. The beauty of the photographs, the absolute correctness of the grouping of the flowers, the concise and yet complete descriptions make it easy for even the visitor of a day to identify all the plants he is likely to see." This is a book to take with one on his travels.

* * *

"Love is the greatest thing in the world" —and it is fitting, therefore, that the latest anthology compiled by Frederic Lawrence Knowles should deal with its value. Shortly before his death last September Mr. Knowles handed to the publishers, H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston, his manuscript for "The Value of Love." The volume will be published early in the spring and from the advance pages it is evident the same careful and painstaking preparation had been employed to make the book equal if not superior to its predecessors, "The Value of Friendship" and "The Value of Courage." The scholarly essay with which he prefaced each of his earlier compilations is unfortunately lacking,—the concluding touch had not been given to his manuscript,—but the publishers found a worthy successor in Mr. Knowles' close friend and adviser, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who in her masterly way has done full justice in a most charming introduction not only to the subject of love itself but has paid a deep and lasting tribute to Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Like the volumes in the series the book will appear in most attractive dress, being printed in two colors with border designs drawn especially for this volume by Matthews and the volume will be tastefully bound in two styles, cloth and ooze leather.

* * *

The last issue of the "Quarterly Journal of Economics" contains a timely article on the Trunk Line Rate System by Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University. Professor Ripley's "Trusts, Pools, and Corporations," recently published by Ginn & Company, is already generally regarded as one of the standard reference books on the subject.

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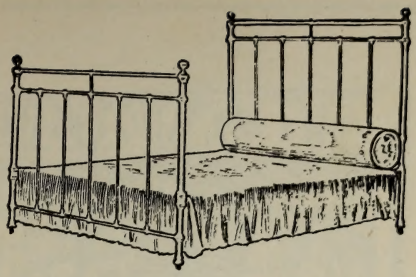
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IN THE MARKET PLACE

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For years one of the places of interest to visit in New York, has been the store of Tiffany & Company, where undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful display of silverware and jewels is made of any one establishment in this country. In their new building, on Fifth avenue, this old and reliable firm is better than ever enabled to display their wares and to the New York visitor to-day, two hours cannot be put to better advantage or prove of more interest than a visit to Tiffany's. Some of the beautiful Tiffany designs are shown in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE this month.

THE SAXONY RUG

At this season, when one desires rugs for a summer home, or in fact for hotels, clubs and private residences, ask your dealer to show you the Hartford Saxony Rugs. They are splendid reproductions of high class oriental rugs and have great wearing qualities.

AN ECONOMICAL MANTLE

The attention of housekeepers is called to the gas mantle manufactured by the Cleveland Gas Appliance Company, an illustration of which appears in their advertisement on another page. This is entirely a new product and as will be seen the asbestos frame protects the mantle. From an economical standpoint it is the best thing that has ever appeared on the market. They are sent on trial and thus give an opportunity for one to make a thorough test of their value.

FLAGS AND TENTS

If you desire a flag for the 17th of June or the 4th of July, send to C. H. Batchelder & Company, 234-240 State street, Boston, for their price list. You will also be interested, possibly, in their little booklet showing the styles, sizes and prices of tents, awnings and hammocks. They are large and reliable dealers in all these goods.

A HOME OUTFIT

One of the special offers made by the Plimpton-Hervey Company for furnishing the home is so attractive and so reasonable that we must make mention of it. For $88 they will furnish complete four rooms, parlor, chamber, dining room and kitchen. The regular selling price of these goods amounts to $131.40. A call at their store, 21-25 Washington street, will give an idea of this popular offer and an examination of their large stock of goods will pay any one for their trouble.

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Now is the time for all housekeepers to take preliminary steps in that important task—spring cleaning. Use Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol throughout the house, especially in the cellar, about the sinks, the bathroom, toilets and for cleaning the entire drainage system of all greasy, decomposing accumulations. Sulpho-Napthol is a great spring remedy for these places, for it kills all disease germs, foul, poisonous odors, etc., thus placing the house in a perfectly healthy condition. Then when the spring comes there will be no active germs to breed disease and the work will be rendered much easier. Sulpho-Napthol is the most valuable agent the housekeeper has to maintain clean, healthy homes. It is far superior to soaps—it is in fact the ideal cleaner. There is but one Sulpho-Napthol, therefore be sure you get the original packages bearing the trade-mark, and that no substitution is allowed.

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The Peabody-Tucker Company, at 47 Summer street, make a handsome spring



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UNIQUE WALL PAPER

T. F. Swan, the reliable wall paper man, has in stock some very quaint and pleasing designs especially made for children's rooms. One of these scenes is shown in a cut on this page, but others showing little girls, animals, etc., are still better designs, but could not be reproduced in print. Mr. Swan's stock is always up-to-date and New England people will make no mistake in calling at his store, 12 Cornhill, where they will be shown all the latest novelties by courteous salesmen.

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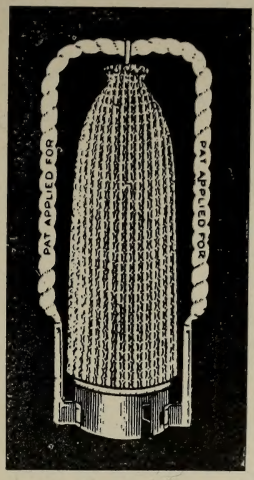
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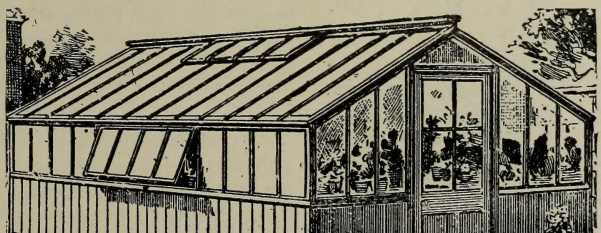
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of his general health as water, and yet nothing he eats or drinks, receives so little attention from the average man as this one thing. A man will find fault with his steak, chops or coffee if it does not suit him, but will take anything handed him for drinking water without a word of protest, never inquiring as to its source, and regardless of the quantity of organic matter it may contain, or the number of disease germs which one glass may distribute through the system.

It is a fact acknowledged by all physicians that the water furnished by the average public service is wholly unfit for drinking purposes, and many of the spring waters on the market are little better; containing more or less of organic matters, heavy deposits of lime, or other injurious ingredients.

The Windsor Mineral Spring Company offer the Boston public an absolutely perfect drinking water,—a water endorsed by hundreds of physicians whose use in cases of rheumatism, diabetes, kidney, bladder or stomach troubles, eczemas, chlorosis and all urinary diseases will produce wonderful results, and the only water now on the market which repeated analysis has shown to be absolutely free from all organic matters.

The Windsor Mineral Water gushes with crystal-like purity out of the solid rock, at Montello Heights, the picturesque hills near Lewiston, Maine, forming one of the best natural springs of pure water that can be found in the world. Its Boston office is in the Old South Building.

OF INTEREST TO MANUFACTURERS

American Industries, the paper of the National Association of Manufacturers, has arranged for a series of articles on a number of subjects of peculiar interest to manufacturers in all lines, to be published in the coming half year. The question of how to get export business is discussed by a number of writers, including members of the staff of the National Association of Manufacturers. Several articles on patents and trademarks are contributed by C. A. Dieterich, W. A. Fraser and others. In addition to a regular department on the subject of advertising, special attention will be given to discussions of the whole publicity proposition. Among the writers on this subject will be Managing Editor Hendrickson of Moore's Monthly Messenger, who will write on "How to Advertise Scientifically," F. M. Gale, of the General Electric Company, who has an article on "Expositions," and Mr. Rodman Gilder, head of the Publicity Department of the Crocker-Wheeler Company. A number of papers on "System for Office and Factory" are features, among them an article by Mr. Griffith of the Business Man's Magazine and Mr. R. C. Adams, of the Adams Company, "business specialists." The National Association of Manufacturers is anxious to obtain a much wider circulation for its paper. It will be glad to send sample copies of American Industries to any manufacturer interested in it, or it will put on the "free list" any manufacturer who desires to receive regularly Infant Industries, a witty little monthly "worth double the money," published at the office of American Industries, 824 Maiden Lane Building, New York City, to make friends for its bigger brother.

A BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE

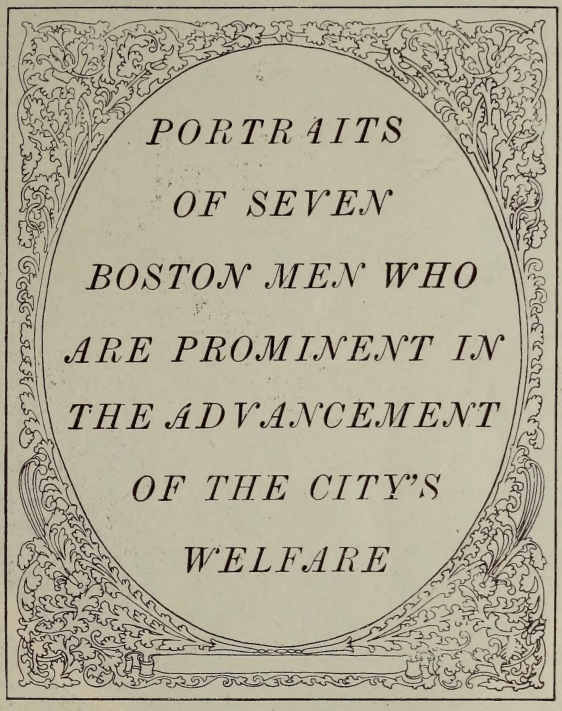
We are to-day in receipt of the catalogue for 1906, of the Anthony & Scovill Company of Binghampton, New York, manufacturers of the Ansco Cameras and supplies. It is in its get-up, a masterpiece in the art of advertising, from the very beautiful designs by the well-known artist, Harrison Fisher, forming the decoration of the front cover, to the last page of well-printed descriptive matter. It is full of interest to the amateur, most especially those pages describing the "Ansco-Vidil Film System." This new system gives the photographer the power to focus accurately before each exposure, with a film camera, as formerly could only be done in the use of dry plates. We are impressed with the finish of the Ansco Folding Cameras, and the extreme neatness of the general supplies. If only, however, for the description of the new film system, every amateur should address a request for this catalogue to the Anthony & Scovill Company, Binghampton, New York.

STOP IN PHILADELPHIA

at the St. James Hotel. It is ideal in every respect, conveniently located to railroad stations and the shopping centre. New Englanders will find a warm welcome there.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION

Many are now making their arrangements for a summer vacation and the NEW ENGLAND readers will find in the advertising pages the announcements of many of the leading hotels, among which may be mentioned the Colonial Arms at East Gloucester, the Maplewood at Bethlehem, in the White Mountains, the Pequot House and cottages at New London, Connecticut, the Winthrop Hotel at Winthrop, Massachusetts and Haddon Hall at Atlantic City.


PORTRAITS
OF SEVEN
BOSTON MEN WHO
ARE PROMINENT IN
THE ADVANCEMENT
OF THE CITY'S
WELFARE

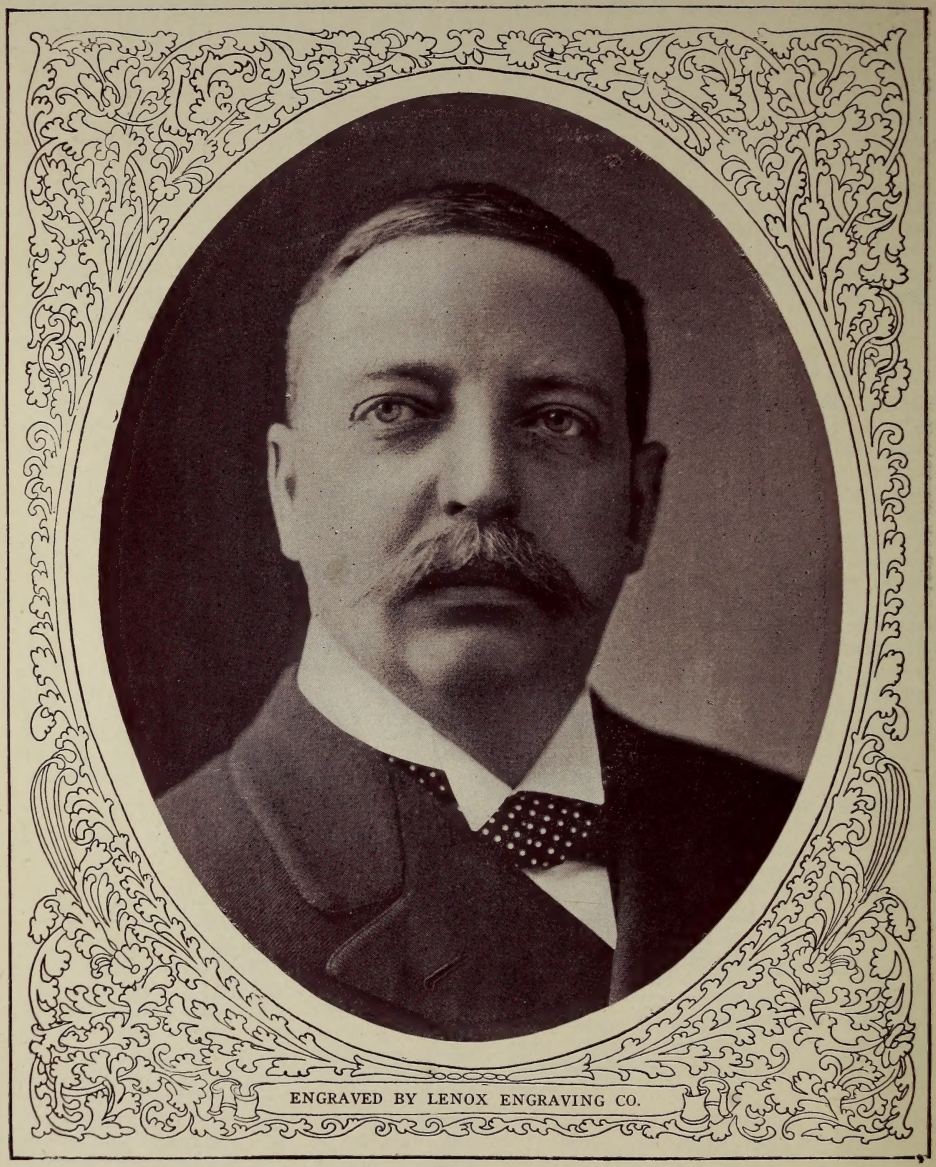


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

HON. CURTIS GUILD, JR.

Governor of Massachusetts, soldier, orator, staunch Republican leader and efficient Chief Executive.

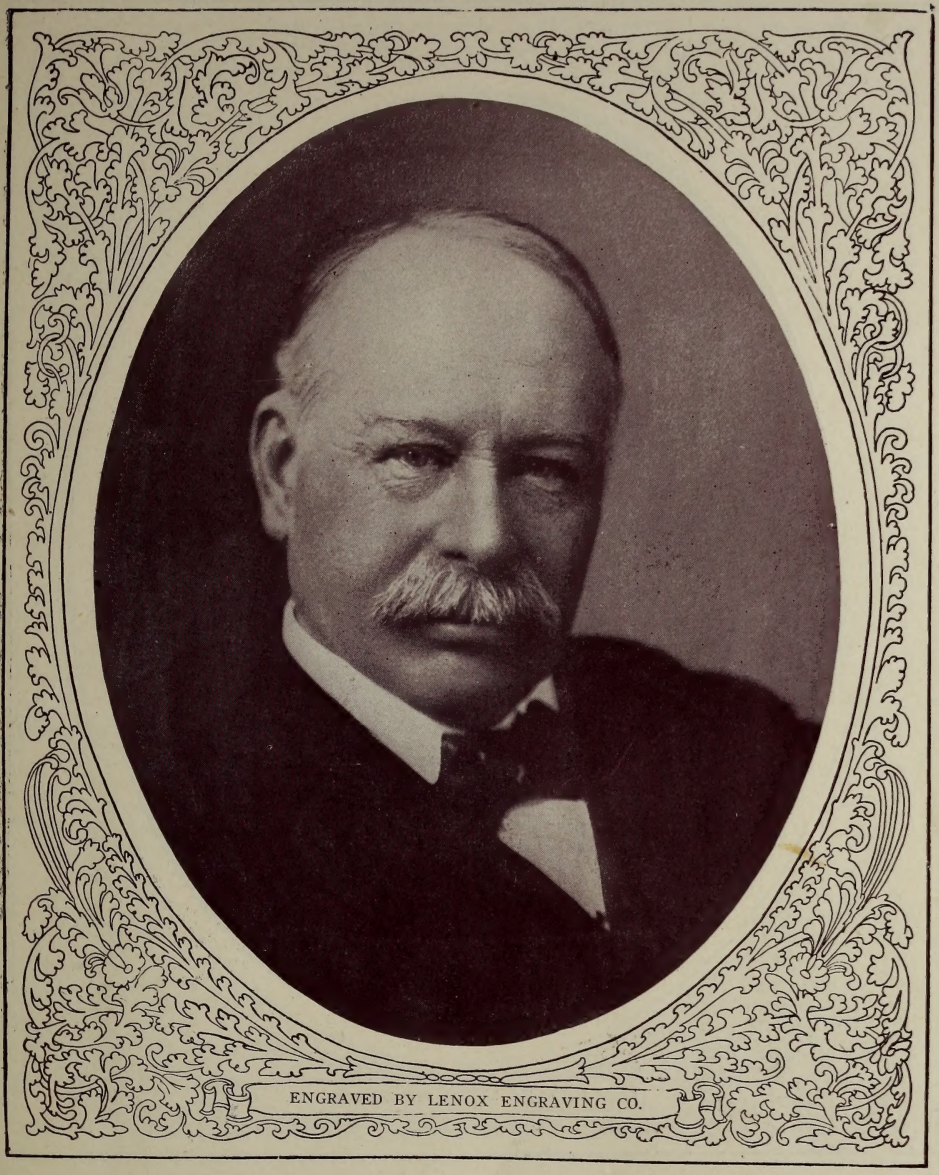


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

HENRY M. WHITNEY

Boston capitalist, noted for his tariff reform principles and his vigorous fight for reciprocity.

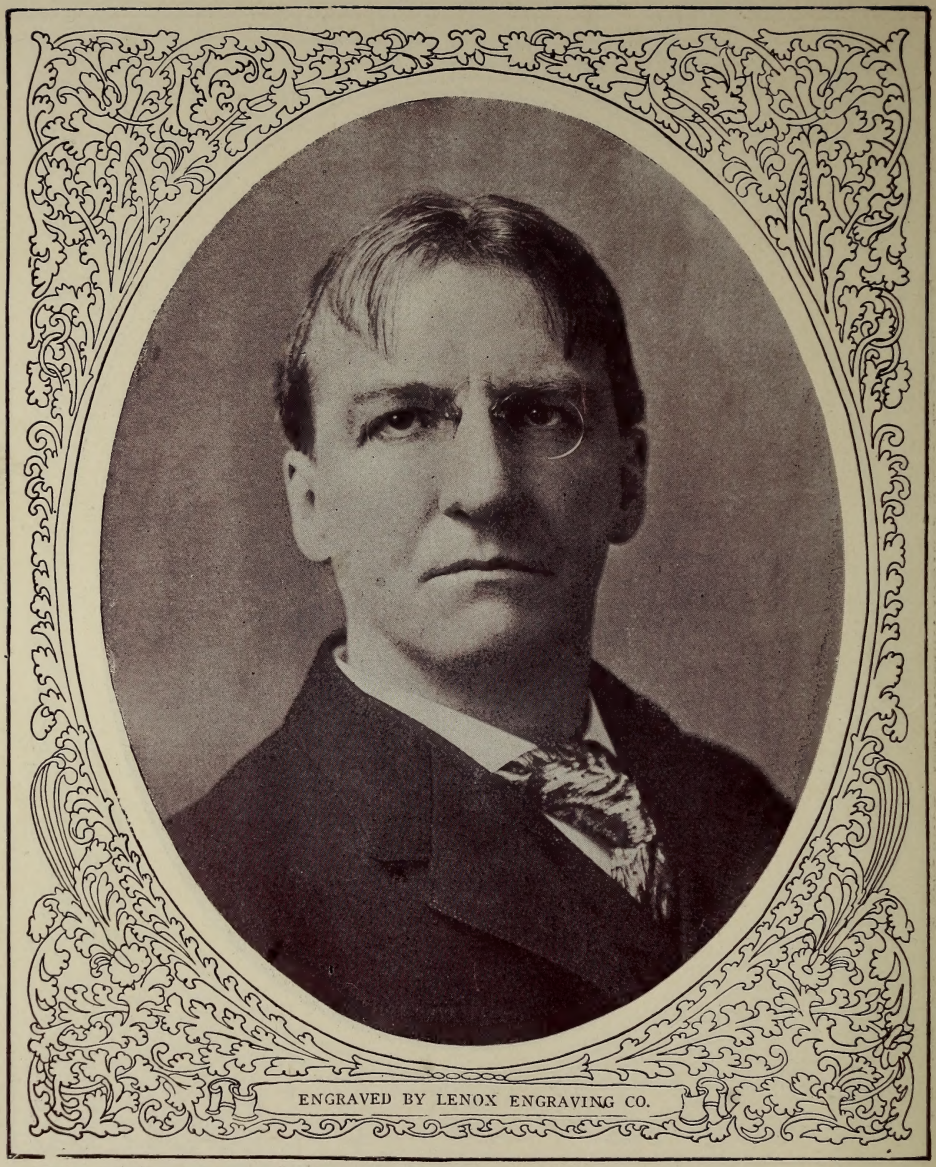


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

JOHN B. MORAN

Boston's new District Attorney, whose zeal and activity in prosecution of evil doers have made him widely known.

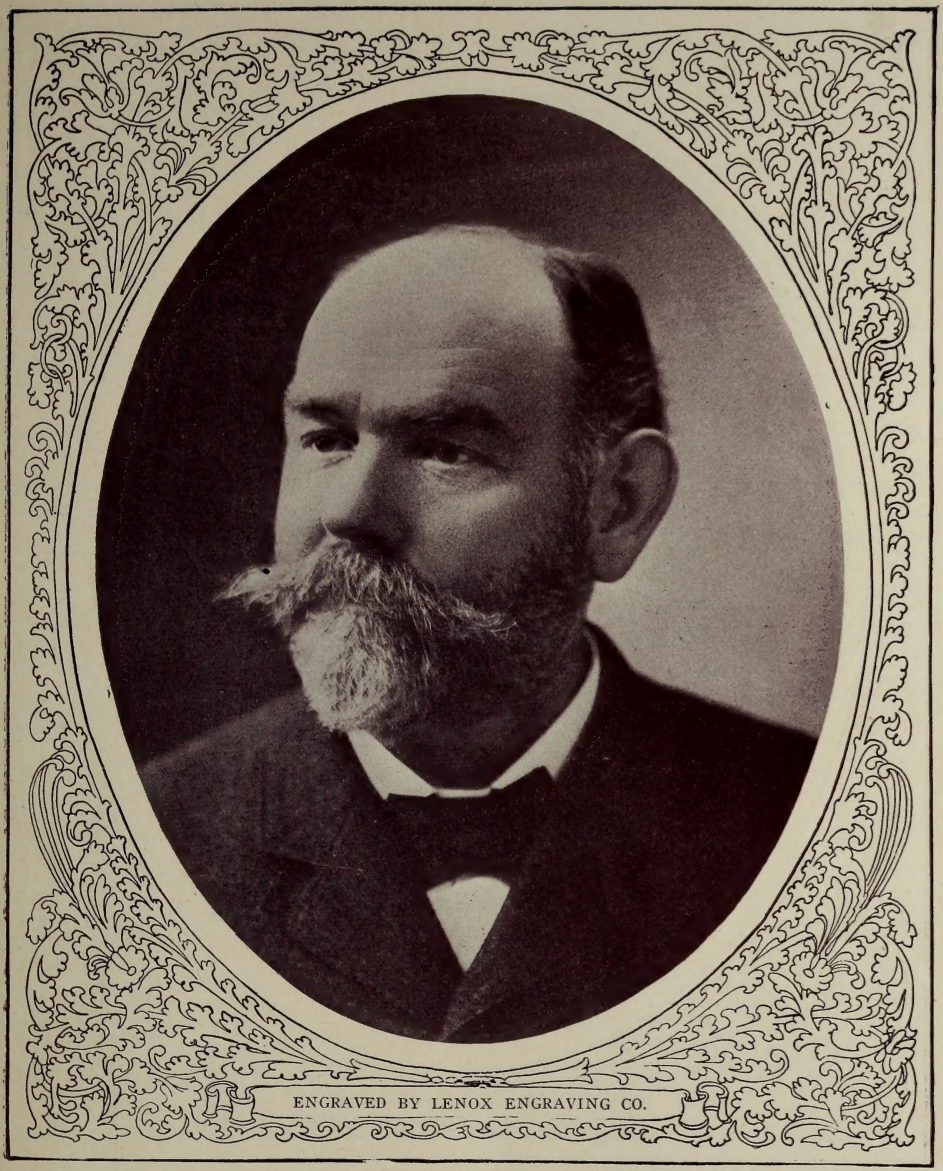


PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

JOHN F. CROCKER

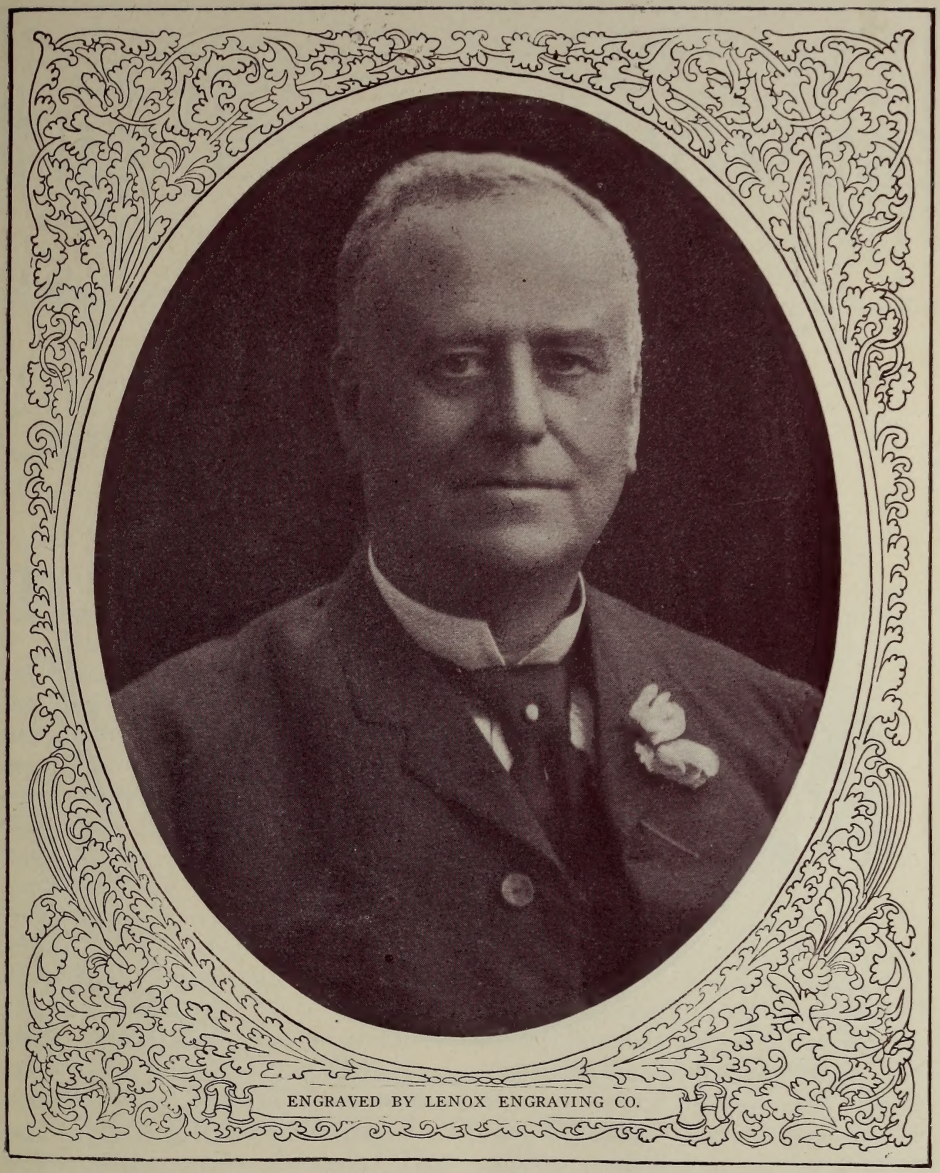
President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, whose work for the city's commercial advancement is well known.



PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, Boston's best loved and best known churchman.



LUCIUS TUTTLE

President of the Boston & Maine system, energetic in the development of New England.



PHOTO BY ELMER CHICKERING

HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD

Mayor of Boston, who is untiring in his efforts for the prosperity and welfare of the city.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

June 1906,

VOLUME XXXIV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 4

Glimpses of Washington

By WINTHROP PACKARD



THE New Englander ought to feel at home the moment he comes in sight of the Capitol at Washington. The great white building is more stately than the State House at the Hub yet it is mainly a matter of size, for every New Englander knows that, just as Boston is the capital of New England, so the beauty and dignity of our own State House are surpassed at the national capital rather in dimensions than degree. The dome of the great white building lacks the gleam of gold, yet it is a dome and under it the Bostonian is prone to expand his chest with a feeling of proprietorship, as if he were on his native heath.

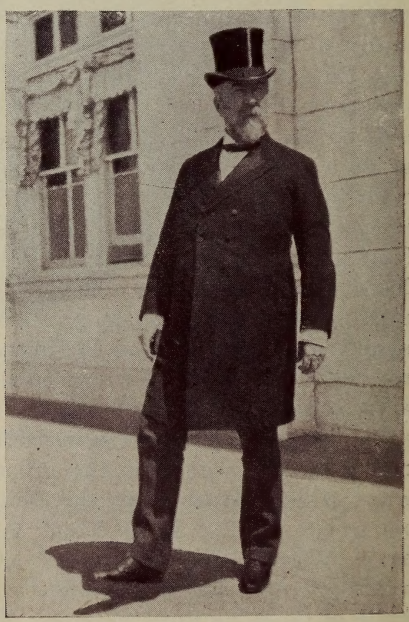
The green slopes of Capitol Hill are not so different from the grassy sward which slopes from the Shaw monument to the Frog Pond and there birds rollick and carol and gray squirrels frisk in complete facsimile of those on the Common. To be sure, as he turns on the topmost stone step, a different view meets his eye. There is Pennsylvania Avenue stretching its magnificent width for a mile and a half straight away to the treasury building with the White House, storied but of few stories, just beyond. There is nothing in that to remind him of the winding lanes of the Hub. Yet to his left again is almost a reproduction of a familiar landmark, a slenderer, taller, more beautiful Bunker Hill obelisk, the famous Washington monument. The best time of day to see this is in the forenoon when the soft south-



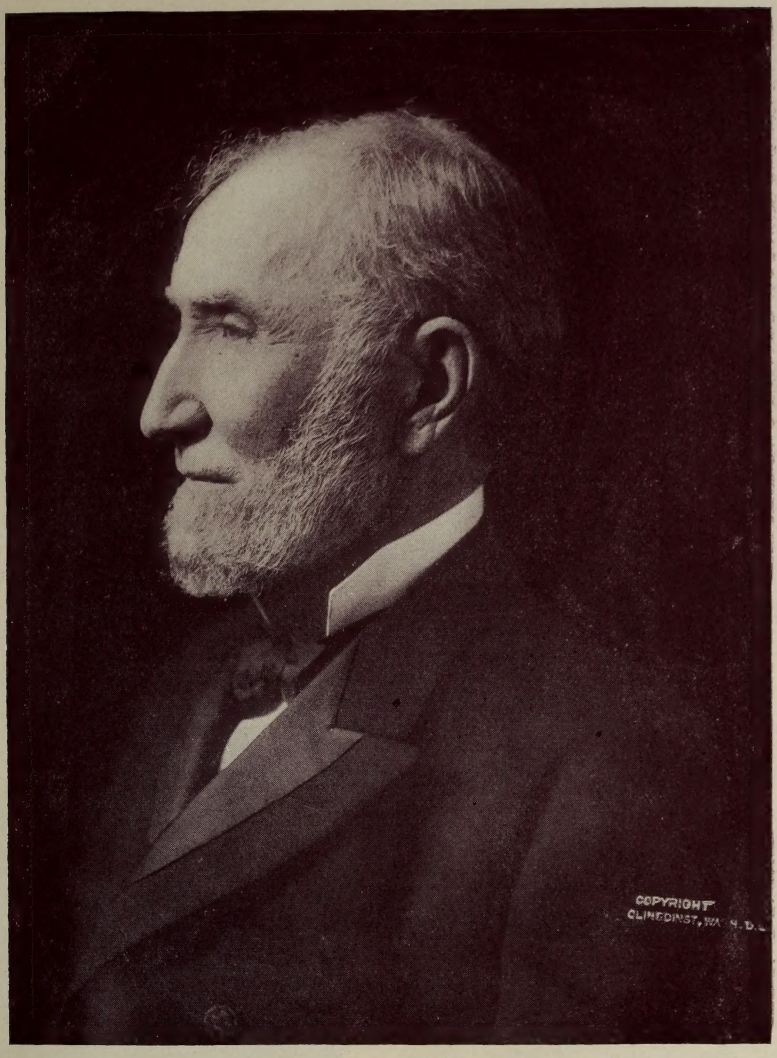
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, TAKES THE AIR

ern haze drifts in from Dixie and the tower looks like a dark-eyed, slim, gray robed nun, erect and slender. Its height does not then impress you, so generous are the dimensions of all things at Washington.

Then let the New Englander have the good luck to see the venerable Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the Senate, coming to give his daily benison at the Senate chamber and he has a right to feel at home indeed. "Where sits the MacGregor, there is the head of the table"; and where Doctor Hale goes may be found the truest expression of all that is best in the New England spirit. You should be at your seat in the gallery a little before eleven and see the Senators drop into their seats one by one and the spider-legged pages stiffen in a preternaturally solemn row in the space in front of the desks. There is a rustle and stir of expectation and as the clock points to the hour of eleven a tall, robed figure enters. Carrying his four score years lightly, Doctor Hale enters and stands facing the senators and galleries. A hush falls and then the full, rich voice rolls forth in prayer. There is none of the tremulousness of age in the tones of this voice. It carries to the full limits of the chamber with the vibrant quality of youth. The words are few, simple, dignified, yet just as the voice reaches every ear so these words reach every heart and carry with them the deep earnestness, the wholesome soul, the righteous convictions of a truly great man. It may be that there is treason in the Senate. If so it hides in the anterooms and sneaks quietly to its seat



SENATOR SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA HEARS THE CLICK OF THE CAMERA



SPEAKER JOE CANNON OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

only after Doctor Hale has officiated and left.

The House of Representatives has been described as a bear pit; the Senate is more often referred to as a gentlemen's club. Not that the Senators do not now and then vigorously tilt at one another and exchange forensic blows, but that the "courtesy of the Senate" is so prevalent and so well kept in mind that these blows are rarely such as leave bruised feelings behind them. Yet the "spellbinder" is no product of the House alone; the Senate has him as well. James Weldon Bailey, junior Senator from Texas spoke four full hours on the rate bill only the other day and when the great speech was concluded there was an applause such as had not been heard in the Senate for many a long day.



Photo by Olinedins

SENOR CASASUS
MEXICAN AMBASSADOR, ON THE LEFT

So pronounced was this mark of popular approval, that the Vice President made no effort to check it.

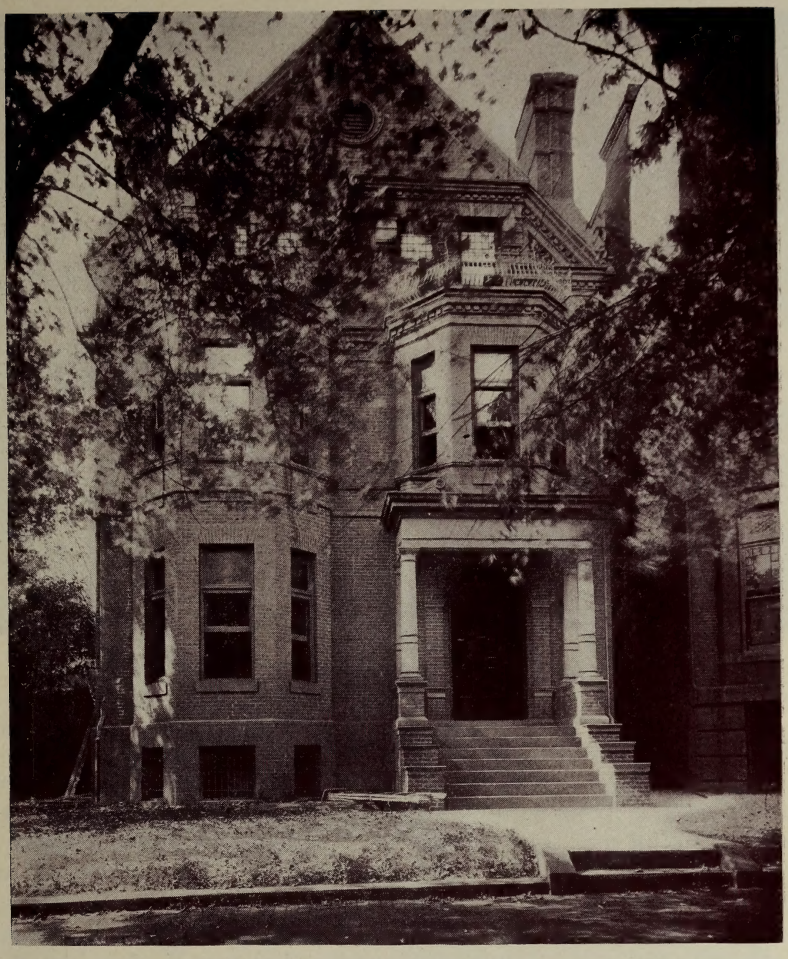
The greatest compliment that could possibly have been paid Senator Bailey was accorded him by Senator Hale, one of the acknowledged leaders of the Senate. Toward the close of the masterful argument the Maine Senator arose and announced his conversion to the proposition for which Senator Bailey was contending.

It is when the Senate gets busy with routine work that one sees the value of the nimble youngsters who act as pages. Shock headed little chaps these, ten to fifteen years old, wearing short trousers. They try to behave as they sit at the feet of the Vice President, waiting orders, but the giggling irrepressiveness of boyhood often bubbles over in more ways than one. No sooner is a bill offered however than one of them goes fluttering down to the Senator with arms and legs awing and returns to the desk with the document. Before he is half way back another bill is offered by another Senator, a second boy goes flying and returns, then a third till the whole affair reminds one of a flock of English sparrows swooping down on a handful of crumbs.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is a conspicuous figure at Washington, not only in the Senate chamber and in the important committee on which he serves but also in the daily life of the National Capital. It is not alone in national affairs that you find him "in the saddle." You may see him literally there almost any day, going forth on a handsome horse for his daily ride with the President, and his fine residence on



SECRETARY ROOT
AND THE TALL HAT BRIGADE



MODEST HOME OF SPEAKER CANNON AT WASHINGTON

Massachusetts Avenue is pointed out to the tourist who gazes at it admiringly while the man with the megaphone discourses about it to the attentive throng.

The House has its great men too, foremost among whom is Speaker Joe Cannon of Illinois. He it is who holds the turbulent inmates of the "bear pit" in control, who makes or unmakes legislation and legislators as well, and rules as wisely as vigorously. That is, those whom he makes declare it done wisely; those whom he unmakes may have a different opinion, which doesn't count in the House whatever effect it may have in the newspapers and the hearts of constituents at home. Speaker Cannon was seventy a few days ago though no one in the House would believe it. He was born in North Carolina but has hailed from Illinois for so long that the state proudly claims him as her own. The connection between Illinois and the Granite State may be more or less remote, but New Hamp-



MRS. F. B. LOOMIS
WIFE OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE



Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. E. X. LE SEUR
DAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON

shire men declare that the rugged, kindly face of the Speaker is a New Hamphire face and looks so much a product of the hills that they feel at home in gazing upon it. The modest, two story, brick residence of Speaker Cannon at the National Capital speaks of the simple life and accords well with the quiet dignity of the man.

But if Speaker Cannon looks to be a New Hampshire man and isn't there can be no doubt of Representative Sulloway. When the men from the hills visit Washington they never fail to go and see "Cy" as everybody from up there calls him, get the hearty grasp of his hand and hear his cheery "How d'ye do neighbor." "Cy" is a big man in many ways and one of them is physically. He towers head and shoulders over the average representative and if "presence" counts he should have his way when he looms up in the halls of legislation, bent on getting it. Certainly he has his way in New Hampshire. The railroads which the politicians say — at least, the "outs" say it—hold New Hampshire in the hollow of their hand, and other vested interests have tried in vain to down him at the polls. His watchfulness of New Hampshire interests, his commanding figure and his genial "How d'ye do neighbor" binds the up-state farmers to him with bonds of friendship and confidence and they manage to return him every time.

If as some one has said "the American people demand of their representatives in Congress the wine of wit and the oil of joy" it is well, for both flow in the House of Representatives. The Senate is apt to be solemn and punctilious; the House



HOME OF SENATOR LODGE, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, WASHINGTON

of Representatives is effervescent, indeed at times ebullient. Cushman has been dubbed the Cicero of the Columbia, Bourke Cochran the Vesuvius whose detonations re-echo in the Philippines, and Grosvenor the knight of the glittering blade. Often the ghost of Artemus Ward hovers over the House and anon earnest students of Mark Twain give imitations of his style. J. Adam Bede of Duluth is the fun maker of Congress. His recent serio-comic speech about Texas brought down the house, galleries and all.

Mr. Bede paid a glowing compliment to the Lone Star State, and thus noted the great diversity of her interests and the resultant conflict between them, because of her immense area. He believed Texas could divide herself under the organic act admitting her, and send more Senators to Washington.

Texas, he said, was once a synonym for hell—now about as popu-



MRS. BONAPARTE
WIFE OF SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

lous, and had but two Senators; not enough to represent her. Mr. Bede said he did not know whether it was against the rules of the House to say anything good of the Senate, but he would try it. After paying a tribute to the men of the West in both Houses of Congress, Mr. Bede said, in reply to the criticism that the men of the West did not represent folk enough:

"I would rather trust my interests to a representative from the West, representing nothing but the sunset, than to an Eastern man, standing in the shadow of a trust company and representing nothing but the unearned increment."

Incident to a review of the situation regarding the Statehood bill, Mr. Bede said that the way to make a United States Senator honest as a public official would be to give him salary enough to live in Washington decently. He remarked that under the beneficent effects of the Dingley tariff there was nobody in the Duluth district who wanted to come to Congress to succeed him, as they were all making more than $5,000 per year.

Referring again to Texas, in conclusion, Mr. Bede drew a humorous picture of ten new Texas Senators, wearing their broad sombreros, with pants in their boots, guns in their belts, marching on Washington with a firm determination to take the city and blow out the gas the first night of their arrival.

That sort of thing seems to come as a rule from the representatives who hail from the West and the farther west their constituents live the more rampant they are. You don't hear it from the New Englanders whether they represent a sunrise or a northeast wind or merely an unearned increment in the peaceful shadow of a trust company; and somehow the listening New Englander is apt to be glad of it.



Photo by Clinedinst

SENATOR LODGE
STARTING FOR HIS DAILY RIDE
WITH THE PRESIDENT

The National Lancers

By John Stuart Barrows



There's a sound of hoofs in the city street;
The musical click of the steel-shod feet;
Of bugles shrill with silvery blare,
And floating free on the summer air
From each bright lance is a pennon red,
Held high aloft o'er each plumed head
As the National Lancers ride.

NO month in the year is more suggestive of the martial spirit to Boston than the bloomy month of June. Events of historic prominence crowd each other as the days pass but no one of them is of greater interest to any citizens than the fourteenth day, for then it is that the corps of cavalry known for seventy years as the National Lancers appears as a military body bearing the inspiring motto: "Union, Liberty and the Laws."

The National Lancers owe their existence to Governor Edward Everett and the fact that the chief executive of the state attended the commencement at Harvard University, for it was the custom for the Governor at that time in going from the Massachusetts State House to the University to be escorted by a troop of light horse. On the occasion in 1836 Governor Everett was attended by so small an escort and their appearance was so out of keeping with their errand that the pride of that worthy official was disturbed and he felt that the dignity of the Commonwealth was being made a laughing-stock when its executive was obliged to ride amid such a Falstaffian aggregation. He conveyed his ideas on the matter to General Thomas Davis, asking him if it were not possible to organize in Boston a troop of cavalry which would make a presentable appear-

ance and do duty in a proper military manner when called upon by the authorities.

The seed sown by Governor Everett fell on good ground. Thomas Davis communicated the Governor's desires to a number of his friends and they took up the mission, extending the idea among their friends who included teamsters, stable-keepers and market men, all persons owning and familiar with horses, and on November 1, 1836, they met and formed the National Lancers and enrolled themselves as cavalrymen in the service of Massachusetts.

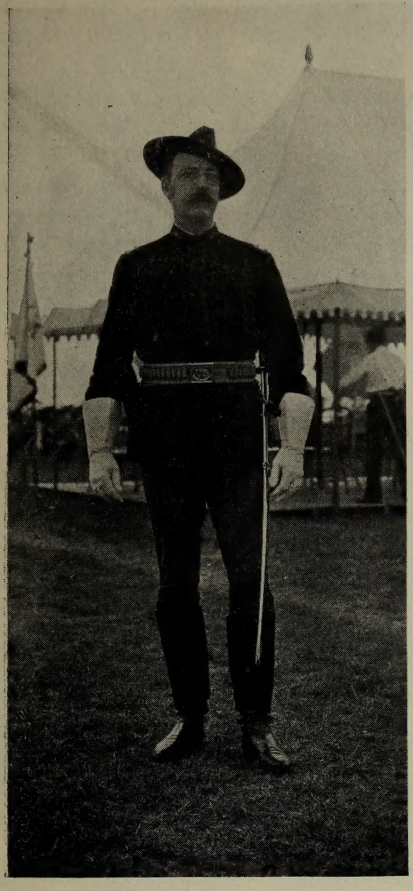
Sixty-four members were recruited as the original number and they elected as their officers: Thomas Davis, captain; Lewis Dennis, first lieutenant; Peter Dunbar, second lieutenant; Lewis Monroe, cornet. The organization was effected quietly; and by order the new cavalry corps was assigned to the Second Regiment, Third Brigade, First Division of the Massachusetts Militia on April 13, 1837.

The first appearance of the National Lancers as a part of the militia was on May 12, 1837, when fifty-eight strong they rode on Boston Common and there drilled as cavalry. The meetings of the organization had been conducted quietly and the presence of the corps was not generally known, but they impressed themselves on the minds of the citizens most emphatically, for only a few days after their initial parade, on June 11, occurred what is known as the "Broad Street Riot," and the Lancers were summoned to assist in preserving the peace.

The disturbance was occasioned by the interruption of a Catholic funeral procession by the fire department in the discharge of their duty. It was not long before a mob of ten or twelve thousand people was gathered in Broad street and vicinity; and though prompt measures were taken and the ringleaders arrested, the separate military companies were notified that their presence was required to prevent further outbursts. They appeared with commendable promptness and among them, according to a contemporary account: "The new horse company of Lancers, under command of General Davis. They marched in close column and cleared



LANCER IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM



GOVERNOR GUILD AS 2ND. LIEUTENANT

the streets, so that by half-past seven order was restored."

The military were retained on duty all night, sentinels being posted and every church guarded to prevent false alarms. The next day all was peaceful and the promptness of the National Lancers was no small factor in bringing it about.

The new cavalry corps showed a decided taste for the dashing and spectacular when they chose as their character the Uhlan or Lancer, adopting that uniform and armament. The armies of Napoleon had not ceased to have their influence on popular interest. They had been rendered more efficient by the presence of the Polish Lancers and France led the world in the number and power of that class of mounted men. The uniform adopted followed the style affected by those organizations in the French army: the uhlan schapka—the peculiar helmet of red and blue—a close-fitting coat of green, double-breasted, which buttoned one way was entirely green and buttoned the other showed a plastron of scarlet; red trousers with the section from the knee to the ankle of green like the coat. The armament was a sabre, a flintlock pistol and the lance with a scarlet pennon with two points.

In this characteristic and striking uniform the National Lancers made their first parade on June 14, 1837. Preceded by a mounted band the command marched through the streets of Boston to South Boston where they paid their respects to Brigadier General Aimee. They visited the residence of Jarvis Braman, one of the members, where a lunch was spread. The day closed with a dinner in Concert Hall.

From that day to this, the 14th of June is the hallowed day of all the year in the calendar of the National Lancers and it never passes without proper observance. The parade has traversed the principal streets of Boston and round the board at the banquet have sat men famous in the annals of the city, state and nation.

The first parade was described by a newspaper of the time as follows: "National Lancers. This newly organized troop made their first dress parade on Wednesday, under the command of General Davis, and attracted to the Common several thousand spectators to witness

their evolutions and truly soldier like movements. The day was unusually fine and their brilliant uniforms were exhibited at great advantage. Their ranks were pretty full, numbering sixty-six, we believe: several, however, were necessarily excused: and among these was Lieutenant E. Coleman, a gallant officer, who was confined to his room by illness, from exposure while on duty at the riot Sunday night.

"In the afternoon a procession was formed which escorted the state and city authorities, their guests, through the principal streets to Concert Hall, where at half past five o'clock, the whole company sat down to altogether the most sumptuous entertainment we have seen served for a similar occasion. Eloquent and appropriate addresses were made by the Governor, the Mayor, the Adjutant General, Colonels Thomas and Winthrop, Rev. Mr. Robbins, Dr. Flint, J. C. Park and others. The sentiments were generally patriotic and racy and the 14th of June will hereafter be memorable as the anniversary of the brave and gallant Lancers."

The favor of Governor Everett for the new cavalry company was shown by his gift of a banner, which event took place before the State House on the morning of August 30, 1837. The Lancers arrived at the State House at 7.30 o'clock to escort him to Cambridge and there the Governor in a short address presented the banner.

As described at the time by the Columbian Sentinel, the banner was, and still is, as follows: "On one side is a copy of the arms of the State; on the other is a view of Boston Common, taken from a position near the head ot West Street, and embracing the State House, the old Hancock House, the great tree, the frog pond, and also the residences of the present and three ex-mayors of the city, viz., Messrs. Phillips, Otis and Armstrong. This is a new view of the Common taken by Mr. Hubbard. In the centre of the Common the Lancers are represented as coming into line for review by the Governor, as on their first public parade, and also a view of the Governor and accompanying officers in uniform.

"The standard is on white satin, is decorated with gold bullion and arranged after the manner of old Knights Templars. The staff is surmounted by a bronze horse, from the foot of which hang three pendants, white, red and green, the colors of the uniform of the company. On the top of the vignette is the national Eagle bearing the words, 'For Liberty, Union and the Laws.' Underneath is the American standard and the Lance, bearing the inscription — 'Presented by Edward Everett, Aug. 30, 1837.'"

Following the presentation the Lancers took the Governor under their escort and marched to Cambridge. A newspaper of the time says: "National Lancers. This new and unrivalled corps of cavalry made a splendid appearance on Wednesday and performed in fine style the escort duty to the Governor and council in their attendance upon the literary exercises at Cambridge."

On March 26, 1845, the full dress uniform of the corps was changed. The green and red was discarded, and instead was adopted a scarlet coat with two rows of gilt buttons bearing the organization initials. A pair of scarlet and blue epaulets



GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR. AND NATIONAL LANCERS

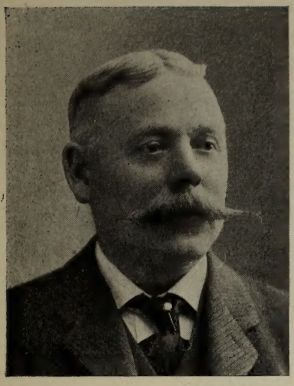
and a white belt set off this coat to advantage. Sky-blue trousers took the place of the green and red ones of the original uniform. The helmet remained unchanged and no change has it suffered in recent years. Its appropriate colors, the brilliant sunburst on the front, the plume of swan's feathers and the cord of heavy gilt bullion add much to the costume which is one of the most striking and brilliant of any of the characteristic uniforms in the country and the only Lancer uniform in the United States. An appropriate dress uniform of neat design completes the wardrobe, and the Lancer is provided for all occasions.

When mounted the corps forms one of the most glittering military pageants to be seen in the country. The shining lances, the fluttering scarlet banners, the waving white feather plumes and the gorgeous color of the coats with the flash of sabre and horse-housings make a parade of National Lancers a picture not easily forgotten and one which is familiar to every graduate of Harvard University of the past half century.

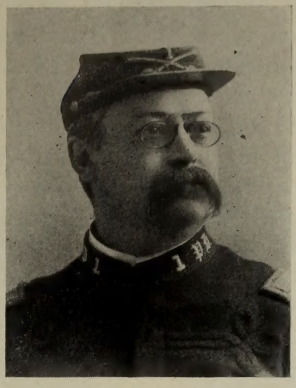
The war record of the National Lancers, though limited on account of peculiar conditions to that of individuals, is not to be ignored. There was no opportunity for service in the Mexican War as a command, but when the Civil War began the corps was not idle. At that time the ranks of the corps were filled principally by men of mature years, men with families and established business associations. The majority were beyond the limit for military service in the field, so the war was not for them. But there was no lack of the true patriotic spirit. Captain Lucius Slade was then in command; Oren H. Shaw and Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., were lieutenants, and these three officers began to recruit as many companies for the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry. Lieutenant Shaw organized Company C; Lieutenant Stevens, Company D; and Captain Slade, Company G making more troops from the National Lancers than were furnished by any other cavalry organization in the state. Under command of these three officers as captains they marched to Readville where they were mustered into the Volunteer Army with the exception of Captain Slade who for proper reasons did not enter the service. A number of other Lancers were in the companies, among them being: Lieutenant Charles E. Rice, Lieutenant Walker Miles, Lieutenant George F. Jennings, Lieutenant J. H. Wyman, Quartermaster Lucius W. Knight, Sergeants Samuel Wright and William H. Guild, while later the names of others were enrolled among the defenders of the Union.

The history of these organizations is part of the story of the Civil War, and need not be rehearsed here, but the name of one man comes out prominently for the part he played, that of Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., who later became major in the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, in which capacity he was the provost marshal of the 24th Army Corps and participated in the fall of Richmond.

Charles Carlton Coffin, the historian, in describing the taking of Richmond says: "A little past four in the morning Major Atherton H. Stevens, with two companies of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, recon-



JOHN R. NEWMAN

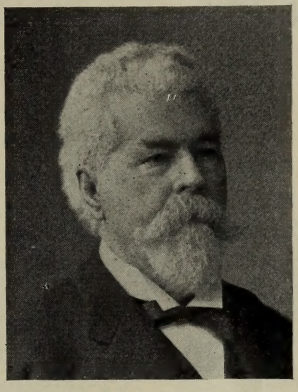


1ST LIEUT. JAS. W. PIERCE



CHARLES WAUGH, CLERK

noitered the Confederate lines east of the city. He found the intrenchments evacuated and the cannon spiked. He met a carriage containing the mayor and Judge Meredith of the Confederate State Court, who tendered the surrender of Richmond. Major Stevens proceeded to the capitol, ascended the roof, pulled down the State flag which was flying, and hoisted a guidon of his troop in its place."



JOHN BLACKIE

From this statement of an eyewitness it is known that it was to a National Lancer that the capital of the Confederacy surrendered, and he raised the first emblem of the restored authority of the United States over the city.

When the war was over the ranks of the National Lancers were largely augmented by veteran soldiers, men who had been in the Volunteer service in various branches. Among them were two who later became commanders of the corps—Major C. C. Emery of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry, and Sergeant C. F. Thurston of Company D of the 1st Cavalry.

During the war the companies which were recruited in the Lancers' armory were considered the especial wards of the corps, which did much from time to time to make their army life easier. On the return from the front on a re-enlisted furlough Company D was received with much enthusiasm and entertained while in the city, and in October, 1864, the 1st Regiment on its return was received by the Lancers and their especial companies made important guests.

When the Spanish War began to threaten, the National Lancers were ready for what might come. Early in the spring the troop was prepared for possible service, and recruiting was commenced in a quiet way. The call for volunteers did not include any New England cavalry in the quota, and as it was

the especial request of Governor Wolcott that the commands remaining should not disintegrate but continue in readiness for future service, the corps waited for another call which in the end proved as unfruitful, though the captain of the troop made vigorous personal effort to have his command taken into the service.

Although the war experiences of the National Lancers are yet to be, they have been of service to their city at times when the possibility of saddles being emptied was more than a chance. The occasions were those of disorder and tumult in the city, when the strong arm of the military was needed to aid the civil power, and on those occasions the Lancers have been tried and never found lacking.

The first experience—the Broad Street Riot—has already been mentioned. In January, 1842, came their second trial, when they were summoned to Bowdoin Square on the evening of the 20th to disperse the mob which had gathered because of the presence in the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle of Elder Jacob Knapp whose sensational preaching and fiery denunciations were exciting persons to temporary insanity. Violence had been threatened on the undaunted evangelist and a great crowd packed the square, when suddenly, the National Lancers rode in in column, turned into line and moving forward swept the mob out of the square and scattered them through the adjoining streets till they were powerless. An alert patrol was maintained during the night, but there was no further demonstration against Elder Knapp.

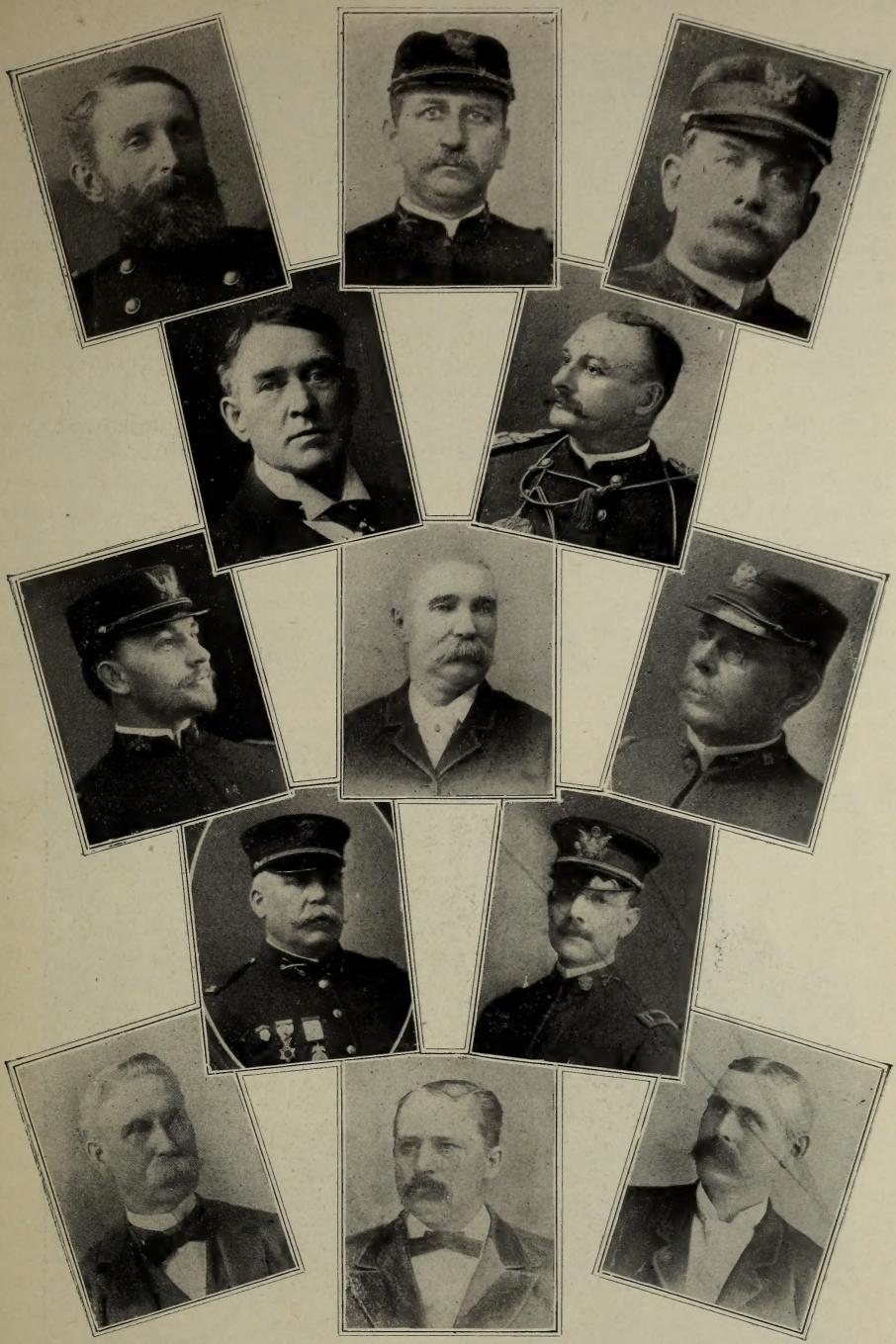
A score of years passed before the Lancers were summoned again to stand before a lawless mob. In July, 1862, the sentiment against the draft reached such proportions that in the large cities but little was needed to produce rioting. In New York a most serious outbreak occurred but so far Boston had escaped. The drafting continued, and on July 14th the spirit of disorder even in that quiet city broke bonds. The mob, once formed, began to assault the stores where firearms and ammunition were kept, and possessed themselves of the contents of several, defying the civil power.

Mayor Lincoln issued orders to the several military companies in the city, requested the aid of the United States troops from the forts and sent to Readville for help from the Volunteer army. By nightfall there were one thousand men under arms in the city, among them one hundred and twenty-five Lancers.

It is well to notice that the call was not rejected by the Lancers as individuals. One man was married that very day, but he left his bride of a few hours to attend to his duty as a soldier. Another was confined to his bed, and though the physician forbade him to leave it, he did and performed the entire duty, and lived a long life after. Of such stuff are Lancers made.

Under the command of Captain Slade the Lancers marched to execute the order of the mayor—to clear Dock Square. It was done. The clearing of Faneuil Hall Square followed, the foot troops occupying the cleared area, establishing pickets.

In their armory on Cooper street the Light Battery of Artillery was



A GROUP OF CAPTAINS AND PROMINENT MEMBERS

A. D. Nichols — D. A. Young — G. Proctor

G. W. Wilson — E. B. Wadsworth

F. T. Hitchcock — G. R. Richardson — F. K. Neal

J. H. Blanchard — F. G. Havlin

G. S. Holt — H. D. Andrews — H. G. Kemp

besieged, although they had already fired on the mob through the closed doors of the building, killing and wounding several of the rioters, but they had been unable to drive their besiegers far enough to permit them to leave the armory. It was dark, the mob having extinguished the street lights, but Captain Slade led a charge down the street; into the darkness, and possible death.

The mob fell on the Lancers with all sorts of missiles. Captain Slade's horse was shot in the breast but not felled; Sergeant Cox was struck on the head by a stone, but a comrade — William Pike — supported him in the saddle, and he went through with the troop. The street was cleared; the battery came out of their armory and, escorted by the Lancers, they took a position in Faneuil Hall Square, the guns planted so as to command all approaches. The troops patrolled the streets all night and the rule of the mob was prevented. A newspaper of the time said: "The Lancers' soldierly and resolute bearing and spirited style told well in the eyes of hundreds in the square."

For eight days following the Lancers were on duty patrolling the streets of the city and preserving order. Mayor Lincoln interested himself particularly in their welfare and on the following Sunday gave them a great dinner.

There was no further trouble over the draft in Boston. The Lan-



LANCERS ESCORTING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



THE CARBINE TEAM OF 1905, TROOP A

cers themselves, however, were not exempt for the news of the day said: "Of the 132 National Lancers who have been on duty ever since last Friday afternoon, 20 of their number have been drafted, but although conscripted they have manfully performed their duty to suppress breaches of the peace incited or created by other conscripted parties."

During the great fire in Boston, in November, 1872, the Lancers were on duty as patrols and guards for a number of days, rendering efficient service in preventing acts of lawlessness, at a time when the public mind was strained by horror and loss.

No small part of the National Lancers' military duties have been the services as escorts for distinguished persons or organizations of note visiting Boston. Among the persons of distinction have been these Presidents of the United States: Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt. Other persons noted in the annals of the nation are: Daniel Webster, Louis Kossuth, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., General Sherman, General Sheridan, Anson Burlingame, minister to China and the Chinese Embassy, the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Henry of Prussia, the French Embassy which presented the statue of Rochambeau to the government at Washington, the governors of the Commonwealth, and city officials on occasions of importance.

The movements of military organizations to and from Boston

have been made more impressive by the escort of the Lancers and their presence has dignified the solemn processions at the obsequies of statesmen and soldiers. It was their pleasant duty to participate in the inaugural parade in Washington which marked the coming into the presidency of General U. S. Grant. They rode beside him when he visited Boston to open the World's Peace Jubilee of 1872. They endured the severe exposure and long march to Lexington as his escort in 1875 and at the dedication of the mausoleum erected to him in New York in 1897 they were a noticeable feature of the long column of military.

On several occasions the corps with full ranks has visited other cities in the country, where as the guests of the principal military bodies they have been fêted and honored. Among their hosts have been the New York 7th Regiment, the Ellsworth Zouaves of Chicago, the Jameson Guards of Bangor, the 1st Illinois Regiment of Chicago, the Continental Guards of New Orleans, the National Rifles of Washington, the German Artillery and Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, the Stuart Cavalry of Richmond.

Although these tours of the country and visits to other organizations were more social than official events the effect has been that of strengthening the bonds of brotherhood which in those years following the Civil War were but slowly knitting. The experiences of the war had left scars but the good-fellowship manifested by this representative organization of soldiers of the old Bay State, many of whom had been on the field of battle, did no small part toward healing the wounds and obliterating the scars. The relationships established have ever since been kept in mind. No 14th of June passes but the Continental Guards of New Orleans report their regards by telegram and the walls of the armory bear testimonials of the pleasant relations with the hospitable commands.

But the corps has not been a receiver only: the latchstring always hangs out and hospitality has been extended to other organizations. The New York 7th were entertained by them in 1850 and again in 1852. In 1864 the Ellsworth Zouaves repeated their visit made before the war, and again partook of the Lancers' hospitality. The Continental Guards in 1880 and in 1883 were entertained, wanting nothing to make their visit one round of pleasure. In 1884 a delegation from Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery, visited Boston and found that northern hospitality when dispensed by the National Lancers was all to be desired. In 1888 the National Rifles, their hosts of previous years, were their guests for a few days.

From the very first the National Lancers have been a recognized part of the Massachusetts Militia and when the several independent companies were assembled into complete units for better military efficiency and administration, by virtue of their senority the National Lancers were officially recognized as Troop A of the Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry. In 1876 came a critical period, as a reorganization of the militia called for a reduction of the organizations in the mounted branch. In Boston were the National Lancers, Troop A; the Boston Light Dragoons, Troop B; the Prescott Guards, Troop C; and the



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF TROOP A IN CAMP

Roxbury Horse Guards, Troop D. Under the critical inspection of Colonel E. G. Stevens of the staff of Governor Rice these commands paraded and drilled. The fittest survived — the National Lancers and the Roxbury Horse Guards with which organization is enjoyed a happy relationship, the two troops being united in the 1st Squadron of Cavalry, M.V.M. Each year Troop A performs the ordered duty of eight days' service in camp. Rifle and revolver practice at the ranges and drills in the different exercises peculiar to the cavalry branch require much attention and conscientious study and the service in the Massachusetts cavalry to-day is "not all lavendar."

Under the patronage of the veteran members of the troop who with the troop membership constitute the National Lancers, Troop A is always in the limelight of worthy accomplishments of the past. The men who thirty years ago did the duty for the state sit on the walls "chirping like grasshoppers" perhaps as they point out the present leaders, but nevertheless interested and jealous of the good name and welfare of their beloved command; and so the young troopers have about them every incentive to perform their duty well.

The first armory of the National Lancers was over Quincy Market. Later they occupied spacious quarters on Sudbury street at the corner of Hawkins street, removing to their present quarters on Bulfinch street in December, 1872. The building was erected by the city for the especial accommodation of the command, and over the wide doorway on the solid granite cap-piece art the words "National Lancers" in bold relief.

The accommodations of the troop are convenient and include a troop-room where are kept the uniforms

of the men, the equipment of the horses and the lances used when the command parades in the uniform of the corps; a large drill-room where the troop is drilled in tactical movements, dismounted. Here is imparted all the instruction which can conveniently be given without the use of the horse. For that exercise the troop is drilled in squads at the riding schools of the city. Target work with the carbine and revolver is taught at the appointed ranges.

The walls of the different rooms are embellished with pictures and trophies which tell of the deeds of the corps in other years and which are increased in number from time to time. Valuable relics, arms of previous periods and other curios are here preserved. Here too is the celebrated banner given by Governor Everett and the portraits of the different men who have commanded the corps since its foundation are displayed conspicuously.

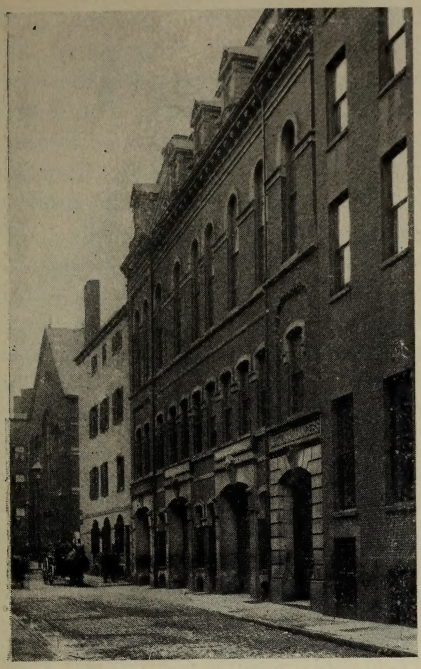
The armory is well furnished and provided with those advantages which contribute to its interest and attractiveness, and is equipped for all the needs of the command.

During the seventy years of the existence of the National Lancers thirty-six men have exercised command over the troop, their terms of service varying according to circumstances. The list with the date of commission is as follows:

Thomas Davis, Nov. 1, 1836;
Peter Dunbar, July 30, 1839;
Joseph Smith, April 29, 1843;
Ezra Forristall, March 26, 1845;
Albert Guild, March 21, 1848;
William F. White, March 23, 1849;
Thomas J. Pierce, May 13, 1850;
Jonas C. Jipson, March 19, 1852;
Seth Wilmarth, Nov. 14, 1853;
Charles A. Kimball, Nov. 15, 1854;
Axel Dearborn, Dec. 31, 1856;
Michael C. Kenney, Nov. 24, 1857;
John H. Fellows, Feb. 7, 1860;
Lucius Slade, March 26, 1861;
Albert L. Sanborn, Jan. 30, 1866;
Barney Hull, March 24, 1868;
George E. Richardson, March 15, 1870;
Oliver H. P. Smith, March 28, 1871;
Thomas W. Neal, April 8, 1873;
Cyrus C. Emery, July 28, 1874;
George S. Holt, April 3, 1877;
Charles F. Thurston, April 30, 1879;
Benjamin W. Dean, Jan. 24, 1881;
Horace G. Kemp, July 24, 1883;
Henry D. Andrews, April 22, 1884;
Isaac D. Allard, Sept. 14, 1886;
Edward B. Wadsworth, Nov. 27, 1888;
Addison D. Nichols, Jan. 27, 1891;
Daniel K. Emerson, Feb. 21, 1893;
Oscar A. Jones, May 7, 1895;
Doris A. Young, June 22, 1897;
Frank K. Neal, Jan. 16, 1900;
George Proctor, Dec. 30, 1902;
Frank T. Hitchcock, April 21, 1903;
Fred G. Havlin, May 10, 1904;
James Rice, Feb. 7, 1905.



"OLD GUARD" NATIONAL LANCERS



THE ARMORY

Following the custom of the corps, it is understood in the command that a man enlisting as a private may so deport himself as a soldier as to be marked for promotion to the grade of corporal. From thence the step to the grade of sergeant is but a matter of time and the detail as first sergeant is made for especial fitness. His election to a commissioned rank follows when a vacancy occurs. From the commissioned officers of the troop selections from time to time have been made for more important and responsible positions in the service, but no higher rank can ever be compared to the honors and pleasures enjoyed by him who has held a commission in the National Lancers.

As a school for officers for other commands the corps has done and is still doing a good work. Its membership at present includes many men who from its ranks have been given high commissions in other commands. From the ranks of the Lancers have come officers for the staffs of governors of the Commonwealth, and the Militia Brigade staffs, and all through the militia are to be found officers and men who are members of the corps. There are men in the corps and there have been, almost since its establishment, who have done duty in the army or navy of the United States or of other countries. The Grand Army of the Republic is represented in the membership and at present on the rolls are representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company (which has had three captains from the Lancers), the staffs of the commanders of the 1st and 2nd Brigades, M.V.M., the 1st squadron of Cavalry, the Signal Corps, the Battalion of Light Artillery, the 1st Corps of Cadets, Grimes's Battery, U. S. V., the United States Army and Navy, the Corps of Coast Artillery, M. V. M., the 5th Infantry, the 8th Infantry, Troop D, the Richmond Infantry Blues, the British Army and Navy, the Canadian Militia.

It is the distinguished honor of the National Lancers to have contributed to the State the chief executive, Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., who for many years has been a member but it is an illustration of the character of the men who compose the membership of the past and present. The organization is never honored by the addition of any individual to its membership It is an honor to a man to be elected to its ranks and by his deportment the member can honor the corps. That members rise to eminence re-

flects credit on the standard maintained in the selection of those who are accepted to become wearers of the honored uniform.

Governor Guild became a member of the corps in 1891 and enlisted in Troop A. In a year he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and May 7, 1895, elected second lieutenant, from which position he was taken by Governor Wolcott to become a member of his military staff. Governor Guild retains his membership in the corps, is always happy when among his old messmates and never fails to be present with them on the Anniversary Day in June.

But the name of Governor Guild is not the only governor's name which is borne on the rolls of the corps: Governor Oliver Ames was also a member, so was General Nat Head, Governor of New Hampshire, and many men of high military and civil rank have been included among the four thousand whose names are on the rolls of the corps.

Although the original members of the National Lancers were principally market-men and truck-men, the membership has never been confined to any class or calling. The first members were selected because they were equipped and qualified but with the progress of time the requirement of horse-ownership was not necessary. The lengthening list of members includes names of men of all professions and vocations. The clergy, the medical, legal, literary, mercantile, mechanical and scientific callings are represented, and almost every trade and craft. The standard of manly ability is high and only the best are eligible to membership, and then only after a searching investigation. Once a member the recruit becomes initiated to the opportunities of friendship, good-fellowship and military efficiency and the years pass still finding him a member, growing younger as the younger men come in to help bear the honors and sustain the traditions of the corps. The spirit of comradeship and affection marks the relations of the members and under the motto, "Union, Liberty and the Laws," the National Lancers will always be as they have been a credit to the militia service, an ornament to the city which they represent and a benefit to the men who are members, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at large.



Nancy May's Blossom-Time

By Mabel S. Merrill

HENRY BALL, sitting comfortably with his woolen-stockinged feet in the cook stove oven and a great wedge of Nancy May's rich brown pumpkin pie in his hand, heard an unwelcome summons in the thumping of a cane on the floor of the room overhead.

"Pa wants me," he said regretfully as he slid the pie back upon the plate that had been left on the stove shelf. "You jest keep that for me till I come down."

Nancy May nodded an easy assent, shuffling out of the pantry in her down-at-the-heel slippers. "There's plenty more," she said, restoring to the oven the pot of beans Henry's feet had displaced. "I made nine this morning. I ain't never short o' pies of a Saturday, not if I know it."

Henry hurriedly ascended the back stairs as the summons from above was peremptorily repeated. His father's temper was always a bit short when he had one of his attacks of rheumatism. The old man was sitting in his little chamber opposite the room where his wife, bedridden now for years, was having a morning nap. On the patchwork quilt of the bed beside him some legal-looking papers were spread out. The unwonted excitement that burned in the keen old eyes was due, Henry knew, to something connected with the papers. Hiram Ball,—old Hi Ball, as his neighbors called him with no thought of punning,—was never excited except over some question of property.

"I want you to look over this here," began the old man, gathering up some loose sheets in his gnarled fingers; "I've got mighty sick of paying a tarnal lawyer a dollar every time I want any kind of a paper made out, and so I've drawed up this one myself. I reckon that when it's witnessed it's all right an' tight. You jest read it over out loud."

Henry took the sheets from his father's hand.

"'Know all men by these presents,'" he read; "why it's a deed, father."

"Wal', don't ye suppose I know that?" responded the old man crustily; "go on, can't ye?"

"'That I hereby give an' convey,'" read Henry, "'the property in Ball's Corner village known as the Bill Gould house,'—you'd ought to say William, pa,—'situate in'"—he skimmed the description of the location rapidly in his sudden interest,—"'to Nancy May Peterson, in c'nsideration of the fact that she is too humbly ever to git married'—good Lord, father, you can't put that in a deed!"

"I sh'd like ter know why not," snapped Nancy May's benefactor. "Ain't it so?"

"I reckon 'tis," returned Henry, scratching his head in considerable perplexity. Nancy May's pies were

the best in town, but the maker of them was undeniably lacking in beauty.

"Wal', then," persisted Hiram with a rap of his cane, "don't find fault with my tellin' the truth. I guess I know sunthin' about law. When they draw up a deed they allus say 'in c'nsideration of so-an'-so,' namin' some money that's ben paid over. Now Nancy May, she ain't paid me nothin', 'tain't likely, cause she don' know anything about it, but ye've got ter put in sunthin' ter 'xplain the reason o' the conveyance, else somebody'll up an' say arter I'm dead that 'tain't legal an' she can't hold it. Nancy May's ben a faithful critter all these years;—I don't know what we sh'd a-done without her sence yer mother got helpless, fer hired help costs a power o' money. But she ain't no prospects, bein' so pizen humbly, an' that house will pervide fer her arter yer ma an' I'm dead an' you're married. It's well rented an' she'll have a little income out o' it from now on that she can put in the bank. Then when she gits along in years she'll have a home o' her own an' sunthin' ter do with."

Henry looked at his father with a surprised glance of approval. Old Hi Ball was known as the "nearest" man in town, but he had a rough sense of justice and could do a handsome thing when he liked. The son, who had much simple generosity in his own make-up and had long been enamored of Nancy May's cooking, was genuinely pleased at this unexpected move on his father's part, though he had had vague visions of living in the Bill Gould house himself if a certain pretty milliner at the Corner could ever be induced to smile on him.

But the wording of the deed of gift was outrageous. It seemed like an insult to faithful Nancy May with her apple-stained fingers and her big batch of pies.

The young man sat down on the foot of the bed to argue the matter, but the rheumatism seemed to have gotten into his father's temper and he held to his point with an asperity that made Henry afraid to press him too far lest it should imperil Nancy May's prospects of getting the house.

So the end of the matter was that the curious deed was taken as it stood to the county town and duly witnessed and recorded on the county books. It created a little ripple of amusement that made Henry's face redden under its tan and begat within him a resolve that Ball's Corner, at least, should never have a chance to laugh at Nancy May about the deed. He would persuade his father to keep the transfer of the property as quiet as possible.

He brought home the document and gave it to Nancy May with an odd thrill of pity that brought a lump into his throat. Henry had no very deep knowledge of women but some instinct told him that the wording of that deed would hurt Nancy May with a hurt no amount of rent money could salve.

But Nancy May had long grown used to the idea of herself as too homely to be eligible for the homage that came naturally to other women. The hurt Henry feared for her had been given so many years ago that she had overlived it and settled contentedly into her humble niche.

"La, I allus knew I was homely," she said to herself as she put the

deed away in her bureau drawer; "it don't make it any wuss to have it in writin'. As for gittin' married I allus knew better than to expect it. An' 'twas real good of Uncle Hi"—so she had learned in childhood to call her employer—"to give me the house. I shan't ever leave 'em as long as they need me but the time will come when I shan't be wanted any more (an' I hope that milliner over to the Corner won't expect you c'n stew punkin for pies in twenty minutes as if 'twas apple sass) so it will be a comfort to think I've got something o' my own."

When Henry put the rent money in her hand for the first time, Nancy May was rather nonplussed. She had never had any money before except the price of a quart of blueberries now and then when she had picked more than they wanted for the table. There had never been any question of wages for the Balls had taken her when she was a poorhouse waif and she had grown up to the position of a household — not drudge exactly, but convenience.

She put the twelve dollars in the pocket of her gingham dress. She meant to save the most of it but she wondered what she could buy for a few dollars just for the luxury of spending for the first time in her life. At the Corner store she was tempted by some pretty pink wrappers marked "$2.00" and she carried one home, though with some misgivings as to whether Uncle Hi wouldn't think she would better have saved all the money. Nancy May had always made her own dresses — straight, scant, shapeless things of the dark ugly patterns Uncle Hi brought home, fabrics which after one washing became a hopeless smudge of all dismal hues imaginable, so that poor Nancy May looked like a walking blot on the landscape.

She tried on the pink dress and was somewhat startled when she glanced into the glass over her bureau. Her swarthy face was wonderfully brightened by the clear, soft color and the figure revealed by the neatly cut garment was trim and straight with the grace of unworn youth. (Nancy May was twenty-one.)

Henry stared when he saw her and old Hiram said: "Gorry-mighty, Nance, if it's goin' to make that much difference git some more duds an' throw away the old ones. I don' know's it's right to go looking any wuss'n the Lord made ye."

So the little leaven began to work. Nancy May brought some pretty seal brown serge and a bran new pattern to cut it by instead of following the meal-sack fashion in which she had hitherto made all her clothes. Her fingers were as clever at the needle as at pie-making and when she had finished it with a touch of rose color at the throat and a neat garnishing of brown braid she hardly knew herself in her stylish array.

It was coming summer and all sorts of pretty material and dainty patterns tempted Nancy May's beauty loving soul that had been starved so long. Her skillful fingers ached to try some of the new ideas gleaned from the magazines and store windows. The new pursuit proved so fascinating that it gradually came to pass that there was no such well-gowned figure on the streets of the Corner village, nor even of the county town, as Nancy May.

The consequence was what might have been expected by more sophisticated people but it was a continual surprise to humble-minded Nancy May. Neighbors who had never taken any notice of her before beyond a shrug and smile at her unkempt appearance began to invite her to tea or neighborhood gatherings. Somebody, not without fear of ridicule, so strong was the old belief in Nancy May's general ineligibility, proposed her name at the grange, in which body, being a diligent and useful person and one of the best cooks in the neighborhood, she speedily became a star member. Then a class in the Sunday school was pressed upon her and Than Berry, the superintendent, a bachelor who had never been known to look at a girl before, was so impressed with her cleverness that he took to walking home with her and finally electrified the whole town by taking her to the annual church picnic. At this function Nancy wore a chic new dimity and won all hearts by the cheerful fashion in which she dispensed fragrant coffee of her own making and brought relays of flaky tarts from a big basket under Henry's charge. After this divers young men began to develop their muscles by evening climbs up the long hill on which the Ball homestead stood. Once in a while a youth with more serious intentions drove up with a livery team and one Hamilton, a rich widower who had lately moved to the Corner, made the ascent in his automobile and carried Nancy May off for a drive with the determination of a modern Lochinvar.

"I tell you what 'tis," said Aunt Hitty Parris, the village oracle, as she discussed the matter over her knitting, "everybody, man or woman, has their blossom time. They may be born picked an' slab-sided an' onpromisin' every way, — but they're like seeds — hardly one but'll come to sunthin' if ye let the air an' sun git to it 'fore it's too late. Now Nancy May, she'd a ben all killed out by snubbin' an' smotherin' in a year or two an' she'd a settled down into a reg'lar slouch, but the sun got to her jest in time to save her. It's her blossom time an' she's comin' out soul an' body every day. An' I must say she takes her beaus mighty cool for a girl that ain't used to it."

About this time preparations for a church entertainment began to agitate the neighborhood. Casting about for a fresh attraction a member of the committee of arrangements who had discovered that Nancy May had a fine voice suggested that she be asked to sing.

"We've had everything else over and over," he said, "and she'll be a novelty."

"I guess she will," gasped his colleague, who had not seen Nancy May for some months and had a memory-picture of her as she had looked scrubbing the steps in her smudgy gingham with her hair in strings down her neck. But the other member was insistent and the invitation was given and accepted. Nancy May got up for this occasion a cream-colored costume with ripples of black lace here and there, and she combed the some time strings of hair into a fluffy mass and fastened a red rose in the dark coils.

"Who's that stunning brunette?" asked a bewhiskered lawyer from the county town who had strayed over to attend this rustic entertainment. "She don't hail from round

here, I'll bet. She knows how to dress herself, anyway."

"'Miss Nancy May Peterson,'" said an accompanying legal light reading from his program; "Jupiter, Fred, don't you remember the queer deed we had so much fun over? This must be the lady that got a house because she was too homely ever to get married."

"Oh, shut up your bletherin', Jim," retorted the other young man who was watching the progress of Nancy's cream-colored gown down the aisle. "Can't you see she is somebody? From Boston like enough—stayin' here for her vacation. I call her a stunner! There's nothing so fetchin' as good wholesome plainness well got up; listen—she's goin' to sing."

Nancy May's singing was as much of a surprise to her neighbors as to the strangers in the audience, for like a shy wood bird she had been wont to sing only in solitude. The great, rich, untrained voice seemed fairly to lift the roof from the little church, seeking freedom for itself under the fire-jeweled dome of the wide sky. The dumb soul of the poorhouse waif through these lonely years of drudgery had never uttered itself except in song. All the hurt and all the joy, all the passion and all the longing of a human heart in its youth had gone to the making of that music. Ball's Corner had never heard anything like it for Ball's Corner had never put its soul into a song. It had found other vents — rustic love affairs, small social triumphs and successes — the getting of money, the paying of a mortgage on the farm or even the winning of a prize at the county fair or the valedictory at the village high school. Nancy May had had none of these things; she had had snubs and slights and gifts with a sting in them. So the whole power and glory of her young life had learned to tremble into sound.

There was a stir and a rustle when the song ended. Aunt Hitty was wiping her eyes on the knitting-work she had brought with her. The bewhiskered lawyer was staring straight ahead of him like a man in a fit and his companion had forgotten his joke about the deed. Than Berry was distractedly hunting for his rubbers under the pew—a sudden shower had come up and Nancy May would want some one to get her home—there was a seat in his covered buggy if he could only get in ahead of that "thunderin' Hamilton."

Henry was standing in the vestibule with his father when Nancy May went out on the arm of Hamilton with the discomfited Than glowering at them from behind. Nancy's escort was pale and he mopped his forehead excitedly with a huge white handkerchief. They passed so near that Henry and Hiram, standing unseen in the shadow, distinctly heard the stricken widower say: "I'll take you home, and look here, Nancy May, you'll have to let me come an' take you to another home for good jest as soon as you can git a weddin' gown made; I think myself this yuller one would do—"

His voice trailed off into the night and Henry, with a sudden sharpness, hurried his father out to the wagon that was standing under the horse sheds. He was startled at the sudden tumult in his brain. The dull ache at his heart that had been growing all through these

weeks of Nancy May's blossom time had all at once become unbearable. Nancy May? Why she had been a part of his life ever since he was a boy. His fancy had gone straying after pretty milliners but his faith had been anchored fast to Nancy May. She had been his refuge in all sorts of troubles. Whatever happened he had been sure of the friendship and help of his home ally. He had never imagined himself trying to do without Nancy May, only he had hankered for the social prestige which an alliance with the milliner could give him—the open sesame and the kind of distinction which the companionship of an attractive woman always gives a man. Now Nancy May herself had all these things to give and the unfailing good temper and comfortable qualities of the perfect homemaker as well. Without losing the old life he could have had the new if—well if he, like Than, could have got in ahead of Hamilton. But what chance had either of them against a widower with an automobile?

Henry had never felt so desolate in his life as he felt driving home in the falling rain. It was as if he had seen a vision of perfect happiness that beckoned, but retreated when he would have come nearer. Old Hi Ball was strangely silent, too, as the ancient horse stumbled with them along the wet, black road. They got into the dark house stealthily like thieves; "ma" was long since asleep under the care of her nurse. Henry found a match and lighted the tallow dip on the table. Nancy May's neat kitchen looked forlorn by its flickering light as if its cheerful occupant had already left it forever.

The two men looked at each other, crestfallen and awkward, the shadow of a coming loneliness settling gruesomely upon them. Visions of home without the homemaker, of the house as it had been once when Nancy May went away for a month, loomed with dismal reality in their thoughts.

Uncle Hi startled the echoes by a sudden wrathful rap of his cane on the floor.

"We'd better go ter bed," he snapped; "it's the safest place fer two sich fools as we be!"

The outer door clanged suddenly, there was a quick step, the rustle of a dress, the gleam of a hand that lighted the big hanging lamp, and Nancy May in a flood of light stood before them, radiant in her pretty evening dress. Her pleasant shrewd eyes went quickly from one glum face to the other. They looked like two gawky children too big to cry but suffering the dumb heartache that only mother love can comfort. Nancy May might have been their mother as she smiled at them.

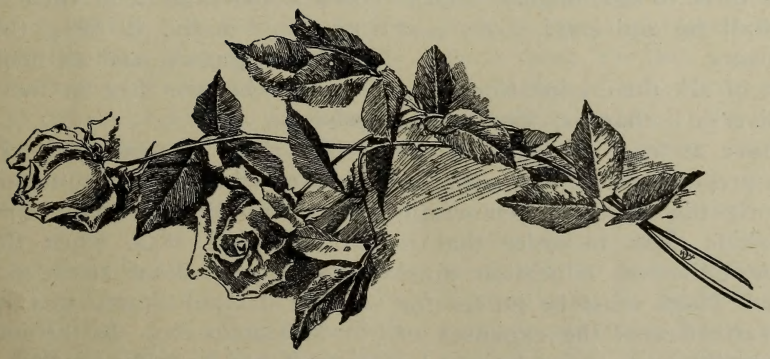
"I guess you heard what that old simpleton said," she remarked, "but I hope you ain't been worrying about my takin' up with any sich offers. I've no thoughts o' leavin' the home where I've been contented 'most all my life to go off in a bubble with a bald-headed man. Don't carry on like that, Henry Ball,—you're a-crumpling my lace. La, you needn't worry about losin' your frumpy old pie-maker that's too homely ever to git—there, there, let me go; Uncle Hi thinks you're crazy an' I don' know but you be. Let me git on my big apron an' I'll make us all a good cup o' coffee an' I guess there's the most of a punkin pie in the cellarway."

A June Song.

By Louise Lewin Matthews

The roses are blushing
The violets unfold,
And brooklets are gushing
O'er hillside to wold,
The soft air is ringing,
The lark trills her tune,
While bluebirds are singing
Their carols for June.

The meadows and uplands
In sunlight caressed,
The woods and the brookside,
With shadows are blessed,
The warm winds blow softly
From palm unto pine,
Oh! Summer and June-time,
What beauty is thine!



The Early Evolution of the Public School in Massachusetts

By F. Spencer Baldwin, Ph. D.

MASSACHUSETTS has led the way and set the pace for the American States in providing for popular education. There is nothing in the history of this commonwealth to which the citizen may point with more justifiable pride than to the development of the public school system. Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has remarked that "by common consent the teachers of the United States would choose Massachusetts as the state having the most interesting educational history." Its claims to preëminent interest "are based on the fact that it offers the completest exhibition of the Puritan ideal of education that is to be found." It will be worth while to notice in passing what that ideal implies.

The Puritan ideal of popular education in its highest development implies three things, mainly: education shall be universal, free, and compulsory.

First of all, then, education is to be universal; that is, each child shall have at least enough instruction to prepare him to discharge intelligently the duties of democratic citizenship. But, in order that it may be universal, education must be free. There must be no fee for school attendance; the expenses of school maintenance must be met by general taxation. Otherwise not all parents could afford to educate their children.

In the second place, therefore, education is to be free. This means that the property of all the citizens shall be collectively assessed for the education of all the children. This principle of free education was not established at once. The first schools in Massachusetts were not free. They were supported by fees, subscriptions, income from lands and funds, supplemented by taxes. In time, however, all the schools were made free, and were supported by general taxation. During the last century this principle has been extended to include free provision of text books as well as instruction. In 1826 a law was passed obliging towns to furnish books free to the children of the poor. Next, in 1873, the state authorized the towns to own books and lend them to the pupils. Finally, in 1884, this was made obligatory, and all books and supplies became free in the public schools.

The third element in the Puritan ideal of education, compulsion, was not definitely and finally embodied in law until 1852, when the first compulsory school attendance law in the United States was enacted by Massachusetts. In the course of time it had been found that educa-

tion could not be made universal unless school attendance was made compulsory. The need of compulsion became strikingly apparent when the rise of factory industries subjected poor parents to new and strong temptations to keep their children out of school and put them to work. The state then found it necessary to step in and enforce the obligation of the parent for the education of the children. The law of 1852 required the parent to send his children between eight and fourteen years of age to school at least twelve weeks in each year, unless he was too poor to do so. By later legislation this exception was done away, and the twelve weeks of compulsory atendance were extended to thirty.

Thus by gradual process the Puritan ideal of education — universal, free, compulsory—was completely realized.

The present scope of the public school system of the state may be shown by a few figures. The number of pupils in the public schools is 40,820; the number in the private high schools and academies 5,766. The total enrollment in these two classes of institution—46,586—is exceeded only in three states, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, each of which has a much larger population than Massachusetts. The expenditures for school purposes are $15,170,070, representing a per capita outlay of $5.10. Massachusetts spends more on schools in proportion to property than any other state.

The foundation of the public school system was laid in the early laws of 1642 and 1647, passed by the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony. The first of these laws empowered the selectmen in every town to exercise general oversight of the education of children. The second statute, that of 1847, is so important that it deserves to be quoted in full in its quaint old-time form.

"It being one chiefe project of Yt ould deluder, Sathan, to keepe men from the knowledge of Ye Scriptures, as in former times by keeping Ym in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by perswading from Ye use of tongues Yt so at least Ye true sence and meaning of Ye originall might be clouded by falce glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, Yt learning may not be buried in Ye grave of Or fathers in Ye church and comonwealth, the Lord assisting Or endeavors. It is herefore ordered, Yt every township in this jurisdiction, after Ye. Lord hath increased Ym to Ye number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their towne to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and reade, whose wages shall be paid either by Ye parents or masters of such children, or by Ye inhabitants in generall, by way of supply, as Ye maior Pt of those Yt order Ye prudentials of Ye towne shall appoint; provided, those Yt send their children be not oppressed by paying much more Yn they can have Ym taught for in other townes; and it is further ordered, Yt where any towne shall increase to Ye number of one hundred families or householders they shall set up a gramer schoole, Ye master thereof being able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fitted for Ye university; provided, Yt if any towne neglect Ye performance hereof above one yeare, Yt every towne

shall pay 5s to Ye next schoole till they shall performe this order."

The essential principles underlying this early legislation have been thus analyzed by Mr. George H. Martin in his excellent history of the evolution of the Massachusetts public school system: 1. The universal education of youth is essential to the well-being of the state; 2. the obligation to furnish this education rests primarily on the parent; 3. the state has a right to enforce this obligation; 4. the state may fix a standard which shall determine the kind of education and the individual amount; 5. public money raised by general tax may be used to provide such education as the state requires; 6. education higher than the rudiments may be supplied by the state.

Little need be said regarding the development of the public schools during the Colonial period. This period saw the appearance of the district as a unit in school administration. The origin of the district may be traced back to the institution of "moving schools"—so-called. As many towns were so big that not all the children could conveniently attend one school, the expedient was adopted of moving the school about during the year from one quarter of the town to another. The divisions of the township thus marked off were sometimes called "angles"; sometimes "squadrons." Later these terms were superceded by "district." Then it was enacted that a district must provide a schoolhouse, as a condition of having a school. Finally, the division of the township into districts was made complete, each district being given a share of the town school money to spend as it liked.

In general, educational interests languished during the eighteenth century. Public attention was diverted from the schools by King Philip's war, the witchcraft delusion and other disturbances; and finally come the revolutionary movement.

It should be noted that the clergy played a dominant rôle in school affairs during the colonial period. The ministers were regular visitors at the schools; they catechized the children, and they did much teaching themselves.

When Massachusetts became a state a clause affirming the necessity of popular education was embodied in the constitution. And in 1789 an elaborate school law was enacted. Two provisions of this act are especially noteworthy. It required towns with a population of fifty families to furnish six months' schooling by a master, and towns of two hundred families to support a grammar school. These requirements fall below the educational standard set by the early colonial legislation. "Comparing the new law with the old," says Mr. Martin, "we see that the standard is that of a degenerate age. Whereas in the early colonial days there was a permanent English school in every town of fifty families, now only six months' schooling is demanded, and this may be subdivided indefinitely. Whereas each town of a hundred families must have supported a permanent grammar school, where boys could be fitted for the university, now all such towns below two hundred families need keep only the English school, and might flitter away the twelve months in driblets."

The half century following the enactment of the first state law was

marked by the steady decline of the public schools. The chief cause of this decline was the district system. The steps in the development of this mischievous system were as follows: 1. The law of 1789 sanctioned the division of townships into districts, but gave no power to the latter. 2. In 1800 the power to tax was conferred on the people of the districts. 3. In 1817 the districts were made corporate bodies, with power to sue and be sued, to make and enforce contracts, and the like. 4. Finally, in 1827 a law was passed which required the towns with districts to choose for each one a prudential committeeman, who should have the care of the school property, and select the teachers. In practice the towns usually allowed the districts to choose these committeemen. The enactment of the law of 1827 completed the evolution of the district system.

This system wrought havoc with the public schools. There is a certain picturesqueness about the old district school when viewed from the safe distance of the present limit in the mellow light of historical retrospect. But in reality it was bad in every way. The schoolroom was generally small, overcrowded and ill ventilated; books and appliances were meager; the course of study was chaotic; the terms were usually short; the instruction was often incompetent—the chief requisite for a successful teacher being the ability to lick the biggest boy and thus escape the very common fate of being "thrown out."

The fundamental fault of the district system was that it involved an excessive subdivision of administrative authority which was fatal to efficiency. This meant petty politics, local rows, and backwoods methods in school administration. The chief evils in the conduct of the schools under the district régime were: 1. Poor schoolhouses; commodious and properly equipped buildings were beyond the resources of the districts. 2. Bad teaching; one teacher was frequently obliged to handle many pupils of all ages and widely varying attainments; proper grading was impossible. 3. Short terms; the funds were not sufficient to provide for a long session.

The obvious remedy for these evils was to abolish the district lines and consolidate the small schools into larger ones, adequately equipped, officered and organized. But so tenacious of life was the district system that it resisted all attacks until 1882, when it was finally legislated out of existence. Local politics and sectional jealousy sustained it through forty years of assault. It died hard—for the same reason that the big Boston school committee of twenty-four members died hard. In the end each gave way to better things.

The period of decline of the public schools during the early decades of the nineteenth century was followed by a period of revival and expansion. The credit for this educational reformation is due jointly to two men, James G. Carter and Horace Mann. The former, as pamphleteer and legislator, first drew public attention to the declining state of the schools, pointed out the way of reform, and secured the legislation that created the administrative machinery required to bring it to pass. The latter, as secretary of the State Board of Education from 1837 to 1848, carried through the

work of reform with splendid efficiency.

The agitation for school reform was begun by Carter in 1824, when he published his "Letters on the Free Schools of New England." In these papers he described vividly the degenerate condition of the public schools and made an eloquent plea for reform. He followed up the "Letters" with a series of "Essays upon Popular Education." The immediate result of Carter's writings was the school legislation of 1824 and 1826. Each town was required to choose annually a special committee which should have charge of the schools. This was an initial blow at the pernicious district system.

Carter's plans for improving the public school system included three important measures, all of which were eventually adopted: 1. A State school fund; 2. a State board of education; 3. a seminary for teachers.

1. In 1834 a school fund, not to exceed one million dollars, was created, to be derived chiefly from the sale of state lands in Maine. Later this fund was increased to two million dollars. The proceeds are used in part to assist the towns in supporting schools, in part to maintain. State educational institutions.

2. In 1837 a State Board of Education was established, consisting of eight members, for the purpose of collecting and diffusing information relating to the schools.

3. In 1839 and 1840 three normal schools for the training of teachers were opened at Lexington, Barre and Bridgewater. Mr. Edmund Dwight of Boston had offered ten thousand dollars to be used in the training of teachers if the state would appropriate an equal amount. The legislature accepted this offer in 1838. The first schools were established experimentally, for three years. Then their support was permanently assumed by the state. Later the Lexington school was removed to Framingham; and the Barre school to Westfield. These institutions revolutionized the methods of teaching in the public schools. As Mr. George B. Emerson tersely puts it: They "substituted real teaching for the old way of hearing lessons."

Horace Mann began his labor in the field made ready for him by James G. Carter's agitation in 1837. The Board of Education, created in that year, chose him as Secretary at its first meeting. It had been generally expected that Carter would be made Secretary of the Board, and the selecteion of Mann was a disappointment to many persons who had been active in the reform movement. But, whatever contemporary opinion any have thought of the wisdom of this choice, the brilliant service rendered by Mann amply justified his appointment. He possessed, indeed, unusual qualification for his position. Horace Mann was a lawyer who had been a member of the state legislature for ten years; at the time of his appointment he was president of the senate. He was clear-headed, broad-minded and far-sighted, with a character of genuine nobility, combining in his makeup moral earnestness, profound devotion to duty, indefatigable capacity for work, remarkable organizing and administrative faculty and literary ability of a high order. Such a man could not fail to magnify and dignify his office.

Mann began at once a systematic campaign for the betterment of the schools.

He employed three means of enlightening and arousing public opinion: conventions and other public meetings, the annual reports of the Board of Education and the Common School Journal, a monthly periodical which he edited. He dwelt especially on four evils in the school system which demanded speedy correction. These were: 1. Non-attendance; he showed that forty-two thousand children did not go to school at all, and that the average period of attendance was only seventeen weeks in a year. 2. Badly built and tumble-down schoolhouses; in his third report he wrote: "Respecting the three thousand schoolhouses, I am convinced that there is no other class of buildings within our limits, erected either for the permanent or temporary residence of our native population, so inconvenient, so uncomfortable, so dangerous to health by their construction within, or so unsightly and repulsive in their appearance without . . . deserted by all public care, and abandoned to cheerlessness and dilapidation." 3. Lack of supervision; he pointed out that the school committees generally neglected this work. 4. Inefficiency of the teaching force; he criticized severely the text books and the method of teaching in vogue.

During the ten years of Mann's service as Secretary these evils were largely corrected. The chief tangible results of his work have been thus summed up by Mr. Martin: "Statistics tell us that the appropriations for public schools had doubled; that more than two million dollars had been spent in providing better schoolhouses; that the wages of men as teachers had increased sixty-two per cent., of women fifty-one per cent., while the whole number of women employed as teachers had increased fifty-four per cent.; one month had been added to the average length of the schools; the rates of private school expenditures to those of the public schools had diminished from seventy-five per cent. to thirty-six per cent.; the compensation of school committees had been made compulsory, and their supervision was more general and more constant; three normal schools had been established, and had sent out several hundred teachers, who were making themselves felt in all parts of the State."

Like all great reformers Mann encountered fierce criticism and bitter opposiiton. The sources of this opposition were partly political, partly religious and partly professional. Mann was a Whig, and in 1840 his political opponents made an unsuccessful attempt to have the Board of Education abolished. He was a Unitarian, and as such was suspected by the Orthodox of a design to bring the schools under Unitarian control. He was a promoter of new ideas and new methods in education, and his views disturbed the old fogeys—who are probably more numerous in the teaching profession than in any other. In 1843 thirty-one Boston schoolmasters openly attacked Mann in a pamphlet, the publication of which precipitated a famous controversy. Mann made a crushing reply, and other writers joined in the discussion. The pamphlet of the Boston schoolmasters is an interesting curiosity. It illustrates the spirit of narrow-minded self-satisfaction,

hidebound conservatism, and professional jealousy, which attempts to block the way of any reform that threatens an easy established routine.

The public school system of today remains in its essential features what it became under the quickening impulse imparted to it by Horace Mann. It is not necessary to follow in detail its later growth. Some special developments should, however, be noticed. One of these is the kindergarten movement so prominent at present.

The first kindergarten in Boston was opened by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody in 1860. Soon after others were established in various parts of the country. In 1877 Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw opened kindergartens for the children of the poor in this city. In 1889 the kindergarten was adopted into the public school system of Boston. Unquestionably the kindergarten is a most valuable addition to our educational apparatus. But it has brought with it a certain danger, in its influence on the schools. The kindergarten pupil acquires the habit of being amused. His play appetite is abnormally developed. He has a marked dislike or incapacity for resolute application, persistent effort at hard tasks. He demands to be spoon-fed with sugar-coated instruction. But the most valuable element in education is really the steady discipline that develops the power to concentrate one's efforts on the thing in hand, however disagreeable, to push through to the end, to deliver the message to Garcia. Under the influence of the kindergarten the schools are in danger of relaxing unduly the rigor of their discipline. The kindergarten principle of instruction must be applied sparingly and discreetly.

The parochial school movement also deserves notice. The demands of the Catholic church authorities, which began to be urged about fifty years ago,—that the Bible be excluded from the schools and that a share of the public school money be given to the support of church schools, were emphatically answered by Massachusetts in the negative. An amendment of the Constitution in 1855 declared that money raised by local tax or appropriated by the state for schools should be expended only upon public schools; and that such money should never be appropriated to any religious sect for the maintenance of its own schools. A law of 1855 made daily reading of the Bible compulsory in all public schools. At this time there were only a few parochial schools in the state. They did not become an important factor till after the Baltimore Council in 1884 declared it to be the policy of the Catholic church to educate its own children in parochial schools. Since then these schools have multiplied rapidly. From 1870 to 1880 the attendance of these schools increased eight thousand; and from 1880 to 1890, came a further increase of twenty-eight thousand. Regarded from the point of view of the interests of American democracy the growth of these institutions is a matter of regret.

There are strong divisive influences at work in this country, growing out of varieties of religious and political beliefs, and differences of economic and social status. In the midst of the influences that make for separation and antagonism the public school stands as a great uni-

fying and harmonizing agency. Through its associations the members of each rising generation feel themselves knit together, not as a sect, a party, or a class, but as a Nation. It is unfortunate that the children of any part of the population should be withdrawn from that common nursery of democracy—the public school.

Comrades

By James L. Elderdice

When fresh and sweet the Spring winds blow,
  A strange voice seems to woo,
"Here, in the haunts you used to know,
  I loitering watch for you."

The green wood holds a secret place,
  I find him waiting there,
A little boy with joyous face,
  And heart untouched by care.

He is, by instinct I divine,
  The youth I used to be;
He has his life and I have mine,
  And yet but one are we.

Into the woodland's depths we go,
  Dear comrades, hand in hand;
He cannot fathom all I know,
  But him I understand.

He prattles of the coming years,
  And all they hold in store;
I pay the tribute of my tears
  To those that are no more.

His fervid dreams my heart beguile,
  He talks of purpose high;
Perchance I answer with a smile,
  But oftener with a sigh.

A Footnote on Whittier

By CHARLES F. CARTER

IN the year 1875, Miss Minnie Carter, a young girl of eighteen, passed the summer with some friends in the White Mountains. During the round of visits to the various resorts they came to West Ossipee where, at the Bearcamp River House were John G. Whittier and Lucy Larcom. Miss Larcom, although a friend of Miss Carter's parents, had not seen the daughter since the latter was a mere child, but the two soon became acquainted and firm friends. Naturally, the young girl was presented, in due time, to Mr. Whittier. Those were the days of the omnipresent autograph album. Miss Carter owned one of those instruments of torture and, equally of course, her new friends were asked to contribute to its contents; a request with which both kindly complied. Miss Carter died a year later.

Many years passed. In a letter from Miss Larcom to the present writer, dated November 26, 1892, not long after Mr. Whittier's death, is the following: "I was thinking of Minnie in connection with him [Mr. Whittier]. She came to West Ossipee with some friends while he was there, and he was much interested in her. He wrote in her autograph album a verse or two out of which one of his finest poems afterward grew. I want a copy of those verses very much. Can you find the album and copy them for me when you go home?"

The following is what Mr. Whittier wrote in the album:

A gold thread in the purpling hem
Of hills, the Bearcamp runs,
And down the long, green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.

Beneath its light yon mountains seem
No longer granite-browed;
The rock that melts in rosy mist
Is softer than the cloud.

O life, that closes like the day,
Like it sink warm and still,
With golden glory on the stream
And rose-light on the hill!

—*John G. Whittier.*

Bearcamp River House,
30th of 8th mo., 1875.

It may be interesting to compare this genesis of his poem with the published version which Mr. Whittier extended to eighty-four lines; the first four lines opening the poem, the second stanza forming the twenty-ninth to the thirty-second lines, and the last in the album having almost disappeared, the only bit of it remaining being the two lines concluding the poem, Mr. Whittier having, perhaps, forgotten his version in the album:

A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs
As down its long, green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.

* * * * * * * *

How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;

And the conclusion:

A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold,—
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold!

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar

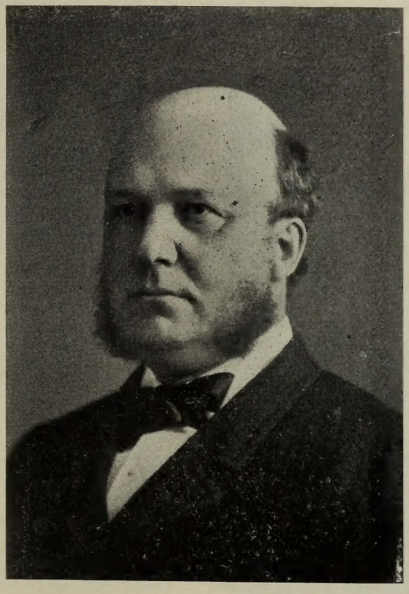
By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

Chief Justices Shaw, Gray and Holmes—Judge Curtis and the Dred Scott case—Richard H. Dana's fight for the fugitive slave—John A. Andrew and the impeachment of Judge Loring—Judge Aldrich and the duty of a Christian—Some old time District Attorneys.

I

Great Men of Old

THE administration of law in Massachusetts has undergone radical changes within fifty years and the judicial machinery is so arranged today that justice, tempered with mercy, is a fact instead of an axiom. The old idea that laws were rigid has given way to a progressive spirit that they are flexible and can be adapted to human conditions whenever they are demanded. Many persons can remember when relief in equity was a very uncommon proceeding and the Supreme Court, which alone had jurisdiction in such matters, had a limited experience in that class of cases. Now that concurrent authority has been given to the Superior Court there has been a constant increase in that line of work and it frequently happens that a good deal of time is given by justices of the Supreme and Superior Courts to the determination of questions arising in equity litigation. The courts have reached a point where equity will right almost any wrong and the beneficial results that have followed the broad and liberal interpretation by the courts of the powers vested in them have strengthened the confidence of the people in the judicial system of the Commonwealth. It is not many years ago that judges of the Supreme Court were called upon in habeas corpus proceedings to determine in cases of disputes between parents whether the father or the mother should have the custody of a child. It was almost invariably held that the father, as the legal guardian, was entitled to his child,



HORACE GRAY

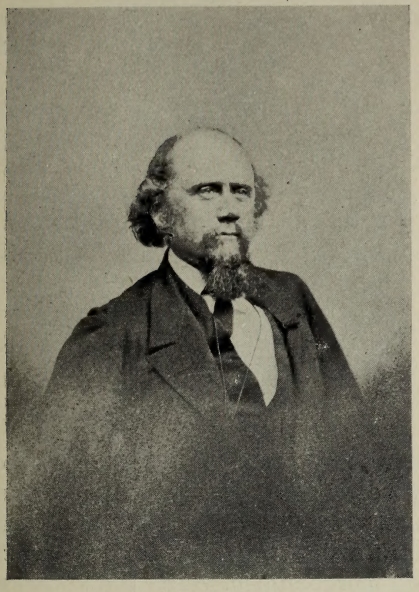
although in many instances the evidence was of a nature to enlist the sympathy of the judge in favor of the mother and it was against his natural inclinations to enter a decree for the father. The traditional right of a father, however, was a controlling element and law prevailed. To-day all is changed and the primary question considered by all judges is the welfare of the child regardless of legal claims. If it is deemed necessary, as occasionally happens, the court will go so far as to place a child in the custody of a disinterested person or organization with provision that both father and mother may visit the child at reasonable times. Similar progress has been made in almost every branch of the law, and the code of practice of twenty-five years ago is now almost obsolete, except as to minor details.

Formerly every proceeding was heard at the court house in the county where the action was begun. Now, in the exercise of equity powers, a judge considers a matter wherever it may be presented to him and the customary endorsement of "In chambers" covers a wide latitude. The following incident illustrates the contrast between old times and present methods. The Norfolk County Railroad ran between the towns of Blackstone and Dedham. When the line was acquired by other corporations an independent entrance was secured to Boston over what is now the New York and New England division of the New York and New Haven system. The link between Dedham and the main line, a distance of about three miles, was abandoned and idle for years, even the rails being removed. Learning that the owners of land abutting the roadbed were about to bring suits to obtain possession of the unused land the railroad company resorted to sharp practice to retain its rights. A large force of men began work at midnight of Saturday and before midnight of Sunday the rails were again laid and the tracks are now in use. No judge would have issued an injunction on the Sabbath day but if a similar act were attempted at the present time the parties engaged on the job would be restrained by the courts.

The framers of the Constitution of Massachusetts were wise in providing that all judges should be appointed for life instead of being subject to political influences such as prevail in many states where the elective system is in force. No suspicion of corruption has ever been entertained against the Massachusetts judiciary even by parties against whom adverse decisions have been rendered. In appointments to the bench of the Supreme Court all governors have selected lawyers of eminent ability, and it is not strange that decisions of that court are recognized authority in every state of the Union.

Since the Supreme Court was organized in 1775 there have been fourteen Chief Justices. The first was John Adams, the second president of the United States. He was followed by William Cushing, Nathaniel Peaslee Sargent, Francis Dana, Theophilus Parsons, Samuel Sewall, Isaac Parker, Lemuel Shaw, Reuben Atwater Chapman, Horace Gray, Marcus Morton, Walbridge Abner Field, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Marcus Perrin Knowlton. Justices Gray and Holmes were both elevated to the bench of

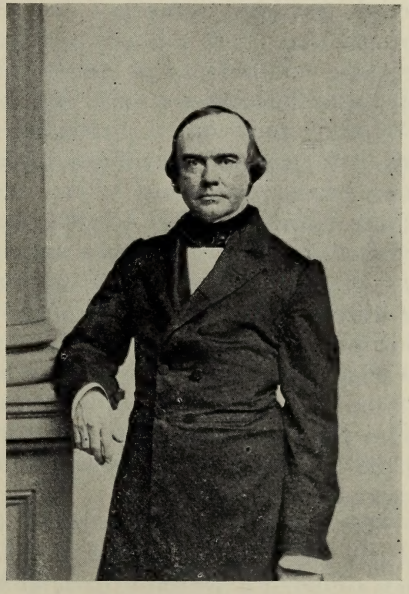
the Supreme Court of the United States and Judge Holmes is now a member of that body. Chief Justice Shaw who was at the head of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for thirty years was one of the foremost



RICHARD H. DANA

jurists in the United States and his decisions are frequently cited in support of, or against, certain contentions. The most painful duty he was ever called upon to perform was the sentencing to death of Professor Webster, a personal friend, for the murder of George Parkman. Judge Gray was another great scholar and the best book lawyer on the bench. At times his mannerisms were exceedingly disagreeable and often offensive to members of the bar. On one occasion the Hon. Henry W. Paine, an eminent lawyer, quoted an authority in support of a strong point. Chief Justice Gray interrupting him exclaimed, "That is not the law, Mr. Paine." "It was the law until your honor spoke," was the calm rejoinder of Mr. Paine. At another time a member of the bar at a hearing before the Chief Justice read from a decision of an inferior court of another state and Judge Gray who did not recognize the authority asked what work it was. When told by the lawyer the Chief Justice petulantly said, "You might as well cite me an opinion of Judge Churchill of the Municipal Court."

Of the distinguished men who have practiced in the courts of Massachusetts within the lifetime of men now approaching old age the most conspicuous was the Hon. Benjamin R. Curtis who in personal appearance and ability resembled



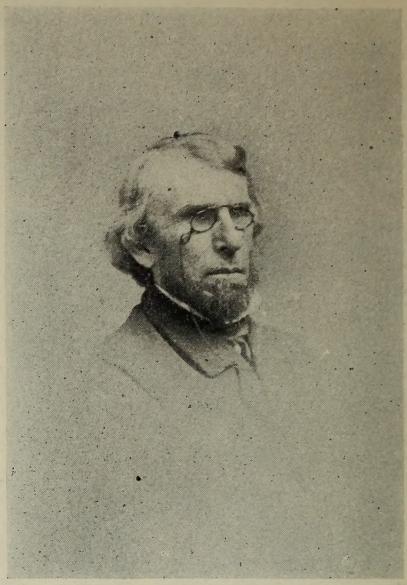
BENJAMIN R. CURTIS

Daniel Webster. The fame achieved by Webster in his celebrated reply to Hayne in the Senate of the United States, which speech undoubtedly postponed the civil war for several years, was later shared

by Judge Curtis whose dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case aroused the conscience of the North and hastened the great conflict that resulted in the emancipation of the slaves in the United States.

As matter of history only the Dred Scott decision is known to-day and few persons are aware that the foundation of that suit which intensified the bitterness then existing between the North and South arose out of a simple assault and battery that was within the jurisdiction of the inferior courts. The legal title of the case was Dred Scott vs. John F. A. Sanford. The matter was first heard in the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Missouri and judgment was rendered for the defendant on the ground that Scott was not a citizen, and had no standing in court. The case was then taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of error and involved several complicated questions. The most eminent counsel in the country were arrayed against each other and the case was twice argued on account of differences of opinion among the members of the court at its first hearing. It was very expensive litigation but Scott had ample support from the abolitionists of the North while the slaveholders of the South backed Sanford.

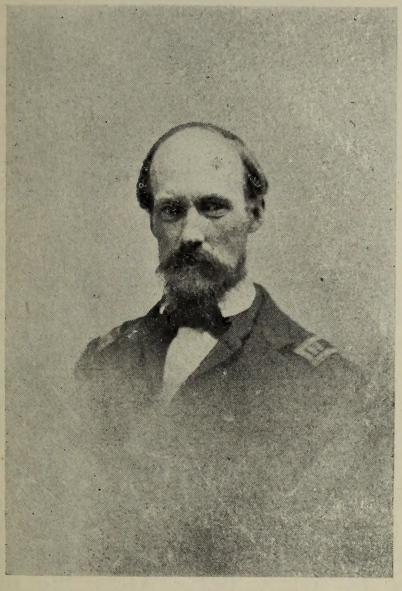
After considering the case for nearly two years Chief Justice Taney rendered a decision that startled the North and was received with exultation in the South. A majority of the court proclaimed the "monstrous" doctrine, so designated in the North, that a person whose ancestors were of the African race could not be a citizen of the United States and had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. In other words it was held that a colored man was merely property and could be bought and sold like any article of merchandise. In the opinion, which showed remarkable learning and historical research, the Chief Justice held that the settlers of the American colonies inherited and displayed feelings toward men of African descent that had come from every European nation; and that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were adopted at a time when such feelings existed. Nearly every other member of the court, while agreeing with the Chief Justice, felt called upon to express their views because of the political considerations involved, and which also included private rights of value and constitutional principles of the highest importance.



JOHN WILDER MAY

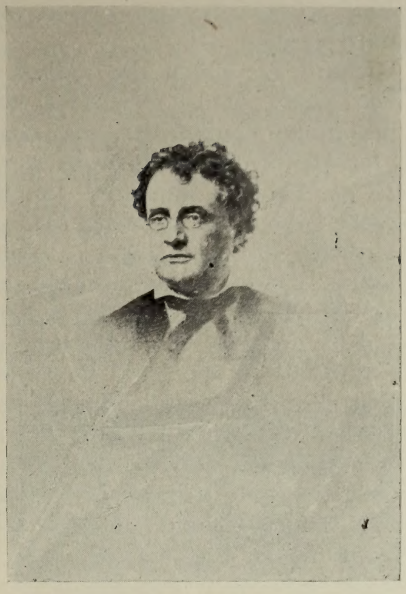
Judge Curtis, a Massachusetts Democrat, read a dissenting opinion

full of strength and sound reasoning against the decision of his associates. He denied that the Constitution of the United States was made exclusively for the whites and claimed that a person residing in a free state is and can become a citizen of the United States. Slavery being contrary to natural law is created only by the municipal law, argued Judge Curtis, and states had a right to prescribe the qualifications for citizenship. The Missouri Compromise gave Scott a standing in the courts, Judge Curtis claimed, and he held that the case should be remanded to the circuit court of Missouri for a new trial.



OLIVER STEVENS

Judge Curtis resigned from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States soon after that decision and entered upon an extensive practice in Massachusetts which was constantly growing up to the time of his death. One of his great legal victories was in having declared unconstitutional a legislative act authorizing the City of Boston to operate the East Boston ferries free of toll to foot passengers. A son of Judge Curtis, named after his father, who seemed to inherit the temperament and ability of the Judge, began at the foot of the ladder and took a position as one of the justices of the Municipal Court. In a brief experience he showed promise of a brilliant future when death ended his career.



JOHN A. ANDREW

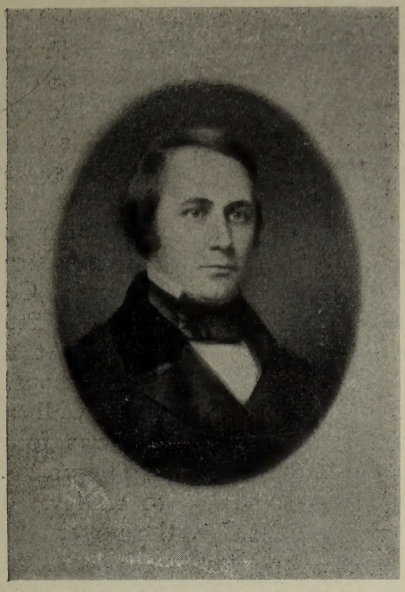
Boston witnessed two exciting scenes a few years prior to the civil war when under the Fugitive Slave Act two runaways found in Boston were remanded to the custody of their owners who came to claim them. In one instance the anti-slavery feeling was so strong that United States troops, with loaded guns, guarded the streets leading from Court Square to Long

Wharf where the slaves were put aboard vessels.

Richard H. Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast" and a prominent abolitionist, was counsel for one of the slaves and Colonel Seth J. Thomas appeared for the owners. At a bar meeting held on the death of Mr. Dana Colonel Thomas made a remarkable address which will always be remembered by persons who were present. He referred to the legal battle between Mr. Dana and himself and described the events which led up to the civil war and the destruction of slavery. In closing his tribute to Mr. Dana, Colonel Thomas said, "I won, you lost! You won, I lost!"

The United States Commissioner in Boston at that time was Edward G. Loring, who was also Judge of Probate for Suffolk county. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer serving in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, started a movement to impeach Judge Loring and the powerful speech of Mr. Andrew is said to have influenced his colleagues to take action which resulted in the removal of Judge Loring. When the vote was announced Mr. Andrew exclaimed, "Thank God, the deed is done!" A few years later that remark furnished the key note to a campaign that made Mr. Andrew governor of the Commonwealth, a governor who during the four years of the civil war, with Governors Morton of Indiana and Curtin of Pennsylvania, sustained and strengthened Abraham Lincoln in some of the darkest periods of that momentous struggle. After the war ended Governor Andrew resumed legal duties and was foremost in the ranks of his profession when he died in 1868. One of his great efforts was before a legislative committee in favor of more liberal legislation as to the sale of liquor and he aroused antagonism among the opponents of the measure by declaring and proving by medical experts that liquors contained a certain percentage of food products. The initiative taken by Governor Andrew stimulated a public sentiment against prohibition and culminated in the present local option statute, one of the most satisfactory laws ever enacted. Just before his death Governor Andrew was before the Supreme Court as counsel for the plaintiff in the celebrated breach of promise suit brought by Belinda B. Elms against Daniel D. Kelly, the large ship builder of East Boston. The jury returned a verdict of $8,000 for Mrs. Elms, but the exceptions taken by E. D. Sohier and G. A. Somerby, counsel for Mr. Kelly, were sustained by the full bench and a new trial was ordered. The vital evidence for the plaintiff was a ring inscribed from "Dan to Belle" which Mrs. Elms testified Mr. Kelly gave her after his promise to marry her. After the first trial Governor Andrew died and the two suceeding trials were conducted by Tolman Willey, a brilliant advocate who took the place of Governor Andrew. A second verdict for the plaintiff was set aside by the presiding justice and the third trial resulted in a verdict for Mr. Kelly. The sensational feature of this trial was the appearance of a jeweler from Portland, Maine, who testified that Mrs. Elms purchased the ring from him and it was engraved as she requested.

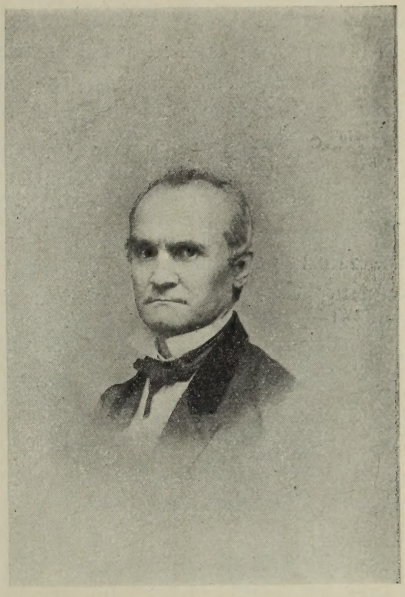
The criminal side of the Superior



GEORGE P. SAWYER

Court has made rapid advances within twenty-five years and has kept pace with the civil sessions. Since the days of District Attorney Samuel D. Parker, a remarkable prosecuting officer, the position has been filled by George P. Sanger, afterward United States District Attorney, John Wilder May, later a justice of the Municipal Court, Oliver Stevens and now John B. Moran. With Mr. May was General Patrick R. Guiney, (the father of Miss Imogene Guiney the well known writer,) who achieved distinction in the War of the Rebellion; and among the assistants under Mr. Stevens were Samuel Hoar, now dead, Moorfield Storey, Timothy J. Dacey, Melvin O. Adams, Thomas W. Proctor, Robert W. Nason, John D. McLaughlin and Frederick H. Chase.

Mr. May, who was a thorough lawyer, first came into prominence as a member of the Common Council of Boston representing Roxbury which had just been annexed. During his term an investigation into the management of affairs at Long Island was held, and Mr. E. D. Whitcomb, a member of the Common Council, refused to testify. Acting on the advice of Mr. May the Council committed Mr. Whitcomb to jail for contempt. He was released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by the Supreme Court which held that the Common Council



HENRY W. PAINE

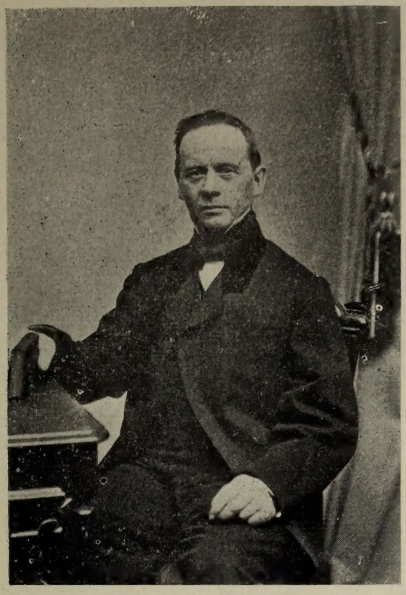
could only exercise legislative and not judicial powers. Mr. Whitcomb subsequently brought suit against the city for false imprisonment claiming damages for a large amount. The case was never tried but was settled on the payment of a substantial sum to Mr. Whitcomb.

Before Mr. May became District Attorney he acted in a criminal case that attracted a good deal of attention. A man had died leaving an estate of about one million dollars

to two minor children and a well known lawyer was appointed trustee. When the children became of age and demanded an accounting it was found that the entire fortune had been dissipated. Mr. May as counsel for the heirs made strong efforts to induce the justices of the Municipal Court to issue a warrant for the arrest of the lawyer, but it was decided that there was no statute covering the offence and that it could not be reached at common law. The legislature was in session at the time and passed the so-called embezzlement law as applied to "clerks, servants or agents." In the meantime Mr. May had become District Attorney for Suffolk county, and intended to present the case to that body but Judge Aldrich forestalled possible action by instructing the grand jury that any embezzlement of trust funds before the law was passed was not subject of indictment, as the law could not be made retroactive in its operation. This ended the legal proceedings and nothing more was done.

Mr. Stevens who was District Attorney for more than thirty years represented the government at many important trials where the accused were defended by the ablest attorneys at the bar. One of the most interesting cases was against a young man named Fitzgerald who had an extensive acquaintance among public men at Washington and who was charged with obtaining a check for about $2,500 from the Hon. Charles Francis Adams by means of a bunco game. Mr. Adams enjoyed the unique distinction of being not only a son but a grandson of a president of the United States, his grandfather John Adams and his father John Quincy Adams having both held that exalted position. Charles Francis Adams, who was minister to the Court of St. James during the War of the Rebellion, rendered his country the most distinguished service in that position and laid the basis for the Alabama Claims which cost England $20,000,000 for the destruction of American shipping by Confederate privateers built and fitted out in English shipyards. At the time of the incident under consideration Mr. Adams was well advanced in years and it was found that his mental condition was such that he was unable to testify. To establish a case for the government Mr. Stevens had to rely upon the testimony of Hon. Richard Olney and John Quincy Adams the son of Charles Francis Adams, neither of whom had personal knowledge of the transaction. It was a difficult matter for Mr. Stevens to lay a foundation but he succeeded in overcoming all objections raised by ingenious counsel and Fitzgerald, who was convicted, was sentenced by Chief Justice Brigham to a long term in state prison.

John A. Andrew and George Sennott—the latter a celebrated criminal lawyer in Boston—who in 1859 volunteered their services in defence of John Brown when tried in the courts of Virginia for treason in an attempt to incite the slaves to insurrection, made quite a reputation in the North and won the gratitude of the abolitionists. The trial did not give Mr. Andrew or Mr. Sennott an opportunity to show their legal abilities but it evoked humanitarian considerations that molded and shaped public opinion for the tremendous conflict of arms that soon followed. It was a cour-

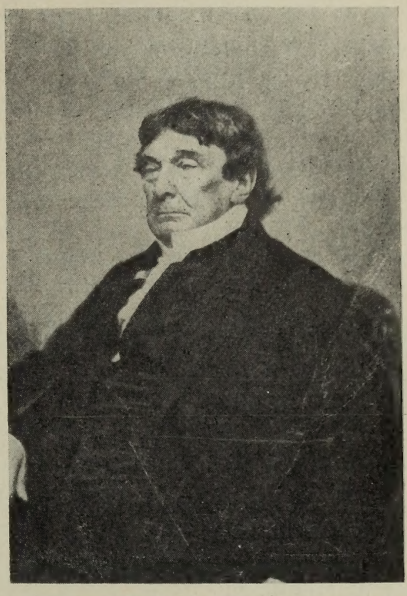


SETH J. THOMAS

ageous act for these two Boston lawyers to array themselves against the southern sentiment then prevailing on the slave question and in almost any other southern state their lives would have been in danger. The people of Virginia like those of Massachusetts, however, had been educated to respect the law and the descendants of the Cavaliers had no more sympathy with mob violence than had the sons of the Pilgrims.

The real test of a lawyer has always been, and is now, the power to present questions to the full bench of the Supreme Court. Before that tribunal oratory counts for nothing and men who can sway a jury by their eloquence find their talents wasted when confronted with propositions which to successfully maintain require logical presentation and sound reasoning.

The most eminent member of the legal profession cannot anticipate a decision of the Supreme Court in an important matter, and the unexpected frequently happens. This was shown after the Board of Police for the City of Boston was created by legislative act when Frederick O. Prince and other taxpayers brought a bill in equity to restrain the city from raising or appropriating money to pay salaries or expenses of the police department. It revived the old doctrine of "taxation without representation" in the Massachusetts Colony that led up to the American Revolution. The constitutional questions involved were fully and ably discussed by Sidney Bartlett, R. D. Weston-Smith, and Charles A. Prince who represented the petitioners, while the rights of the police board were argued by William G. Russell and George Putnam. The decision that the petitioners had mistaken their remedy was most disappointing, the



LEMUEL SHAW

court holding that the title to the office could only be impeached by writ of *quo warranto*.

The next day an opinion came down in an unimportant case that settled all the points in controversy, although the constitutional questions had merely been suggested and not much insisted upon. The case was that of the Commonwealth vs. George Plaisted, a member of the Salvation Army, who had been convicted of violating the regulations of the police board requiring all itinerant musicians to have licenses. The right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience was a constitutional question that was raised but in its opinion the court dealt very lightly with that branch of the case and defined at some length the powers of the legislature in determining local self-government. The court says that while the legislature could not abolish town system without coming into contact with some provisions of the Constitution, yet in most respects it leaves the powers and duty of providing laws for the government of the towns and cities to the discretion of the legislature. "It may amend their charters, enlarge or diminish their powers, extend or limit their boundaries, consolidate two or more into one and abolish them altogether at its own discretion."

Plaisted is not the only man who has claimed the right to worship according to his conscience, regardless of laws framed for the general good of the public. Several years ago the Rev. Mr. Davis refused to ask for a permit to preach on the Common, claiming that it was his inalienable right to preach the Word of God whenever and wherever he desired. He was complained of for violation of a city ordinance and upon conviction carried the matter to the Supreme Court upon exceptions which were overruled on the ground that such an ordinance was valid. The Mayor of Boston was willing to give Mr. Davis a permit but he refused to apply for one. He was before the court several times and remained in jail rather than pay the fine imposed. On one occasion Mr. Davis appealed from a sentence of the Municipal Court and at a trial in the Superior Court Judge Aldrich, a man of profound religious conviction, and of the old Puritan type, presided. As usual Mr. Davis in his own behalf addressed the jury, claiming that even the legislature had not a right to prescribe the forms of religious worship. Judge Aldrich listened patiently for a few minutes when he interrupted the defendant with the remark, "Mr. Davis, I want you to distinctly understand that the first duty of a Christian is to obey the laws of the land." The jury speedily found Mr. Davis guilty and it was his last appearance in the courts.

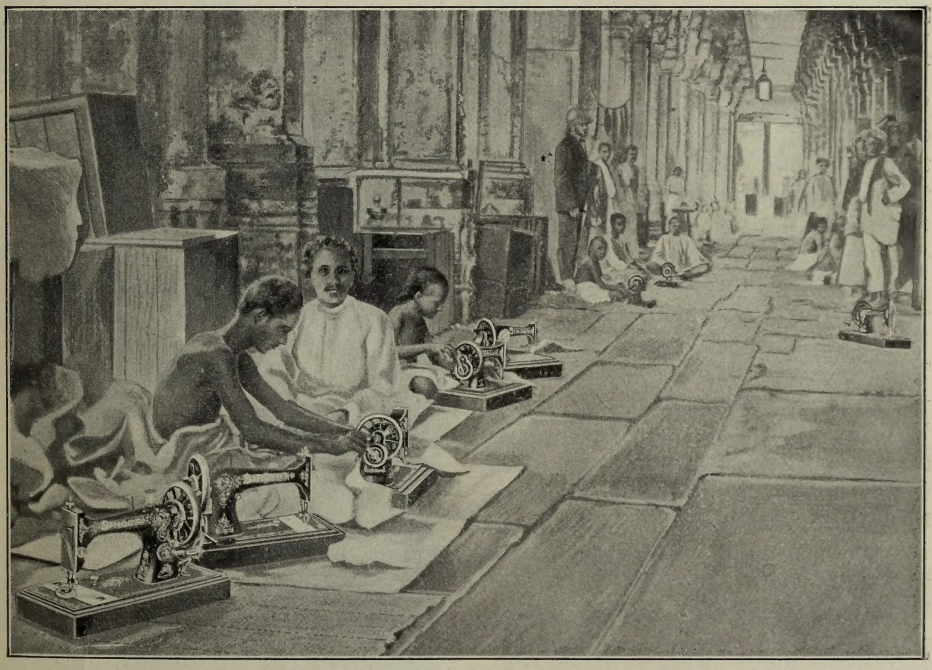
The American Sewing Machine

A Boston Yankee Invention which has Conquered the World

By Alexander Hume Ford

IT TOOK a Yankee to invent the sewing machine, and it took him many years. In fact, it is just half a century since the first commercial sewing machine, that could sew, was put together in Boston, although a hundred years before that, in 1755, an Englishman patented a sewing machine that couldn't sew; and it took fully one century to remedy the defect. To America belongs the credit, and today there are more Yankee-made sewing machines used abroad than those of all foreign makes combined.

Fifty years ago sewing machines were still being made to sell as curiosities. Firms and manufacturers went bankrupt when the good housewives who had been imposed upon discovered that the newfangled machine could not begin to do the work of woman's fingers.

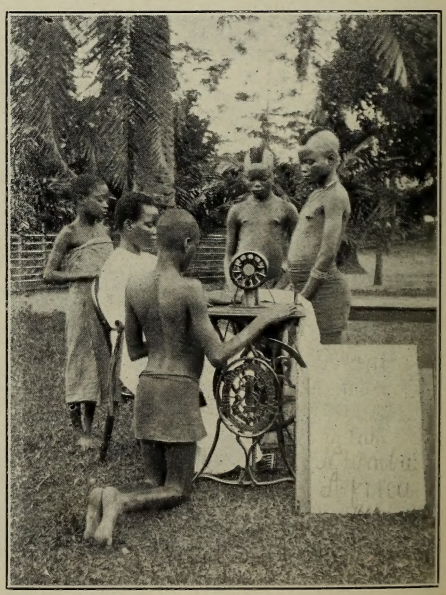


TAILORS IN HINDU TEMPLE, INDIA



MAYA INDIAN GIRL IN YUCATAN

Moreover, parliaments and people inveighed against an invention that would deprive woman of her chief means of gaining a livelihood. A New England clergyman, the Rev. John A. Dodge, came near inventing a practical sewing machine in the early part of the nineteenth century, but fearing that its perfection and manufacture would drive the journeyman tailors out of business, as a good humanitarian he destroyed his models and declined to make any more. The next great step forward was made by a New England tramp, destitute of altruistic motives, who knew that he must either succeed — or starve. Enthused with his brilliant dreams of success where others had failed for a century, he induced two humble Boston workmen to take stock in his visionary enterprise. One put in his entire capital, forty dollars, with which to buy necessary parts for the proposed machine; the other loaned the use of his tools and workshop. The money was spent, the tools dulled by long use, the machine completed at last and the three stockholders gathered together in final confab, only to discover that the wonderful machine from which they had expected so much — would not work. Silently the partners of the tramp left him in disgust. It was a fellow wanderer of the road that in pity held the light now while the inventor worked on and on through the night, until the tools at last fell from his weary hands. He had failed. The only consolation in his despair came from his companion in misery who persuaded him that he had "almost" succeeded, for "the loose loops of threads were all upon the upper side of the cloth." Instantly the idea of the gathering shuttle flashed across the mind of the inventor, and at dawn Isaac Merritt Singer had perfected the first practical sewing machine ever constructed. It made him a rich man, changed the fashions for all



ON THE CONGO IN AFRICA



WORKSHOP IN PHILIPPOPOLIS

time in every continent, sounded the death knell of the peasant costume, clothed the savage and made the dress of mankind utterly unrecognizable to those who had lived before the era of the Yankee-made sewing machine.

The sewing machine has revolutionized dress in Cathay as it has in Paris. During the half century of its existence its use has done more to change the appearance of mankind than did the preceding cycle of the plain needlewoman. In Great Britain thousands of men and women work under the largest single roof in the world, delivering from the equalizing invention of the Yankee, clothing for the millions in every part of the world. In Japan, where hand labor may be procured for a very few cents a day, the government orders its sewing machine needles from America by the half million, that uniforms may be quickly stitched together for the soldiers in the field. In Russia even the shoes of the Tzar's fighting men are stitched on the Yankee sewing machine, for the manufacture of which immense factories have gone up to give work to thousands of Muscovite mechanics. The most familiar sight to the emigrant landing in America is the Yankee sewing machine, for this modern household necessity finds its way to every part of the globe. It goes by camel express to the primitive tents of the nomads of Central Asia, where it is in constant use. The Japanese housewife and the Russian peasant woman use it, and the lady of the harem runs together on this machine from Yankeeland trousers for her lord and master scarcely more baggy in pattern than those to be seen on Broadway or Regent street in this year of grace 1906.

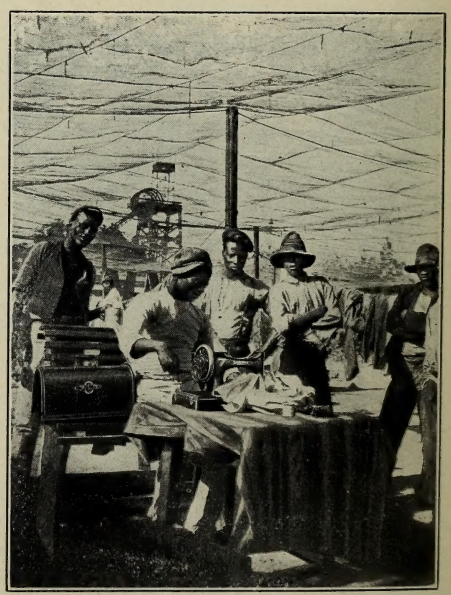
It does not flatter the pride of the American who is convinced that we lead all the world in efforts looking toward the emancipation of woman, to learn that the first technical training school for girls was



KING OF CAROLINE ISLANDS

established in Bulgaria for the purpose of teaching young maidens the use of the Yankee sewing machine, and that the idea came to us direct from Turkey, where our missionarries first put it in practice. All through Turkey the man of the family may be seen before the home seated at his sewing machine mending or making all manner of garments, while his wife and daughters, relegated to rear apartments, unseen by man, also trundle away at the Yankee machine. Throughout Turkey, Persia, the Holy Land and Russia industrious Oriental teachers make their way from home to home initiating the unenlightened into the mysterious mechanism of "the machine that sews," and the Orientals adapt it to needs we little dream of, so that it is not at all unlikely that other economic lessons will come to us from the near East.

There is one physical defect, however, from which the true Oriental suffers, that will ever keep him from becoming our equal so far as the skillful manipulation of the modern sewing machine is concerned; he cannot use his hands and feet effectively at one and the same time—hence our little brown sisters of India often discard the newer foot power machine for the old reliable, but now almost antiquated hand machine. So well understood is this inability of the Oriental to bring under one control all of his muscles at one and the same moment, that European magistrates in India watch the bare feet of the witnesses on the stand and know from the involuntary twitching of the toes whether or not the Oriental is bearing false witness, for with his entire mind concentrated upon keeping a placid facial countenance, his toes invariably run wild. The awkward pose of the Indian at his sewing machine in the market squares



ZULU BOY IN THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE, SOUTH AFRICA



TIENTSIN, CHINA

about the temples of Hindustan is often noted by the stranger, and as for the little Jap woman who has never sat in a chair in all her life, she seldom makes any attempt at using the treadle, but calls upon her Jack-of-all-trades husband to fashion her some sort of electric gear that, attached to the electric light wires found in most Jap houses nowadays, will do away with the necessity of working hands, feet and brain simultaneously, an accomplishment seemingly still beyond acquirement by any but the white race.

It was a keen, energetic and far-seeing Connecticut agent who introduced the public sewing machine school in China, after Li Hung Chang had bought a machine in Yankeeland for the Empress. The idea spread like wildfire; even the wealthy mandarins and merchants sent their many wives and daughters to learn to sew with their hands and feet, and as the Chinese alone of all Oriental women have for centuries been accustomed to the use of chairs, despite the smallness of their feet, their progress has been encouraging. Moreover, the Chinese women make the most patient, obedient pupils in the world, so that it seems quite possible that in time they will so master the Yankee invention as to be able to do their embroidery and wonderful picture work in silks directly on the machine. In Europe and America there are women so expert that they copy any oil painting on the machine so accurately that at a little distance it is impossible to tell the original painting from the copy. All that is needed is patience and an eye for color, two requisites in which the Orientals excel. Once they learn to manipulate the treadle with their feet, or the electric motor successfully usurps foot power in China and Japan, the most wonderful embroidery picture work known to

man (that has made these two nations famous in art for centuries), may again deluge the world with yet more delicate and wonderful designs; for strange to say, the machine is capable of more accurate and lifelike picture work than the hand alone. With the spread of sewing machine schools in the far East what new wonders in art work may we not expect these remarkable people to accomplish?

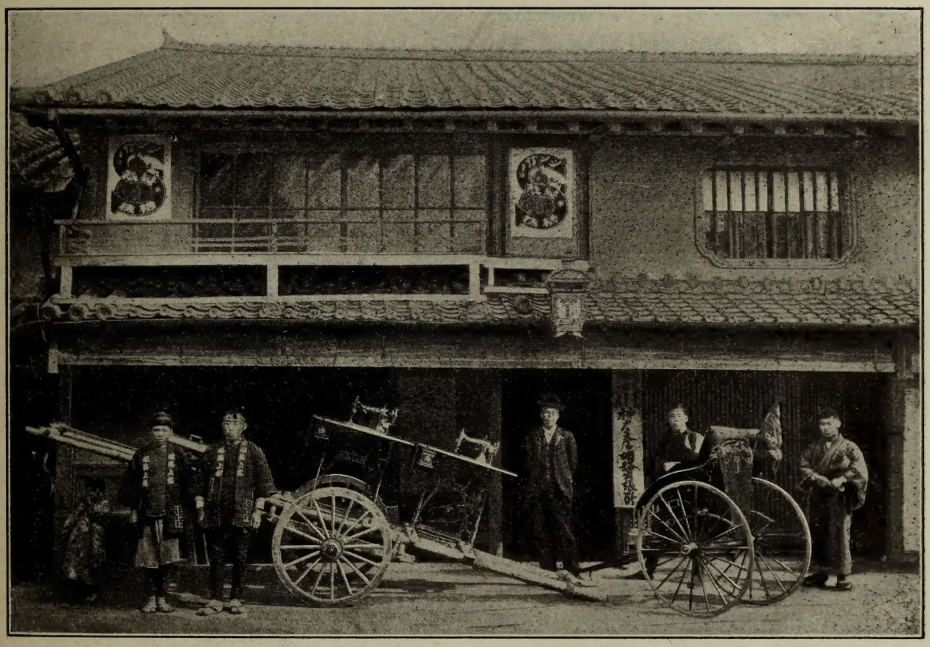
Even the King of the Cannibal Isles uses a Yankee sewing machine, and the Caroline Islanders one and all delight in the American invention that has come to them hand in hand with the Bible. In fact a sewing machine is now a part and parcel of the missionaries' paraphernalia. In Africa, as soon as the Scripture is expounded, the natives are taught to use the machine for sewing together more appropriate garments than are usually worn there. The sewing machine has found its way even into the compounds of the South African diamond mines where the thousands of native workers are compelled to herd together in an immense cage, covering the mines, until their contract with the company expires. The Yankee sewing machine agent has actually invaded this forbidden ground, where he freely sells machines to the diamond workers, to be paid for out of the contract money at the end of the term of service, when the native who has mastered the art of making the machine sew trudges hundreds of miles to his home in the forest wilds to teach his wife the intricacies of his new and useful toy, or to swap it off with his chief for more cattle or a new wife or two. At any rate this American invention has revolutionized the home life of the African savage, for the Yankee made sewing machine is used intelligently even in the jungles of Ethiopia, and never solely as a household ornament.

In Yucatan the pure blooded Yucca Indian girls pride themselves on the skill with which they use our machine that sews, but throughout the South American continent it is the German made imitation article that sweeps the field. However, a Yankee concern is now erecting a factory, in Canada, that will employ nine thousand hands, solely for the purpose of making sewing machines to contest with Germany for supremacy in the only field that does not pay tribute to the stockholders of the American sewing machine companies. Soon the finest store buildings in the southern continent will be employed as display places for the Yankee product.

The first familiar sights to greet the eye of the American traveler abroad, are the sky-scraping American insurance buildings, and the extensive, gorgeously decorated shop windows in which the Yankee sewing machine and its marvelous picture embroideries are displayed in the main boulevards of every foreign capital and large city. Only in Germany has capital had the temerity to invest in native companies that hope to compete with the American machine. Here, unprotected by patent laws, the Yankee invention has had to win by merit alone—the survival of the fittest. The German companies at first ridiculed the gorgeous window displays of the American firms, the very expense of which they predicted would bring about their

downfall, and the triumph of German ideas. The reverse has been the case, however; the Germans have adopted American ideas, and still there are more Yankee machines sold in Germany than the total output of the home factories, while the repair shops of the Yankee machines at Berlin employ more mechanics than does any factory for the output of German machines.

The conquest achieved by the Boston tramp of fifty years ago has been complete; through his invention American genius holds together the clothing of the world to-day, and throughout the universe woman has been emancipated and the dolorous song of the shirt hushed forever in the resounding hum of the triumphant American sewing machine—the regenerator of mankind's apparel.



AT HIOGO, JAPAN

Where Succory Grows

By AIMEE BENEDICT

A slender, fair New England maid
With sunny eyes of Saxon blue
Along this wayside path once strayed
Where softly clinging grasses grew,
Grasses that twined and kissed her feet
And held her there, she was so sweet.

Oh, long the years that come and go!
Yet still beside the wayside wall
Where blue-eyed succory blossoms grow
She seems to stand, serene and tall,
And winds of memory, wistful, sweet,
Blow down the years and kiss her feet.

Our District Attorney

By VERE GOLDTHWAITE

BOSTON has a new District Attorney, an active and determined man. This fact is evident from the intense public interest that has recently centered around the actions of that official.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that the District Attorney shall be chosen by the people for such term of office as the Legislature shall provide and the Legislature has provided that such term, in the County of Suffolk, shall be for three years. It also provides that the District Attorney for the district including Boston may appoint a first and second assistant District Attorney and a clerk.

Obedient to these provisions the late Mr. Stevens, who held that office for many years, appointed as his first assistant Mr. Michael J. Sughrue, a man of acknowledged ability, who was holding the office of first assistant in the summer of 1905 when Mr. Stevens resigned. The Governor thereupon appointed Mr. Sughrue to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Stevens. But the law provides also that the appointment of a District Attorney to fill a vacancy made by the death or resignation of a predecessor shall only be until a successor shall have been chosen and qualified.

Therefore, after the resignation of Mr. Stevens, it became necessary in November following to elect a District Attorney to serve for the unexpired term. Under these circumstances Mr. Sughrue, having offered himself as a candidate, was promptly nominated by the Democratic party and received the approval of the Republican, as the logical candidate and successor of his late chief.

At this juncture there arose a man of remarkable life and achievements, who commenced and conducted single-handed and alone what has been called the most remarkable political campaign ever waged in the United States. This man was John B. Moran, the present District Attorney of Suffolk County, who entered the field as an independent candidate and on the 18th of October, 1905, appeared for the first time upon the platform, unannounced and unintroduced, and presented to his assembled constituents the following brief platform:

"MORAN'S BRIEF PLATFORM

"Official freedom from politicians and grafters.

"Official action with the Grand jury, instantly on receipt of information from the press or private sources, without waiting for the Lower Court.

"Fair treatment to all lawyers and favors to none.

"No withholding of evidence favorable to the defendant.

"No intimidation of jurors by reasonless challenges.

"No intimacy, social or otherwise, with jurors.

"Rigid enforcement of laws against grafters and bribers.

"Trivial offenders leniently treated with the idea of reformation.

"Justice, tempered with mercy, to all."

In addition to the pledges contained in this platform Mr. Moran is reported to have said: That the jurors in the Crocker Will case, an important cause which had recently been tried before the Courts of Massachusetts, had been bribed; that they were paid money by a go-between; that he knew how much they got, and who gave it to them, and where they received it; and that the man who paid it, if arrested, would confess for whom he acted. Mr. Moran stated that when he was elected District Attorney, he would have the matter before the Grand jury for investigation; and on Wednesday, November the 8th, the day after election, according to the Boston press Mr. Moran also said:

"I will stop graft in Boston; the Fenway graft will be investigated; the Grand jury room will be open at all times; I shall take official notice of every offense brought to my attention; I will investigate the Railroad bribery of Legislators; I will investigate the Gas corporation bribery of Legislators; I will investigate the pay roll frauds of City Hall; the illegal medical places will be driven out of the City; the Haight and Freeze case will be investigated; I will be merciful and considerate to unfortunate victims of environment; I will bring before the Grand jury the books of Kidder-Peabody & Company for the last six years, to investigate legislative connections with Mr. Wadwell and Mr. Windsor of Kidder-Peabody & Company, and if the investigation proves a crime, to land the criminals where they belong."

The people having received these pledges from Mr. Moran, expressed their faith in his sincerity and their belief in his ability to carry out these pledges by a verdict in his favor on election day. Thus it was that Boston became possessed of a District Attorney different at least, in many respects, from any that had preceded him within the memory of man.

But the question now arises, Has Mr. Moran kept these pledges to the public and if not, why not? and if so, how? If not, is the fault his, or is he surrounded by circumstances which render him powerless to do what he said he would do when elected? In order to answer these questions intelligently, it will be necessary to understand something of the nature and scope of the duty required of the District Attorney, and of the means he has of discharging that duty with fidelity.

To begin with then, the object of law is order. This is plain from an observation of nature. To bring order out of Chaos was apparently the object of the First Great Law of Nature, and to maintain that order the enforcement of law is necessary. If the Divine Creator should cease for a moment to enforce the laws He has made for the orderly government of the universe, chaos would usurp the place of order and disaster would become universal. The same rule applies to the laws of man. They too, are made to be enforced, and it is primarily the duty of the District Attorney to enforce these laws as he finds them. He may, however, if in his opinion it is necessary, ask that such additional laws be made as would, if enforced, better insure the peace and safety of the public.

Let us now inquire how far he has fulfilled his promises.

In examining his platform, we find that he stood for official free-

dom from grafters and politicians; for fair treatment to all lawyers and favors to none; for the not withholding of evidence favorable to the defendant; no intimidation of jurors by reasonless challenges; no intimacy, social or otherwise, with jurors; trivial offenders leniently treated with the idea of reformation; justice, tempered with mercy, to all; official action with the Grand jury instantly on receipt of information from the press, or private sources without waiting for the Lower Court; and rigid enforcement of law against grafters and bribers.

It will not, I believe, be contended that he has failed in the performance of any of these obligations with the possible exception of the last two and they will be considered under the head of additional promises alleged to have been made by Mr. Moran during his campaign, namely: That he would have the Crocker will case before the Grand jury for investigation; stop graft in Boston; investigate the Fenway matter; investigate the railroad bribery of legislators; the gas corporation; the pay roll frauds at City Hall; illegal medical places; the Haight and Freeze case; and the Kidder-Peabody affair.

It must now be remembered that Mr. Moran has been in office but three months,—an increditably short period of time for the adequate accomplishment of any one of his ambitions, much less of all—and yet in that time he has stopped the illegal sale of liquor at all the leading hotels at Boston except the Essex and that hotel is now under fire by his forces. The illegal medical places have been closed in many instances and driven out in others. Graft at City Hall has been investigated and evidence produced before the Grand jury which was, in his opinion, sufficient to indict; but the Grand jury, he alleges, failed to do its duty and found no bill. If this is true, the District Attorney cannot be held to account for the omissions of the Grand jury. That body is purely an accusing tribunal. Its duties are confined to listening to the evidence of crime and reporting indictments whenever, in the opinion of that body, the evidence warrants such action. It can, like other juries, take "the bit between its teeth" and refuse to find an indictment in the very face of evidence of the most convincing character. If it does this, the District Attorney is powerless. He has no power to oblige it to indict. His power and his duty ends when he has presented evidence upon which it should do so.

He has made some progress toward reforming the methods employed at the Charles Street jail, and strange as it may seem, for this he has been criticised.

Touching this matter in his address before the Legislature, Mr. Moran said with emphasis: "I have been criticised for investigating the breaks at Charles Street jail. I found that a break had been made before I entered office, and a break has been made since. I found that no action had been taken in regard to the first break, and that no one was going to the Lower Court in regard to the second break. I had reason to believe that a crime had been committed in relation to the second break; that someone at the jail was in collusion with Gaskill when he escaped. And believing this, I went to the jail and the in-

vestigation I made there satisfied me that at least one employee there was a criminal; that he was in collusion with Gaskill and assisted him to escape, and that other men had been negligent in the performance of their duty.

"I told Sheriff Seavey it was his duty to discharge four men, and they were discharged. At the next sitting of the Grand jury I caused two witnesses to be summoned on the matter and action will be taken this month and if the Grand jury performs its duty, there will be the indictment of an official—at least one of that jail for the break of Gaskill—and there will be an indictment in relation to the first break against at least two officers. I will perform my duty in relation to those crimes and the Grand jury will have to listen to the evidence, and if they fail to perform their duty, I want none of the criticism. Let them have it.

"Why should I be criticised for having investigated two crimes at the jail and presented the evidence to the Grand jury? Why should I be accused of wasting time? Does the man who criticised me say, 'I approve of these crimes?' Is he here speaking for the criminals? If he is, he ought to disclose his connection with them. What objection is there to crimes being investigated by a public official? Who needs to be afraid? The honest man? Certainly not. The criminal? Yes! No honest man who believes in the enforcement of the law, can object to the District Attorney having such assistance furnished him by the Legislature as will enable him to perform his duty fully."

Mr. Moran has caused the fullest investigation to be made in the McNary and Fitzgerald matter and found without doubt, as he says, that the letter came from McNary's office, but owing to failure in obtaining any direct evidence as to the genuineness of the signature thereto, he could not indict. As to this case, the District Attorney has said that, "Persons believing they had information against the Mayor came to me with complaints. Mr. Anderson called my attention to a letter purporting to have been written by Congressman McNary and asked me to present the facts to the Grand jury in accordance with my pledge to the people. I found he received the letter from his office boy, who received it from his stenographer, who received it from a man who walked into his office and left it. I wasn't able to get any information from McNary, and the signature was evidently not his. I found there was no evidence upon which I could ask for an indictment, and so declared after the examination was finished. I haven't any doubt that the letter came from McNary's office, but how he sent it, or by whom, I have been unable to learn. Whether perjury has been committed in connection with the matter, I don't know, but nobody can blame me for what has been done. If the complaints against Fitzgerald were true, he ought to be indicted, and it was my duty, in justice to him and the Commonwealth, to find out whether there was any evidence against him. I found there was none and said so." And as I write this the Grand jury returns an indictment against Mr. Proctor, the alleged private secretary of Senator Lodge, which, if justified by the evidence, is certainly a step in the right direction. What else Mr. Moran has accom-

plished in the three months he has held office, we are unable to learn, but it would appear from what has been shown that he has not been idle.

Still it is asked why the District Attorney has not completely rid the city of the illegal medical dens, and more fully investigated the graver attempts at public corruption, such as the Kidder-Peabody case, the railroad corruption of the Legislature, the Fenway scandal, and the gas trust. The answer to this inquiry is contained in the fact that the law as it stands is not sufficient to properly punish the alleged abortionists; and the District Attorney has not sufficient assistance in his office at the present time to investigate the other matters thoroughly. Both these fatal defects Mr. Moran has sought to remedy by applying to the Legislature for the passage of additional laws, and in both cases, his petitions have been rejected by that body.

In the case of the medical dens, he introduced or caused to be introduced in the Legislature, a bill to remedy this evil. His bill was indeed a drastic measure and it should have been. Regarding it he said, "I introduced a bill to drive these dens out of Boston. It was a drastic bill, because it needed to be drastic. But the House, in its wisdom, saw fit to vote that bill down. And some absurd reasons for doing so were assigned. One member, whose name I forget—I have it in shorthand, and that frightened him, I understand — according to the stenographic report, said: 'I know nothing about the merits of the bill, but I want to call attention to the language used by Mr. Moran,' and then quoted me to the effect that I said I was going to have a stenographer there and that if any member wanted to protect these criminals, he would be detected and I would criticise him in the future. Every public officer is open to criticism. I invite it. It is only the man who is doing wrong who fears it. It is no threat to any one except to the wicked. They refused to pass the bill. They could have eliminated the drastic part of the bill, but they destroyed the whole.

"I cannot successfully prosecute and drive out of Boston these criminal operators under the law as they are. I drafted a bill which would enable me to do so and if I fail to keep the pledge that I made in this connection, it will not be my fault but the fault of the Legislature, and I want the blame to lie where it belongs and not upon me." What more could the District Attorney do under these circumstances? In order to obtain assistance to properly investigate the graft and corruption charges, the Crocker will case, Kidder-Peabody and others, he introduced a bill entitled, "An act relative to the District Attorney of the Suffolk District."

That bill provided for such additional help as the District Attorney thought necessary to enable him to carry out properly the remaining pledges he made the public when elected; and in a speech in support of it he said, "Assuming the duties of District Attorney in December last, I found that the entire time of the District Attorney, his two assistants, indictment clerk and messenger was taken up in the performance of the routine work of the office, in the handling of appealed cases, and cases of indictment which were sent to the Grand jury from

the Lower Court. I found also that the entire staff of the District Attorney's office was required to work after hours to perform the business of the office in relation to such cases. It became apparent to me that, to carry out my pledges to the public and to do properly the work of the office in making investigations and prosecutions of alleged crimes exposed by the press and otherwise, upon which no prosecution was instituted in the Lower Court, I would require the assistance of additional lawyers. At present there are many such important cases engaging the attention of the public to which I have devoted more or less time in the investigation after working hours. Notwithstanding the fact that I have spent fifteen to seventeen hours daily in the service of the county, I have been unable to make such investigation in these matters as is necessary to prepare the cases for presentation to the Grand jury. In these investigations, it has been necessary to have the services of a stenographer, for which services I have paid from my own pocket. I have called to my assistance several lawyers for whose services I am to pay.

"Illness brought on by overwork during the first month and a half of my term, necessitated my absence from the office for about a week. My physician's advice restrains me from continuing in overwork. The usual hours of service of an attorney are from nine until five o'clock. No attorney in private practice would sumbit to labor for his clients daily from nine to eleven at night; and the Commonwealth should not require and cannot expect the District Attorney or his assistants to do more than a reasonable number of hours' work per day. To properly perform the routine work of the office without examination or investigation of serious offences not prosecuted in the Lower Court, requires that the District Attorney of the Suffolk District should have the power to appoint at least one assistant District Attorney. The investigation and prosecution of offences not prosecuted in the Lower Court would require the entire services of another assistant. To provide for the appointment of such two assistants, I introduced a bill which authorizes the District Attorney of this district to appoint four assistant District Attorneys at a salary of four thousand dollars a year. The two assistant District Attorneys now in office receive three thousand eight hundred per year. Four thousand dollars, it seems to me, is reasonable compensation. The services of the District Attorney and his assistants in this district are required every working day in the year. If it should seem to the Legislature that the Commonwealth, for the purpose of having the duties of prosecuting officer properly performed in the Suffolk District, should not be called upon to pay sixteen thousand dollars a year for assistant District Attorneys, but that it should be called on to pay twelve thousand a year for that purpose, I would prefer to have the Legislature authorize me to appoint four assistant District Attorneys at three thousand a year rather than three assistant District Attorneys at four thousand a year. As the best men obtainable at four thousand dollars a year are none too good for the services required, I would regret being compelled to match in trial contest men of inferior ability

against men of such ability as is possessed by many of the lawyers employed by the defendants in serious cases. As each assistant will be required to share in all the work, each should receive a like salary. For the same reason they should not be designated as first, second, etc., but should all be characterized as assistant District Attorneys."

Speaking further on the same subject he said that Chelsea graft charges have to lie over because the District Attorney has no time to attend to them himself and no assistants to assign to them. The evidence in the Chelsea case was so voluminous that it would take a bright lawyer four or five days to read it through, classify it and prepare the case for the Grand jury. It was impossible to tell, at first glance, who among those mixed up in the matter were real criminals and who ought to be summoned as witnesses.

The Fenway scandal is another matter which he said demanded attention. Attorney French, who conducted the investigation for the city, said it would take a month and a half to get this case in shape for prosecution, and it is now lying in the office of the District Attorney with no one to attend to it.

"I am not to be blamed if I can't attend to it," said Mr. Moran. "The Legislature that refuses to give me assistance is to be blamed for the delay. Evidence was presented to me last Saturday in regard to insurance violations. I have no assistants to put on it, and no time to give to it myself."

As an evidence of the handicap under which he is laboring, Mr. Moran said that District Attorney Jerome has eight assistants, twenty-one deputy assistants, twenty-three clerks, sixteen stenographers, thirty-seven county detectives, ten messengers and four boys; and the District Attorney has a salary of twelve thousand dollars, his assistants, seven thousand five hundred, and deputy assistants, five thousand and three thousand five hundred.

"The office of the District Attorney of New York," he said, "does five times the business we do, having disposed in nineteen hundred and five of fifteen thousand cases, while we disposed of three thousand two hundred, and yet he has one hundred nineteen subordinates, while I have three. And yet some members of the Legislature think I ought not to have one or two more. The comparison shows the absurd position in which the District Attorney's office of Suffolk County is placed.

"The chairman of the committee having my bill in charge consulted with the Governor before they came to a conclusion in regard to it. I do not know what was said, but the committee refused to give me what I asked for.

"I asked for police officers and I want to select them myself. I know there are a large number of police officers in collusion with criminals. If a raid is made in a house of ill fame, the keeper is notified in advance. By whom! Either by the clerk of the court or some police officer. It is not necessary to take rumor to show that the Board of Police permit violations of the law in hotels and other places in Boston daily. It is for this reason that I wanted officers attached to my office who would be my servants and not the servants of the Board of Police. The Board of Police is antagoniz-

ing me. They refused to give me assistance, when for years, they had furnished to my predecessors as many men as they wanted. Why? I was merely enforcing the law."

He referred to the Touraine, Parker House, Young's and the Hotel Essex cases as showing that the Board of Police openly permitted the violations of the law.

"I found the Police Commissioners in collusion with them," he said. "They knew of the violations and permitted them. Then I appealed to the District Police, and while my friend, Mr. Sanderson of Middlesex County, has two of them sitting in his office to work for him as much as he desires, I was refused the use of two for one-half day after a conference between the head of the department, the then Governor and the then Attorney General of the Commonwealth. Why are they opposed to law enforcement? Why am I fought in this way? Is the Legislature going to pursue the same course in relation to me?"

He presented to the committee typewritten copies of the testimony of detectives in ten different cases, showing, according to these witnesses, that that number of hotels and bar-rooms had been used by women as places in which to solicit men. This tesitmony, he said, has been in the hands of the Police Board all winter and nothing has been done about it. And these, he added, were all first class hotels.

In his original bill, he said, he asked for two assistants, and the committe on public service voted to give him one. Mr. Moran said he asked that he be given three police officers whom he should select, and the committee voted to give him two, who should be selected by the Police Board.

In conclusion he stated that: "notwithstanding the fact that the salary provided by statute for the District Attorney of Suffolk District is totally inadequate compensation for the service of a lawyer competent to perform the duties of this office, and ridiculously small when compared with the salary of similar officials in large cities in other parts of the country, I am content to render service at the salary now fixed by the statute, asking the Legislature for nothing for myself in the way of additional salary. I do ask for and expect to receive, for the purpose of properly performing the duties of the office, such authority as I request in my bill, in order that the Commonwealth's interests may be fully protected and that justice may be done to all."

If this evidence and these facts are true, it remains for an intelligent public to say whether our District Attorney is properly performing his duty. If they are not true, some one should come forward and successfully disapprove them.

It is not the object of this paper to justify what has been, or to condemn for what has not been done by the District Attorney, but the difficulty seems to be that everybody wants the law enforced against everybody, except themselves, and because Mr. Moran does not find means to accomplish this remarkable feat his efforts do not seem to have been fully understood nor properly appreciated.

"O'Brien"

By Lucy M. Thornton

"BUT do you like him, Emily? That is what I asked; do you like him?"

Emily, thus cornered, parried again. "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man," she quoted lightly.

Her friend frowned, then laughed too. "Well, I suppose it will be so to the end of the chapter. You always were a provoking thing where men were concerned."

"You know why that is," said Emily, suddenly grave. "I admit it is slightly morbid; but when I can feel sure that somebody cares for me, and not my money, I may give you a more satisfactory answer."

Mrs. Willing gave a little shrug. "Emily, Emily, when will you learn that you are a really attractive girl: that—" she went on warming to enthusiasm, "even without the aid of Paris dressmakers and a gilt-edged maid, you would still be a beauty: that—"

But the other's hand was over her mouth. "Violet, don't. Your flattery is so pleasant that it can't be true. I suppose that as girls go, I am just a fair specimen; but if you knew how I longed for—the simple pleasures—and faith in myself, that most girls have—" She stopped, her voice catching in a little sob.

Mrs. Willing slipped an arm around her shoulders. In her own happy courtship and marriage, she had known nothing of the doubts and self-dissection which preyed on Emily Wainwright. The two had been school friends in the great French convent, drawn together at first by their mutual loneliness in a strange land, and had kept up the intimacy after their school days were ended, for Violet, though poor comparatively speaking, had seemed worth cultivating to the wife of the Western millionaire who was shrewd enough to see that wealth alone could not win her way.

"Don't think I am blaming mother," said Emily; "but she had such a dreadful way of discussing the marriageableness of every man we meet; and then she will look at me and say, with her head on one side as if I were a statue she was trying to place, 'Emily, with your atractions—and money—you should marry an Earl at least.' And she has every member of the British Peerage at her finger's end; just how old they are, whether married or not, and so on. Violet, if I should marry, as you did, to suit myself, she would break her heart. And I don't feel as if I could love any of those horrid Earls," she concluded spitefully.

Violet laughed musingly. Her mind was far away, hovering about the memory of a man she had once known—and liked—only not as she liked Jack Willing. A little plot was forming in her mind.

"Emily," she said presently, after a few moments of profound thought; "I have a suggestion to make. Summer is coming, and you will begin the old round of yachting, country-houses, Europe. Drop it all, and come out to the ranch with Jack and me."

"Emily sat up with flashing eyes, but they grew hopeless again. "Mother won't agree," she said.

Her friend laughed. "I'll manage that. Only yesterday Dr. Morley told me that you needed a thorough change. And your mother with all her resources doesn't know how to give it to you."

When the owner of the Blue Clay ranch was due for his yearly visit to that property the fact that he was bringing out his newly-made wife was thrown into the shade by the news that accompanied that.

"Goin' to bring a girl with 'em. One of his wife's friends. Pretty, I reckon; most girls is. Peter, my lad, you'll have to ride to the city an' get a hair-cut. None o' Cookee's jobs to go before the ladies in."

The speaker rubbed his paw gingerly over his rough-hewn head. Many were the preparations made at the ranch before the expected guests arrived. Load after load of furnishings was carted over the forty miles which intervened between the ranch and the nearest railway station, to relieve the bareness which had not troubled Jack Willing in his bachelor days. Every mail brought fresh instructions to the overseer, "Muley" Brown, as to the changes and improvements to be made.

"An' the Boss says," remarked Muley, coming out on the steps of the eating-shed one morning, with a letter in his hand; "that he wants two o' the best hosses woman-broke. O'Brien," as his keen eye singled out a lounging man, "guess you'd better tackle that job. An' I'll leave you to pick the hosses; you've got a pretty eye for one."

With the aid of an improvised riding skirt, O'Brien accomplished the business; to the accompaniment of much good-natured raillery from the men.

"Seen a mighty purty gurl out ridin' here a while back," Peter would remark as he held out his cup for a fresh supply of the dismal wash they called coffee; "Had blue eyes, sort o' innocent lookin', an' curly, yellow hair, same ez O'Brien here."

O'Brien always joined joyously in these jokes against himself; which went far to explain his popularity among the men. The arrival of the ladies did not end his task. Neither of the ladies cared to ride unescorted; and Mr. Willing, absorbed in the business of the ranch, was glad to have a trustworthy man to take his place.

"He's a dare-devil Irishman," confided Muley Brown to his employer; "but he knows a horse, an' "—confidentially, "he's the real thing."

What the overseer meant by the real thing was not clear to Jack; but Miss Wainwright found it out for herself before long. Riding did not attract Mrs. Willing; she was of the shinking sort with a nervous grip on the reins, and a tendency to steady herself with a hand on the saddle that a horse instinctively despises: so it came about that Miss Wainwright often rode alone, with only the cattleman as her escort, over the endless flat miles that stretched in every direction. She eagerly seized the opportunity for

riding; for it was, indeed, the only amusement which the ranch afforded.

But the discovery she made, was this. O'Brien was a gentleman. Rough in dress and brusque in manner though he might be there was still that about him which was unmistakable to one of his own class. She kept her discovery to herself, puzzling in private over the matter; why a gentleman should be masquerading on Jack Willing's ranch. If he was dissipated no sign of it showed in the clear eyes and firm mouth and he could not be good-for-nothing for the whole man was energy and determination itself. She amused herself with sly questioning of the unsuspecting Irishman but somehow never seemed to get much satisfaction.

Meanwhile Mrs. Willing's little plot was ripening. Some hundred miles to the northward the hunting-party of Richard, Earl of Motley and Viscount Dawne, was overtaken by the post which joined them at stated places. Among the letters was one from Violet Willing. "I hear," it ran, "that you are to come within a hundred miles of our ranch in your wanderings. In Texas that is near enough to warrant your running down and paying us a visit. You might find it agreeable for a day or two, and it would give the bears a rest."

"By Jove," exclaimed the Earl, "I'll do it. I would like to see that girl again. I remember the time when a thousand miles wouldn't have seemed too far. And so she is married. Well, I was always an unlucky beggar."

Thus it happened that one day the astonishing sight of a sunburned Englishman, clad in correct hunting rig and followed by many pack mules bearing his outfit, presented itself before the disgusted eyes of the Blue Clay cattlemen.

"I'm damned if the Queen of Sheba carried more truck around with her than that," remarked the offended Muley. "Why. he'll jest haf to come out in a pink satten ball dress this evenin', to excuse carryin' around all thet stuff."

"Had a bathtub among it, too, Cookee said," ventured a younger man in an awestruck tone.

"Bathtub, eh?" rejoined Muley fiercely. "I've seen men hanged for less before now. But this ain't an enlightened kimmunity."

Although there was no pink satin in the Earl's wardrobe, he looked very attractive as he joined the party on the shady veranda after removing the dust of his journey, clad in immaculate flannels. Muley, who was ready to quarrel with the Earl's very existence, reported this fact at supper.

"Hell, O'Brien, you orter know about Englishmen; but ain't them night clothes he's got on. Pyjammers, I've heard 'em called."

O'Brien was an Irishman, but he knew when it was best to keep a straight face and he explained the costume to his distressed and shocked superior.

"Worn 'em yerself, have yer? Well, I wouldn't have thought it, seein' the man you've growed into."

"And what do you find to do with yourself in this quiet part of the world?" the guest enquired of Miss Wainwright as they sat at breakfast in the deep veranda which had been one of the improvements made for the ladies' benefit. It was curtained with quick- growing- vines and, with some summer furniture

of a light sort and a hammock or two, made a pleasant retreat for the family in warm weather.

"Do?" echoed Emily in answer to the question. "Why, there is plenty to do, keeping cool when it is hot, and riding when it is cool."

The Earl brightened. "So you ride, do you? On these ponies I suppose. They are rather plucky little beasts, have a good many qualities of the polo pony, and it's not bad sport riding them. Perhaps you could lend me a mount, Willing," he added, turning to his host.

"Certainly, anything on the place. Perhaps I'd beter tell one of the men to pick one for you."

So to O'Brien was deputed the task of selecting the animal on whose back the noble bones of Morley and Dawne were to be risked. Risked is the word, for the cow-pony is an animal as shy of mixed acquaintances as an Englishman himself and will only show the better side of his nature after carefully testing the qualities of the other party.

"Says he 'ud rather have a lively one, O'Brien," reported Muley with a snort of contempt. "Do the best you can for him—an' me," he added darkly. "P'raps Scallywag 'ud suit his case."

Perhaps by accident, O'Brien had been on duty, almost since the new arrival came, at a distant part of the ranch. He avoided the sight of the guest for a subtle and unconfessed reason. "A man can't serve two masters," he said to himself; "I've chosen cow-punching, and I might as well keep clear of the other sort of life." But he said it with a bitterness foreign to his nature as he watched the distant flutter of a white skirt in the vine-shaded veranda. However he did not treat Jack Willing's friend to Scallywag but provided him with a moderately unmanageable animal called Nick, on whose unwilling back the Earl was able to show off his horsemanship before the critical eyes of Miss Wainwright.

"I am so glad he can ride decently," confided the latter to her friend. "I can't bear a man who is not a better man than his horse."

"Then you really like him?" said Mrs. Willing eagerly—too eagerly for prudence. But Emily for once seemed ready to concede something. "Yes, I think he is nice. In fact—" She paused.

"Well, let me tell you soemthing. He doesn't know a thing about your money. Indeed, I have rather led him to think that you are poor, and —my dear," she concluded with a knowing look, "he is in love with you."

Emily blushed charmingly and laughed. "Oh, Violet, if I believed you, half the world is that."

Mrs. Willing's were not the only eyes observant of this fact; it was talked over among the men, and one among them listened with a sinking heart. O'Brien, on his lonely night-watches by the dark masses of cattle wrestled with a misery that was new to him.

"O'Brien," he said to himself, "you're a fool. You have about as important a place in her thoughts as Patricia here." He laid a caressing hand on the soft nose of the fiery little mare which he alone had been able to tame and which was quiet as a lamb to his touch. "And if she did—what have you got to offer her? A honeymoon trip across the plains on horseback, and afterwards —" he ended with a bitter laugh.

It fell out that he was away on the day that Nick stepped in a hole and sprained his ankle; for the round-up was beginning. All the ponies and men were out; all but one—Scallywag. Muley, hurriedly answering his employer's question as he rode off, said; "Scallywag's in the stable. He can take him if he wants to." Adding to himself, "'Twon't hurt if the dern fool does git that purty nose of his scratched."

Out on the rolling grassy miles the sun's power was lessening as it slowly sank in the west. There was a distant sound in the air as the Earl and his companion rode along.

"Listen," she said, "is that thunder? The air seems clear enough."

The other did not answer at once. Although Scallywag's calm might have seemed ominous to one who knew him, he was still sufficiently hard-mouthed and freakish to engage the Earl's entire attention. Presently he began a sidelong dance. Miss Wainwright, confident of her companion's skill, looked interested.

But the Earl's experience had not prepared him for what followed. Scallywag's previous quiet had evidently been the abstraction of one deciding on a program of events and he now inaugurated the first one. Rising on his hind legs, he indulged in a series of manœuvres over the plain. His rider, soon discovering that the bridle was only the scantiest excuse for the complicated one with which civilized horses are managed, had all he could do to keep his seat on a moving inclined plane. Miss Wainwright screamed, then bethought her of O'Brien's instructions.

"Hit him over the head," she cried. "Beat him, hard." A shower of blows from the Earl's clubbed riding whip brought Scallywag to his feet and apparently to his senses. After twirling his hind feet several times in the air, to see, seemingly, if they were endowed still with the rubbery strength of old, he dropped into a placidity which would have done credit to a dead horse.

"Get up," said the Earl; and gave him a cut with his riding whip.

The earth seemed to rise beneath him in a sickening heave; then he wondered if he had been given wings for he was in the air through no effort of his own. After a moment's breathless pause he came back by some miracle into the saddle again; then up again and back, with a force that made his teeth rattle. This time he did not hesitate but flung both arms aobut Scallywag's neck in a close embrace. He dimly heard another scream from Emily; then, like a thunderbolt, Scallywag started for the unknown.

The Earl held on. Sometimes he closed his eyes, then he wondered if he were not astride of a streak of lightning; then he opened them and saw miles of streaky green ground racing past the horse's feet. "By Jove," he thought once, "I'm seeing the whole of Texas anyway."

Emily put her pony at the top of its speed and followed her flying escort. As she pounded along several things worried her. How long could the Earl hold on; when would Scallywag give out at the rate he was going; had she not better turn round and go for help instead of following at this hopelessly increasing distance? Worst of all was that distant roar, which was growing louder, and which filled her with vague apprehension. It had

gradually changed from a dull rumble and sounded like the deep notes of an organ, a storm of awful music. At the same moment that she thought this she perceived that the earth toward the horizon was black and heaving; a sea of tossing motion. She closed her eyes in terror.

O'Brien watched his corner of the round-up carefully that day, for, with quick perception, he saw that the beasts were strangely uneasy. He knew that they would need cautious management to avoid a stampede. For hours they surged and tossed, yielding their brute strength to the will of the small and scattered forces which yet had power to dominate them, because they were of the Master-Race. Strength unused is no strength and these hordes were driven hither and thither by the cattlemen, like water at the bidding of the wheel. Until—

O'Brien saw them start. Impossible to tell what did it; fright is as easily communicated as courage to masses; and when cattle—or men—are in a mob they are easily persuaded to violence.

"It means a hard run for you, girlie," said O'Brien between his teeth to the tense creature beneath him, "but we'll win out." And he rode; rode in a wide detour to get ahead of the hurtling thousands; rode until he seemed to be standing still and the sky-line coming to meet him; rode with his heart full of remorse for the sobbing animal beneath him.

He neared the point he rode for; reached it, shot past the corner of the living mass, and then—saw. A horse, its neck stretched in a line with its back and carrying a seemingly helpless rider was rushing stranght at the wall of tossing horns and wicked eyes before it.

O'Brien groaned. "If he'll only keep his seat, they may turn. Ah—h—"

His breath stopped with horror. Even as he uttered the hope the straining girth parted beneath the flying horse and the rider was left behind where he had fallen.

For a moment O'Brien felt it was hopeless; then he leaned forward and lightly struck Patricia on the neck. The straining mare responded; across the path of the coming death they shot; his ear caught the changed note of their roaring as it came direct to him; he felt the fear that the strong man feels when the Under-World is up.

"God!" he said, "if Patricia holds out—if I can only do it—if—"

He let himself down on one side; down, until the ground was swinging past close to his face; hanging with gripped knee to the galloping horse. He heard the hoof-beats shake the ground; then the body of the prostrate man shot alongside, and with one mighty effort he had it.

Mercifully the man was unconscious and he handled the inert weight as he might not have been able to do with one that had its own muscles in use. As he regained his saddle with a lurch and flung it before him Patricia staggered and a new fear struck him. Before it had taken shape the horse beneath him stopped dead, rocked unsteadily for a moment and fell.

O'Brien rose from his knees beside the gasping horse, and wondered dully why the stampede didn't come. Little puffs of dust enveloped him; the earth quivered under his feet. He had sacrificed Patricia, and all to no purpose.

And then into the cloud of dust rode the girl he loved. She dropped from her pony and stood looking at him with shining eyes and a strange smile trembling on her mouth. Everything gave way before this.

"Emily," he cried; "must you die, too?" With one stride he took her in his arms, as if to shield her from the peril. She did not shrink.

"There is nothing to fear now," she said. "Don't you see? You turned the cattle without knowing it, and saved us all."

With horror and consternation Mrs. Willing heard the story of the day and, worst of all, the awful fact that Emily considered herself in love with one of the cattlemen.

"But you said you liked the Earl," she wept to her obstinate charge.

Emily laughed. "Oh, Violet, didn't you know what that meant? You might have guessed there was somebody else."

But neither of them guessed it all just then. When the unsuspecting O'Brien was suddenly introduced before the assembled party by Miss Wainwright, the Earl, as might have been expected, sat up and gasped.

"O'Brien?" he ejaculated incredulously.

"Yes, O'Brien," said Miss Wainwright; "the bravest man in the world, who has promised to marry me."

Jack Willing laughed but the others felt too deeply to see the humor of the situation.

"I thought you came out to marry a fortune," asked the Earl after a pause.

"So I did," answered O'Brien lightly; "but the idea sickened me, so I took to cow-punching instead as I was too poor to go back."

The others were staring. "What does it mean?" asked Emily.

"It means, dear, that in the old days I was the Marquis of Kerryford, a title which my forefathers left me too poor to keep up; and now, I can get on without it better than ever."

There was another pause, full of meaning.

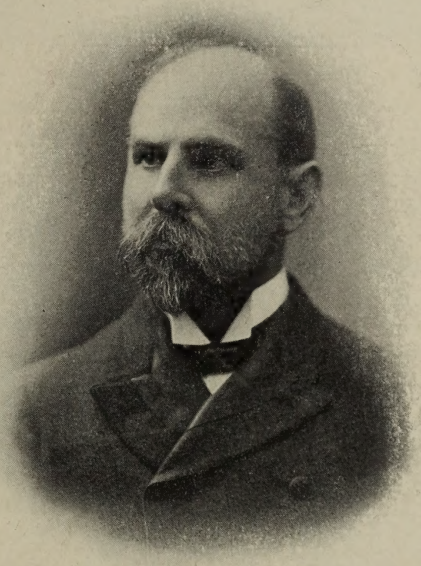
But Mrs. Willing interrupted in delighted amazement, "Bless you both, Emily has enough to keep several titles from starving. And I think, under the circumstances, even her mother will consent to her marrying a cowboy."

Historic Houses and a Noted School

By Sarah B. Lawrence

THE recent bequest of fifty thousand dollars to the trustees of Phillips Exeter Academy to build a library adds one more to the list of magnificent gifts to the school. The donor was Benjamin Price Davis, a student of the Academy in 1859, who died in Paris last October. The gain in the institution and the generous gifts to the Academy during the last two years make them the most important in the history of the school, the Eton of America.

The credit of this remarkable prosperity is due largely to the great efficiency of the principal, Harlan P. Amen, whose mastery of adverse conditions under the most discouraging circumstances has crowned him a Napoleon of school finance. Mr. Amen pushes everything he undertakes to completion. While other people are discussing the possibility of doing something, this man does it. Whatever comes he keeps his eye to the goal and pushes on. Nor does the school lack the generous support of its Alumni. Loyalty to Alma Mater is a distinguishing trait of those who have in former days gone forth from the old school.



HARLAN PAGE AMEN

In June Dr. D. Hunter McAlpin, '82, of New York, and Mr. Charles W. McAlpin, '87, secretary of Princeton University, bought and presented to the Academy two valuable properties, the Gilman homestead, lately the residence of the widow of Governor Charles H. Bell, and the Commodore Long estate. On June 5th Mr Geo. A. Plimpton, '73, of New York, a trustee of the Academy, purchased of Miss Mary L. Gilman a field of thirteen acres, fronting on Court street, extending back to Exeter river and bounded on one side by the Moulton field of about ten acres, which was also secured by Mr. Plimpton, who placed both fields in full possession of



PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE GALE HOUSE LAWRENCE HOUSE

Phillips Exeter Academy to be developed for the athletic needs of the school, retaining the present campus as an auxiliary playground. The new fields are valued at $15,000 and when equipped and the gymnasium built, it is believed that Exeter will possess one of the finest athletic grounds in New England.

The famous old school now owns the most spacious and beautiful grounds of any similar school in the country, and since the gifts of the historic Gilman estate within a stone's throw of the Academy grounds, the Commodore Long house in the rear of the Gilman house, opposite the Gilman field, there is an unbroken stretch from the Academy down to the Squamscott river, which is about three-fourths of a mile away. A boat-house will be built and rowing on this picturesque river will be a favorite sport at Exeter.

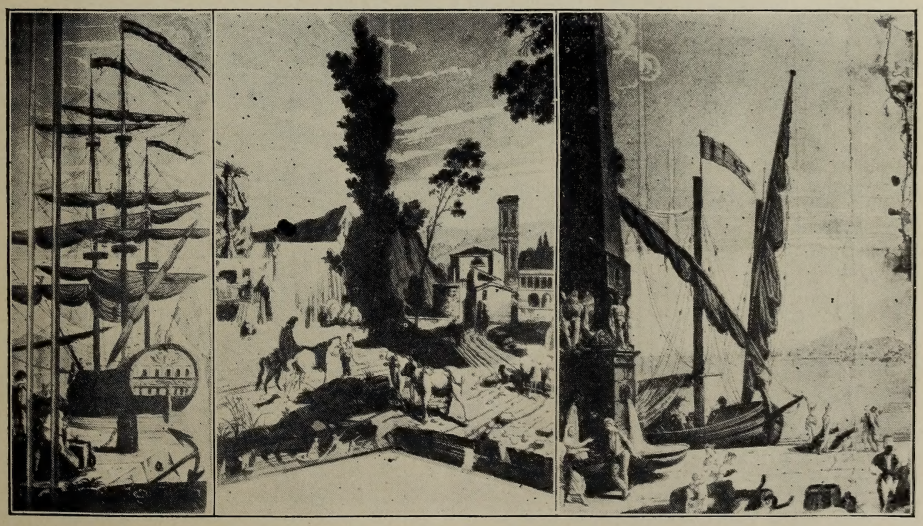
The first of a series of historical mansions—once the pride of aristocratic Exeter—came into possession of the Academy in 1894, when the trustees purchased the Lawrence estate, opposite the Academy on Front street. This house was built in 1809 by Mr. Jotham Lawrence, a New Hampshire lawyer, who died in 1863, at the age of ninety-three. Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in that house. One son, Alexander H. Lawrence, a graduate of the Academy and Dartmouth College, distinguished himself as a brilliant lawyer in the Supreme Court of the United States, where he won a case with Daniel Webster on the opposite side. He was also the author of an examination of Hume's "Argument Against Miracles," published in 1845.

Mr. Lawrence died in Washington in 1857, leaving a widow—a descendant of Charles Carroll—and three daughters. The last occupant of the old house was Mrs. Sarah Lawrence Green, who in the winter

of 1853 was the recipient of much social attention in Washington on account of her great beauty and charm. She married Colonel C. K. Green, a Michigan lawyer. Colonel Green died at the home of his wife in 1889, and Mrs. Green died five years later. Then the old homestead was converted into a dormitory for Academy students by a large addition in the rear of the house, now Dunbar Hall. The main house still retains its colonial appearance and is a mecca for strangers, who visit Exeter, on account of the fine old landscape paper on the walls of the large reception room, which was imported from Italy by Mr. Lawrence and placed on the walls when the house was built. It still retains its old beauty, having been carefully preserved.

The old house was filled with heavy antique mahogany furniture while a Broadwood London piano, one of the first to be brought to this country, occupied a corner of the landscape parlor where Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and many other distinguished men were entertained by Mr. Lawrence. Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Clark with their charming daughter now preside over "Dunbar Hall," and extend delightful hospitality to the students of Phillips Exeter Academy and the townspeople.

In 1903 the fine old brick mansion house, standing between Dunbar Hall and the house of the preceptor and owned by the late Stephen F. Gale, one of the pioneers of Chicago, a former resident of Exeter, was purchased by the trustees of the Academy. By the purchase of this estate a quadrangle was completed, which with the long gardens back of the three houses makes it possible for another quadrangle to be laid out in the future. In front of these houses there is a park or common which for nearly one hundred years has been the property of the Academy, facing the Academy buildings on the oppo-



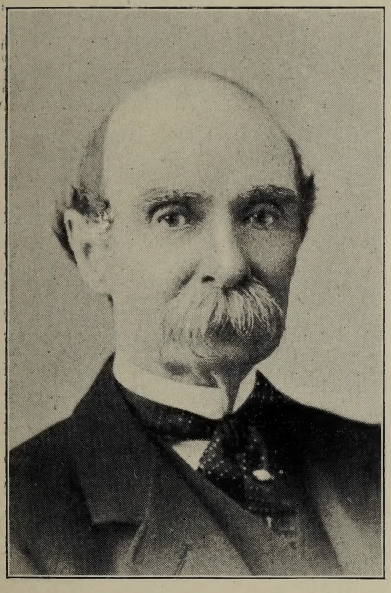
LANDSCAPE PAPER IN PARLOR OF LAWRENCE HOUSE



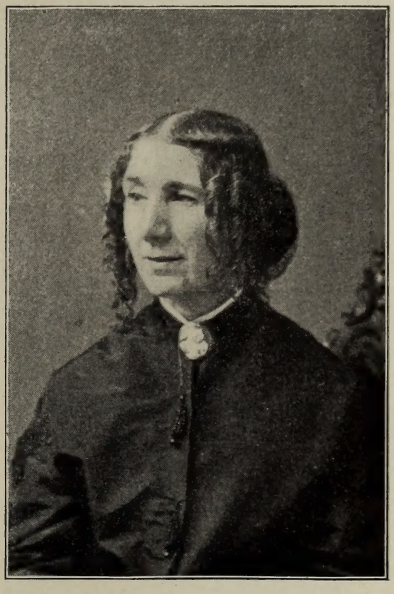
Sarah Beardsley Green

site side of Front street. It was understood at the time of the sale in 1811, that the land should be kept and used only as a park, while the owners of the houses living back of this land should occupy them as private residences.

The principal's house was the first one to be built, and soon after the other two were erected. The Gale house was built in 1811 by Major Hale. More than sixty years ago Mr. Gale purchased the estate for a summer home. It was to this house that he brought his two children after the loss of their mother in Chicago, to be educated and cared for by his unmarried sister, Miss Harriet N. Gale, who dispensed the most generous hospitality. To the students of the Academy she was ever the sympathetic friend and wise counselor, and many a homesick student has been encouraged and uplifted by her noble ideals. To the village people she was "Aunt Hattie," always ready to do a kind act for those less fortunate than herself. The old mansion is surrounded on three sides by a broad piazza, while at the left is a beautiful lawn with fine old trees. This quaint house Mr. Gale converted into a veritable museum, having garnered curios and antiques from every corner of the old world. A magnificent collection of foreign paintings adorned the walls, while Mr. Gale's own room was filled with a valuable collection of Indian apparel, implements and weapons which were used effectively as decorations. At the time of Mr. Gale's death in Chicago last November he had reached the great age of ninety-four, being the oldest person in the city. At his funeral in Chicago there were eleven members of the old Red Jacket Fire Brigade, a pioneer fire



STEPHEN F. GALE



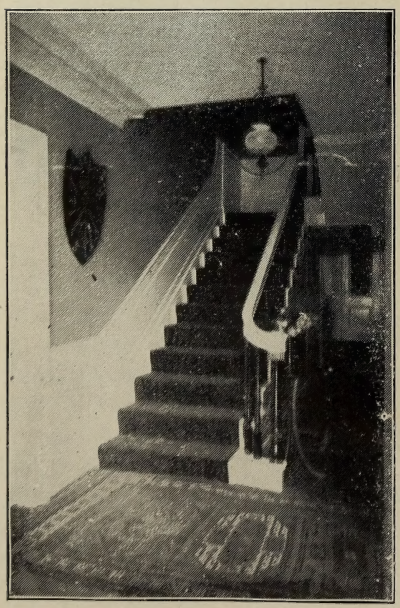
HARRIET M. GALE



THE GILMAN HOUSE—"UNDER THE ELMS"

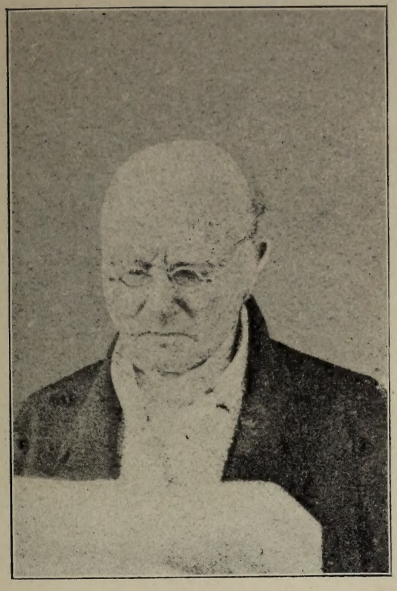
organization of which Mr. Gale had once been chief. All were men over eighty and interesting links between the present and Chicago's infancy.

Mr. Gale was with Pullman at the first inspection of the first car of his invention, and was one of the ten incorporators of the original Pullman company. Mr. Gale was a multimillionaire and a fine type of the courtly gentleman of the old school. The now silent house, from which the old music and laughter have fled, will be converted into a perfectly equipped infirmary for students who are not sick enough to be sent to the hospital.

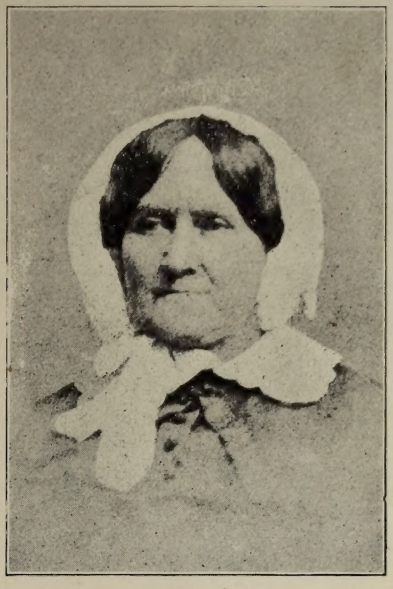


GILMAN HOUSE STAIRWAY

The most interesting house in the group of old-time dwellings purchased of the heirs by the McAlpine brothers and presented to the Academy is the fine old gambrel-roofed Gilman homestead "Under the Elms," with its long garden running back to Court street from Front street, bounded by one whole side of Elm street. Perhaps there is nothing more full of interest and that appeals to one more than rambling through an old garden of nearly two hundred years ago. For years this spot was surrounded by a high fence which

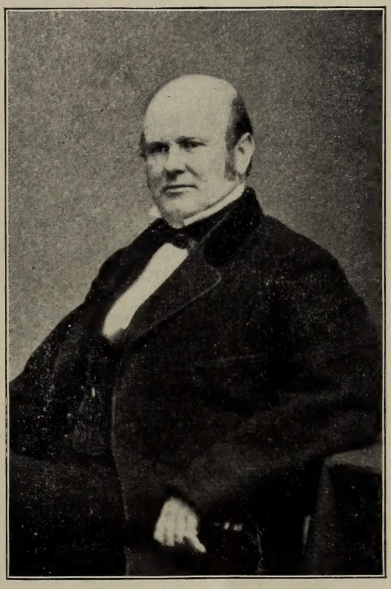


COLONEL NATHANIEL GILMAN



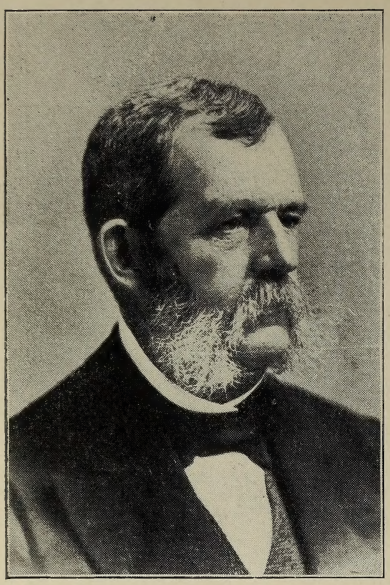
MRS. NATHANIEL GILMAN

shut it out altogether from the world, except as one looked out through the gateway into the perspective beyond. Flower beds in regular order stretched out the silver ribbon that led from the house to the gateway on Court street, while sunflowers, dahlias and hollyhocks nodded a welcome to the fortunate person who passed their way. More than half a century ago one of the daughters of the house, Mrs. Mary O. Long built a modern house for herself at the end of the garden, with the front facing on Elm street. The old



JOSEPH TAYLOR GILMAN

homestead was built about one hundred and sixty-seven years ago by Dr. Dudley Odlin. In 1796 it was sold to Colonel Nathaniel Gilman, a brother of Governor Gilman who was a United States senator and also on General Washington's staff, and since that time it has been the home of the Gilman's until its recent acquisition by the Academy. Ten children were born to Colonel Gilman. The family was noted for its genial hospitality and literally kept open house, having a large acquaintance in the state, until the Colonel's death in 1847. The



GOVERNOR CHARLES H. BELL

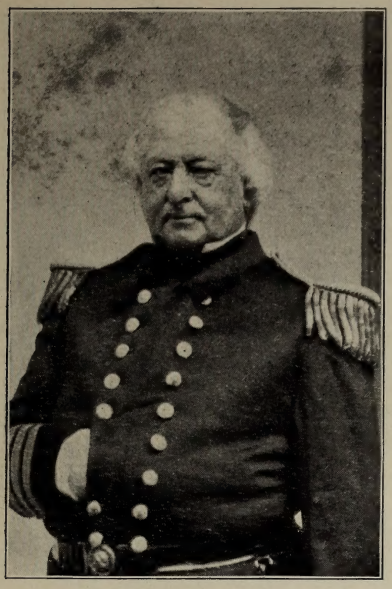


MRS. GOVERNOR BELL

widow survived her husband for a number of years, dying in the old house in 1859.

It was to this home that Joseph Taylor Gilman, the youngest son, who had retired from a successful business in the tea trade in China, where he had resided for a number of years, brought his beautiful young wife, Mary E. Gray of Boston, the daughter of one of Boston's oldest book publishers. The bride's great beauty and accomplishments with her taste for literature and art soon drew around her the cultured and refined people that had characterized Exeter for more than a century. A love for old-fashioned ways was perhaps the keynote of that gentle dignity of character, which, while it made her queen in her own home and the treasured friend of the cultivated circle in which she moved, made her also contented and happy within its boundaries.

It is interesting to know something of the story of the generation who once tenanted an old house, and especially of the last incumbent. Two sons, Daniel and Edward Harrison, and a daughter, Mary Long, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman. In 1862, Mr. Gilman died, and in 1867 Mrs. Gilman married the Hon. Charles H. Bell, a lawyer and a widower with two daughters. Not long after the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bell with their family visited Europe where they spent a year in foreign travel. Upon Mr. Bell's return he was elected governor of New Hampshire, and later served a term in the United States Senate, Mrs. Bell accompanying him to Washington for a season. He also served as president of the Board of Trustees of the Academy. Governor Bell was a man of commanding figure and striking personality. He was an earnest scholar, a great lover of an-



COMMODORE LONG, U. S. N.



MRS. COMMODORE LONG

tiquity and at home in every field of history. In 1888, he published a comprehensive history of the town of Exeter. The last brilliant and notable function held at the Gilman house was a reception, soon after Governor Bell's inauguration, in the large library where a cheery fire blazed on the hearth and large gilt sconces supported groups of tall lighted wax candles, while an indescribable air of venerable respectability seemed to cling to the long, low room.

After the death of Governor Bell in 1893, followed by the sudden death of Colonel Edward H. Gilman, Mrs. Bell's youngest son, — a man of great charm, whose broad, generous nature made him beloved by all with whom he came in contact, — Mrs. Bell gradually withdrew from society and spent her remaining years in acts of charity and devotion to her church, having always been a loyal member of the Unitarian church and its principal supporter. Her death occurred in February, 1904. Mr. Bell's daughter, Miss Mary Long Gilman, is occupying her beautiful summer home at "Little Boar's Head," North Hampton, New Hampshire. Mr. Daniel Gilman and his charming southern wife with their young son keep up the reputation of the Gilman family by their open-handed hospitality in their attractive home on Pine street.

The old house is a fine type of the period when gambrel-roofed houses were in vogue, and which had reached their highest state of perfection about 1745. It is of the typical colonial style, built of wood and painted white with green blinds, giving it an air of spotless nicety that appeals to all. The front door is approached by a short walk of flagstones, shadowed by a magnificent elm, planted in 1730. The late Mrs. Bell was interested



COURT STREET, SHOWING NEWLY PURCHASED CAMPUS ON RIGHT

in antiques, and a rare collection of ancient arms decorated one side of the quaint hall, while her "china room," opening out of the dining room, contained one of the largest and most remarkable collections of old china in New England. Much of it may yet be seen in the "Hall of the Cincinnati" in Exeter. Authors, historians, soldiers and many other prominent personages have passed in and out of this old-time mansion. Old chests brought from over the sea, smelling of sandal wood, in which were embroidered crepe shawls, Chinese costumes, old brocades and rare laces, stood in the capacious garret.

Dr. Francis K. Ball, a member of the Academy faculty, and his cultivated wife occupy the historic old mansion and are in charge of sixteen students who have rooms in the house. Hard wood floors, a steam heating plant, electricity and shower baths have been added to the house, making it the most attractive students' home in the village.

The Long house is a comparatively modern building, a little more than half a century old. It was built on Gilman land on the corner of Elm and Court streets, overlooking fields, river and woods, by Commodore John C. Long, U.S. N., and his wife, Mary O. (Gilman) Long. Mrs. Long outlived her husband forty years, dying October 14, 1904, in her home, at the age of ninety-four. Commodore Long was a midshipman on the "Constitution," and took part in the engagement with the "Java"; the suppression of West Indian pirates, a voyage of discovery to the Antarctic, the command of the frigate which brought Louis Kossuth to this country, the circumnavigation of the globe in the sloop "Boston" and the command of the Pacific squadron were among his duties. Commodore Long was placed on the retired list, and died while traveling in the White Mountains in 1865. Mrs. Long was for years the only surviving widow of a naval officer of the war of 1812, and received a pension from the government up to the time of her death. She was a typical lady of the old school, broad and generous in her

charities, but so quietly did she bestow her benefactions that few outside of her intimate circle knew how great they were. Her noble, dignified presence and personality was as potent as it was attractive. She loved beauty in art and nature and although not fond of travel her husband, who had seen the whole world, brought Europe to her and laid its treasures at her feet.

To receive an invitation to one of Mrs. Commodore Long's tea parties was an honor to be prized by the cultivated circle in which she moved. Tea was served in Sevres china cups on Japanese teapoys and delicious, frosted, old fashioned pound cake, made by the hostess herself,—who once said, "I could make it with my eyes shut,"—was passed around last. This sweet old gentlewoman, in her trained black silk gown, lovely laces fastened by beautiful brooches, and her bit of rare lace cap, was lovelier than the youngest and most chic matron of the present day, infinitely more so than the ultra-modern old woman, gorgeously and youthfully arrayed, who is, by the way, a product of this very new century. Mrs. Long died childless and her valuable treasures were divided up among her nieces and nephews.

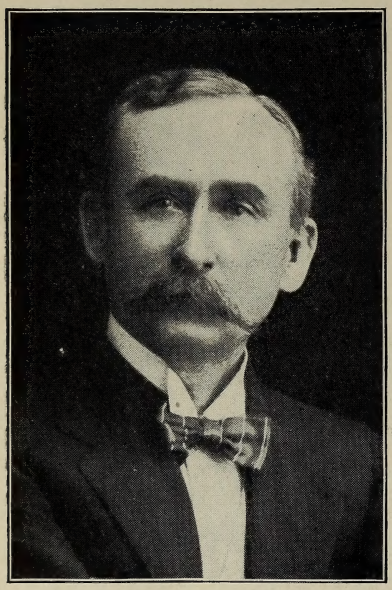


LONG HOUSE, OPPOSITE THE CAMPUS

Professor John C. Kirtland with his wife and interesting family of little children now occupy the Long house, and for the first time in the history of the house the patter of little feet and the sound of childish voices are heard in the great rooms.

A recent unique gift to the Academy was on the occasion of Professor Wentworth's seventieth birthday, when a check for ten thou-

sand dollars was received by the professor from Edward Tuck of Paris, to be used for the school according to Mr. Wentworth's judgment.



EDWARD TUCK, LL.D.

The name of Edward Tuck and his noble philanthropy is too well known to give it an extended notice in this brief sketch. His magnificent gifts to Dartmouth College in honor of his father, and his more recent gifts to the Cottage Hospital in Exeter, the presentation of a house and land on Front street to the Academy and that of "Stratham Hill" to the town of Stratham, New Hampshire, to be held as a public park, giving to the people of all neighboring towns a view of the ocean and the superb panorama of nature, has won the admiration and gratitude of the whole State of New Hampshire.

The President of France has recently conferred upon Mr. Tuck the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as a recognition of his great philanthropic work in the city of Paris, which is shared by his noble wife, whose charitable work extends to New York City, where she supports a diet kitchen for the poor of the city. Mr. Tuck's offer of one million dollars for a hospital for Americans in the city of Paris has attracted the attention of Europe.

Four hundred and fifty students —the largest number in the history of the school—are in attendance at Phillips Exeter Academy the present year, coming from all parts of the country, among the number being representatives from far away Armenia, Japan and India.

Tickle-Town Topics



The Confounding of Emma Louisa

By H. Cameron Nelles-Wilson

EMMA LOUISA paused in the midst of her potato peeling, knife in hand, and gazed with stolid indifference out of the small, uncurtained panes. The vista of dilapidated barns was not particularly attractive nor was the tumble-down sty which failed dismally in its efforts to enclose a voracious family of enterprising shoats. A few hens wandered aimlessly about the doorway; a venturesome pullet with stubby, vibrating tail, stood boldly upon the threshold, its head cocked sidewise and a look of quizzical effrontery in its beady eyes.

But Emma Louisa was apparently oblivious to her surroundings and it was only when the neglected dish tilted, spilling much of the contents into her lap, that she emerged from her quixotic reverie.

She could not be called an attractive girl—she was too colorless, too lacking in a definite make-up. Her hair, a lifeless yellow in tinge, was brushed straight back from her forehead and hung in a long, thin braid down her back. Her eyes were cold and devoid of expression, her lips thin and bloodless, although her cheeks had an almost unnatural ruddiness. She seemed formed after a rigid system of straight lines, tempered by an occasional and apologetic curve.

Notwithstanding so unlovely an exterior there dwelt within the hidden recesses of Emma Louisa's strange personality a character of rare if primitive excellence. The stern life of a neglected New England farm affords but few opportunities for a development of the higher Christian or social graces and Abner Sears was not the man to throw in the way of his family anything except the daily bread which was grudgingly and scantily supplied.

It was not without feelings of pleasure, therefore, when Emma Louisa in view of her sixteen years received from her father the first intimation that a thinning out of the parental nest might be of advantage. With a truly fatherly solicitude he also further advised a weekly donation to the family coffers from the expelled nestling's wages and, since with Abner Sears unsought advice amounted to a command, Emma Louisa divided her financial dream into uneven

halves of which Abe was to receive the lion's share.

Provided with an open sesame in the shape of a recommendation from the elders of her church, Emma Louisa had sallied forth to the town —a distance of three miles—and when a few hours later she retraced her steps it was with a lightened heart and the promise of being received in a fortnight as assistant sales-woman at Dent & Watkins' "Mammoth Emporium"—at least so it was styled on the sign-boards that flaunted the winding highway in unsightly and gaudy claims for recognition.

To the stilted mind of Emma Louisa the very prospect of standing behind those laden counters, of ministering to the whimsical desires of an eager public and of exhibiting with a proprietary sang-froid the goods apportioned to her care, filled her soul with an ecstatic succession of "Te Deums" that could scarce be withheld from utterance.

That night in her small comfortless rom she lay awake until long after midnight and when at last she fell asleep it was to dream of shimmering silks, refulgent brocades, and amber-colored plush, (her first idea of luxury!) and jet trimmings fit for the best party-dress of a President's wife.

From these illusionary heights she was brought suddenly to earth by the raucous tones of her father, the smell of smoke from the kitchen fire and the angry tones of Abner's help as he tried to make a restless cow stand for the morning's milking.

But the day on which this tale begins was the last of Emma's bondage. For the last time the grimy parings slipped into the muddy water and having removed the rough jackets and viciously extracted the numerous eyes, she dropped each potato into the pot with a triumphant and concluding splash. The next morning, having partaken of a breakfast which for the first time in many years she had not largely prepared, Emma Louisa started out into the world of her dreams. Her mantle of domestic usefulness had fallen upon her sister Maggie's shoulders and as she hurried along the lane, heavy with the morning mists, she looked back pityingly at her youthful successor. For the remainder of the journey she kept wondering what she would buy Maggie out of her first earnings.

"Miss Sears, I shall put you at the ribbon counter to begin with. If you do well at that I'll give you Miss Potts' place in the millinery department next month. That is two dollars a week more than you're starting at."

It was the first time Emma Louisa had been called Miss Sears and this fact somewhat appeased her chronic state of disappointment at not having been christened Rose or Lily, instead of being named for two worthy but unlovable aunts who lived in Maine and made periodic descents upon their brother's quiet New Hampshire farm.

She took her stand nervously behind the glass cases with their rolls of many-colored ribbons. She knew that she was an object of criticism and interest to her fellow-workers and the feeling did not tend to increase her composure. Emma Louisa had another cause for discomfort. When the obsequious Mr. Dent had apportioned the ribbon-counter to her care, her heart gave

a sudden bound, then seemed to stop a full three minutes before resuming its normal functions. For the first time in her life, uneventful as it had been, Emma Louisa found herself confronted by a great temptation and the possession of an unhappy secret.

She was color-blind.

Her first impulse was to sieze her hat and run; her second, to make a full confession; her third, to keep a discreet silence. She acted upon the third.

About an hour after her entry into commercial life Miss Sears' first customer loomed up before her.

"I want some inch-wide satin ribbon—"

"What color, ma'am?" broke in the excited sales-lady, at the same time holding her breath in a perfect panic of dread.

"Plain white, and something rather good, please."

Emma Louisa gave a mental sigh of deep relief and from the medley of color extracted a ribbon of the desired kind. Her hand trembled as she measured off the required quantity—with an unintentional bonus of nearly three inches—and wrapped it carefully in tissue paper. With a pleasant, conventional remark anent the weather the customer passed on her way, while Emma Louisa's knees positively shook when the tension of the moment had been removed.

The respite was a brief one. A busy little woman with restless black eyes darted up to the counter, slapped down a knitted bag filled with everything conceivable and demanded one yard of watered silk ribbon—cinnamon-brown.

Emma Louisa felt that her hour had come. Her cheeks flushed a deeper crimson than usual, her breath came heavily and her eyes furtively sought the door as if contemplating some desperate move. She opened the case, drew out a roll and unpinning it began to display her ware. The intending purchaser gave a snort of annoyance.

"That's not brown, girl. Can't you tell red when you see it?"

In her confusion the roll slipped from her hand, sped along the counter and thence to the floor where it continued to perform numerous and mystic gyrations. With the assistance of the cash-boy it was captured and restored to its place, while Emma Louisa prepared for another hazard.

"This is very nice," she meekly suggested, bringing out another sample.

"Yes, it's very nice but it's green," snapped her customer. "There's what I want," pointing with a fat forefinger to the object of her choice.

In consternation Emma Louisa measured off a yard—less an inch and a half—and with feverish haste slipped it into a wrapper. Scarcely had the door closed upon the small retreating figure when Miss Sears was again confronted with a demand from her plenteous supply. A buoyant little school miss—not much younger than Emma Louisa—settled herself upon one of the uncomfortable revolving stools.

"I want a yard and a half of pale blue ribbon at twelve cents a yard to trim my new muslin waist," she ejaculated as fast as the words would come, smiling betimes at the frightened girl behind the counter. Again poor Emma Louisa made a bold dash for success. From the

lottery before her she drew, and lost.

"Oh, this is pink!" The high treble voice rang out shrill and Emma Louisa groaned in spirit lest her sin had found her out and brought a hasty retribution. She looked to see the smiling Mr. Dent swoop down upon her and send her back to the drudgery of her former existence.

The blow did not fall; she was unnoticed and took a new lease of life accordingly. After some more attempts, assisted by the schoolgirl's merry co-operation the ribbon was found and Emma Louisa gazed wistfully after the good-natured little purchaser.

All day the tragedy continued, varied occasionally by a very small measure of success and when, tired and exhausted, Emma Louisa dragged herself homeward along the dark, lonely road, she felt inclined to sink down deep among the damp grass and cry herself to sleep. She was a criminal—an outcast—had sold her soul for a mess of pottage and found it an unpalatable and death-like feast.

She came wearily into the kitchen where the family was already gathered at supper and had little to say in reply to their eager questionings. Early in the evening she went to her own room, not to sleep, however, although she ached in every limb. At intervals she would doze but dangling ribbons swept through the air in a perfect blaze of amassed colorings or madly rolled on through space while she followed in a vain pursuit. Then she would awaken with a start to find herself safe in her own room with its pungent odor of kerosene.

And as the hours wore slowly on she came to a decision. In the morning she would go to Mr. Dent with her tragic secret, confess that she was color-blind, unable to tell brown from red, pink from blue, or yellow from green. Then she would withdraw again from public life, come back to the farm with her guilty memories and drag out the rest of her natural life peeling potatoes, feeding chickens, and scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Long before daylight she was up and dressed and the chore-boy was just sweeping out the store when she arrived. On asking for Mr. Dent she was told that he was in his office and with an air of rigid determination made her way to the closed doors of frosted glass. Spirit had gained the ascendancy over matter and Emma Louisa's soul was buoyed up by a stern disregard of consequences. She beat a brave tattoo upon the very name-plate itself and entered fearlessly. Mr. Dent was at his desk and raised his weak eyes questioningly.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Sears! You're early this morning but I am just as glad. I want to transfer you immediately to the millinery department; Miss Potts has had to leave unexpectedly and the head-milliner needs extra help at once. Come with me now and I'll show you something about arranging the show room tastefully—the rest of the work is easy."

Emma Louisa followed him dumbly.

She was saved. Her crime was forgiven and in this new sphere her defective color-vision could not be called into question.

After all it had been only a matter of conscience.

Ballad of Polly Purington

By JAMES BUCKHAM

Of pretty Polly Purington the story I will tell,
How that in Cupid's subtle toils this high-bred maiden fell.

It was two hundred years ago; and she from Brunswick town
To Boston, by the turnpike road, was gaily riding down.

How proudly did she sit her horse! how lightly hold the reins!
The blue blood of her English sires was racing in her veins.

Her groom respectfully behind pursued his watchful way;
And so they fared toward Boston town, that sultry summer day.

But as they passed through town of York, with its long, sleepy street,
Mis Polly's saddle-girth gave way, and did the maid unseat.

It chanced that, underneath the shade of neighboring linden tree,
Stood Andrew Walker's harness-shop. (A goodly youth was he.)

With haste he sprang into the street, and lent his courteous aid.
Miss Polly bowed like any queen, (and blushed like any maid.)

Now who but Andrew should repair the broken girth, forsooth?
And who but Polly should stand by the handsome, dark-eyed youth-

I trow, there was no goodlier lad, nor one of truer worth,
Than that same stalwart villager, who sewed the broken girth.

Proud Polly felt the little god's keen arrow pierce her heart!
She trembled at the strange, sweet pain, but plucked not forth the dart.

The girth was mended; but meanwhile a new and deep unrest,
Rose, like the shadow of desire, in Andrew Walker's breast.

He helped the lady mount;—and then, one instant full and sweet,
Their eyes beneath the linden trees did warmly, shyly meet.

Oh, happy was the village youth! oh, glad the high-born maid!
For love had flashed between thei. souls, though not a word was said.

If, through the village when she rode, on her returning way,
Fair Polly's saddle-girth did slip, what could she do but stay?

And if, in time, young Andrew's suit progressed as true loves do,
You'll say my tale is pure romance—but I declare it's true!

Triolets

By ARLO BARLOW

When she sighs and answers "no"
Wait a bit and do not leave her,
Who shall say she bids you go
When she sighs and answers "no"
in a voice that's soft and low?
Ask again, it will not grieve her.
When she sighs and answers "no"
Wait a bit and do not leave her.

Sallie loves me well to-day
Though but yesterday she hated,
And to-morrow; who shall say?
Sallie loves me well to-day,
Be to-morrow what it may
So to-day is kindly fated;
And she loves me well to-day
Though but yesterday she hated.

Kitty sat upon my knee
(Years ago when she was seven)
Do you hear, you lovers three?
Kitty sat upon my knee.
Yes, I know you envy me
Such a sweet foretaste of heaven.
Well, she sat upon my knee.
(Years ago when she was seven)

The Pain of Poesy

By KONAN MACHUGH

Jocund summer climbed the hill
Summer light and airy,
Violets grew beside the rill
Violets blue, and daffodil,
Golden headed fairy.

Thither came poetic Will,
Boston born, or near it,
And with Tennysonian thrill
Plucked and sniffed the daffodil
Saying thus with spirit;

"Promulgate what's in your cup
Timorous exclusiveness,
Let me on ambrosia sup,
Yield your saccharine spirit up
Unto mine obtrusiveness."

Bumblebee from daffodil
Flew with great ferocity.
People up on Beacon Hill
Still are asking poet Will
What ails his proboscity.

The Search

By Pauline Frances Camp

A bluebird brought the tidings, so we knew that she
was here;
And day by day I sought her, through the woodlands
far and near.
Sometimes I seemed to feel her fragrant breath upon
my cheek;
But, turning swiftly, found th'elusive maid was still
to seek.

I chanced upon the traces of her presence everywhere.
A violet that strayed from out her breast knot or her
hair;
A host of tiny grass men, waving pointed blades on
high,
Battalions dressed in green, presenting arms, where
she'd passed by.

A laughing, babbling, baby brook, sped on its silver
way,
Unloosened by her fairy touch, from winter's icy sway.
And 'neath the leafing trees, and budding hedgerows
in the lane,
The merry little sunbeams found their shadow-mates
again.

I turned me homeward, baffled, for I found not her I
sought,
Though all around were tokens of the magic she had
wrought.
But in the morning early, as I lingered in my room,
She tapped upon my window with a spray of apple
bloom!

The Duties of a Modern Mayor

By Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston

MY immediate predecessor once declared that the Mayor of New York was the second elective officer in the United States, ranking just below the President. This was bold and epigrammatic, but it lit up a truth sometimes forgotten or obscured. The Mayor of a great American city has more serious responsibility than the governor of any state or any individual senator. If his office is inferior to theirs in dignity, it is because we have not yet adjusted the order of precedence in our political hierarchy to the changed conditions brought about by the rise of the great cities.

Among the cities, if we except New York, I know of none that clearly outranks Boston. In valuation it stands almost at the top, in population nominally fifth; but the political Boston is surrounded by dozens of cities and towns which to all intents and purposes are as much parts of the real Boston as the residential districts of St. Louis and Chicago are parts of those cities. Within fifty miles of the State House there are twenty-five cities containing more than 25,000 inhabitants each. Chicago has only three such tributary suburbs and St. Louis only one. This great outlying population, some of it separated from the city proper merely by a bridge or an artificial boundary line, must be reckoned in as part of the capital. It contributes to it prosperity, for without it Boston would not be the great market it is, selling $1,000,000,000 worth of goods in a year, or seventy per cent. of all the goods sold in Massachusetts. But, if the suburban population stimulates business, it adds nothing directly to the revenues of the city. On the contrary, it includes many persons who should pay taxes in the city, but do not, preferring the less rigorous financial climate of places like Wellesley and Nahant; while on the other hand municipal expenditures are greatly increased by the propinquity of this surrounding population. For example, about three in eight of all the persons arrested in Boston last year were non-residents. Clearly the problems of government with us are complicated by conditions which do not exist in Chicago and St. Louis.

Few persons realize how various and difficult these problems are. The daily routine of the mayor of Boston reflects in little the complex life of the entire metropolis. He is head of all the city departments, except the school department and the board of police. He must appoint his chief officers and keep watch upon their administrations. This means familiarizing himself with an immense mass of executive detail. Questions relating to transportation, street construction and paving, protection from fire, water service, sanitation, buildings, taxation, health,

the care of the sick, the poor, the vicious, the homeless young,—these and a hundred other problems are presented to him as part of his daily duty. No mayor, however narrowly he might interpret the scope of his responsibility, could escape these issues. The city charter and ordinances make him the superintendent of all superintendents, the chief executive and the court of last appeal. His regular correspondence, interviews, official papers, and public appearances, provide work enough to satisfy the ordinary active man. Day after day he sees a steady stream of visitors, — merchants, department heads, politicians, clergymen, labor delegates,— all with petitions, remonstrances, recommendations, complaints, calling for prompt attention and decision. Happy is the occupant of the executive chair if the caller's errand is merely a request for tidings of some missing relative or for information which the Public Library could supply. These humorous episodes soften the Mayor's hard routine and lighten the grim task, as curious epistles now and then enliven his correspondence.

But half of the Mayor's duties have not yet been catalogued. All legislation by the city council comes to him for review and his veto power, though not often exercised, acts as a check on that bi-cameral body. In all measures that affect the City, the Mayor, either in person or through his attorneys, represents Boston before the state legislature. He is the official host of the city, welcoming distinguished visitors with courtesies and ceremonies befitting their importance. He has public and social responsibilities limited only by his good nature and the physical law yhich forbids one body to be in two places at the same time. In his leisure moments he may be called upon to draw jurors, forward a letter of sympathy, present bouquets to school graduates, order a display of flags, or forbid an unseemly public performance.

As if these duties were not enough, a new and broader conception of executive responsibility has been gaining ground; and, although my opponent in the late election made it the target of some ridicule, I think it has already established itself. Just as the President has taken it upon himself to suggest legislation, thus introducing in a rough way the Swiss initiative into American parliamentary procedure, so the Mayor is expected to neglect nothing that may make for the welfare of the city. In my inaugural address, for example, I touched upon many topics outside the strict bounds of my necessary labors. Two of these suggestions, — namely, for a consumptives' hospital and for a commercial high school,—have already been adopted, and others will be, when their merit has been demonstrated. Nobody seemed to be shocked because the mayor made these recommendations or took up questions like technical education, railroad differentials, dock facilities, or tariff burdens. Every intelligent citizen knows that the position of Boston as a commercial centre cannot be maintained without strenuous effort and organized resistance to attack. And if the Mayor may not unify opinion and direct effort on such subjects, who can or will? The old conception of His Honor as a republicanised copy of His Lordship has disappeared. We no longer require that this functionary should

be an elderly gentleman of the old school, with a pretty gift for oratory, correct in pedigree, faulthlessly attired, and a member of learned societies and exclusive clubs. A less formal and decorative personage seems to satisfy the requirements for the head of "a great business corporation," as the political unit known as Boston is frequently styled. Real dignity, of course, is never out of place; but, once for all, the "honorary" conception of the office has disappeared beyond resurrection.

And yet to be Mayor of Boston is indeed an honor. The history of the city is noble, its monuments are stately. Its merchants have been adventurous and brought back wealth from many climes; but they have used it for the larger development of their city. Where else can such burghers be found, combining private enterprise and public spirit, so free from ostentation, so sanely generous, as the old Bostonians whose names are stamped upon all our liberal institutions? And then the physical beauty of the city makes us proud to be its children. Its parks, harbor, and suburbs know no rivals; its narrow, twisting streets vex the "hustler" but enchant the tourist; its aristocratic section fronts on the Public Garden with an air so high-bred, immaculate and harmonious that I believe there is not another such residential unit in the world. Every dweller in the oblong between Beacon and Boylston streets, Arlington street and Massachusetts avenue, seems to have passed an entrance examination and proved himself a cousin of all the others through the Mayflower, the Revolution, the First Church, or the China trade.

This is the agreeable part of one's duties as Mayor of Boston. One feels that he is not merely the heir of a great tradition, but its special custodian. If he could preserve the old principles which made Boston rich, cultured, and charitable, and adapt them to modern conditions, if he could unify the whole city as what remains of the Puritan Boston is unified in its Back Bay citadel, he might feel that the future would take care of itself and all its problems find easy solutions.

There are other complacent reflections in which the Mayor of Boston may indulge as he looks out of his office windows over the throng that presses through School street. The city is rich. Its assessed valuation is three times that of Chicago, though by what financial magic these discrepant totals are reached is a puzzle even for the experts. The people are, on the whole, prosperous. Wages are far higher in Massachusetts than in any other state for corresponding grades of industrial service. The shoemaker and the textile worker are comparatively well-paid; so are the public school teacher, the patrolman, the fireman, the laborer. All this speaks of a diffused, rather than a concentrated, prosperity. It speaks also of skill, schooling, and intelligence, good laws, and humane relations between employer and employed.

Unfortunately no mayor can claim for himself the credit of all this comfort and well-being; and the practical questions which he must attack involve many less agreeable features. He finds a debt greater in proportion to population than that of any other American city,—amounting to $100,000,000 net,—and a tax-rate of $16 on a real estate valuation which

is more than the city would sell for if some syndicate should enter the business of buying up municipalities. He finds his relations with the state government unsatisfactory in every respect. Owing to the difference of political complexion between them,—the state turning Democratic about as often as the city turns Republican,—nearly everything Boston asks for is refused by the legislature and many burdens she does not desire are thrust forcibly upon her. The state legislators have taken away from the capital the control of its own police and the right of constructing its own voting list. They are tinkering now with a new method of electing aldermen and a new system of distributing liquor licenses. Financially, Boston has suffered grievously at the hands of the dominant party in the State. She pays the lion's share of the cost of the parks and boulevards that scarcely graze her territory, and an enormous proportion of the cost of the metropolitan water service. The expense of the court house falls upon her, although it is used freely by lawyers in other counties; her normal school receives no assistance from the state; taxes paid by her corporations are handed over to Brookline and Manchester. In a word, the State sets up a high standard of self-sacrifice for the meek metropolis, whose patience under legislative blows entitles it to the designation of the Most Christian Capital.

As I have intimated, the commercial situation in both the city and the state is a subject which no modern mayor, alive to his full responsibilities, can ignore. Boston is the second port in the nation, but it is losing its export trade. One of the first acts of my administration was to engage an expert to analyse this problem and to set forth the evidences and causes of our retarded growth and such remedies as he could suggest. His report is before me now,—a clear discussion of all the influences, such as differentials, duties, railroad discrimination, high taxation, overstrict corporation laws, lack of technical education,—which have affected the commercial progress of Boston and Massachusetts. Both natural and artificial causes enter in and each adverse factor must be met by remedies or preventatives adapted to the case. Sometimes it is Congress that must be turned over to a new way of thinking; sometimes it is the state legislature that needs to see the light; sometimes it is a railroad or government commission which must be reminded that it cannot sacrifice the interests of a great capital; sometimes the pressure must be brought to bear on some of our citizens, reluctant to pay their due share of the cost of public improvements by which they profit. All these things may help or hurt the welfare of the city, and the modern mayor, like the Roman magistrates, is expected to see "that the republic shall suffer no harm." Paraphrasing the Latin poet, I may adopt his phrase as my official motto, "Nihil Bostoniae a me alienum puto;" nothing that concerns Boston is outside my province.

I want to see the city grow, because things that do not grow stagnate. In order that it may grow, I want its citizens and especially its commercial bodies (too often working at odds or without concentrated purpose) to come together and join hands in the common cause. Boston needs their loyalty in the pres-

ent crisis; she deserves their devotion. One function of the modern mayor is to stand as a symbol of the city itself,—to touch the imagination of the people and call into play their local patriotism. That implies that his sympathies must radiate in all directions in order that he may bring together even the extremists of every class, religion, and race. To accomplish this result,—to know my fellow citizens and introduce them to one another,—has been the underlying purpose of my own activities in the office which I hold. I could have sat at my desk, countersigning bonds and stamping documents, and reserved my evenings for my family. I could have confined myself to strictly municipal business and let the doctors take care of the consumptives' hospital and the schoolmasters organize commercial and technical schools. But I do not interpret in that negative fashion the functions of a modern mayor.

Old Lace (1776)

By Eunice Parke Detweiler

Let me feel it, child! Methinks that I can trace
Love's message, in this web of filmy lace.
The clinging meshes give a fond caress,
My feeble hand and trembling fingers press.
Ah! sweet the memories of the Long Ago,
That fill my heart with sunset's golden glow!
Radiant the light,—and in it now I see
Loved forms and faces, once so dear to me;
They throng around me,—she who wore this lace
Upon her wedding morn, with youthful grace
She stood beside the one she loved, that day.
At night War's trumpet summoned him away,—
He fell in battle! How her sweet, sad face
Comes up before me as I touch this lace!
These fragile threads, so yellow now with age,
Tell many a story I read page by page,
And Memory opens wide her golden door
For me to enter,—blind am I no more!
My palsied hands stretch out in Love's warm rays
To greet and clasp the loved of other days!

"The night has gone: those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

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EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

London's First "Yellow Journalist"

IT is difficult to realize that the present abundance of "news" as exhibited by the daily press, is the growth of less than a century. This is brought to mind by the perusal of an odd volume "The Catnach Press," of which only 250 copies were printed. It was intended as a memorial to James Catnach, who, during the first quarter of the last century was the original and for years the only purveyor of "news" to the poorer classes in London, and contains, besides a sketch of his career, abundant samples of the wares with which he supplied his public. The character of this material is an illustration of the literary "taste" to which he catered, and in some respects it suggests that he was a master in what some people imagine is a more modern art—the imposition of sensational invention for genuine information regarding current events.

He appears to have been the pioneer of "yellow journalism," and aside from the elaboration possible under modern conditions, some of his work would "give points" to the latest sensation monger.

"Old Jeremy" Catnach was a printer and his "press" was established in 1813. Many years afterward it was broken up, and some admirer who appreciated his work, and the humor which infused his record for ingenuity and enterprise in exciting the interest of his "public" compiled a volume, which includes the story of his work, samples of the literature with which he fed his readers, and a generous selection from his "works." This was printed from the material in his office, and furnishes not only an interesting epitome of the literature of the lower classes, but is also illustrative of the typographic art of his time.

His office was in Monmouth Court, in a region famous in London history as "The Seven Dials," "the region of song and poetry—first effusions and dying speeches." His biographer says of him:

"It was he who first availed himself of greater mechanical skill and a larger capital than had been previously employed in that department of THE TRADE, to substitute for the execrable tea-paper, blotched with lamp-black and oil, which characterized the old broad-side and ballad printing, tolerable white paper and real printer's ink. But more than that, it was he who first conceived and carried into effect, the idea of publishing collections of songs by the yard, and giving to purchasers, for the small price of one penny, (in former days the cost of a single ballad) a string of poetry resembling in shape and length the

list of Don Juan's mistresses, which Leporello unrolls on the stage before Donna Anna. He was an ordinary man, Catnach; he patronized original talents in many a bard of St. Giles's, and is understood to have accumulated the largest store of broadsides, last-dying speeches, ballads, and other stock-in-trade of the flying stationer's upon record. He was by far the best-known, and the most successful printer and publisher of all who have directed their industry to supply the 'paper in demand for street sale, and in every department of street literature.'"

Murders, trials and executions, scandals in high life, etc., were his capital, and he demonstrated its earning power with ingenuity and enterprise. The "trial of Queen Catherine" was a god-send to him, and by it he amassed a large sum which made possible the later development of his business. A little later he had almost equal success with the "full, true and particular account of the murder of Weare by Thurtell and his companions, in Gill's Hill Lane, near Elstree, in Hertfordshire, in 1824." He had no notion of stereotyping, and set four forms from which 200 to 300 copies an hour were pulled off on a hand press. By working night and day for a week he got off about 250,000 copies with four presses. His profit was over £500. The newspapers of his day were not available for the working classes to whom he catered, as they were sold at seven and eight pence a copy and were read only by the well-to-do higher classes. The demand for this issue was so great that the "new cadgers" or "patterers" besieged his shop so that he was obliged to issue checks representing purchases which were redeemed with the printed sheets in another locality. The trial of Thurtell and his companions brought him still greater success and by the aid of other printers he issued nearly half a million copies in eight days. Unfortunately his assistants robbed him of the fruit of this venture by selling the sheets on their own accounts, and besides they got an idea of the profit of the business, and started a competition that was very annoying.

That Catnach was quite in touch with the possibilities of the situation, and a genuine pioneer in "yellow journalism," is shown by the fact that after Weare's murderers were executed and he had made good money by the sale of his story of the event, he brought out a startling broad-side with the glaring caption "WE ARE alive again!" and put so little space between the words "we" and "are" that the casual observer was deluded with the idea that Weare had been brought to life, and purchased accordingly. Those sedate people who did not approve of such enterprise in business called the trick a "catch-penny" which is said to have been the origin of the phrase, and it ever afterward attached to the issues of the "Seven Dials Press," but their sale was not thereby hindered.

Like Mr. Wegg, Catnach could "drop into poetry" on occasion, and he realized on his talent from time to time. On the execution of Thurtell and his companions he published a string of verses in this style.

"Come all good Christians, praise the Lord,
And trust to him in hope;
God in his mercy John Thurtell sent
To hang from Hertford gallows rope.

"Poor Weare's murder the Lord disclosed,
Be glory to his name:
And Thurtell, Hunt and Probert too
Were brought to grief and shame."

"Old Jeremy" had no welcome for new ideas, and he would not buy new type, even after his "fonts"

were badly demoralized. When a "case" was out of "sorts" he would have the boys use anything that came handy. He thought the figure 1 a good substitute for a lower case "l" and a cap "O" and a cipher were synonymous. So a lower case p, d, b, and q would do duty for each other by inversion, and if Roman letters gave out italic was always at hand. His receipts were almost entirely in pennies, and these he transported to the Bank of England in sacks in a hackney-coach. His neighbors were fearful of contagion if they accepted his coin until he hit upon the expedient of boiling in a solution of copperas and vinegar, making them look as bright as when newly coined. He paid his workmen in pennies, and a week's wages required the assistance of wives and children to take them home, their weight being largely in excess of the present coinage. He had trouble, too with counterfeits, and these accumulated so that he paved a back-kitchen floor with them, imbedded in cement.

Illustrations were not easily procured in Catnach's day, and he became his own designer and wood-engraver. Quite a collection of his wood-cuts is given in the "memorial volume." As compared with modern processes of illustration it is not easy to decide whether his poetry or his pictures were the more crude and exasperating. His use of cuts was on a par with his use of type, and one picture served often to illustrate quite dissimilar stories. He soon learned, besides, that certain crimes and tragedies were likely to occur from time to time and he prepared for them by a combination of his imagination and his graver's tools, just as nowadays we are treated to a graphic picture of shipwreck, by newspaper artists who never saw either the ship nor the locality of the wreck.

When there was a dearth of genuine or "faked" sensations he kept his presses and his "patterers" busy by issuing ballads, like "Poor Bessy was a Sailor's Bride," "Jack Junk of Wapping Old Stairs," "John Anderson my Joe," "Fair Phœbe and her Dark-eyed Sailor," "My Pretty Jane," "The Bleeding Heart," etc., all "illustrated." Christmas carols were also in order, with what now seem to be horrible caricatures of sacred subjects. Gothic churches and people in modern costume were not incongruous to his patrons with New Testament stories.

Catnach retired from business in 1839, after more than a quarter of a century of industrious and succesful effort, and he died soon afterward leaving a considerable estate. He was so in love with the stock phrases out of which he had coined money, or else he had a grim sense of humor, for he headed his last will and testament with "The Last Dying Speech of James Catnach, etc." His biographer has this to say of his work:

> "It is gratifying to be able to record that what the late Mr. Catnach was to the masses in the way of news provider some forty years ago, the penny papers are now, with this exception, that the former tended to lower and degrade their pursuit after knowledge, while the latter on the contrary improve and elevate them, while they amuse and instruct each one who peruses their contents. With the march of intellect, and the thirst for knowledge blended with the desire for truth, out went to a great extent the penny broad-sheet. Several persons made the attempt to revive it long after the death of the great original Jeremy Catnach, but without success."

The morbid mentality of the pub-

lic was the condition that made Catnach's success possible. He had only to bring out a sheet with a few glaring lines—"Murder, one penny," "Horrible," "Barbarous," "Love, one penny," "Coal Cellar," "Pool of Blood," "Former Crimes," "Nine Children," "Mysterious," etc., to catch the public eye and ear, and their loose pennies as well. In time the crying of these wares became an art, and writers of both prose and "poetry" were enlisted to dress the story thus hinted at in the most gruesome form. One of these effusions begins thus:

"Now, my friends, here you have, just printed and published, the life, trial, character, confession behavior and condemnation of that unfortunate malefactor Richard Wilberforce who was executed on Monday last for the most horrible, dreadful and wicked murder of Sarah Spriggens, a lady's maid, young and handsome. It's the most foul and horrible murder that ever graced the annals of British history. Here, my customers, you may read his execution on the fatal scaffold. You may also read how he met his victim in a dark and lonesome wood, and what he did to her—for a half-penny; and further you read how he brought her to London,—and after that comes the murder, which is worth all the money! And you read how the ghost appeared to him and then to her parents. Then comes the capture of the villain; also the trial, sentence and execution, showing how the ghost was in the act of putting his leg on one side, and 'the old gentleman' a pulling the other, waiting for his victim (my good friends excuse my tears) etc., etc."

This was followed by some forty lines of doggerel describing the event. The wicked man says:

"And justice followed every step,
Though often I did cry;
And the cruel Judge and Jury
Condemned me for to die.
And in a cell as cold as death
I always was afraid,
For Sarah she was with me
Although I killed her dead—
For only a half-penny."

Among the stock material to be worked off when there was no available sensation, one of the most popular was "The Perpetual Almanack, or gentleman soldier's prayer book," a story of a soldier who was arrested for playing cards in a church, and his ingenious defence that he used the cards as an almanac, a prayer-book and an epitome of biblical history. This creed has become a classic, in a way, and makes perennial appearances in various "notes and queries" receptacles.

One of Mr. Catnach's characteristic effusions, which was found among his papers after his death consisted of nineteen stanzas each capped by an explanatory note of which the following are detached samples:

The hero claims the attention of virtuous persons, and leads them to anticipate a painful disclosure.

I

Draw hither now good people all,
And let my story warn;
For I will tell to you a tale,
What will rend them breasts of yourn.

The revelation of his name and profession; and subsequent avowal of his guilt.

V

James Guffin is my hated name,
And a footman I'm by trade;
And I do confess that I did slay,
My poor fellow-servant maid.

He is led away by passions.

X

I thought Sarey Leigh warn't true to me,
So all pity then despising,
Sure I was tempted by the devil
To give to her some p'isin.

Remorse and self-examination.

XVI

Oh! why did I form of Sarey Leigh
Such cruel unjust opinions,
When my young master did her find
Beneath the bed of inions.

His last words convey a moral lesson.

XLX

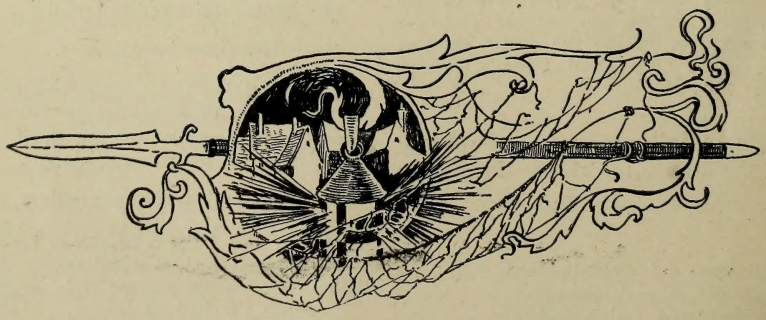
Take warning, then, all you as would
Not die like malefactors;
Never the company for to keep
Of them with bad characters.

The records of the time indicate that "literature" was not particularly remunerative. "I gets," says one of the fraternity, "I gets a shilling a copy for the verses written by the wretched culprit the night previous to his execution." Another says, "Its the same poet as does 'em all, and for the same tip; no more nor a bob for nothing." This seems hardly fair to genius, in view of the enormous sales of some of the publications of this class of work. Thus the following schedule of sales of the most notorious stories of crime of the period shows that more might have been afforded:

Of Rush's murder	2,400,000	copies
Of the Mannings	2,500,000	"
Of Courvoisier	1,606,000	"
Of Greenaere	1,650,000	"
Of Corder (Maria Martin)	1,166,000	"

Catnach had a steady trade in coarsely printed and more coarsely illustrated literature for children, of which there are generous selections in the memorial volume. Among these are "The House that Jack Built," "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin," "Jack and Jill," "Little Tom Tucker," "Jack Sprat," "The Life and Death of Jenny Wren," "Old Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat," "Mother Muggins and Her Dog Trap," "Jumping Joan," "The Old Woman of Stepney," "Jack Jingle," "Old Mother Goose and the Golden Egg," "Punch and Judy," "Simple Simon," "Cinderilla," "The Children in the Wood," "The Forty Thieves," etc.

The period covered by this volume is not remote, but the story it tells and illustrates seems antique. The world has moved with rapid strides. Public taste has in some measure advanced, and the printer and illustrator have more than kept pace with the improved taste, but the thoughtful observer will discover that sensationalism and the love of horrors is not dead, nor is the faculty of inventions of "tales of blood and worms" yet passed into a stage of innocuous desuetude.



Grandma's Surrender

By A. H. Houk

GRANDMA DAWSON sat on the side porch paring apples for an old-time concoction called "pan-dowdy." Her lips were moving, but gave no sound.

"I'm glad I went for these apples myself and got the right kind. The pork is just right too, and John certainly will enjoy the pan-dowdy like he used to when he was a boy. He's picked up a great deal since I came and cooked things we had then."

Her visit had lengthened from the proposed three weeks to three months and once in a while she cheerfully announced the intention of staying until spring.

"Why, of course, mother," John would say, "you can just as well as not. Your house is closed and cousin Amos and Martha have the tenant house now and the farm will be cared for."

Grandma was no pessimist and never on the alert for slights and insults. She did not notice that John's wife failed to second his cordial invitation and John generally avoided her remonstrating gaze.

"I've had a beautiful time," mused she. "I see how everything has turned out for the best, though it was pretty hard for father and me to give up the idea of John staying on the farm and coming here to be a store-keeper. We both saw he wasn't stout enough for farm work and this opening was providential. If only Miriam had lived, it wouldn't have been so lonesome for me after father died; but then, they're both in glory and I thank the good Lord."

Grandma was about to begin singing her favorite hymn of praise, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," when her attention was arrested by the voices of her daughter-in-law and her intimate friend, Mrs. Jones. They had just returned from a missionary meeting.

"Oh! yes," said John's wife, in response to some remark of her friend, "she does potter around a good deal, but I don't call it helping. I have to keep a girl all the same, and Bridget finds a good deal of fault about having two mistresses. She has coddled John until he thinks he's almost an invalid, and she spoils Benny petting him. She worries the girls about taking care of their clothes, and fusses at Angeline and Lorena about putting on aprons as soon as they come home from school. She's dreadful close. She would wear an old bombazine dress to church last Sunday because it looked like rain. We were really ashamed of her.

"Stephen Porter is waiting on Sybil, you know; he can't get away from his business in Dexter often and generally comes Saturday evenings and grandma always comes in the room with her knitting and tells stories about old times. The other evening when

the clock struck ten, Stephen said he didn't know it was so late and he would have to run to catch the train. Grandma went with Sybil and him to the door, and told how much she enjoyed his visits."

Grandma held her knife and apple suspended. She almost gasped at the idea of Sybil thinking of marriage. Then she remembered that Sybil was nineteen years old, and she herself was married at eighteen.

"Are you going to alter your home?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"We intended to make the room grandma occupies into a parlor. We thought of putting in a bow window on the south side and getting new furniture. The girls need a parlor; but it's uncertain now, for grandma wants to stay till spring."

"Well, I must go," said Mrs. Jones. "I hope you won't be as unlucky as Mrs. Ross. Her mother-in-law came on a visit and had a shock and has been bedfast for two years. These old people are liable to give out any time."

"Old!" thought grandma, "sixty-five isn't old," and she straightened up more erect than ever and resumed her work. She was almost dazed, but notwithstanding the pan-dowdy was a success.

"It must be true," she concluded, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves. I'm a meddling old woman and have been making mischief ever since I've been here."

John seemed preoccupied at dinner; evidently something had gone wrong at the store. He simply said the pan-dowdy was good, in answer to his mother's question. After dinner, grandma went to her room, instead of going to the kitchen to help Bridget wash the dishes. She drew her trunk mechanically out of the closet and began packing it. She laid Benny's mittens, and the half dozen pairs of stockings she had knit for John, on the bureau. "Good warm ones, with long legs, like he used to have at home," she said to herself.

Supper was a quiet meal. Bridget had been scolding about having so much to do and threatened to leave, which depressed John's wife greatly. As John was returning to the store after supper, he turned to give Benny a letter for grandma, which he had forgotten.

Cousin Amos had written to tell of a storm that created havoc at the farm and wanted grandma to come home to see about repairs. She was dressed in her travelling costume when she appeared at breakfast, and announced her intention of taking the early train for home. She created some consternation by informing John that she should have to ask him to pay the last five hundred dollars she had loaned him. The prospect for the bay window and new furniture faded in the dim distance.

Grandma's spirits rose and her cheerfulness returned as she seated herself in the train. "Thank the good Lord, I've a home of my own and am independent," thought she. Her heart gave a joyful bound as the old mountain appeared, and grew lighter as she recognized familiar landmarks.

"There," she said, almost audibly, "if Deacon Woodbury hasn't painted his house pea-green, and Captain Sanders has built a new fence!"

She was in a quiver of excitement as the train stopped at the little station. It was a mile to the farm; but after giving some directions

about her trunk, to be sent for in the morning, she gathered up her lunch basket and wraps and went trudging up the road.

"I'll stop at home and see how things look," and so saying she let down the bars and entered the lane that led to the kitchen door.

"How good it seems!" she exclaimed; "I didn't know I was homesick before. Amos and Martha don't know I'm coming so soon, and if I had a little mite of tea I'd eat supper here. Why! yes, I have tea. I remember I bought a half pound just before I went away. I'll go to the barn and see if I can find some eggs; then I'll have, with what's left of my lunch, enough for breakfast too, and I can sleep here on my good feather bed. Folks nowadays don't know what comfortable beds are."

Grandma took the egg basket, and her search was successful. When she came to the house Tabby was on the window sill, mewing to get in. Soon a bright fire was burning in the fireplace, the tea kettle hanging on the crane was singing its cheerful song and Tabby in grandma's lap purred a contented accompaniment.

Grandma sat long over her tea, looking across the intervening valley to the village of Barton Hill, and watching the setting sun gild the weather vane on the church spire, and then darkness gathered and the villagers began to light up here and there.

"There goes Almira Powers's light, the first one always; guess she's as much tailoring to do as ever," said grandma. "There's Deacon Davis's. Then the last of all, Widow Skinner's; she's just as close as ever. Oh! I forgot. I'm close myself. John's folks thought so. I'll have to be careful about criticising. How I shall enjoy going to meeting Sunday and seeing old friends. I'll sing, too, just as loud as I please. At John's church, whenever I began to sing, people turned to stare at me, as if I had no right to praise. They thought, I guess, that they paid the choir for all the singing. I never heard how the Smith twins got through the measles. I wonder how Miss Bacon's rheumatism is. There's so much I want to hear."

She lighted a candle, wound the clock and went into the chilly parlor. She lingered long over the fading daguerreotypes of her loved ones in solemn array on the mantel. Then after clearing away the supper, she covered the fire. Her heart was overflowing with thankfulness, as she knelt down by the bed and prayed. Soon she was sleeping, with Tabby curled up on the foot of the bed.

After the busy weeks of repairing the ravages of the storm, grandma tried to settle down and take up the thread of life which she had dropped; but a flood of memories swept over her and as the tide receded it carried away almost all remembrance of the later, lonely years and the charm of the old days was upon her, and her mind refused to accept the actual conditions. A toiler in the distant fields was her husband in his manhood's prime, until with an effort she recalled the day when he left her forever. A school boy coming around the bend of the road at the juniper trees was John hurrying home from school, until he came near and a pang shot through her heart as she realized he had gone out of her life and had

his own interests. Miriam seemed ever present, and as grandma went about her household tasks she held imaginary conversations with her.

"I must do something to break this spell," she said to herself, "the neighbors will think I'm getting crazy. Oh! there comes old Bill Mason. Maybe a good long talk with him will bring me to my senses."

Bill Mason was the ancient type of tramp in those days called walk-abouts. At the approach of cold weather he sought the shelter of the poor farm and emerged in the spring, taking up his accustomed route. He had been a welcome guest for the busy farmers' wives and daughters were kept advised by him of all the news for miles around. But of late years his hearing had become defective and his information was not always reliable, and some hard feeling had been the result of his mis-statements. However, he had grown cautious, and was reinstated in the good graces of his old benefactors, and although it was conceded that he was no longer very interesting, he was sure of a meal and a night's lodging in a back chamber. Grandma gave him a hearty welcome.

"I'm gettin' on toward home," said he, "the weather's growin' chilly." Bill had no particular views and was decidedly noncommittal when grandma sought information as to the neighbors, and she finally gave up in despair and voiced her own meditations, She went back to the time when she came as a bride to the farm.

"Why, there was just an old-fashioned well-sweep, but it was easier to get water then than after the curb and windlass was put in. A good many old ways are the best."

She talked of the days when John and Miriam were little ones; when they started to school, and of their mature years. Then looking out of the window, she gave a start as she exclaimed, "There's father now."

Happily, Bill did not hear her. Then she told of her visit at John's. She glanced out of the window, thinking she saw him, then recovering herself she went on to say that Sybil was to be at the Sunday school convention in Weston and would make her a little visit as she would be so near.

"Yes," responded Bill, cheerfully, "I guess we'll have a snow squall soon." Her monologue, he thought, had been concerning the weather. She was glad to hear him say he intended to stay all night two or three miles farther on.

He had brought no relief. "I'm afraid I'm spoiled for living alone," moaned she.

When Sybil rode up to the house, she wondered at the closed windows and thought grandma could not be at home. The poultry were waiting around as if they had not been fed, and Tabby was on the window sill mewing to get out. After trying in vain to enter, Sybil went to the back door, which was unlocked. She passed into the kitchen, and a pitiful heap at the foot of the stairs told the story.

"Oh! Miriam," faltered grandma, "I knew you'd come."

Hours later, when grandma's broken bones had been bandaged, and an opiate had given her relief she told of her accident.

"I guess I was dreaming. I thought Miriam was at the back door and I got up to let her in. I

opened the cellar door instead of the entry door and stepped. It was in the night, and I didn't know much till I heard you." Then grandma dozed again until it grew dark, when she roused up and inquired anxiously, "Shall you have to go?"

"Oh! no, indeed," answered Sybil; "I'm going to stay and nurse you till you get well. Cousin Amos and Martha are here, and father is coming in the morning, so don't worry about anything."

"I'm so glad you came, Miriam—I mean Sybil. You won't mind my calling you Miriam, will you, when I forget?" asked grandma, wistfully.

"No, indeed, grandma. I wish I could help you as Aunt Miriam could but I'll do all I can."

Many weary weeks of suffering and helplessness followed, which were hard to bear for an active, independent person like grandma. Sybil was patient and untiring and felt repaid when grandma declared that Miriam could not have done more. As grandma gained strength in mind and body she exerted herself to entertain her self-sacrificing granddaughter and one day surprised Sybil by asking her to bring a sandal wood box from her desk. This article of furniture was always a storehouse of mysteries in Sybil's mind. In her childhood, grandma occasionally brought from it treasures of raisins, peppermints and dainties to regale her little grandchildren but none of them had ever opened it. This box was filled with lace and old-fashioned jewelry.

"This ring," said grandma, taking up a plain ring, "was my great-grandmother's wedding ring; and this opal and diamond and this emerald ring my great-grandfather brought her from India. This lace is very fine and valuable, I suppose, but it's dreadfully yellow. I often thought I would bleach it. These gold beads were my grandmother's. Her name was Miriam and I named my daughter for her. When you were little I thought you were like her but I was afraid you were outgrowing her sweet ways. I was mistaken, I see," said grandma, with a fond smile.

"Bring those dresses out of that deep dresser," she continued; "they were my grandma's, too."

Among the heavy silks and poplins was a gray crepe.

"Now, grandma," exclaimed Sybil, "this is just the very thing. Let me make you a gown of this and trim it with some of this lace. You'll need it before very long," said Sybil, blushing. "You'll look like a dear, old-time picture. I shall be so fond of you."

While Sybil was talking she slipped the rings on grandma's hands, now soft and white from her enforced idleness. The pretty waves were coming back in grandma's hair, which had never grown gray; and the pink was tinting her cheeks. Sybil threw the soft folds of crepe about her, and draped some lace around her neck. Grandma's eyes drooped heavily. She was tired and slept. When she woke she was confronted by an elegantly attired lady in the looking glass.

"I never thought I could look like that," exclaimed grandma.

"At first I thought it was my grandmother and I was visiting her as I did a few times in the old manor house. I always liked pretty things, and I wanted to be educated

but grandfather lost his property and my father was unfortunate and everything was changed. You may put these things away, Sybil. I shall never want any of them. Folks think a good deal of old things nowadays. Some city people were here last summer and wanted to buy my old spinning wheel. They would have opened their eyes over these. They are all for you when I'm gone. I used to look them over and imagine what I might have been," said grandma, with a sigh. "I'll always wear my best clothes when I come to see you, and I guess you'll not feel ashamed of me. I've been intending to tell you to write to your father that I don't need that five hundred dollars. There wasn't as much damage as I expected and the crops turned out well,—so you can have the bow window and new furniture." Then she said nothing more.

Spring came early, long before grandma was able to do any planning about farm work. She was gradually forced to the conviction that her days of activity and independence were over.

"I'll have to give up," she conceded, as Sybil helped her to her rocking chair by her favorite window where she had a view of the newly planted fields and the cattle browsing in the pastures, the garden with its promise of good things and its wealth of early bloom.

"Blessed girl," murmured grandma as she bade Sybil good-bye and watched her with dim eyes until she disappeared at the bend of the road.

Then rousing herself, she reached for her work bag, fervently exclaiming, "Thank the Lord! I can knit."

The Grandmother's Wish

By Daisy Wright Field

You'd think that I'd be lonesome,
  Jest me and pa alone,
Still nesting in the old tree,
  From which the birds have flown?
You wonder if I ever
  Let fall a wistful tear
For the little lads and lasses
  That once to me were dear?

Well, yes, you may be right on't,
  I often wish once more
For the peaceful little family
  I had in days of yore.
There's Dick and Belle and Hattie,
  (They're Mary's three, you know;)
And Ralph and Nan and Homer,
  (These three belong to Joe;)
And Josephine and Alfred,
  (Melissa has but two;)
With William's small Anita;—
  Together, not a few.
On Christmas and Thanksgiving
  The hull caboodle's here,
Besides which, in installments,
  They visit all the year.

They trample down my flower beds,
  And rob them without fear;
My cupboard inside outward
  They turn when they are here;
They beat on pans and holler
  Until I'm nearly deaf;—
Steal out my shawls and blankets
  To play at "Injun chief."

They leave their muddy footprints
  In parlor, porch, and hall,
And run me well nigh crazy,
  Although I love them all.
And so I wish—and own it—
  That, as in days of yore,
Stead o' all these noisy youngsters,
  I had jest only four!

Books As I See Them

By KATE SANBORN

One's memory needs to be stirred by a fresh study, or a new view of a Country's Hero. We all feel we know all there is to be known about Abraham Lincoln, don't we?

But Alonzo Rothschild's word-painting of him as a "Master of Men" brings him so vividly before the mental vision, takes such a hold on the reader, that I feel as if I had never fully appreciated the special power that caused all associated with him to yield at last to his superior strength, both of muscle and of mind: it is a book with but one aim from the start; the author never once wanders from his theme.

The first chapter "A Sampson of the Backwoods" opens with these words: "The spirit of mastery moved Abraham Lincoln at an early age." And the closing paragraph fitly ends the story: "Lincoln was not beyond the pale of human harm. In less than six months from the day of his triumph, the man before whom leaders, great and small, had gone down in unbroken succession, went down himself before the only thing that ever wholly mastered him—an assassin's bullet."

As a boy, he soundly thrashed any who attacked him, one or a crowd; no matter what the fight was about; a bitter quarrel or a taunting jest at his appearance; no matter to the homely-as-a-hedge-fence, lanky, uncouth giant, who dressed no better than a scarecrow in a cornfield but who with his preternaturally long arms and legs had so great an advantage that he could easily "lick" every antagonist.

He studied as he scrapped, with all his might and soon got beyond his teachers. What a precious relic, if it could have been preserved, would be the blade of the wooden fire-shovel, in lieu of slate, where his examples were laboriously scraped off by means of a drawing-knife, after they had been transferred to his carefully economized exercise-book.

Such prodigious strength! He had no need in boyish pranks to stealthily rob a hen house; for unaided he could quietly pick up and walk away with a chicken house that weighed fully six hundred pounds.

He is said to have once lifted a box of stones weighing a thousand pounds, and could even in mature years lift and hold out at arm's length a heavy axe by the extreme end of the handle.

He naturally looked down upon little men; he spoke of Douglas as the "least man" he had ever seen.

He was amused at the profusion of wraps worn by the feeble A. H. Stephens of Georgia. As the wearer finally emerged, Lincoln remarked to the Secretary of State, "Seward, that is the largest shucking for so small a nubbin' that I ever saw." Yet he appreciated sincerely the great, little man. Whenever he met a very tall man he always insisted on knowing which was the taller. Sumner alone firmly refused to stand up with him back to back to be measured. Sumner, he said, was "his idea of a Bishop."

But now we come to the real thing; the measuring of mental strength with Douglas and smaller political opponents: only to conquer them all. One opponent acknowledged that he knew more than all the candidates put together.

After a verbal encounter with showy, dressy, sarcastic Colonel Dick Taylor, he said, "I was a poor boy, and had only one pair of breeches to my back and they were buckskin. Buckskin, when wet and dried by the sun, will shrink; and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare; and whilst I was growing taller they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day." Taylor had called him an "aristocrat!" Thus he took down one more!

And so with them all! See Douglas, his old rival and fierce opponent step graciously forward at the Inauguration and hold the new silk hat which the Victor disliked to lay on the rough board floor.

Seward, for some time felt himself called upon to save his country from disruption and ruin; he patronized and advised Lincoln who took it good naturedly, and soon we find Seward writing to his wife, "Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us."

The curbing of Stanton was more turbulent. Stanton ridiculed him in his acrid way as a "long, lank creature wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back

of which the perspiration had splotched wide stains that resembled a map of the continent;" and Lincoln heard him inquiring, "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what can he expect to do in this case?"

The same man, turned away from Lincoln's deathbed, shaken with grief, saying, "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

Chase was a vexing problem, till placed on the supreme bench; Fremont had to be dropped; McClellan always timid, whining, dilatory, was another trial. I recollect that it was the youngest daughter of Judge Chase, who on passing General McClellan, who was leaning gracefully over the back of a chair at a reception, said: "Ah, General, behind your entrenchments, as usual."

Such men, controlling the situation, themselves self-controlled, are rare. Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, stand out grandly; each alone. One college professor has found out that Franklin's famous maxims were not his; all borrowed from many sources. We thank him just the same for collecting them; maxim is a synonym for quotation. Does any one suppose that Solomon created all those Proverbs? Houghton and Mifflin publish Rothschild's impressive book on Lincoln as "Master of Men." Price, $3.00.

* * *

The late Archbishop Temple, "F. Cantuar," wished that no Life of him should appear; but seven distinguished clerical friends have furnished a panoramic estimate of his always upward career, which is vastly more valuable than a formal Memoir from one writer.

There are two great types of Leaders: the man with heart on fire, head in the clouds, and brain disturbed by dreams of Reforms, for which the world is not ready: the other self-forgetting, overworked, the uplifter of humanity; Temple was essentially of the later class.

Like Lincoln, he struggled bravely with actual poverty in childhood and youth; like him was plain in his ways, never ashamed of labor; like him brusque, yet tender hearted; like him, a man of the people and for the people; like him blessed with a keen sense of humor.

His sister says, "I remember him in our square pew in church, when our choir with fiddles and various instruments were playing the Hallelujah Chorus. He covered his face in his hands, and finally slid down on to the ground to cover his laughter."

We first see Temple as an Undergraduate, then as Fellow and Tutor of Balliol. The unhappy condition of the poor and their lack of education he considered partly the fault of the Church which was more interested in the rich and how earnest he was to endeavor to change this injustice. As a boy so was the student, the teacher, the Bishop, the Primate of all England. "His earnestness, his immense industry, his frank and hearty manner, his sincerity and singleness of purpose, were the same and always the devoted, loving respectful son to his remarkable mother."

As Headmaster of Rugby, he was the model educator, in the prime of life, full of enthusiasm and devotion to his boys. It was a puzzle, at first, to see him enter for evening prayers, carrying his own candlestick, instead of being preceeded by a bowing butler, but all felt his natural dignity and the era of hero-worship soon set in. Here was a great man, a brilliant scholar, who could run a hundred yards, climb a tree, jump a brook, or win at a game with any of them. One anxious mother begged her son not to be led astray from the true faith and he replied "Dear Mother: Temple's all right; but if he turns Mahometan, all the school will turn too."

He succeeded in modifying the rigor of the Rugby game, prefacing his edict with these words "Englishmen have a natural right to grumble, and so have English boys. I give you leave to grumble at all I am going to do." And a rousing cheer burst from the five hundred boys.

The two volumes are full of the grandest material but this is not the place for an extended notice. Macmillan and Company. Price $9.00.

* * *

Another book naturally places itself just here: "Memories of a Great Schoolmaster, Dr. Henry A. Coit," by James P. Conover, an old Saint Paul's boy. For Dr Coit deserves a place by Temple as a guide and educator of boys. He had a grandly practical preparation for his life-work as teacher, missionary, priest and at twenty-six was made the first rector of St. Paul's school at Concord, New Hampshire. This he made the American Rugby and the scholars paid the same affectionate tributes to him as were given to Temple. Such an all pervading influence; "The Doctor was so much present every boy got a share of him." A student said to a mother visiting the school, "I never saw the Doctor lose his temper; he never scolds, and he writes to all the old fellows."

Two of his remarks show his spirit. "It is never necessary for a man to fall in order to be strong." Garfield once said to him, "I see, Dr. Coit, that you have the faculty of impressing yourself upon your

boys;" to which Coit replied, "I have another Image in my mind which I hope to impress."

His example and influence never lost its hold upon the Alumni. At his funeral, a stormy, winter day, the chapel was crowded by the old boys and impressive meeting were held in many of our great cities by the mourning graduates to honor this "Servant of God and Leader of Men." Houghton and Mifflin. Price $1.50.

* * *

Recollection of Joseph Jefferson by his friend and companion actor must be lovingly alluded to. Francis Wilson who just now is making his audience smile from his unfitness to take a priestly role, was an intimate friend, associated with him in the remarkable all-star cast of "The Rivals." Sheridan, by the way, considered "The Rivals" a poor play and wished he had never written it. So poorly do geniuses judge of their own work! We get from this volume little that is new; it is simply the informal tribute of a familiar friend of a dear old man; and we again see him as an artist, a fisherman, a faithful friend; the most beloved American actor!

His dramatic career covered a period of seventy years. Wilson wishes that Jefferson might have passed away upon the stage; appropriately beautiful, if in the sleep scene of Rip Van Winkle he had one night never waked. But he died on the day Shakespeare was born: Shakespeare who was Jefferson's Bible. He said many pithy things; as "Vagueness is not to be mistaken for suggestion;" "Acting is more a gift than an art;" "Art is the actor's sweetheart;" "I like to be alone when I paint, but have no objection to a great many people when I act." Scribners. Price $2.00.

* * *

In "Old Washington," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, we have a delightful series of stories concerning the struggles and experiences of refined Southern women at the Capitol, just after the Civil War, and each one seemd to me more charming, than the one just read until at the end "A Little Old Woman" and "The Colonel's Christmas," I was sure were the best of all. Little, Brown and Company. Price $1.50.

* * *

Dare I speak of novels in general, as I see them?

By the press notices, each one seems to be the best seller and the finest work of the author; or one praises his special favorite as an oasis in the present dreary, weary waste of Fiction! Why is it that we waste so many hours of this pitifully brief life in poring over the character and actions of creatures we should walk a mile to avoid? "Powerful but unpleasant" as Hamilton Mabie says of one of the most highly praised, would apply to many more. And books full of inspiration and help are waiting for our earnest attention.

How fleeting the impressions made by even the highest style of novel. Who can recall an important thought from even Mrs. Humphrey's earlier novels long drawn out? And, Why does Henry James find readers and admirers? I would as lieve listen to the moonings and maunderings of the acknowledged insane. Writing the life of his dear friend Story, he used simple Saxon, and was his better self.

I cannot see the benefit to author or publisher in a two column review of a new novel, relating in detail, the entire plot and leaving nothing to be sought out. So mine shall be brief and to the point.

* * *

Miss Runkle's second novel, "The Truth About Tolna," is very unlike the first and is a first rate summer book with which to entertain yourself in a lazy hour and then lend the story to a friend. The only unnatural character is Denys Alden, who caused all the excitement.

I have always wondered if Mrs. Runkle. Bertha's wonderfully learned mother, was not a silent partner in the first great success? History is her speciality and what young girl who had been devoted to art for several years could have possessed such accurate and familiar knowledge of the time and persons she described? It seemed almost a miracle. But probably this is a most absurd imagining!

* * *

Four worth while books from Henry Holt and Company: Immigration and Its Effects Upon the United States; American Public Problem Series, by Prescott F. Hall, Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League. The effect of these immigrants upon the United States, viewed in its political, social and economic aspects is discussed. Price $1.65:

* * *

The Negro and the Nation, by George S. Merriam. A witty and scholarly study of the Negro question, interpreting the facts of political history with special reference to present-day problems. Price $1.75.

* * *

Problems of Babyhood. by Rachel Kent Fitz, A.M. and George Wells Fitz, M.D.

With twenty illustrations by Edward A. Bell. Frank, practical, up-to-date advice to all young parents. Price $1.25.

* * *

The Sea Maid, by Ronald MacDonald. A steamer bound for Australia is marooned upon a wild unchartered island. Might be described as a modern burlesque on Shakespeare's Tempest. Mirth provoking and exciting. Price $1.50.

* * *

From the Bobb-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. The Woman in the Alcove. A new mystery story as developed by Anna Katherine Green, past Grand Mistress of such labyrinthian complications where the apparent clews all mislead; one of her best. Price $1.50.

* * *

Double Trouble, by Herbert Quick, with sixteen illustration. A comedy novel, based on dual personality; improbable but not impossible; first of its kind. Price $1.50.

* * *

The Quickening, by Francis Lynde, author of The Grafters. A big-hearted tale of a brave youth who awakes from the illusions of youth to meet the tests of religion, business and faith. Price $1.50.

* * *

The Scarlet Empire, by David M. Parry. A romantic counterblast to "Looking Backward" showing how ruinous to the State are the principles of socialism, when carried to their logical conclusion. Price $1.50.

* * *

Humaniculture, by Dr. Hubert Higgins. Cured by Fletcherism, he arraigns the medical sciences for their ignorance of what Fletcher has revealed. Price $1.20.

* * *

Automobile Dictionary, in three languages, by Sigmund Krausz. Invaluable to motorists touring in foreign lands. Price $2.00.

* * *

Ediotic Etiquette, by Gideon Wurdz. A deal of sound sense under the fun; sixty amusing illustrations. Price 75 cents.

* * *

The Evasion, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham, whose first novel was "The Turn of the Road," deserves honorable mention. It shows the lasting and hideous consequences of obeying a false standard of honor, among gay young sports; a standard, which I supposed had ceased to be seriously considered. Once begun, this sad life wreckage engrosses you to the last page. Well worth reading; for a novel reader. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price $1.50.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

That the desert should blossom like the rose was the dream of a prophet-poet, but it is coming true. One desert is already blossoming in a most wonderful manner, and the example thus established is to push far into the future the time feared by the Malthrisians when the earth will fail to produce crops to feed its population. Within the last quarter century scientific irrigation has reclaimed from "The Great American Desert" of the old geographies an area equal to that of the state of Massachusetts, and made the worthless land worth a hundred and fifty million dollars for agricultural purposes. About ninety millions has been expended in the work, and it is an investment worth much more to the nation and to the world at large that the same amount spent on fortresses and war ships. And the work is as yet hardly begun. Government contributions were necessary at the start, and are still desirable, but as practical conditions and possibilities are better determined private enterprise will join in the undertaking and what is already accomplished will be seen to be but the beginning of a new era of agricultural progress. Much of the work thus far has been in a semi-tropical region where great and frequent crops are realized but in time even "sterile New England" will feel the magic touch, and much waste land will become productive. Here drainage and irrigation will go hand in hand, and the maintenance of thousands of acres of morass that an insignificant mill-privilege may be preserved will be seen to be criminally wasteful, while the streams will be led along the barren hillsides, until the productive area will be largely increased. The work is waiting, and the advantage is apparent. Little by little it will be accomplished.

* * *

London philanthropists are discussing the

excessive rate of mortality of infants among the working classes, and have concluded that the employment of mothers in shops and factories is largely responsible. For some years the Factory Act has excluded mothers from work for four weeks after confinement, and it is proposed to extend this restriction to six months. It is recognized that this, if enforced, would tend to reduce the size of families, and to offset this it is proposed that the government make some stated payment for motherhood. At Huddersfield the mayor already pays a sovereign for each child attaining the age of one year. The result of a French experiment is approvingly quoted. In one commune for nearly a hundred years every fourth child died during its first year. The mayor established a free medical aid fund, to assist all prospective mothers, and also a relief fund from which mothers were paid if the child lived to the end of its first year. It is recorded that for ten years after this plan was put in operation no infant deaths occurred for ten years, and there was but one still-born child in fifteen years. Naturally the system would also work toward the future health of both mothers and children, and in time the physical condition of the whole community would be improved.

* * *

The nursery hero of the seven league boots has been realized recently in Paris. An inventor is exploiting motor boots with which he makes a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, with no other physical effort than to maintain his perpendicular. His boots are a combination of roller skates and the automobile. They are about fifteen inches long and have four wheels each eight inches in diameter. The user wears a belt in which is an electric power equipment. Each boot weighs sixteen pounds, but this does not matter as they are not lifted from the ground. On park roads they might serve as admirable playthings, but on an ordinary country road, and in all weathers, the wearer would be in danger of going several ways at once. "Shank's Mare" is not yet displaced for sure and safe locomotion.

* * *

"Bleeding Kansas" is now a misnomer. In fact some highly complimentary title should be invented for "The Sunflower State." Her population is cosmopolitan, and her social statistics might be expected to parallel those of other states in the Union. It is a surprise, therefore, to learn that of her one hundred and five counties eighty-five are without a pauper, twenty-five have no poorhouses, and thirty-seven are without a criminal case pending trial. The "why?" of this remarkable record should interest all civic reformers. It is hard to believe the claim of the woman suffragists that municipal suffrage for women is the "why?" although it may be contributory. Certainly the field is worth studying. That Kansas is an agricultural state does not explain the situation, for "there are others!"

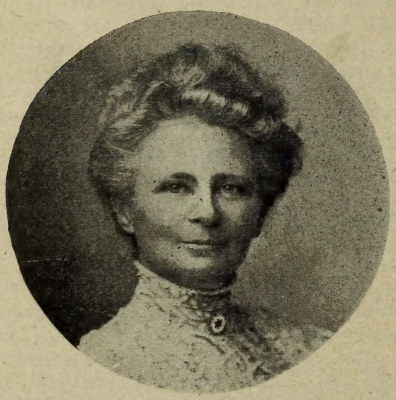
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The long-drawn-out investigation of life insurance matters in New York is ended, and the report is far too voluminous for popular digestion. It criticizes and condemns most generously and impartially. That condemnation was necessary and inevitable was a foregone conclusion from the first. Several bills accompany the report covering the legislation considered desirable by the committee. That the members of the legislature, neophytes in the details of insurance matters, are to adopt only the best is hardly to be expected. One most important bill puts a mass of supervision upon the State Insurance Commissioner which he can never accomplish. Heretofore the department has been held to guard the legal reserves of a company so that the prospective claims of all policy holders are fully protected, both as to their amount and the safety of their investment. This being done the companies are left to manage the details of their business without interference. The new bill practically makes the Insurance Commissioner the manager of each and all the companies—life, fire, accident, surety, etc., and responsible for all the details of the business. It makes him an autocrat, or would if it were possible for him to perform the duties required, but such a work is practically impossible. It would compel a department representative in the office of every company, and a tremendous clerical force at the head office of the department, at incalculable expense. When the matter works itself out it is probable that company managers will be left in control of business details, but with a more rigid review by the Insurance Commissioner of their complications and alliances with other financial institutions. So far as has yet appeared this, with the present warning both to company officials and the Department would secure the public against a repetition of the recent scandals.

The National Society of N. E. Women

BY MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY AND MISS JUANITA LELAND

It is with pleasure that we present in this issue the photograph of Mrs. Philip Carpenter. Mrs. Carpenter is well known throughout the country, not alone as one of our brightest lawyers, man or woman, but also as the brightest of writers and of after dinner speakers. Of recent years her popularity as a club woman has been widespread. She was president of the National Society of New England Women, 1903 and 1904, and is now president of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs. She is also first vice-president of Sorosis, honorary member of the Daughters of 1812, member of the D. A. R.,



MRS. PHILIP CARPENTER

Woman's Press Club, College Woman's Club, Women Lawyer's Club, Women's Association of the Bar, National Arts Club and member of the New York Bar.

It is small wonder that her achievements are as above stated when we understand her ancestry; she is descended from John and Priscilla Alden through their granddaughter Anna Alden, who married Thomas Snell, from whom was descended Elizabeth Snell, grandmother of Mrs. Carpenter. (William Cullen Bryant was of the same stock, and own cousin to Elizabeth Snell, brought up side by side with her.) Mrs. Carpenter from another line of ancestry descended from Peter Hallock, who landed in 1640 on Hallock's Neck, Long Island. This line were mainly ministers, and all were deeply religious men. "Remember that there is a long eternity" has been handed down in her family from the earliest generation. Mrs. Carpenter's father was Thos. H. Rouse, also a minister, and of the old Dutch stock, who lived on the Hudson 150 years; and who has the Dewey blood of Vermont and that of the northern Breckenridges and Hendersons in him. Her mother was Eliza Hallock, one of the twin daughters of Leavitt Hallock of Plainfield and Amherst, Massachusetts, and niece of Gerard Hallock, late editor of the Journal of Commerce and of Homan Hallock who invented Arabic type and translated the Bible into the Arabian language; also niece of William A. Hallock for forty years with the American Tract Society, New York City.

Mrs. Carpenter was born in Connecticut, but spent most of her childhood and youth in California and the Hawaiian Islands. Her husband, Philip Carpenter is son of Alonzo P. Carpenter, Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

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* *

The functions of the Parent Society the past month have been largely the holding of several important meetings of the Board of Managers with reference to the revision of the by-laws. This revision was accepted by the Society at their business meeting, April 26th. One revision was the establishment of the Trust Fund and Colony Committees as standing committees instead of Special Committees as they had hitherto been designated. Another was the revision of the by-laws concerning Colonies which now gives a Colony representation in the National Society which had not hitehrto been accorded them; this revision which had been drawn up by the Colony Committee secured more privileges for Colony delegates than had hitherto been accorded them.

The closing social affair of the year was the fourth literary meeting, which took place at Delmonico's on Friday, April 20, 1906. The President in a feeling manner

spoke of the great disaster in San Francisco and of the message which had been promptly sent to the Colony in the ill-fated city.

The program was of an unusual character and interest. The first part consisted of the music of the North American Indian, the stories and themes used being from the research of Miss Alice C. Fletcher of Washington. Miss Fletcher had expected to be present but was detained by severe illness. In her absence the stories were told by Mrs. Homer I. Ostrom. Miss Sarah Eliot Newman, who had often worked on the Indian music with Miss Fletcher, opened the program with skilfully arranged selections from the melodrama of Hiawatha by Mrs. Saidee Knowland Coe. The numbers so arranged were: An Omaha Warrior Song; An Omaha Love Song; A Dance Song; Hiawatha's First Hunt; War Dance.

Mrs. Harry C. Connell, accompanied by Mrs. George Quirk of London, sang "Ewayea" (little owlet) and "My Bark Canoe," two Ojibway songs from the cantata of Hiawatha composed by Frederick R. Burton, thus giving the audience an opportunity to notice the treatment of the poem of Hiawatha by two musicians.

Miss Newman also gave in illustration of Miss Fletcher's stories "The Approach," the first song from the ceremony of the Wa Wan—the Ghost Dance—"How the Rabbit lost his tail," three melodies arranged by Arthur Farwell—"Song of the Leader," "Inketunga's Thunder Song," and "The Sound of the Deathless Voice." The two Zuni songs, "A Lullaby" and "The Lover's Wooing" (blanket song) by Carlos Troyer, were sung by Mrs. Connell. The Dawn," by Arthur Farwell, sung by Miss Newman, closed the Indian part of the entertainment.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark's paper, "An Obscure Heroine of the Revolution," drew forth applause and laughter. Her most interesting material based upon the correspondence of Colonel Hugh Maxwell with his wife, Beniah, and his daughter, Hannah, with its quaint phrases, deeply religious expressions, and picturesque suggestions of the life on a New England farm before and during the Revolution, were given in Mrs. Clark's own lively and humorous manner; and when after the close of the address a question drew out the fact that Mrs. Clark was a descendant of the noble, self-sacrificing woman and her upright and patriotic husband, all present felt a thrill of new pride in our already valued member, Kate Upson Clark.

* * *

The next important meeting of the society was the general business meeting of April 26th which concluded with the installation of officers for the coming year and the reading of reports by the various Chairmen of Committees. The Society members do not realize what a giant organization this represents until the annual reports come in; and this meeting was really an inspiration. While it would be of the greatest interest to bring out in detail these various reports especially the philanthropic work, the scholarship work and the Colony work, space will prevent publishing more than the President's report which is as follows:

"In looking back over the work of the past year a mingled feeling of regret and satisfaction comes to your President. Regret that more work of permanent value to the Society has not been accomplished and satisfaction that so much has been done.

"The selecting of members who would help to bear the burden of the work of the Society was my first problem. At last, and just in time for insertion in the Year Book, the nineteen Chairmen who have so nobly assisted were secured. Your President has attended every meeting of the Society during the past year as well as all the meetings of the Board of Managers and every Thursday morning she has spent at Delmonico's to be in touch with the different Committees in session here on that day. Each Wednesday morning she has been ready to receive at her home, any one who might wish to confer with her on business relating to the Society, and on the first Tuesday afternoon of every month she has been at home socially to all members of the National Society. She has written twenty-five letters of condolence to members or their families during the year. Of the other long list of letters that have been written by her and of the many telephone messages received and sent she will not attempt to tell. She has representd the Society at fifty-three different functions and to many of these she has carried a message of greeting.

"The first social gathering of the year, the reception on October 21st at the President's own home, was of great assistance to her. The large attendance seemed to assure her of the earnest support of the whole Society, and that feeling has continued during the entire year. Everyone seemed to especially enjoy the Afternoon Tea on December 12th, and the celebration of our Eleventh Birthday on January 24th was a continued assurance of the loyalty of our members.

"The Annual Breakfast on February 9th, the last of our Social Functions, was a most enjoyable affair. At all of these

functions your President has the opportunity to invite guests from other clubs and so return the many courtesies extended to her during the year.

"Thanks are extended to the Society for the great pleasure your President had in being one of its reprsentativs at the meeting of the New York Federation of Woman's Clubs held at Binghamton last November. I am sure that every one of our members who attended that meeting experienced as I did, a feeling of great pride that the very able and talented President who conducted the affairs of that large body with such skill and grace was one of our members, our dear former President, Mrs. Philip Carpenter. It was during our few days sojourn in Bingham-



MRS. CHARLES MARTIN STONE

PRESIDENT COLONY XIII, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

ton at this time that our earnest and indefatigable Chairman of Colonies improved the opportunity to organize there Colony Thirteen of which we are very proud.

"To the Officers, Chairman of the Board of Managers, Mrs. Thomas H. Whitney and members, I wish to express my grateful appreciation of their cordial co-operation with me in everything pertaining to the work of the Society. Thanks are due to the Chairman of the Membership Committee, Mrs. Theodore F. Seward, for the careful manner in which she and her Committee, with their faithful Secretary, Mrs. James S. Lehmaier, have examined hundreds of membership papers connected with our Colonies, as well as those of the National Society. To the Chairman of the Purchasing Committee, Mrs. Charles Gilmore Kerley, for her prompt response to every call for our Society stationery and Constitution. To the Chairman of the House Committe, Miss Florence L. Adams, for her faithful attendance here every Thursday morning as well as at all the public functions, fifty-six meetings in all. To the Chairman of the Literary Committee, Mrs. Homer Irvin Ostrom, who has prepared, with the greatest care, such delightful programs for our four Literary afternoons. To the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Mrs. Edward Austin Tuttle, who with her Committee so successfully conducted an entertainment at the home of one of our members for the benefit of our philanthropic work. To the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Mrs. John Gould Noble, who arranged for us the social hour with a cup of tea following our Business Meetings. To the Chairman of the Introduction Committee, Mrs. Theodore F. McDonald, who with her helpful Committee were of such valuable aid at all the Social Functions. To our Chairman of Investigation and Relief, Mrs. Benjamin F. Fort, who has labored so constantly in behalf of all who were in need or distress. To our Chairman of Printing Committee, Mrs. George S. Andrews, for her helpful assistance. To the Chairman of Press Committee, Miss Juanita K. Leland, who has through the newspapers allowed the public to know something of our work. To the Chairman of Records Committee, Mrs. Howard M. Nesmith, who has preserved for us in the Society Scrap book the press notices. To our Auditor, Miss Eveline T. Parker, and her Committee, who have examined with such patient care every bill of the Society. To the Chairman of Social Functions, Mrs. John E. Weeks, who with her valuable Committee made every Social affair of the year a delightful success. To the Chairman of the Glee Club Committee, Mrs. Augustus C. Dexter, to whom we are indebted for the delightful music rendered by a trio from that club at the President's reception. To the Chairman of our Trust Fund Committee, Mrs. J. Woolsey Shepard, who with her Committee have guarded so carefully and dispensed so wisely from the funds in their care. To the Chairman of Colonies, Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, who with the Colony Secretary, Miss E. Marguerite Lindley, and their Committee have attended so faithfully to the vast amount of work connected with Colony interests. To the Chairman of Scholarship Committee, Mrs. Fitch James Swineburne, for her devotion to the cause entrusted to her and for so ably meeting the responsibilities. To the Chairamn of Whist Committee, Mrs. William J. Sageman and her Committee for

the success of the Whist afternoons. To all of these Chairmen and their Committees I wish especially to acknowledge my sincere sense of indebtedness for the faithful manner in which they have performed every duty pertaining to their offices.

"This statement of the obligations of the Society to its faithful helpers would be far from complete were I to fail to mention the arduous and efficient labors of our two Secretaries, Mrs. Thomas A. Fair and Mrs. Charles Park Logan, and of our two Treasurers, Miss Lizzie Woodbury Law and Mrs. James Armstrong Blanchard. Their duties have been urgent in their demands upon their time and their energies, but both have been given with enthusiastic willingness and devotion to duty.

"So also we are not to forget the able contributions of our member Miss Lindley, who has so satisfactorily represented the National Society and its thirteen Colonies each month in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, which this year has been made our official publication.

"It is of the utmost importance to the future of this Society that every member should regard herself responsible for the work of the Society. As a matter of fact we are accomplishing a great work, but in order to make it as effective as possible each member should be not only ready but eager to assume any duty in her power which she may be called upon to do, and every one should be looking for an oportunity individually to add to the interest and to the success of the Society.

"Respectfully submitted,
"HARRIET WADHAMS STEVENS,
"President."

In the absence of chairman of Colony Committee, the Secretary made a brief report. She stated that the Colony membership now aggregates 657; 310 having been added the past year; that she would have been glad to give a report from each of the Colonies showing their strong working power, but as such had appeared from month to month in the magazine, she considered it unnecessary. She spoke of the letters and telegrams of sympathy that had been sent to our San Francisco Colony by the Parent Society and Colony Committee on account of the disaster of the 18th.

The installation of officers closed the long but interesting afternoon. The President's address was brief but strong, dignified and graceful, as is everything that has characterized Mrs. Stevens's leadership; in fact, no president has ever left the chair carrying with her more unanimously the love and support of all.

In installing the officers she said, "Officers and Members of Board of Managers: You have been elected by the National Society of New England Women to conduct the affairs of this great Association during the coming year. In choosing you for these important positons the Society has manifested its confidence in your ability and in your devotion to its interests, and it has placed upon you responsibilities which will demand from each of you your best endeavors to fulfill. I congratulate the Society upon the choice of so able a corps of officers and I prophesy a most successful year of work under your direction. I congratulate you also upon having the confidence which has been shown to you by your fellow members and I am sure that it has been well placed. You will enter upon your duties with the cordial best wishes of all the members and I can surely promise you their faithful and loyal support."

In passing the gavel to her successor, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghayen Seward she said, "To you, Mrs. Seward, it gives me the greatest pleasure to present this emblem of office. You have already demonstrated the skill and ability which this, the most important office among us demands, and it is because your fellow members have fully realized the great value of your guidance on a former occasion that they have committed the leadership to you once more.

"I congratulate you on this renewed token of their affection and confidence; and our Society upon an able leader whom we shall gladly follow during your term of office."

At the Board of Manager's meeting which preceded this, Mrs. LeRoy Sunderland Smith offered the following resolution:—

RESOLVED:—That the National Society of New England Women, Board of Managers be and is hereby instructed to appoint a School City Committee of three, to be increased when necessary, to co-operate with Mr. Wilson L. Gill, for the introduction and efficient supervision of moral and civic training into all schools throughout the country.

It was adopted unanimously by the Board of Managers, April 26, 1906, and Mrs. Smith elected Chairman.

Readers may look for a brief account of the School City Work in a subsequent number of this magazine.

* * *

Buffalo, Colony Two, held the last regular meeting, aside from the annual, on April 12th. A very enjoyable afternoon closed a good year's program.

Sketches of the life and work of Maria Mitchel and Charlotte Cushman were charmingly given. Readings, music and

refreshments of New England character followed the program.

The meeting being dated for Holy Week, hot-cross buns were served also doughnuts and brown bread.

The year has been most successful. "New England Women" has been the subject under study. Year books have been issued, membership cards printed, two public entertainments given, one a play and the other distinctively New England—"A New England Loan Exhibition." The annual meeting will take place on Saturday, May 12th, Hotel Iroquois, Saturday being chosen by amendment to Constitution, that all the members who are teachers and employed other days of the week might attend.

* * *

Montclair, N. J., Colony Three, held a musicale at the residence of Mrs. M. Le Brun, on April 19th, in place of the usual business meeting of the Colony. Mr. Elliott Marshall, the well-known violinist, gave several selections in his own inimitable manner; he was accompanied on the piano by Miss Caroline Holmes, who also played several solos which charmed her hearers; and Mrs. Joseph Van Vleck, Jr., sang a number of songs most exquisitely.

Delegates were appointed to the annual meeting of the National Society to be held April 26th at Delmonico's, New York City.

Miss Timlow called attention to the needs of the Mary Fisher Home for authors, teachers, ministers, etc. Tea was then served and a social hour followed.

This Colony is doing a grand work through sustaining their district nurse.

* * *

Washington Colony had a busy time during the D. A. R. Federation Congress which was held in their City last month. The members of the Colony were not too busy, however, to give a reception which was held at the house of the President Mrs. C. David White, and called together a representative circle of visiting women of New England ancestry, of the D. A. R. following.

The Colony programs for the present are on the foundation of the six New England States; the first one was Massachusetts and was brought out at last month's meeting, Mrs. Bertha Robbins representing the Plymouth Colony, Miss Tullock, Massachusetts Bay Colony, and Mrs. Withee, Salem Colony. These were all written from traditional knowledge as well as history and were rendered in a most pleasing manner.

It is unfortunate that lack of space prevents a complete report of the meeting.

* * *

Colony Eight, Brooklyn, have issued invitations for their closing function early in May a report of which will be given in the next number. Their program will be attractive as usual, one feature will be the reading of an unpublished story of Mrs. George Winthrop Knight, one of the brightest of young writers.

Lack of space will prevent publishing all of the reports that have come in from the various Colonies. We are happy to present Mrs. Charles Martin Stone's picture, president of Colony Thirteen, Binghamton; brief report of this Colony appeared in December number. They have hardly had time to more than swing into line as yet, but they are sure to be in the lead sooner or later, not alone because of their good fortune in having number Thirteen, but because they represent the best old New England stock of the country. Their list of officers is as follows: Honorary President, Mrs. James Grey Hyde; President, Mrs. Charles Martin Stone; First Vice-President, Mrs. Percy Dwight Farnham; Second Vice-President, Miss Mary Rebecca Hyde; Secretary, Mrs. Radcliff B. Lockwood; Treasurer, Miss Augusta E. Childs; Board of Managers, Chairman, Mrs. Edward F. Jones, Mrs. William G. Phelps, Mrs. William A. Moore, Mrs. Stoddard Hammond, Mrs. Alfred T. Campbell

Book Notes

THE GIRL FROM TIM'S PLACE. By Charles Clark Munn, author of "Uncle Terry," "Rockhaven," "The Hermit," etc. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

No one can tell a story of New England country life better than Charles Clark Munn, and indeed it is doubtful if any one else does as well in this line, for the reason that he does not depend upon eccentric, abnormal or isolated types, nor are his books sad. He employs pathos effectively and has unique characters, but there is great enjoyment of life and the world about us in his books, and he can make genial and honest persons contribute no less of interest than their opposites. He also gives happy endings, however weird and tragic may be some of his details, and the healthy American reader, man or woman, certainly likes to see his favorite characters come out well. "The Girl from Tim's Place" is an intensely dramatic story of a girl of striking beauty, nicknamed "Chip" by lumbermen, who dares sixty miles of almost pathless Maine wilderness to escape a fate worse than death. She is saved by a camping party, containing among others "Old Cy Walker," one of the finest woodsmen and country humorists in all fiction. There is also a young man who cannot help falling in love with "Chip" as she rapidly develops into an attractive companion. Meanwhile, pursuit takes place, also a dark tragedy involving "Chip's" father and leaving her an heiress, although she does not know it until much later, and then only through the devotion of "Old Cy." Then follow complications resulting in flight and a new life for "Chip" as Vera Raymond, beautiful, commanding and admired. How the links are discovered uniting past and present for the heroine, and also for faithful "Old Cy," forms Mr. Munn's masterpiece. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. 12mo, cloth. $1.50.)

UNDER TOGO FOR JAPAN. By Edward Stratemeyer.

In this one of his many books of adventure, Mr. Stratemeyer pictures for boys the delights and adventures of war. The story concerns itself with four characters well known to Mr. Stratemeyer's readers, Ben and Larry Russell, Gilbert Pennington and the old gunner, Luke, all Americans, all fighting on the Japanese side of the war. Two are on sea and two with the land forces, so all the boys who follow the exciting tale learn the whole story of the greatness of the victory of the land of the Mikado. The tremendous siege before Mukden with its great outlook toward the end of the war, the remarkable naval skill of the battle of the Sea of Japan are the two great backgrounds for the boys' adventures. The thrilling experiences of the young Americans with their remarkable escapes will capture the boy's heart. No less the great Japanese officers and the silent bravery of the Japanese will hold the reader's attention. It is a lively book for the boy reader, presenting the charm of present day heroism and events and widening his horizon as he honors other flags besides his own. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.25.)

STUDIES IN MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. By Otto Heller, Professor of the German Language and Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, and Director of German in the Chautauqua Institution.

An excellent analysis of the present tendencies of German literary art is presented to us by Professor Otto Heller, himself a German yet speaking from his present nation as an American citizen. His aim in writing the book he says is that of many other writers—to bring the German and the American into more genuine sympathy. The book deals with Sudermann and Hauptmann as the exponents of their times and the greatest literary lights of Germany to-day. The detailed and interesting synopses of the novels and the dramas of the two mightiest masculine geniuses is followed by a list of the woman writers of present day Germany—"one cannot name the foremost living writers of Germany without naming several women," says the author. As to the two great men, Hauptmann and Sudermann, the discussion of their art is the discussion of naturalism. Professor Heller believes this tendency is on the decline and regards its rise and decline as a service by which dramatic art is brought into closer touch with the social forces of modern life. The form of German literature most treated in the book is that of the drama, Hauptmann and Sudermann being its exponents: Sudermann, with his prevailing

theme of the everlasting struggle between the old and the new; Hauptmann, with the wonderful music of his verse. Indeed, the author mourns that Hauptmann has not devoted his genius more exclusively to the purely lyric art. Professor Heller's open standpoint, his frank criticism of German art, his thorough understanding of English and American literature and its values and faults shown by occasional comparisons, make the book significant. The great charm of the book is that it is by an American citizen, who has the advantage of German birth, and is written from the American, not the continental viewpoint. (Ginn & Company, Publishers, New York and Boston. List price, $1.25; mailing price, $1.35.)

THE SCARLET EMPIRE. By David M. Parry.

As the color implies, a book of daring, the Scarlet Empire turns out to be one of those ghoulish kingdoms, deep under the sea, where all laws are the contrary of the world's laws, because in their ages of history they have grown beyond the world's foolish institutions. The hero, a young New Yorker, tries to take his own life and arrives instead at this sea kingdom and meets there a beautiful girl, Astraea. There are most beautiful descriptions of the soft and radiant light in the sea caverns and their sweeping distances. Yet in spite of the beauty and the rare wealth of the Scarlet Empire it was a hideous kingdom, because all things human and individual had been excluded and in everything the majority ruled. The State governed labor, the State apportioned the food, the State decreed the marriages. In this plight, the adventures of the hero and Astraea, their few friends, and the plots of the ghouls, who have become individual enough to be evil, are most thrilling. The story has the spice of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," with the addition of a love plot, and also of a pretty strongly marked purpose to portray the follies and human impossibilities of Socialism. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, Indianapolis.)

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRIST. By Paul Karishka.

In this attractively gotten up book, we have avowedly the philosophy of the four gospels, free from partiality, prejudice and emotion, by the searchlight of intellect only. It is significant to note, however, that the philosopher many a time interprets passages and sets passages aside by nothing more nor less than the personal note, not giving us that full weight of argument which staid philosophy demands. But the personal opinion is none the less illuminating. The wide outlook on the stages of the world's lore—Egypt, Buddha, the Hebrews and Paul, the Cartesian school, the German rationalists down to Spencer, and the circle completed by comparing Spencer to Buddha—is certainly a philosophic field. The style has a strong sweep of diction in concluding paragraphs. The Twentieth Century Christ is defined in the concluding chapter as the God-man who dared to put into practice his beliefs; both teacher and pupil, doctor and patient and at-onement with the Law of Rhythm. The book's criticism of the intolerance of cults and their sneers, in places makes us realize here only another cult; in the depth and daring of its finest passages fulfills its own words: "Cant, phraseology, sectarianism, all fade and vanish before the glare of the Sun of Truth eternal." (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. Price, $1.00 net, $1.10 postpaid.)

INDIAN NAMES OF PLACES IN WORCESTER COUNTY, MASS. By Lincoln N. Kinnicut.

Those who love the folk lore of old Massachusetts will treasure this beautiful little volume and pore over its pages with unfailing interest. Mr. Kinnicut says in his introduction: "My object in writing this paper is the collecting together of Worcester county Indian names, which in many cases have been known only to the vey few, who, having occasion to search the original deeds, have unexpectedly found them. It is, I think, to be regretted that the Nipmunk names are not more generally used. They belong to Worcester County, and remind us that we have a past history dating far back of 1620." He touches briefly on the history and extent of the tribes that gave the places their names and refers to the differences of dialect and circumstance which moulded them. The names are alphabetically arranged and accompanied by brief paragraphs of explanation and comment. The book is of sixty pages beautifully printed on deckle-edged paper and is a valuable addition to the folk lore of central Massachusetts. The author is treasurer of the Worcester Art Museum and the book may be obtained from him.

HEARTS AND CREEDS. By Anna Chapin Ray.

This story, laid in the old gray city of Quebec, deals with the marriage of Arline Lord, a Protestant girl, and Amedee Leleu, a French Catholic, and its beginning is gray enough with the shadow of separation which hangs between the young couple. In the end, however, but not till the end, after numerous difficulties, the coldness and narrowness of the beautiful bride dis-

appears and the love of the two meet. The story is not so much a study of the creeds themselves, as the name implies. The difficulty of the story hinges on the girl's selfishness. The hero is a rising young politician who is intensely loyal to his faith; the heroine in marrying him, is asked to submit again and again to his faith rather than hers in the matter of the education of their child, for instance. When she is obliged, she submits with a very bad grace; when it is not necessary she refuses. A pretty political play, with the villain of the book at the bottom of it, and the salon of the young couple as the background holds the interest in the heart of the story. The hero is made almost perfect, the girl wholly beautiful, but the background characters hold perhaps more of the friendship of the reader; the adorable older brother Jimmy, for instance, who is all the loyal and jolly young man which the name implies; the frank school boy of a young lord, Sir Morris; Patty, the American girl. The accounts of the life in the city with its two populations, other love plots, the repartee of the characters, make a book, whose interest and entertainment increases as the pages pass and which ended, makes us loath to leave its characters. (Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. Little, Brown & Company, Publishers. 12mo. Price, $1.50.)

The Life Power and How to Use It. By Elizabeth Towne.

A cheerful set of papers of modern philosophy are contributed by Elizabeth Towne, a compilation of some of the author's best and most practical articles which have appeared from time to time in "The Nautilus." Throughout the book there is a good deal of likeness to Walt Whitman. The system of philosophy they brightly set out is this: All life is one and God and man are one. The individual man is composed of three strata—his conscious mind, his sub-conscious mind and his super-conscious mind or God, the last the vast reservoir out of which he draws all wisdom. All things, or the great super-conscious, are working for man's deepest desires. Therefore the individual man should cheerfully submit himself to the Great Will for the direction of all his doings, great or small. The individual learns the high spirit by daily "going into the silence," as the author terms it, and by following his intuitions. Man is a god. As the sun gives light without which the world could not live and yet deals death and decomposition by its actinic rays; so God creates both good and evil, is both Builder and Destroyer. Death comes when the body has outgrown the soul here. Such is this system of "new thought" philosophy—God's relations to man, man's duties and powers as a part of God—and new thought is admitted by their author as old thought, the truth of all ages. (Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price, $1.00.)

What Is Religion. By Henry S. Pritchett.

Five not too long addresses by a student and scientific man to groups of students are collected in the pleasing form of a little book. The whole tenor of the book is indicative of the mind of the college student of the time, the extent of his faiths, his doubts. That the addresses are by one of the noted scholars and educators of the day makes the volume even more interesting. The subjects on which these student talks were held are the essential and serious ones of life, "What is Truth?" "What is Religion?" "The Science of Religion," "The Significance of Prayer" and "Ought a Religious Man to join a Church?" The aim of the addresses was to make more practical and present to the student mind, religious thought and search for religious truths, to create, if not a harmony, at least a tolerance between old devotion to dogma and modern love of scientific truth. The method is a manly student method of devotion to truth, courage and fair play, with many illustrations to the scientific mind drawn from heat, from electricity and other natural phenomena. The outcome of the whole is the conviction that every man is a religious man, as all men are God's children; that search for truth and devotion to truth at all odds are the heart and purpose of every student scientifically trained; that true religion is the inner growth in each man's soul of the modest Christian virtues; and that if the student finds any creed or form or code of thought will aid him in this inner growth of life, he should ally himself to it. The clearness and vigor of President Pritchett's style and the vigor and broadmindedness of his views appeal to the reader as the practical good sense and faith combined of the student mind of the speaker must have appealed to the students who listened. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. Price $1.00 net.)

The Blue Grass Cook Book. Compiled by Minnie C. Fox.

Of cooking recipes there is no end but some are better than others. Genuine Kentucky recipes have a fixed reputation, and this book gives us the best in flesh, fish, fowl, pastry, ices, "mixed" drinks, and in such variety that nothing seems to have

been omitted that is necessary for good eating and drinking. Mr. John Fox, Jr. supplies a most appetizing introduction in which eating in Japan and in Kentucky are placed in striking contrast. (Fox, Duffield & Company, New York. $1.50.)

More Stories of Married Life. By Mary Stewart Cutting.

To the reader who feels cheated of a good deal of the story when its close is the information that "they married and lived happily ever after," Mrs. Cutting's tales certainly appeal. They are both thoroughly novel and wholly real. In them we learn the continued love story or the breaks and hitches in the love story after marriage. It is "in the heart of domesticity that Mrs. Cutting finds moving causes and climaxes, perils and triumphs." The men and women are suburbanites and the many ways and trials of the commuters' lives, make the steps of the plot up which the real story goes. "A Symphony in Coal" is a touching title which is suggestion in itself, but the story though starting from a forgotten coal order, overbounds even that situation and reveals a scene in which a flashy couple cut across the quiet commuter's life. The men of the stories are the types seen on the eight o'clock morning trains going cityward; the women with all delight and prettiness are very "homey" women. Polly Townsend particularly captivates us, who rebels at not being able by open means to overcome her husband's scruples and make him accept money from her when he is "out of a position ,that stage of strenuous existence over which self-respecting families draw a decent veil." The real abiding love and domesticity and the reappearing humor of all the stories make them American pictures and highly enjoyable and successful. (McClure, Phillips & Company, New York. Price, $1.25.)

The Girl in Waiting. By Archibald Eyre.

As the title would intimate, the story has to do with lords and ladies, tiaras, footmen and girls in waiting; but better than this vein of gold, there runs throughout the book a vein of irresistible humor which is never failing. The hero of the book is a burglar who turns out to be a painfully upright young man, while the "girl in waiting" is a young lady from high life, masquerading. Upon the theft of the Countess Harlsmore's tiara, the plot of the story hangs; and when the priggish young man avows himself the thief in order to save the naughty "girl in waiting," whom he imagines guilty, a very pretty situation is opened. The book abounds in humor of a very enjoyable kind. All the people in its pages are irresistible; the vulgar countess, her scholarly son, the sage parliamentary minister, the delightful girl in waiting and the prim country woman, in all their funny situations, reveal sound traits of character. Such a book enlivens and exhibits some such picture of life as does an English print or as anecdotes do at their merriest. Whoever picks up the book to while away time, will be loath to leave the "Girl in Waiting" until the book is finished. (John W. Luce & Company, Boston and London.)

Wayside Talks. By Charles Wagner.

Though the success of "The Simple Life" was so immense as to overshadow future works by the same author, Charles Wagner's productions are still forthcoming, still offer rare thoughts and in their artistic form reveal the true craftsman. And this is the time of year, the out-of-door time, in which to read Wagner's wayside sermons. They are fresh, simple and enlightening as are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks." Like Millais, they present country and peasant pictures and speak philosophy. "To the Fields," "Wasted Labour," Under the Giant Trees," "The Coalman's Duckling," and "Grandmother's Crutch" are typical and suggestive titles. The last few pages of the book are named "The Children's Corner" and are occupied by allegorical stories and fairy tales. Like "The Simple Life" this book pleads the cause of rural living—its wholesome days, peace and happiness. The words and terms describing country fields have the freshness of spring in the country. Besides the claims of simplicity and rural life, another of the book's recurrent thoughts is the egotism of some friendships—the friendship that saps its object's life by forcing aims, opinions and demanding exact likeness. Each essay is delightfully brief, yet well rounded. The brevity and the rare delicacy of style combine with the poignant thought to make excellence. (McClure, Phillips & Company, New York. Net price, $1.00.)

Greater American Industries

NUMBER THREE

The Marvelous Growth of the Waltham Watch Company and the Factors which have Made its Product Known throughout the Whole World

[*In view of the prominent mention of the Watch Industry in the National House of Representatives within the past few weeks, it seems appropriate to include in the present issue of the* NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE *a brief sketch of the now mammoth Watch Factory at Waltham, an industrial establishment of which New England—and especially Massachusetts—may well feel proud. This sketch naturally follows the brief history of Waltham, as given in our May number.*]

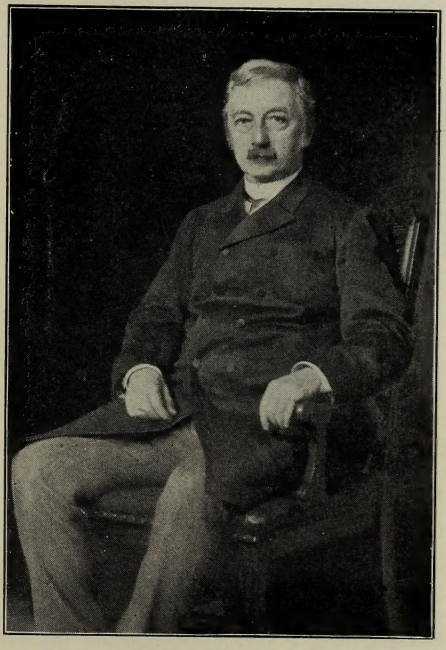
The late Martin Farquahar Tupper, in his very thoughtful book entitled "Proverbial Philosophy," has a chapter on "Good in Things Evil." He might well have added a chapter on "Greatness in Things Little." If there may be truly a greatness in little things, so there may be a greatness in the making of little things.

A Pocket Watch is an aggregation of pieces,—most of which are small, many of them almost microscopical in size, but all of them demanding great exactness in their making in order that a resulting exactness of performance may be secured when the numerous small and simple units are assembled to form a greater complex unit.

Greatness is a comparative term; in that sense, even if in no other, it is certainly proper to class the Waltham Watch Factory as one of the Great American Industries. As a watch industry, it takes its place as the largest in the world; moreover, it is the oldest establishment of the kind in America. It was not "born great," neither was its "greatness thrust upon it," but in a period of over fifty years of continuous labor it has "acquired greatness"; and that not by aggregation, but by healthy and persistent growth.

When the American nation set up in business on its own account, in 1776, by declaring itself free and independent, its primary aims were political; but the spirit which led the American Colonists to sever the political ties binding them to the mother country, led them also to strive for their independence in commercial and industrial matters. Naturally, the earlier efforts of the Colonists would be directed towards the supply of their material needs, and as their various manufactories were established they would naturally be in the line of such supplying. But the spirit of American enterprise began to be felt, even in the childhood of the nation, and within seventy-five years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence there was commenced the enterprise which has now grown to be the most extensive of its kind in the world,—the manufacture of watches.

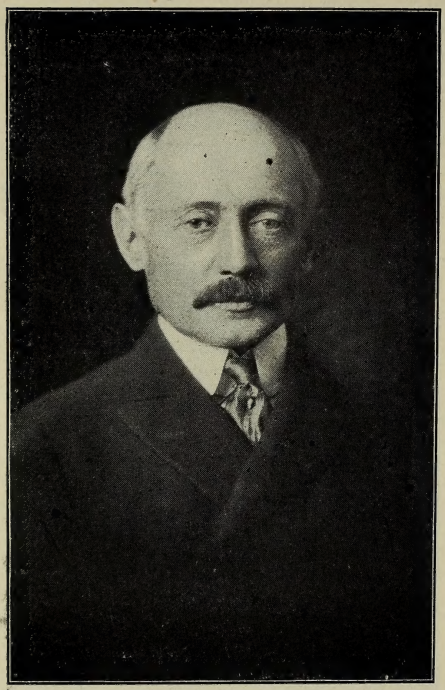
This enterprise had its conception in the brain of Aaron L. Dennison, a Maine yankee, who became in his young manhood a watchmaker in Boston. Mr. Edward Howard assisted at its birth, and it was for some time nourished by the financial food furnished by Mr. Samuel Curtis, a



ROYAL ELISHA ROBBINS

For forty-five years treasurer American Waltham Watch Company

capitalist of Boston. This infant proved to be a voracious eater, and after a time other parties were called in to assist in furnishing the needful sustenance. Its infancy was spent in its birthplace, Roxbury, (now Boston Highlands) but after about three years it was thought best to try the virtues of country air, and it was removed to Waltham, where a home was built (in 1854) to receive it. Three years of feeble existence in its new home demonstrated that air alone was insufficient to support a healthy, vigorous life, and as the requisite financial nourishment could not



E. C. FITCH
President Waltham Watch Company

be secured, the infant industry passed into a condition of syncope.

In 1857 the property passed into the hands of an assignee, and from him was purchased by Mr. Royal E. Robbins, for himself, and a firm of watch-case makers, to whom the watch company was indebted. The time for the purchase of a new and undeveloped business was most unfortunate, for the year 1857 witnessed the most extensive and disastrous financial disturbance in the history of the United States. But by rigid economy, careful management, and hard work, the business survived. It was carried on for two years under the names of Tracy, Baker & Company, Appleton, Tracy & Company, and the Waltham Improvement Company. In February, 1859, the name of the Corporation was, by act of the Legislature, changed to the American Watch Company.

At that time its capital was $200,000.00. In 1860 a dividend of five per cent. was declared, which was notable as being the first profitable return obtained from watchmaking in America. A few months later the capital was increased to $300,000.00, and the future looked bright, but the war cloud suddenly darkened the prospects, and the watch business came to a standstill. However, the threatened evil proved a timely blessing, for an unexpected call came for watches for the soldiers; the watch factory was forced to its utmost capacity to supply the demand, and the following five years were exceedingly prosperous. In 1865 the capital was increased to $750,000. Since that time there has been a number of such increases, till in 1885 the amount authorized by the Legislature was fixed at $4,000,000.00. At that time the name was changed to the American Waltham Watch Company.

This change was made needful by the fact that the name "Waltham" had been made famous by the multitude and excellence of the watches produced by the American Watch Company, and another watch factory had been organized, and proposed to call itself the "Waltham Watch Company," thereby tending to deceive the public, who would naturally assume that in purchasing a watch marked "Waltham" they were getting one of the genuine make. The Courts decided that the original watch company, by nearly half a century of constant labor, and steady improvement, had made the name "Waltham" world-famous, and a synonym for excellence in watchmaking, and had earned the right to the exclusive use of the name.

Mr. Royal E. Robbins served as the Treasurer of the Watch Company from the time of its purchase in 1857 until within a few days of his death, which occurred in July, 1902.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Royal Robbins, who had had the advantages of association with his father, during his later years, and who had gradually assumed many of the duties of the responsible position which he now holds.

The growth of the business and the consequent need of enlarging the factory and giving it a larger measure of personal supervision than Mr. Robbins was able to give, led him to call to his aid one of his partners in the firm of Robbins & Appleton, the Selling Agents of the Company, and since 1884, Mr. E. C. Fitch has been the General Manager of the factory. In 1885 Mr. Fitch was chosen President of the Watch Company and has held that office to the present time.

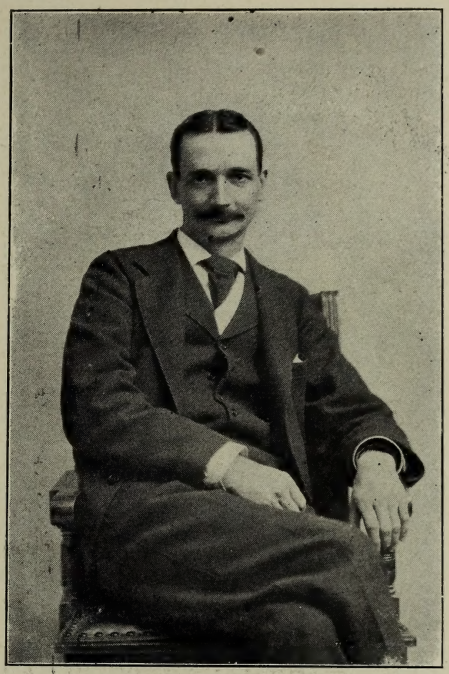
He has great ability in dealing with men, and under his leadership the productive capacity of the factory has more than doubled.

A potent factor in the enlargement and improvement of the factory and its products has been the wonderful development of automatic machinery, specially designed for the production of the individual pieces which constitute the various watch movements. In this line of machine invention there has probably been no one possessing the ability, and even genius, of the late Mr. D. H. Church, who for about twelve years served as Mechanical Superintendent of the Factory.

We have already said that the European methods of watch-making demanded a high degree of individual skill in workmanship.

The watch as a time-keeper originated in Germany about the year 1500, and the making of watches was exclusively a European industry from that time until the middle of the 19th century. In the earlier days, and in the older countries the matter of time was not a consideration of as much importance as it has come to be, when quick results are eagerly desired; so that the learner in the watch-making industry was expected to work for years before he acquired the highest degree of skill. This skill could be attained only after years of practice, but its acquirement was made easier by the fact that successive generations in a single family continued to produce the same class of work; that is, one family would continue to make a certain part of the watch; it might be the train wheels, or the pinions, or the regulators; while another family would produce screws, another springs, etc., all the members of a family, including the children, being engaged in the work. The material thus produced by the various families would be gathered and fitted together by some firm, or individual, possessed of some capital; who could thus eventually, turn out completed watches of various grades, upon which he would put his name. While many watches so produced might be most excellent in workmanship, and in accuracy also, yet there was a lack of uniformity in the dimensions of the corresponding parts of different movements; so that interchangeability was impossible,—and was not even attempted.

As has been suggested, America was for many years entirely dependent upon the watch-makers of Europe for its supply of watches. But the spirit of independence, coupled with the fact that many watches imported from Europe were of very inferior workmanship, led Mr. Dennison to the confident belief that watches could be made not only better, but, by the adoption of the plan of interchangeability (then just coming into practice in some forms of American manufacture—notably the manufacture of muskets at the National Armory at Springfield, Massachusetts), could be made uniform, and at the same time, much cheaper. The theory of Mr. Dennison was a sound one, but it was a bold undertaking to adapt such a theory to the manufacture of such microscopic mechanism as that constituting a pocket watch. Mr. Dennison's plan was to substitute for the individual workman impersonal machines, in great variety, each

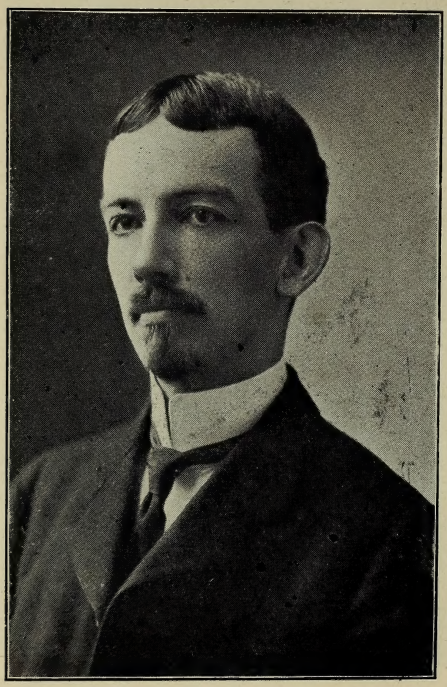


THE LATE DUANE H. CHURCH

Mechanical Superintendent American Waltham Watch Company

specially designed for the performance of a particular operation, or series of like operations. A few such machines were made in Mr. Dennison's day, but they constituted a mere beginning. They now seem to have been somewhat crude, but the time was not ripe, nor would the conditions have warranted any attempt to create machines of the character now required. Automatic watch-making has been an evolution, and it is by no means a completed process, and while some progress was made during the first two decades of the Waltham Company's history, the last twenty years have seen wonderful develop-

ment in that line, which has been made possible, first because the continued enlargement of the business gave warrant for the expenditure of the large amount of money required for the construction of such complicated pieces of machinery; second, the demand for watches has justified the use of machines of great productive capacity, which would not have been warranted during the earlier days. Lastly, but not least, the talented inventor was at hand, for Mr. Church's connection with the Waltham Watch Factory was in the line of watch-making, as he stood in the front rank in that profession. But his



ROYAL ROBBINS

Treasurer Waltham Watch Company

ability in the line of original invention was so marked that on the occasion of the visit to the United States of Prince Henry of Germany, Mr. Church was honored by being included in the one hundred "Captains of Industry" who met at a dinner given in New York in honor of the Prince.

The Watch Company has practically made the City of Waltham, inasmuch as, it may be safe to say, three-fourths of the City's population are directly or indirectly dependent upon this company for their employment or welfare. So also it has made the name "Waltham" a familiar one wherever watches are carried, which is equivalent to saying over the whole civilized world.

Our space forbids more than a fragmentary sketch of this great industrial enterprise. We, therefore, close with the statement of a few facts which may be of interest. Exact information concerning the early production of the factory is not obtainable, but it has been stated as a matter of history that at the time of the removal of the "Boston Watch Company" to the present factory location in Waltham in 1854, there were employed about *ninety hands,* producing *five watch movements per day,* i.e., *one watch for each eighteen employes.* At the present time the product is practically three thousand movements per day, with thirty-nine hundred and twenty-five employes, or one watch for each one and one-third employes. When people are told of the making of a *complete watch movement for each twelve seconds of working time,* the very natural question is asked—"Where do they all go?" And the answer is "everywhere." The Watch Company itself does no commercial business, but consigns its entire product to Robbins & Appleton, who have acted as the Company's Selling Agents since the purchase of the factory by Mr. Robbins in 1857.

The demand for Waltham watches has increased so rapidly that factory enlargement has been almost a yearly necessity, and the present year is no exception, for work is now in progress on the erection of two additional wings to the factory buildings, which even now, if placed in a continuous line, would make a five-story factory building considerably more than half a mile in length.

Recent inquiry disclosed the fact that from one of the more than twenty Departments of the factory a single month's delivery of maunfactured pieces amounted to 9,500,000, or a daily average of 380,000 pieces, the greater part of this work being the product of automatic machines. But while the productive capacity of automatic machines is so much greater than that of the individual, it is a fact that the operatives who attend them receive a higher rate of wages than was the case when work was produced by the simpler means. The Waltham Company prides itself on paying the highest wages of any watch company in the world, and is confident that its employes, in intelligence and ability, are the peers, at least, of any similar group to be found.

The impossibility of meeting the world's demands for Waltham watches without a material enlargement of its manufacturing plant, has led the Company, by a unanimous vote, to reorganize, and form a new Corporation, to be called the Waltham Watch Company; and also to increase its capital stock to twelve million dollars.

Greater Industries of America

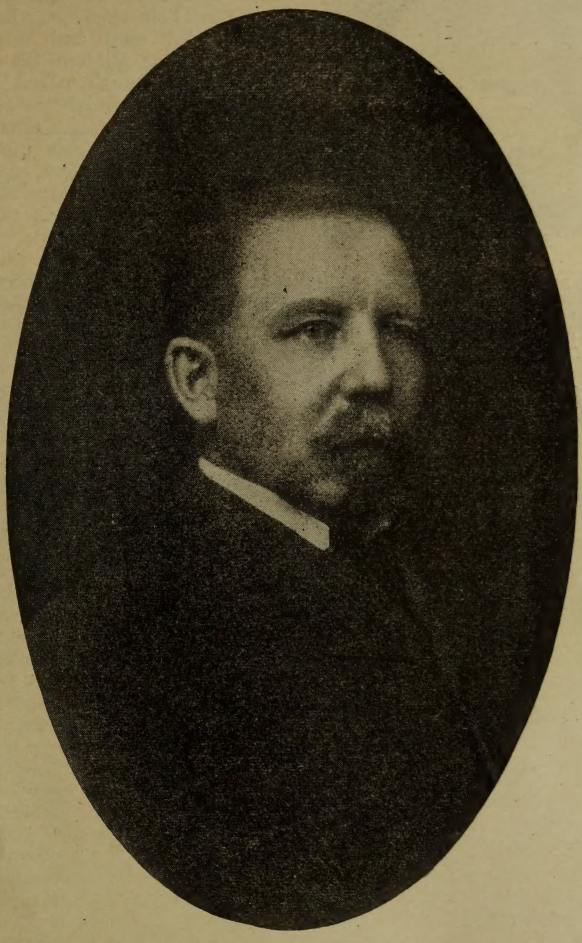
NUMBER FOUR

What Ingenious Object Lessons in Publicity have Contributed to the Great Success of The Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis

By HERBERT CHURCHILL

The value of an object lesson as a means of indelibly impressing the public, has never been more convincingly or pleasingly illustrated than by The Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis. Departing from the accepted rules, forms and mediums of advertising they advanced boldly upon the field of originality and the country at large has never been more strikingly familiarized with the business of a great manufactory than in the case of this enterprising western company.

A story of unusual interest could be written about the work and the workers in the big factories: the starting of the leather in such varied shapes and forms, the eye can hardly follow it through the busy rooms whose buzz and bustle confuse the visitor: the rattle of the machinery that makes one's nerves tingle, until the fully constructed perfectly shaped and finished shoe is handed you for inspection. It is as mystifying as Hindoo magic, the rapid daily evolution of thousands of sides of leather into millions of pairs of shoes. One sees machines as subtile, as accurate, and as dexterous as human hands—they would be human if they could think and breathe and talk. The droning life of the old-fashioned cobbler, as he sits all day with his rat-tat-tat, plodding over his two pairs of shoes a day, finds an exact and startling counterpart in the strenuous activity of the labyrinth of machines which has promoted him from a cobbler, relieved him of his irksome toil and made him a master over these newer and greater forces of the mind, these devices to save men's labor and supply the vast increase of the world's requirments.



GEORGE WARREN BROWN

President and founder of The Brown Shoe Company

There is no end of human interest in the rushing, bustling scheme of men, women and machinery turning out before one's eyes, the daily ratio of millions of pairs of shoes a year. The contemplation of such an enormous fact in actual work makes one dizzy and when one talks with the workers and imbibes to some extent their sense of satisfaction in making the best product the world can produce in



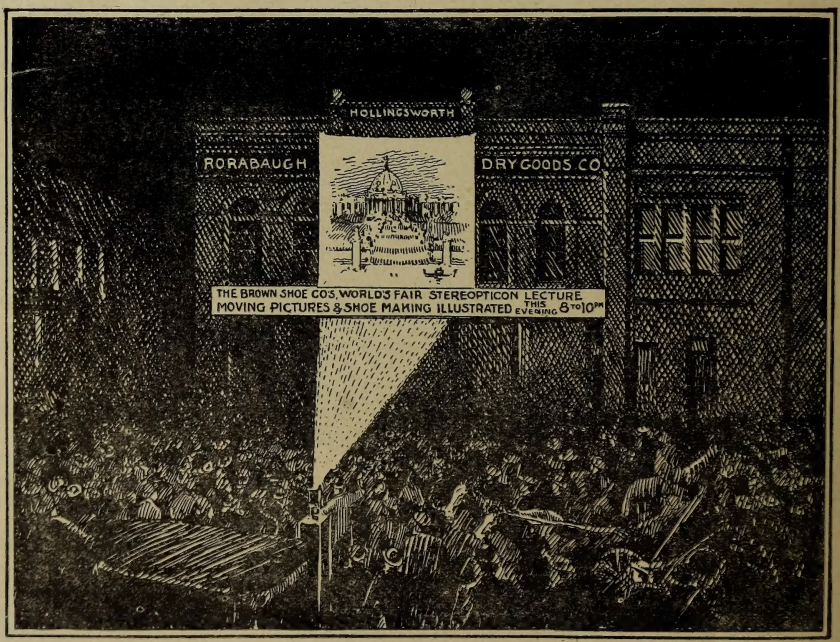
BUSTER BROWN AND TIGE

As they appeared at the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904

their line, one feels that they are to be envied, hard as their tasks may seem to others, and the thought is impressed: how good it is, in the concrete universe, there are workers for every task, willing and contented, each having an essential part in the world's work and progress.

A chapter on twenty-seven years uninterrupted success, electrifying in crisp details of progress and distinctly illustrative of St. Louis' commercial advancement, could be written on The Brown Shoe Company, depicting the steady growth of factories, products and shipments that have given the company the largest capacity for the production of high grade shoes in the west. Their two specialties White House Shoes for men and women and Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for boys and girls are as much talked of and as famous as the most widely advertised article of ware in the world. One hundred skilled salesmen are at this moment in all sections of the country, mingling with the enterprising shoe merchants of every city and town, carrying as their slogan—quality, merit, fashion—for the shoes of the Brown Shoe Company, and the best dealers in all the states are pretty certain to be exclusive agents of these superior goods.

But without going into the details of history of this widely known establishment, it is the purpose of this sketch to illustrate the value of object lessons in publicity, of the use of types and symbols



STEREOPTICON ILLUSTRATED LECTURES
As given by The Brown Shoe Company

in popularizing manufactured articles as distinct from the well-worn customs of the copy-writer. It was a happy thought and a trenchant one that hit upon the original, live, frolicsome, mischievous but always adorable Buster Brown as the medium of conveying to the public mind an ineffaceable preference for the Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes. To do this effectively the company first sought the aid of the redoubtable artist and *pater familias* of Buster, Mr. R. F. Outcault of New York, in the preparation of a most fascinating scheme of illustrations in color, similar to the New York Herald series, in which Buster was made to carry on numerous stunts and exploits in the shoes that had taken the double grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition. To carry this ingenious scheme still further and to even more effectively absorb the interest of parents and children alike, the Company discovered and engaged the services of a most remarkable little man, Major Ray, not a whit bigger than Buster Brown and weighing forty-five pounds. Tige, Buster's faithful dog was also acquired and the real live Buster was provided with a wardrobe exactly similar to his prototype which would have done credit to the millionaire Brown baby of Providence, Rhode Island. Then, with his retinue of attendants, Buster and Tige started on a tour of the country holding receptions at the principal agencies of the Brown shoes, talking with remarkable eloquence and interest to the thousands of children and their elders who everywhere gathered to see him and hear him. It was a notable demonstration: Buster was presented with trophies by admirers everywhere and Tige was overwhelmed with hats, ribbons and the paraphernalia of exuberant kid-land. Often at his public addresses Buster has had crowds running into tens of thousands. He is a pleasing little person, a glib talker of keen and intelligent mind and it goes without saying that all the juveniles of the



PICTURE OF CROWD ATTENDING A BUSTER BROWN RECEPTION

Given on the court house steps at LaFayette Ind., by the Prass-Schultz Shoe Co., May 23d and 24th, 1905, where the crowd became so large that it blockaded the street to the interruption of street cars and all transportation.

country, out of undying regard for their friends Buster and Tige, will insist upon wearing on all occasions the Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes. Such is the value of an object lesson in business. As an evidence of this the dealers from one end of the country to the other have plead for visits of Buster and Tige and are spurred on by the faculties of orphanages, homes and schools for children. Many parents write to the dealers urging an opportunity for their children to meet Buster and Tige, and wherever they go throughout the country, there is a continuous ovation.

Carrying the idea of the object lesson in business in another direction The Brown Shoe Company after the St. Louis Exposition engaged the competent services of Mr. Forrest D. High, a lecturer of wide repute to visit their large customers in larger towns giving free stereopticon lectures to the public illustrating how White House Shoes for men and women are made. These lectures have been attended by large crowds everywhere and have been exceedingly instructive and entertaining, giving first a clear insight into the manufacture and merits of this popular brand of footwear and fascinating stereopticon views and moving pictures of World's Fair and other scenes. A great many thousands of people who were unable to attend the St. Louis Exposition, have thus been delightfully entertained and instructed through Mr. High's lectures regarding that memorable historic event. And how many thousands of permanent customers among the better classes of men and women do you suppose The Brown Shoe Company have made, through this object lesson for their White House shoes?

Perhaps the most expensive and unusual exploit in the field of object lessons was a chase arcoss the Atlantic and into France to secure the consent of the beautiful Maxine Elliott, America's popular society star, to become the patroness and popular spirit of the White House Shoe.



HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON AVENUE AND ELEVENTH STREET

When this idea was conceived Miss Elliott was about leaving New York and before she could be reached she had sailed, but undaunted by this fact, the company started an emissary in pursuit of their desired queen and in due time obtained her sanction and courteous acknowledgment of the compliment bestowed. Ever since then the charming features and the graceful figure of the fascinating Miss Elliott have been inseparable from the White House Shoe and symbolize its enduring elegance. Here was a dainty object lesson added to the others that have contributed to the great renown of The Brown Shoe Company.

The great success of this notable St. Louis establishment, and the world-wide popularity of the goods it manufactures, has been due in large measure to the broad business foresight of the founder and present head Mr. George W. Brown and his sagacious associates, Messrs. J. H. Roblee, vice president; G. E. Southwick, secretary and treasurer; I. H. Sawyer, E. F. Shaw, A. M. Roblee and W. F. Armstrong, directors. Since The Brown Shoe Company began successful shoe manufacturing in St. Louis this City has become the greatest shoe market for retail merchants in the world. More shoes are made here than in any other city in the United States. St. Louis manufactures and distributes more than fifty million dollars' worth of boots and shoes to the retail trade every year. The Brown Shoe Company were the first successful shoe manufacturers here and make the best high grade shoes that go out of St. Louis. They were awarded the only *double grand prize* at the St. Louis Exposition. No other shoe manufacturer received higher than a single grand prize. They are termed the Style Pacemakers of the West, and are increasing their manufacturing capacity faster than any other shoe manufacturer in the United States. Sales of over a million a month and gains of over a million a year have compelled them to increase their capacity to over twelve millians a year, for which they are erecting two additional buildings to cost over a million dollars. The capital of the company is two million five hundred thousand dollars. Such are the enviable rewards of sagacious down-to-date business methods.

With the Publishers

There is much speculation over the authorship of "A Woman's Heart." The name "Olive Ransom," which appears on the title page as editor of the manuscript of the unfortunate heroine is a scholarly woman now living the life of a recluse in New York. She describes herself in one of the chapters of the book as follows: "She is an American of old stock, and has been brought up in the freedom and liberality that inform the best people of the country, and also with the faith that there are no difficulties which justice, truth and good purpose may not overcome." The name "Olive Ransom" was that of a colonial instructor of the author, who has published a number of books under another name. "A Woman's Heart" is a very frank discussion of Catholicism and has already caused a storm of discussion.

* * *

The news that pool room wire tappers in New York city cleaned up more than $50,000 was published on the day that Arthur Stringer's new novel, "The Wire Tappers" went to press. The modus operandi of wire-tapping, by which it is possible for a skilled telegrapher to select from a network of wires the one containing the desired information, and to withhold for a time that information from the ones for whom it is intended, or perhaps substitute misinformation, is one of the features of Mr. Stringer's rather daring novel. In fact, "The Wire Tappers," besides being a strong romance, is said to include a remarkably vivid and intimate study of this phase of criminal life. Little, Brown and Company publish the novel.

* * *

George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia, are the publishers of many popular children's books from the pen of Amy E. Blanchard, who may well be given the sincere affection of all loyal American girls, as she herself is thoroughly American, her family on her father's side, of old Huguenot stock, having been represented in this country since 1639; while her mother's family trace their descent from one of the early settlers of Lord Baltimore's colony.

The instruction she received at home was later supplemented by that of a large school, where her themes always won her highest marks, although closer attention

was usually given to her other work. At the early age of fifteen she left school to make her first venture toward self-support, and for two or three years she held the position of teacher, giving such time as she could spare to the study of those branches in which she felt herself deficient.



AMY E. BLANCHARD

From the time of the death of her parents until very recently, Miss Blanchard has lived little in her native city. Several winters were spent in study at one of the art schools in New York; and afterward two years were passed in teaching drawing and painting at a seminary in Plainfield, New Jersey. Later Miss Blanchard moved to Philadelphia, pursuing her literary labors there until her return to Baltimore within the last two years.

Her first appearance in print was in a Salem, Massachusetts, paper, which published some verses sent to a friend who deemed them worthy of notice. Miss Blanchard was at that time about sixteen. Her first story appeared two or three years later, and was followed at intervals by several others. Her first real success, however, was not attained until the year 1893. From that time to this Miss Blanchard's success as a writer of stories for girls has been assured, and every year her audience of girl readers increases alike in numbers as in devotion and enthusiasm.

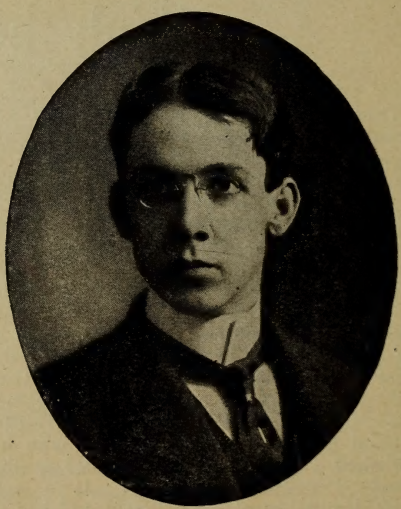
Mrs. Harriett M. Lothrop ("Margaret Sidney") has just returned from a stay of nearly a year in the British Isles and Northern Europe. She has placed with her publishers, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston, the literary result of her trip, in the form of the first volume of a most attractive set of books for children to be entitled "Two Little Friends Series." The first volume, "Two Little Friends in Norway," with illustrations by Hermann Heyer, will be published September first. In later volumes the "Two Little Friends," a bright American girl and her Norwegian playmate, will visit other interesting countries.

***

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company announce a second edition of "Ben Pepper," tenth volume of the famous "Pepper Books" in spite of the fact that the first edition issued last fall was several times the size considered advisable to risk on the most important of ordinary juveniles.

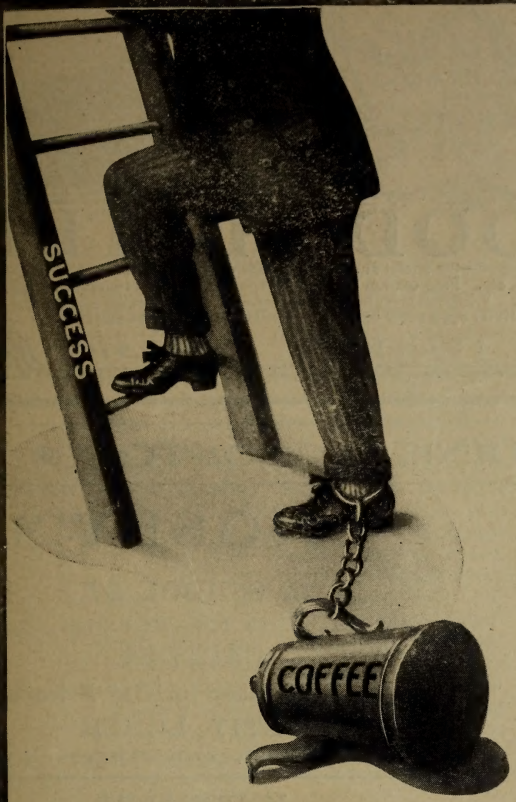
***

Karl Edwin Harriman who has recently been appointed editor of "The Red Book" has been in the past an occasional contributor to prominent publications.



Karl Edwin Harriman
author of
"The Girl and the Deal"

In addition, he is the author of "The Girl and the Deal," "Ann Arbor Tales," and "The Homebuilders," all published by George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia. The same publishers will bring out his latest story, "The Girl Out There," this spring.



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Why you do not climb the ladder of **SUCCESS.**

If your mental and physical machinery does not work smoothly, it may or may not be the coffee.

It's worth looking into.

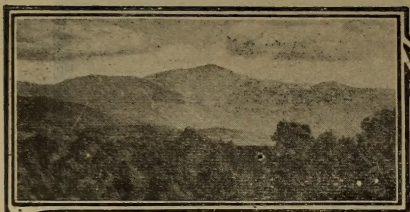
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44 SOUTH MARKET STREET

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE recommends the above well-known firms to all visitors in Boston as reliable places in which to dine.

The Summer Vacation

Descriptive of the Shore Resorts of New England

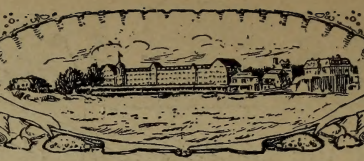
By J. S. English

In these days of commercial activity, when the industrial advantages and opportunities of New England are being exploited in newspapers, magazines and on lecture platforms, and when statesmen from every state in New England are engaging in wordy battles, in assembly and congressional halls, all with the same dominant motive, namely, the retaining of New England's prestige as a commercial mart; while tariff, trade and commerce are all woven together in the great issue of reciprocity, which is being pulled and tugged, jeered at and cheered at throughout the land, New England stands serene, safe in at least one claim which laws and legislation cannot take from her, her world-wide fame as the "vacation region" of North America. Reciprocity is forgotten when recreation and recuperation are spoken of. Endowed with all the blessings which a bountiful nature has lavished upon her, New England has every diversity of charm, every endowment of landscape and every quality of vacation ground to be found in the entire country.

Her history, thrift and progress commenced when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620, but nature was on the scene long before our early progenitors; she shaped the bays and shore line, piled up the mountains and hills and artistically laid out the lakes and valley lands. The Crystal Hills" long, long years ago were the sacred haunts of the red man's Manitou, the lakes and rivers his hunting-ground and the magnificent seacoast his haven of rest. Then the white man came, and busy marts, high mountains, lakes and inland sections were all linked by the great steam railroad. Climatic conditions have not changed. There is nothing new except the opportunity to get there and what additional charms hotel men and landscape artists have added to nature's decorations. New England's vacation bounds include seashore resorts; inland haunts, including valley lands, river regions and lake sections, and the grand and rolling uplands, indexed under the head of mountains. The writer will present to you the summering haunts of all New England, portraying each class in turn, and as the seacoast is usually the first to summon the vacationist, it will be our purpose in this article to deal with it.

New England's seacoast commences where New York's ceases. Connecticut, adjoining New York State on the East, fronts on long Island Sound. South Norwalk is first and for thirty-two miles to New Haven there is a succession of delightful indentations formed by the many rivers which intersect this strip on their course to the sea. On the numerous islands which are scattered about here and there along the coast, are pretty cottages and camps which serve as charming retreats for the weary denizens of the neighboring cities.

As one nears Westport and Saugatuck after viewing with delight the enchanting vista which greeted his vision at the confluence of Mother Ocean and the Norwalk River, a new panorama appears. Winding in all its silvery glory comes the Saugatuck River, and a little above its union with the Sound commences a one mile stretch of smooth beach, known as Campa Beach, whose merits are well known to hundreds of Connecticut vacationists. Beyond Saugatuck are Green's Farms, Southport and Fairfield, charming little rural towns combining alike the adornments of country and seashore. Farther along is the bustling city of Bridgeport. Are you surprised, reader, to hear that this busy manufacturing city has scenic allurements and health-giving propensities sufficient to attract within her borders New Yorkers and others from her own state in search of rest and recreation? If so, then you are one who has missed the joys of a trip by trolley or steamboat from the city proper to attractive and entertaining Pleasure Beach. Stratford, a pleasing little community, is next in order and then comes the city of New Haven. Connecticut vacationists have a fond memory at the mention of this name, for as Yale and New Haven have become synonymous to the general outside public, the summer inhabitants of the Nutmeg State are prone to couple New Haven and Savin Rock; and show me the enthusiast of this old Charter Oak community within a radius of fifty miles, who has not at some time or other put up at this popular resort! Four miles from the city proper, this rocky promontory extends into the ocean. It is ideally located, with a beautiful sandy bathing beach of many miles directly in front, excellent and first class hotels and many handsome private cottages. It is a central point for vacationists who desire to make excursions to the various surrounding watering places and points of interest. Fishing is zealously pursued by



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Swampscott, Massachusetts

The most magnificent modern summer hotel on the North Shore.

The New Ocean House is but thirty minutes from Boston by rail. Has accommodations for four hundred. Its situation is delightful.

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Concerts by a superb orchestra every afternoon and evening during the season.

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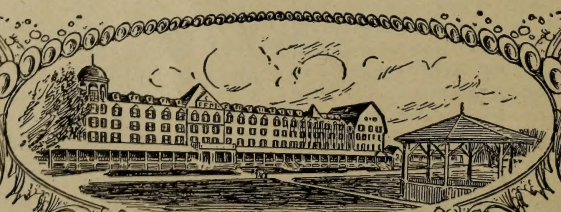
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Address until June 1st, 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. After that date, New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.



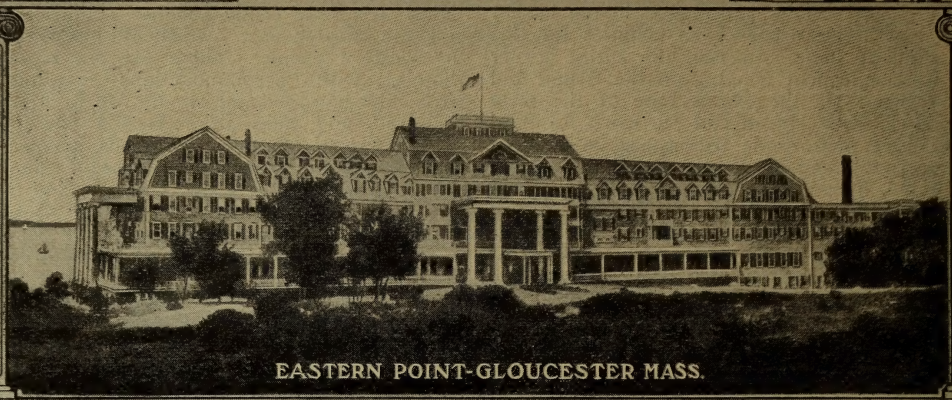
most of the summer colony and the fleet of boats, canoes and yachts in the harbor gives ample proof of its facilities for this kind of sport. In fact, the entire border of Connecticut fringing on the Sound and reached via the Shore Line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is one picturesque panorama; so inviting and so tempting that many a resolute mind determined to wrap himself up in business and forbear the foolish fancies of a vacation, has unwittingly found himself surveying the scene from a car window and devouring the delights which are presented to him with true wonder and amazement; and ere many miles have been traversed, he has forgotten the traffic of the city and dreams of a date when he can tear himself away for a week or two, or perhaps a month and rusticate in the company of the rocks and sands and sea. Beautiful resorts such as Fair Haven, Guilford, Grove Beach, Saybrook, Crescent Beach, Niantic and finally New London each in turn display their glories on the pages of the passing show.

New London is one of the most pleasing of New England cities. It lies at the mouth of the Thames River on Long Island Sound. The streets are broad and well shaded and the harbor road close to the water is lined with magnificent villas and cottages, homes of the summer colony. Situated on the bay is the luxurious and capacious Pequot House, the principal summer hotel. Goshen, which is the home of the exclusive summer residents, has some exquisite villas.

Watch Hill or Watch Hill Point is a promontory just across the Connecticut line, within the limits of the town of Westerly, Rhode Island. From this elevation, Block Island, Fisher's Island, Long Island, Little Narragansett Bay, the Pawcatuck River and the inland farms and fields of both Connecticut and Rhode Island are plainly visible. The promontory juts into the ocean in a southwesterly direction and from here to Point Judith is one of the most magnificent stretches of rockbound and rugged ocean coast in the country; but on the western shore of this promontory is a charming bathing beach free from the dangerous and hidden rocks and treacherous undertows, far different from the wild and rockbound vista of the East. The temperature invariably remains below seventy-five and the cool breezes of old Ocean continually play about the shores, no matter from which point the wind blows. The facilities of approach are perfect. For six months in the year electric cars connect at Westerly with the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, for Watch Hill on the "Shore Line Route." Cosey cottages and villas are scattered along the shore and on the rolling hills and valley lands are some costly summer residences, for the greater part owned and occupied by western people. There are six large hotels, with accommodations varying from one hundred and twenty-five to four hundred, and rates from $3.00 a day to $30.00 a week, besides numerous smaller hostelries and boarding houses. The drives and walks are attractive and add a great deal to the enrichment of the spot. It is reached in summer by steamer service from Stonington, Connecticut, three miles distant.

Alone in the Atlantic, Block Island, the quaint, picturesque and in many ways the most delightful of New England's ocean isles, possesses popularity peculiarly her own. With a native population of about fifteen hundred, for the most part engaged in fishing and farming, the inhabitants are an interesting lot. The island is from seven to eight miles long and three and a half miles wide, pear-shaped and covered with fertile farm lands and refreshing ponds of fresh water. These ponds vary in size from small bodies to huge lakes, the largest of which was Great Pond which now forms a part of the New Harbor. The surface is irregular, a succession of hills and valleys, and there are scarcely any trees growing upon the island. The coast for the most part is formed of forbidding bluffs which rise in places to a height of one hundred feet and the bathing beach extends for over two miles along the shore. "Manisses" was the name given to it by the aborigines and means the "Isle of the Little God." The air at Block Island is extra pure and healthful and to the sufferer from catarrh who breathes in the ozone laden breezes there is no surer relief. Over thirty first class hotels are located on the island, nearly all on what is known as the shore of the Old Harbor, besides numerous boarding houses and summer cottages, and last year during the height of the season Block Island's hostelries were scarcely able to care for the horde of vacationists. There is a persistent rumor to the effect that the Pennsylvania Railroad is going to erect a magnificent hotel here. A street horse-car railroad connects what is known as the Old and New Harbors and skirts the island. An interesting sight last season for the thousands of tourists who came to Block Island was the wreck of the Schooner "Spartan," which lay on the rocks above water just off shore. The natives rescued the crew and the cargo and received over one hundred thousand dollars salvage. Block Island is reached in the summer months by boats from New London, Providence, Newport and Montauk. The steamers from New Lon-

Colonial Arms



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THE COLONIAL ARMS is a modern hotel superbly located on the most picturesque and charming peninsula of the Massachusetts coast, overlooking on one side Gloucester Harbor, on the other, the ocean.

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Eastern Point - Gloucester Mass.

don, Providence and Montauk make daily sailings in each direction. New York people favor this resort as do western Massachusetts and Connecticut folk.

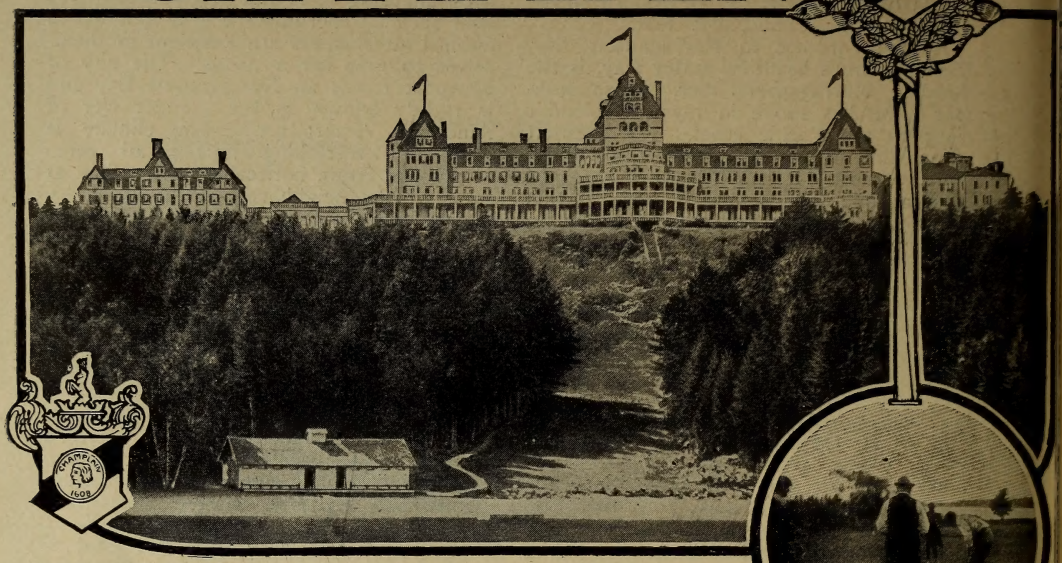
At the entrance to Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island's beautiful water way, is the dazzling Narragansett Pier, whose summer fame has shone in rays of splendor clear to the Pacific coast. Narragansett is an ultra-fashionable and yet a cosmopolitan resort. It has a bathing beach of over a mile extension and it is a gala sight to see thousands taking a dip in Mother Ocean here. People from all sections of the United States mingle in the waters of Narragansett Beach or promenade on the popular pier. The view from the heights is superb. The hotels are many and include some magnificent summer hostelries. The bath houses have every convenience for the bather, including hot sea water and sun shower baths. The private residences are elaborate structures, where many American celebrities while away the summer months.

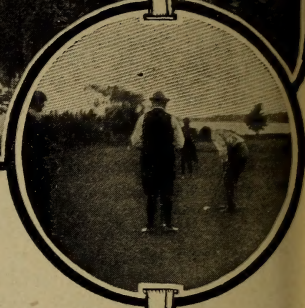
Twenty-seven miles away from the nearest point in the mainland of old Cape Cod, lies the Isle of Nantucket, of whaling fame. Nantucket has a wonderful history, but not all her glory lies in her whaling and Indian traditions! The island is an irregular triangle in form, sixteen miles long from East to West and three to four miles in width. The surface is level to the South, gradually sloping towards the North, where it becomes quite hilly. As in Block Island, fresh ponds are numerous and they are well supplied with fish. The town is in the centre of the island. No malarial germs can live in Nantucket when once they come in contact with the soothing and invigorating atmosphere which works hypnotic charms on bodies and nerves, racked by the toil of the city. Its sanitary conditions are perfect, in fact, so noticeably perfect as to cause the recognition and commendation of physicians, who, once in Nantucket, prescribe for their patients a trip to the same island. The ocean view cannot be equalled, and the old historic associations, interesting curios and landmarks, are a source of wonder and never failing interest to all. The principal drives are to Surfside, three miles; South Shore, three miles; Sconset, seven and one-half miles; Tom Never's Head, six miles; Sankaty Head, eight miles; Palpis, five miles; Quidnet, nine miles; Wanivenit, nine miles; Maddequet, five miles; the Cliff, one and Great Point, fifteen. Over twenty-five first-class hotels with rates from $1.50 a day to $25.00 per week grace the island, besides numerous boarding houses and cottages.

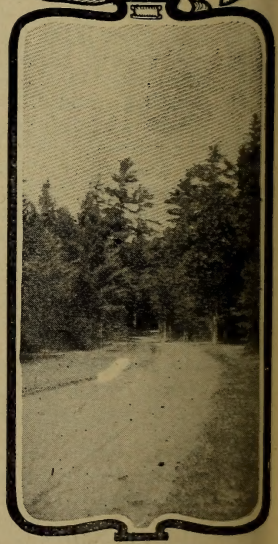
Gorgeous! Gala! Dazzling Newport! What unbounded splendor! What a bewildering array of wealth and fashion graces this elite of the world's beaches! Nowhere in the world do luxurious palaces, imposing fetes and magnificent drives lend such an enchantment to a spot whose natural attachments are sufficient in themselves to give her a name! The city of Newport fronts on Narragansett Bay and is rightly known as the summer city of America's "smart set." The climate is cool and refreshing during all three months, in truth, noticeably cooler than at some of the neighboring watering places, which fact is caused by the divergence of the Gulf Stream at this point. The shores alternate with beaches of smooth, marble-like sand; then ledges and headlands and projecting cliffs reaching far out into the ocean. The driveways extend for many miles, clear around the city, following shore and woodland, intervale and cliffs, each turn in the journey introducing a new wealth of beauty to the most picturesque of vistas. Bellevue is society's promenade and here late in the afternoon, a procession of automobiles, prancing horses and stylishly gowned pedestrians may be daily seen. Bailey's Beach is at the end of this beautiful drive and is society's private resort, where the scions of the "400" take their daily dip. The hotels and cottages are magnificent affairs; and yet Newport has a colony besides the elect, many summer cottagers and boarders of lesser means find ample accommodations in the less expensive and less pretentious hostelries, where they enjoy the same sea air and breezes so much monopolized by the aristocracy.

Directly opposite Newport is Conanicut Island, known as Jamestown. It is about four miles distant and is reached from Newport Wharf by ferry in about twenty minutes. Farms and country dwellings are scattered throughout the island and with the advent of the vacation idea, it was eagerly and early selected as a superior summer spot. Jamestown is the second largest island under the laws of Rhode Island and its numerous natural attractions, possessing as it does all the various forms of shore scenery, from projecting ledges and perpendicular walls of rocky coast to broad polished stretches of sandy beach, have made it the chief gem of a collection of ocean jewels. Owing to its sheltered position, strange to relate, it has hardly any surf-bathing shores, but its still water bathing is superb. The centre of the island is a narrow isthmus, which forms a natural bridge, connecting two portions. The United States government has replaced the old Fort Dumpling in the southern promontory with a more modern fortification. When the U. S. Squadron journeys to Rhode Island waters as it did last summer, the ships anchor and manœuvre within plain view of the

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THE HOTEL CHAMPLAIN offers its guests the pure, bracing, pine-laden air of the Adirondacks, superb views from its commanding location on the shore of Lake Champlain, and ideal conditions of service and social environment. The healthy out-door life has made it a favorite social center for the younger set.

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BEST TURF TENNIS COURTS in New York State. Splendid roads for automobiling and coaching. Fully equipped boat, living and bathing houses and sandy beach.

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dwellers on Jamestown. A dozen years ago, the summer residents were few and scattered, but with each year its patronage and fame have increased so that today three large summer hotels, accommodating in the neighborhood of three hundred, and six smaller ones with capacities for from fifty to one hundred guests, welcome the visitors. St. Louis people look with particular favor upon this resort, but its clientele is by no means limited to the Mississippi's metropolis, for the cosey summer residences represent leading citizens of Washington, New York and Philadelphia. During the summer months, besides the Newport service the ferry-boats between Newport and Providence also stop at this island.

And now we come to a vacation land so hallowed with its historical memories and blessed with its quaint traditions, advantages so sacred and reverenced by the native New Englander as to make him turn toward here as pilgrims journey to the shrines of their saints. "Old Cape Cod"! What associations assemble at the call of that dear old name! What memories of old time whalers, hardy seamen, summer vacationists and fine fishing fleets ramble together, mingling in the memory of days that have passed! Cape Cod has been pictured in history and in fiction time and again. Historical writers have browsed upon events of bygone days, garnishing none and neglecting nothing which would aid their record of happenings; while fiction writers have delved in these histories and pictured in their imaginations a Cape Cod of another era—they have dwelt upon what they have pleased to call the desolate and sandy dunes, with never a thought or picture of present land, where cottages and summer hotels flourish, and summer girls flutter in a season of joyousness and gayety! Imagine it, Truro, Orleans, Chatham, Woods Hole, Falmouth, Pocasset, Yarmouth, Barnstable and Buzzards Bay with its old Fairhaven, Mattapoiset and Marion and Onset and Wareham and Middleboro—being desolate in June, July and August! And how about Provincetown with its magnificent steamer service of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad between here and Boston during the summer? Note the line of campers along the shores! The palatial summer residences! Note the population at Hyannis and the wealth and fashion along the beaches of Buzzards Bay! Has any summer town got a choicer colony than Marion? And small wonder, when one considers the unrivalled advantages in scenery and atmosphere! Such resorts as these may well boast of their attributes—jutting headlands, surf-washed shores and sandy beaches; verdant islands and peaceful farming villages; thick studded woodlands and everywhere a view of the ocean, reckless and rollicking—surely nature hath shown her hand in fashioning an ideal vacation region, when she made the "Cape." The hostelries are handsome hotels, some luxurious in their equipment and furnishings, others plain but none the less comfortable, and cheery and moderate boarding-houses—just as you desire—all "ready made." The train service to the Cape points in the summer season via the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is first class, while to many points a boat service from Boston is in effect.

At the very gateway of the section known as Cape Cod lies Plymouth. Plymouth has a wealth of historical associations and traditions and is above all other places revered by natives of Massachusetts. But Plymouth relies not on her traditional recollections to gather within her bounds the thousands who annually assemble here. Plymouth is eighteen miles long and from five to nine miles wide. The traditional rock, the first wharf in the Bay State upon which a white man set foot is still preserved and from this observatory many a tourist gazes in admiration at the outstretched surface of Plymouth Harbor. Burying Hill, a slight eminence, straight up from the water front, is an excellent viewpoint from which to gaze upon the interesting vista of plain old Plymouth. Looking out toward sea, the most charming picture of marine scenery is presented to the observer. Coles Hill, another eminence rising near the ancient rock gives one a view of the channel followed by the "Mayflower." Town Brook flows down a gorge, emptying into the harbor. At the source of this brook is a pond some three miles in circumference known as "Billington Sea." It is dotted with islands and is a fitting termination for a valley replete with attractions. The route through this valley is about two miles in length from the base of Burying Hill and in this journey some of the most fascinating of ocean outlooks and landscape scenes in the country lie outstretched before one. Plymouth has a list of many hotels, ranging in price from $1.00 a day to $25.00 per week. Carriages meet the trains at the station and the electric car service to all parts of the town is first class. Plymouth possesses all the recreative advantages to be desired; her drives are numerous and among the points of interest which visitors are sure to take in are the great cave and the cliffs, the bluffs of Manomet and the Plymouth plateaus.

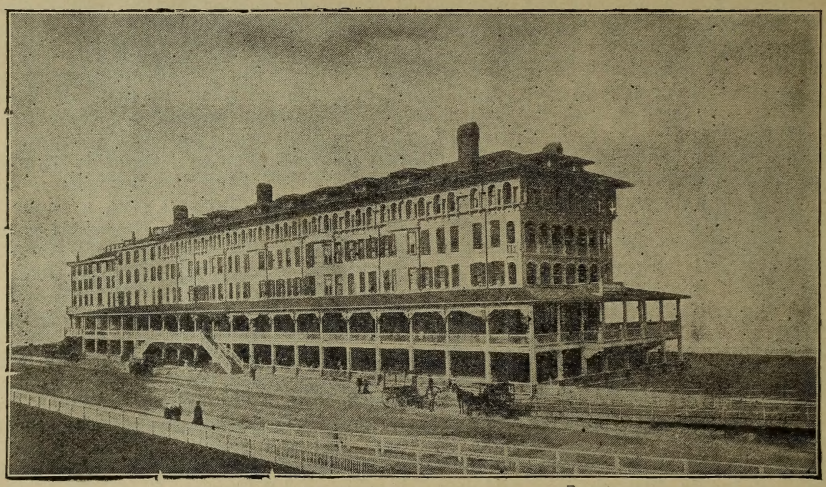
Separated from the southern Cape Cod strip by Vineyard Sound, just eight miles across, is Martha's Vineyard, a sister isle to Nantucket and Block Island. Known throughout the country as a camp meeting ground, Martha's Vineyard has been

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the shrine for religious gatherings since 1835. Cottage City and Edgartown are the principal summering towns. The island lacks in tradition but in her possession of sunshine, sea breezes and pure air she is amply compensated, and has something worth while to award the vacationist whose choice leads hither. Cottage City is her attraction, her magnet, in which the identity of the whole island is sunk. This modern Arcadia was laid out in 1868 on bluffs thirty feet high, fronting on the waters of Vineyard Sound. Over twelve hundred cottages are within the borders of the pleasant little "city" and they consist of every variety of design and construction, from the simplest homes to the most luxurious and elegant palaces. The broad and sweeping avenues and the numerous parks and drives are in close keeping with the artistic gardens and cottages. The tree growth consists almost entirely of red and white oak. Over twelve thousand people select Cottage City as their abode during June, July and August and they come from every quarter of the country. Eight large hotels with rates from $2.50 a day upward and a dozen smaller ones furnish accommodations for the guests who have not their own homes. The island is reached by steamer service from Woods Hole to Cottage City. Five and a half miles south of Cottage City is Edgartown, during the days when the whale fisheries were good a prosperous community, but since decadent. Chappiquiddick Island lies in the harbor and extends five miles north and south. Edgartown has many cottages and four first class hotels. Katama, three miles south of Edgartown, is a summer resort with an excellent bathing beach and first class fishing grounds. Vineyard Haven is one of the most beautiful harbors in New England. It is a famous harbor of refuge, where all kinds of vessels seek safety. The streets are well shaded and the forest growths cover a large area. Four first class hotels and several boarding houses feed the hungry and care for the weary. Gay Head is a picturesque spot, comprising about twenty-four hundred acres and is a separate township. It receives its name from a cliff which rises perpendicularly to a height of one hundred and thirty-four feet from the sea. Gay Head is a popular point for visitors from Cottage City and points on Cape Cod.

South of Boston, the Atlantic coast border is invariably termed the South Shore, which means in a general way every bit of coast line from Cape Cod to the Hub; but to the people of Boston and suburbs, the South Shore is a more particular portion which lies just south of Boston Harbor and embraces within its territory such ocean resorts as Hingham on Boston Bay, a typical old New England town, the harbor of which is called Downer's Landing and is just ten miles from the city by steamer; Cohasset, a neighboring town, which like Hingham has many delightful drives and a summer hotel which accommodates about fifty, besides many cottages; Hough's Neck, a popular resort with Boston people; Nantasket Beach, famous as a Boston resort and which, since the advent of the Metropolitan Park System, has become a charming beach for a summer vacation,—the bathing being of the best, with a commodious bath house and a superb view from the beach looking out toward the ocean. At the extremity of the Hull peninsula is the Hotel Pemberton; Sagamore Hill and Strawberry Hill are two of the most noted elevations. Connecting Nantasket with the mainland is Jerusalem Road, from which a good view of the ocean is obtained. This road leads to Cohasset. Next door neighbor to Cohasset is Scituate, which has a coast line of eight miles. On the south is Marshfield, a farming town. Cut River which flows from Duxbury empties into the sea at Marshfield Beach. This outlet is known as Green Harbor and here quite a summer colony congregate. Green Harbor has two hotels, the Webster and the Winslow, each accommodating over fifty, besides many cottages. Beyond Marshfield is Duxbury, a growing shore resort which already contains many magnificent villas.

Beautiful and attractive as are the southern shores of New England, they by no means measure the extent of her coast delights; for journey where you will it is impossible to locate a section where such an abundance of scenic surprises, attractive and entrancing to the lover of nature, all combining with their superiority of vistas, attributes health giving and healing, and amusement and recreative opportunities in such satisfying proportions as along the North Shore.

New England's North Shore is one long series of vacation haunts, a coast line dented with bays and coves; dotted with islands and strewn with stretches of smooth, sandy beach, which alternate with craggy and rocky promontories and bluffs! Congregated on the North Shore during a summer season are the millionaire Captains of Industry, the controllers of the nation's wealth as well as worn out clerks and factory employees seeking a brief respite from the cares of toil. Nature has the same cooling breezes for all—the same salt atmosphere and surf for millionaire and clerk.

From the rocky hills of Nahant to the harbor of Eastport, Maine, New England's sea wall extends. Nahant, of course, is properly a Boston resort, rock-ribbed, and

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A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AT MODERATE PRICES

SUBWAY STATION—ONE BLOCK
GRAND CENTRAL STATION—FIVE MINUTES' WALK
CITY HALL—EIGHT MINUTES
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Single Rooms, near Bath .....$1.50 Per Day
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Proprietor

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popular alike with excursionists who desire a day's outing and hundreds of cottagers and campers who pass the entire summer here. Revere Beach, the popular Boston bathing beach, is scarcely a residential resort; an ideal amusement beach, it is a perfect mecca for the tired tenement population and the city workers who desire to steal away for a few hours' rest.

At Swampscott, commences the section which has been praised and heralded even in distant countries, and whose joys and pleasures hundreds of enthusiasts anticipate and dream about during the dreary months of winter. This territory, as far as Portland, Maine, is served by the Boston and Maine Railroad and farther along by the Maine Central. Swampscott fronts on a bay and the ocean outlook is perfect. The bathing is excellent and the hotel accommodations are superb, much different from 1830, when Aunt Betsey Blaney had the only boarding house and the price of meals and lodging for health seekers was $3.00 per week. From Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Beach Bluff, Devereux and Clifton ,we pass to the far-famed shores of Marblehead, the quaint old town whose magnificent harbor and high cliffs facing the ocean have brought to its shores summer visitors from every imaginable point. Here the New York Yacht Club's entire fleet convene at least once a year and the summer enthusiasts of yachting have formed the Marblehead Yacht Club. Marblehead is a high promontory and the elevated portion jutting into the ocean is called Marblehead Neck. Marblehead Neck is the resort portion of the town, where the beautiful villas are located. These cottages besides six spacious hotels amply provide for the pleasure seeker.

Next beyond Marblehead, is the ancient city of Salem. Salem, too, possesses a section known as "The Neck" and at the extremity of the city is Salem Willows, where the summerites find enjoyment.

Beverly, with all the customary qualities of a North Shore resort, follows Salem and here one might say commences the "promised land," the paradise for the elite, where representatives of our nation's democracy and the royalty of foreign lands walk hand in hand and rest side by side during the summer months. Who has not heard of the glories of Cape Ann's resorts? Rockport, at the extreme end of the Cape, a little more than an hour's ride from Boston; Gloucester, West Gloucester, Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea, West Manchester, Beverly Farms, Prides and Montserrat!

Pigeon Cove, reached from Rockport station, is an ideal vantage ground from which to survey and judge the merits of not only the Cape Ann possessions, but the entire coast. Pigeon Hill, an eminence of two hundred and fifty feet is the observation tower. Far away to the north, the gloomy cliffs of Cape Porpoise loom into view—to the south, the entire shore to Plymouth is spread out, while at closer range in this vision of beauty, are the sea-washed sands of Plum Island, the shores of old Hampton and Rye and the bleached white banks of Salisbury. Although this chosen spot is characteristic of the Cape Ann resorts, it would be hardly fair to hurry by without some mention of each. Gloucester, the home of Kipling's "Captain Courageous," and James Connelly's "Toilers of the Sea," is a charming old city. Old Mother Ann, a cliff at Eastern Point, from which the Cape derives its name, bears a fancied resemblance to a woman's face. In the near neighborhood are Squam River, East Gloucester, Land's End and West Gloucester.

Magnolia lays claim to being the most aristocratic and exclusive of the Cape Ann resorts. Her clientele is largely composed of Washington statesmen, foreign ambassadors, etc. Pleasant drives and delightful outlooks are to be encountered everywhere; while the luxurious hostelries are well fitted, to care for the most fastidious of this seclusive section. Off the coast of Magnolia are the famous "reefs of Norman's Woe," immortalized by Longfellow in his beautiful poem "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Pretty and picturesque Manchester-by-the-Sea is ideally situated on a promontory where the breezes are bound to blow. Her famous singing beach, and many natural attractions have given her high rank in the North Shore program.

In recent years, not a few cottagers and campers have chosen the shores of Ipswich or followed the windings of the pleasant little river of the same name and discovered desirable locations where they have erected summer abodes.

But perhaps one of the most recreative in every sense of the word—of the hundreds of gems which geographers have styled islands and which dot the waters of New England's seaboard, is Plum Island. This island is connected with the mainland at Newburyport, so that in reality it is not an island at all, simply a peninsula. The atmosphere is particularly healthful, cool and invigorating, and is guaranteed to soothe the weary and send to slumber the nervous and careworn. Two hotels care for the guests, besides numerous cottages, and it is reached by ferry from Black Rock and electric cars from Newburyport. The electric car line circles the island.

But a short way on the mainland beyond Plum Island is Salisbury Beach, a true pleasure resort of the popular variety.

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Salisbury has attributes common to this region; healthful atmosphere charged with ozone, the best surf bathing and an endless variety of summer amusement features. It is especially patronized by Lawrence, Haverhill, Newburyport and Lynn people, a great many of whom have costly summer cottages, and it has also six or eight large hotels accommodating from seventy-five to one hundred people, where the best of board can be secured at prices ranging from $7.00 to $15.00 per week. Salisbury is the last of Massachusetts' shore resorts and now commence New Hampshire's few miles of coast line. The old Granite State has been blessed with every variety of vacation ground and while her share of the ocean's shore is not as great as her sister states, still, the quality and fascinating adornments of her brief but favored stretch compares favorably with any on the North Atlantic seaboard. Hampton and Rye Beaches are New Hampshire's shore lands. Hampton is fifty miles from Boston, reached by trolley cars from Exeter, Portsmouth and Hampton station—indeed, so great has been the growth of these watering places, that the trolley has become quite a factor in aiding the throngs to visit their chosen spot—and now one can trolley with but a small break below Kennebunk, Maine, the entire distance along the shore from Portland to Boston. Great Boar's Head is a bluff which rises to a height of seventy feet, commanding an excellent view of the entire beach and an ocean survey which brings into sight the Isles of Shoals. A delightful view at the southern extremity is near the Hampton River bridge, where the Hampton River flows through the green marshes. In the bed of the river are secreted the Hampton River clams, dainties known to every visitor in this territory. Hampton has all the features of a popular amusement resort besides being the summer home of people from New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts. Little Boar's Head, in the town of North Hampton, lies between Hampton and Rye Beaches, and is the site of many costly cottages and is visited regularly by their well known owners.

Of New Hampshire's two beaches, Rye is perhaps the most fashionable. She shares with Hampton a wealth of rugged scenery, refreshing atmosphere and delightful bathing facilities.

Portsmouth is one of New Hampshire's busy marts, but Portsmouth has her Newcastle and if we need any reminder of her prestige as a summer city, we should only recall last summer when the Japanese and Russian envoys assembled in session at the "Wentworth" to make the now famous "Treaty of Portsmouth." It is truly a beautiful haven and the "Wentworth" is a delectable shelter during the hot spell.

Ten miles east of Portsmouth in the Atlantic rise a group of islands, which are known as the Isles of Shoals. This group comprises ten separate islands called Appledore, Smutty Nose, Malaga, Duck, Cedar, Starr, White, Londoner and Seavey's, the first five coming within the bounds of Maine and the latter five paying homage or taxes to New Hampshire.

Appledore and Starr are two of the largest of the group. A fine up-to-date hotel is located on each. The islands are easily reached by steamer from Portsmouth. On week days three trips a day are made and the sea voyage, which occupies about an hour, is an invigorating trip. These islands were settled in 1623 and have a store of romantic and tragic events connected with their history. It was in 1873 that the first summer boarding house was advertised on the islands and now during the season both hotels accommodate every week more than a thousand guests. The view from any of the islands is magnificent, taking in far down the isle-dotted coast of Maine and the entire North Shore to the tip of Cape Anne. The deep sea fishing is excellent, particularly cod, and experienced fishermen may be hired to guide or conduct the fishing parties.

The Piscataqua River is the boundary line which separates New Hampshire's shore from Maine. Kittery Beach is the first resort of importance. It is a charming old town founded in 1623, in fact the oldest settlement in the state. It is located on the line of the York Harbor and Beach Railroad, which is practically an arm of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Next is York Beach, served by the same system. Since 1887, when the railroad was first opened, the growth of this section has been remarkable. York to-day has a score of summer hotels, ranging in price from $7.00 to $20.00 per week, and all are first class modern houses. These hotels easily accommodate during the summer season six thousand visitors. York has a choice position on the coast and the scenery and bathing facilities are emblematic of the North Atlantic coast. Beyond York, extending for three miles along the coast, is the famous Ogunquit. The Ogunquit River, a small stream, flows between the rocky shore and the beach. Ogunquit has a summer population which returns every year and her fame is increasing. Next in order is Wells, with eleven miles of seacoast to her credit. The beach is hard and marble-like and the bathing and sea view all that can be desired.

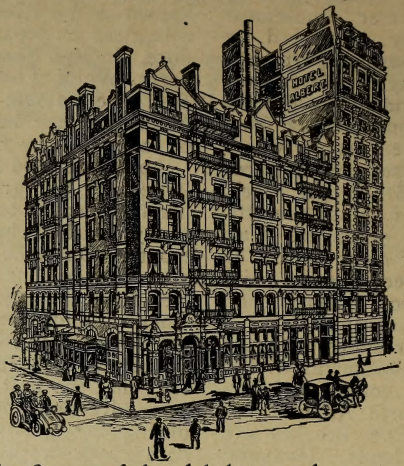
Adjoining Wells Beach are Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach, two of the cosiest spots on the coast. Kennebunkport lies at the mouth of the Kennebunk

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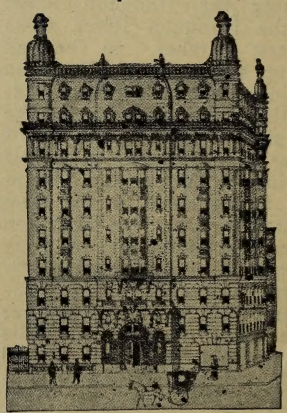
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River and here the vacationist has outing opportunities denied at every other beach on the coast. The silvery, placid waters of the Kennebunk River are the recruiting stations for the canoeists, and annually a magnificent canoe carnival of illuminated floats and gorgeous canoes presents a glorious pageant on the river. The electric car lines have opened up this country immensely and Kennebunk is a centre for the surrounding country. It is situated on the Western Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, with a station in the western section of the town on the Eastern Division, and has a branch train service between Kennebunk and Kennebunkport. Electric cars pass the Kennebunk station, bound for Kennebunkport, Arundel, Biddeford, Old Orchard, Cape Porpoise and Sanford, so that the visitor in this region is not necessarily limited or isolated for want of communication or change.

Old Orchard! How familiar that name sounds to the New Englander! Who that has visited the "Queen of North Atlantic resorts," bathed in the magnificent surf or rested upon her ten mile stretch of beach but has happy anticipations of a coming reunion at this grand old seashore! Old Orchard has advantages dear to the heart of every vacationist. Cool and refreshing, the salt sea air has proved a boon to many a tired and worn out worker who sought rest and recreation at these shores. What a sociable and jolly set amble to her coast and what a round of gayeties here! Merry-go-rounds and all the latest amusement ventures, baseball games semi-weekly, and ample accommodations and opportunities for the golfer and tennis player to display their skill. Her hotels are the best! Varying in style and accommodations according to price and location, they number more than fifty, besides innumerable cottages and houses where board may be procured very reasonably. Old Orchard's summer population runs way into the tens of thousands. They come from every quarter of the country, and Canadians find especial advantages and attractions in Old Orchard offerings. From here one can drive to Scarboro Beach, Prout's Neck, Higgins Beach and Pine Point, and of course the popular pier walk is a feature in itself.

Portland, the extremity of the Boston and Maine Railroad and the commencement of the Maine Central Railroad is the metropolis of the Pine Tree State; but her vacation advantages are second only to her commercial qualities. Casco Bay, lying at the outer end of Portland Harbor, is one of the most entrancing and enjoyable of ocean inlets. The surface of the bay is dotted with three hundred and sixty-five islands, which serve as summer sites for many resorters. Peak's and Cushing's are the most prominent and at Peak's Island are the homes of hundreds who find solace and enjoyment in the zephyrs from Casco Bay. Handsome hotels, roomy dance halls, a summer theatre, bathing, boating and the full quota of summer amusements are on hand. Casco Bay is but twelve hours' run by rail from New York and about three and a half from Boston.

Fourteen miles past Portland is South Harpswell. At Harpswell, the projecting peninsula is known as Harpswell Point. A beautiful hotel, called the Merriconeag House is situated at this point and the view from the hotel is magnificent, the point being surrounded by numerous islands.

At Portland commence the Down East Shore resorts. From here, one can journey by train or boat either by the all rail route via the Maine Central Railroad or by steamer. One hour's ride by train from Portland, and easily reached by steamer, is Bath, the ship building centre of Maine. The steamers of the Eastern Steamship Company make a landing here and in summer time, it is an excellent all day trip from Boston. Small Point is the vacation section. Small Point is a rocky peninsula, bordered by sharp cliffs and partially covered with thick forests. At the mouth of the Kennebec is Popham Beach. Popham Beach is a growing resort and bids fair with the re-opening of the hotels to become a prosperous place. In reaching Small Point from Bath, the trip is made either by steamer from Bath to Popham and thence by driving four miles or by carriage all the way from Bath. Around Sasanoa Bluffs the steamer proceeds to Boothbay Harbor through the Sasanoa River. She plunges seemingly with difficulty yet always in safety through a series of whirlpools and boiling waters. Across Hockamock Bay, we are in the waters of the Sheepscot River and at Riggsville Landings, whence we can continue to Isle of Springs, Sawyer's Island, McMahon's Island, Five Islands, Southport, Capital, Mouse and Squirrel Islands to the wharf in Boothbay Harbor. At Five Islands and Isle of Springs are two first class hotels, while all the islands have summer cottages. On McMahon's Island is the Sea and Porpoise Club House, all the cottagers and summer visitors being members. Golf, yachting, boating and deep sea fishing—all have their enthusiastic devotees at this resort—and in the little Sheepscot canoeists will find a choice retreat.

Southport is an island eighty miles long and at first looks like a projection of the mainland. The view on all sides from the island is perfect. Squirrel Island is perhaps best known of all the islands in the region. Here, tourists gather from Philadelphia, New York and the West and among the cottagers are Maine's leading

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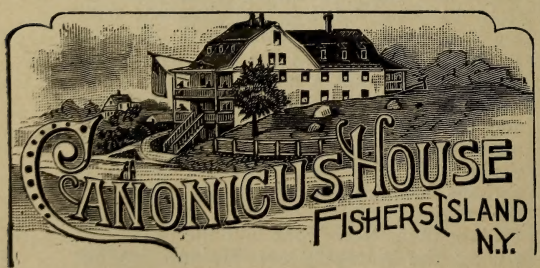
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statesmen. The Squirrel Inn has an ideal location and the view from the verandas cannot be equalled. Just opposite Squirrel Island, across the harbor, is Mouse Island. Mouse Island has one large and beautiful hotel, the Samoset House, which commands a magnificent prospect of the neighboring islands and the ocean. A transfer steamer runs from Mouse Island to Linekin's Bay, just east of Boothbay Harbor. Ocean Point, Linekin, Mt. Pleasant, Murray Hill and Bayville, along the shores, are fast becoming summer playgrounds. Boothbay Harbor is the departing place for any number of exquisite haunts and the steamer service is in effect to Christmas Cove, Heron Island, Pemaquid and Monhegan.

Christmas Cove is the southern end of Rutherford Island. It combines the delicious qualities of country landscape and wild ocean grandeur. Precipitous cliffs face the bold breakers of the Atlantic at one point, while at another the evergreen meadows and delightful groves of fir trees meet the blue waters of the bay. One hotel and many boarding houses look after the visitors.

Pemaquid, with a history replete in interest, dating back to the first settlement in 1607, has been favored with a harbor excellently adapted to suit the needs of the yachtsmen. Heron Island, about five miles from Squirrel Island, at the mouth of the Damariscotta River, is a growing resort. Monhegan is an island lying ten miles out in the ocean, with a smaller island of rock lying close beside it.

On the route to Penobscot Bay the traveller who goes by rail traverses the handsome towns of Newcastle, Damariscotta and Thomaston to Rockland, one of Maine's most prominent summer settlements. On a promontory gazing out upon the entire expanse of Penobscot Bay from the western shore, is the Samoset, one of the most modern and luxurious hotels on the entire coast. Surrounding and reaching to the very waters of the bay are the Camden Mountains. This hotel is partly in the town of Camden and is easily reached by electric railroad from the Rockland, Maine central station. Rockland has also steamer service with Boston, while it is a starting point for the surrounding territory. Stage routes reach to St. George, Owls Head, Union, Belfast, and an electric road runs to Camden, while departure by steamer may be made for Isleboro and the islands of Penobscot Bay, Stonington, Hurricane Island, Swan's Island, Green's Landing and North Haven. The deep sea fishing is excellent in these waters, halibut being especially plentiful.

Via the water route from Rockland to Bar Harbor, one reaches Isleboro famous for its delectable atmosphere and cosily sheltered harbor. Next is the peninsula of Castine, with its enchanting bay and beautiful hills, upon the summit of which are the remains of old Fort George. Castine, twenty-five years ago, had but a half dozen summer boarding houses and the first summer cottage was erected in 1876. Among the many nearby points of interest to which drives or sails may be taken are Egg Moggin Beach, the Bagduce River trip to Walker's Pond, Brooksville and Cape Rozier. At Walker's Pond the sportsman may whet his appetite in a try at Waltonian sport, for here in the pellucid depths are perch, bass and trout.

Opposite the delightful little island, Deer Isle, is Sedgewick, from whence we proceed to Walker's Pond and where stage connection is made for Blue Hill. At Blue Hill, the union of seashore and mountains observed at Castine is complete. The traveller to Blue Hill alights at Ellsworth and resumes his journey by stage from that point.

We are now rounding close to the southeast harbor of Mt. Desert Island, called by Champlain "L'Isle des Monts Deserts" (the isle of the desert mountains). And what an island! Since 1604 the fame and beauty of this treasure island has travelled the world. Poets and students, artists and historians, physicians and health seekers annually wander to these shores, each to receive his especial apportionment and contentedly bask in the sunshine of his pleasures for a month or season. Imagine if you can, fifteen mountain peaks scattered upon an island, surrounded by the bellowing sea. It has all the enchantments found midst a mountain solitude; lofty peaks reaching to the sky, wild and impressive ravines, rollicking rivulets laughing and disporting in their plunge over huge precipices, deep and dark caverns reaching into the very heart of the mountains; on the other hand craggy sea cliffs fronting the storms of the ocean, roaring breakers and hard, smooth, adamantine beaches, welcoming to their shores thousands who playfully sport with the surf and sea. Such is Mt. Desert, an island in the Atlantic, on which is situated the queen of America's island harbors, Bar Harbor, whose atmosphere is as distinct from the air of a south shore beach as one can imagine. No damp or misty fogs hover round to threaten the comfort of the vacationist. Whatever fogs befall Bar Harbor they have lost their dampness.

Isle-au-Haut rises to a height of six hundred feet and lies in the sea just twenty-four miles east of Rockland. Since 1880 the Point Lookout Club has maintained here an excellent clubhouse, which annually harbors thousands of guests; besides, there are several boarding houses and a flourishing village of cottages. The

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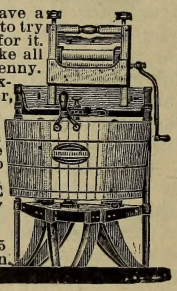
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island is reached from Rockland by steam ferry, which runs daily during the summer. Situated at the foot of the Camden Mountains, a few miles south of Rockland, is the peaceful little town of Camden. On one side the outlook is toward the open sea, on another the surface of Penobscot Bay greets the vision, while guarding the shore are the lofty peaks of Mt. Megunticook, which rises 1457 feet above the sea, and Mt. Battie, 1335 feet. Mountains, seashore and inland attractions are all gathered together at Camden. The drives are beautiful and artistically laid out, winding in and out among the mountains; skirting the sea, or bordering the shores of some pearly lake. The famous Belfast Road is eighteen miles long—while the turnpike road is a continuous panorama of picturesque scenery, blending the vision of mountain and seacoast. Within easy driving distance of Camden are Belfast, Port Point, Fort Knox and other pleasant little towns and villages, which all serve during the hot season as choice retreats for vacationists in search of sea and pure air.

In speaking of Bar Harbor and its climate, Dr. Bowditch said before an annual meeting of the American Climatological Association in Washington, "In the vicinity of Mt. Desert, the presence of the mountains there, has doubtless an effect upon the quality of atmosphere and would partly account for what is spoken of—the effect of sea and mountain air combined. Its peculiar dryness, even on the coast, has been often so marked that I have frequently thought certain phthisical patients, who need a dry, bracing atmosphere might improve them." Bar Harbor is accessible by water or rail and surely no resort in the United States possessing such rare charms is brought into such close proximity to Boston and New York. In 1855 it was practically unknown as a resort except to a few artists, who found superior subjects of landscape here for their canvases. It had no hotel, but a few cottages and two boarding houses. The hotels to-day are costly structures; there are hundreds of cottages and boarding places and a daily summer train service between here and New York is in effect, while between Boston and Bar Harbor finely equipped trains run daily. Bar Harbor has many beautiful drives to all parts of the island, the principal one perhaps is the "Twenty-two Mile Drive."

At the head of Frenchman's Bay is Sorrento, a rugged peninsula three miles in length and with an average width of about a mile. The land rises from the shore in natural terraces and on the highest eminence is located the Hotel Sorrento, which commands a clear view of the bay. The hotel is a model summer resort hostelry and on the spacious grounds which cover over two and a half acres are fine golf links and tennis courts. Winter Harbor and Sullivan Harbor are two other popular ports.

Leaving Mt. Desert and rounding Schoddie Point, we come to Narragangus Bay which is dotted with small islands, each sharing its part in the summer vacation world. Jonesport, farther on, has ample attractions as a vacation ground and is the stage centre for connections to Addison, South Addison, Columbia and Columbia Falls. Where the Machias empties into the sea directly on the bay is the town of Machiasport. Machiasport has a Revolutionary record of thrilling interest. The Natural Bridge, lake and countless historical landmarks will delight the eye of the summer visitor.

Eastport is perhaps the next important town on the Maine coast and like Machiasport shares the benefits of Atlantic borderland. These last two towns are in Washington County and are on the line of the Washington County Railroad. Maine's seashore ends here at the beginning of the waters of the Bay of Fundy, and bidding a fond good-bye, we may well join with Whittier:

"So then, beach, bluff and wave, farewell;
I bear with me
No token, stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall memory tell
Of this brief, thoughtful hour of musing
by the sea."

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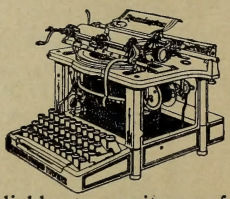
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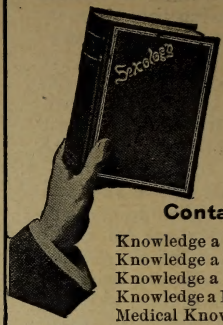
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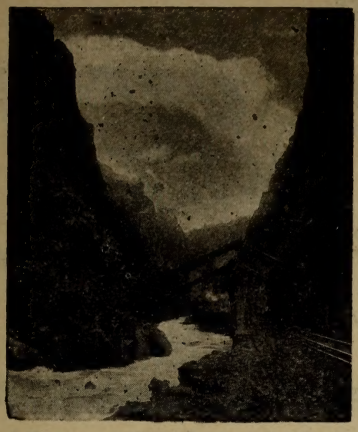
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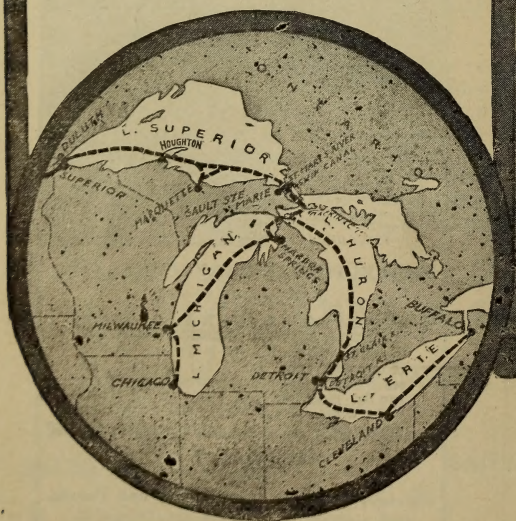
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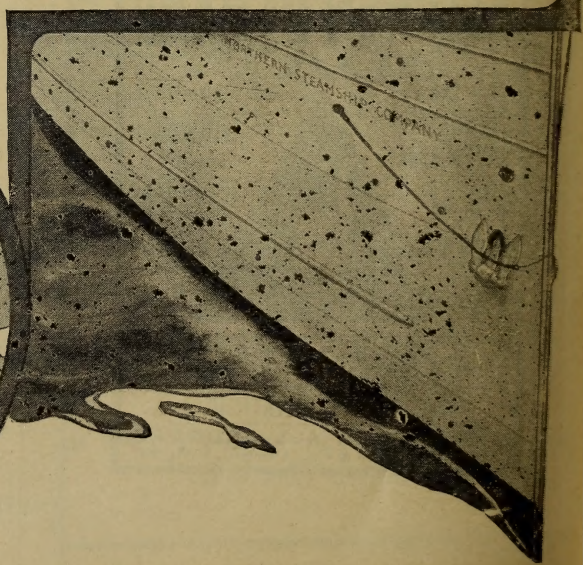
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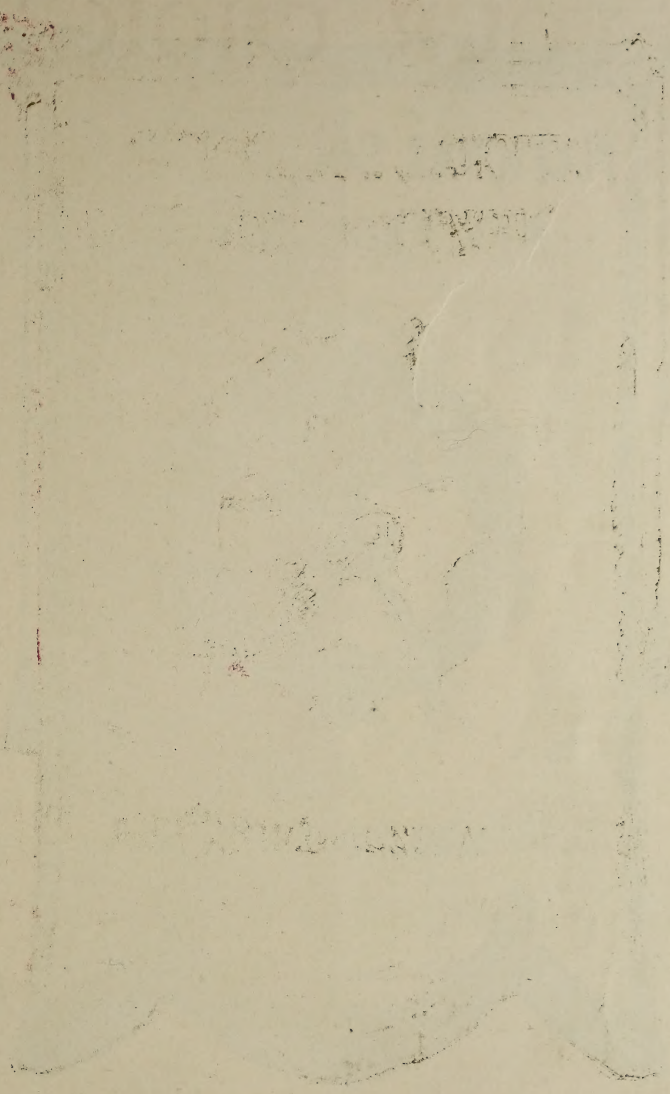
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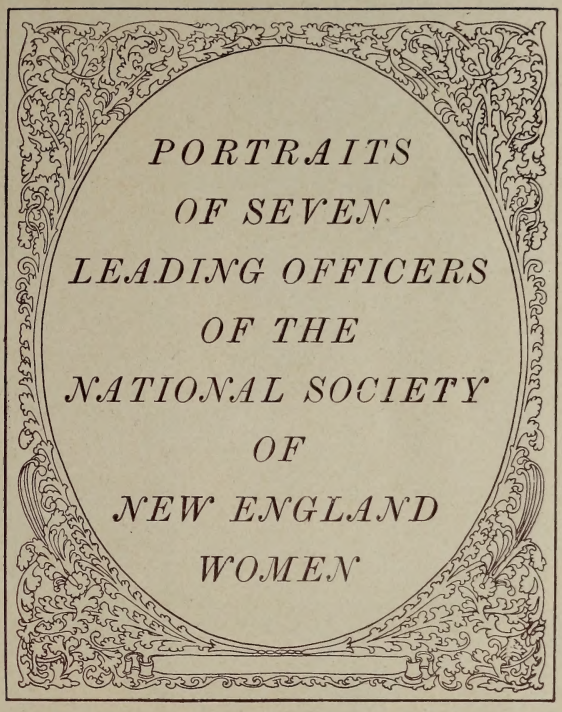
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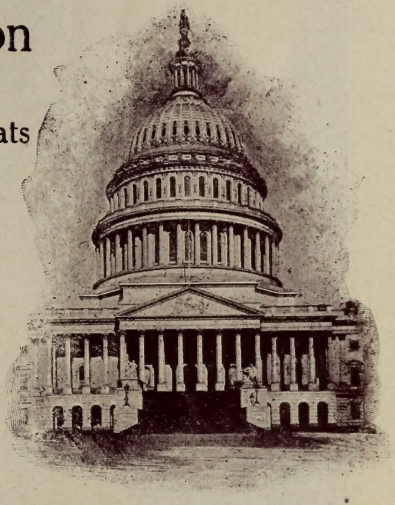
July 1906,

VOLUME XXXIV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 5

Glimpses of Washington

The Summer Life of the Diplomats

By WALDON FAWCETT



NEW ENGLAND is, in the eyes of the majority of foreign governments, the "summer capital of the United States." This is due to the fact that the diplomats who are stationed in this country as the accredited representatives of foreign powers almost without exception spend the vacation season in the northeastern section of Uncle Sam's domain. Diplomacy has been termed a profession of leisure and even though this be a definition justified by appearances rather than by actual conditions, certain it is that the devotees of statecraft are enabled to enjoy a longer play time each year than workers in many other fields of endeavor. In consequence many of Uncle Sam's official guests spend five or six months each year in New England.

The new multiplicity of our national interests has forever put an end to the old-time wholesale desertion of the capital of the nation by governmental officials during the heated term but the new status of affairs has not been reflected by any change of procedure on the part of the diplomats. Most of them continue their old practice of leaving Washington in the spring or early summer and remaining in some cooler clime until late in the autumn.

It is notable, however, that there is no longer a universal migration to Europe on the part of not only envoys but their subordinates as



BARONESS STERNBURG

AMERICAN WIFE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

well, such as was customary in the days prior to the Spanish-American War. In acknowledgement of this government's ability to do the unexpected in any international crisis no foreign power now takes the risk of allowing itself to be unrepresented in the United States during the summer and in instances where it is necessary for an Ambassador or Minister to return home to confer with his government there is delegated to act in his place a diplomat of rank and experience.

The summer life of the diplomats is, though less spectacular, in many respects quite as interesting as their doings at the seat of government in winter. For one thing there is less formality and Americans who come in contact with



BARON STERNBURG, GERMAN AMBASSADOR

them gain a much better idea of the personalities of these interesting foreigners. Eight or nine foreign nations own outright the Washington houses occupied as official residences by their respective representatives but no foreign power has yet provided a summer home for its envoy. Thus the diplomats are at liberty to indulge their personal preferences in the selection of summer homes and that so many of them year after year unhesitatingly choose New England speaks volumes in behalf of this attractive section of the country.

The Austrian Ambassador and Baroness Hengelmuller who are, in point of service the veterans of the Diplomatic colony having resided in this country for more than ten years are unwavering in their allegiance to Bar Harbor, Maine, as a vacation retreat. A popular mem-



LADY DURAND

WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

ber of the household is little Miss Hengelmuller, the quaint six-year-old daughter of the Ambassador. The former Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini and his remarkably pretty adopted daughter, Countess Marguerite Cassini were also very partial to Bar Harbor as a place of summer residence but the new Russian Ambassador and Baroness Rosen have elected to spend the season of 1906 at Magnolia, Massachusetts.

Of all the alien admirers of New England in American officialdom probably the most enthusiastic is Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador. With Lady Durand and the only daughter, Miss Josephine Durand, the personal representative of King Edward spends the season at Lenox and he has repeatedly declared that this favored region affords the closest counterpart to be found on this continent of the ideal English country life. Both the British Ambassador and his daughter are very fond of cross-country riding, golf, tennis and other out-door sports and as a rule they take up their residence at Lenox in May and do not depart until November in order to gain the fullest measure of enjoyment of the open-air life.

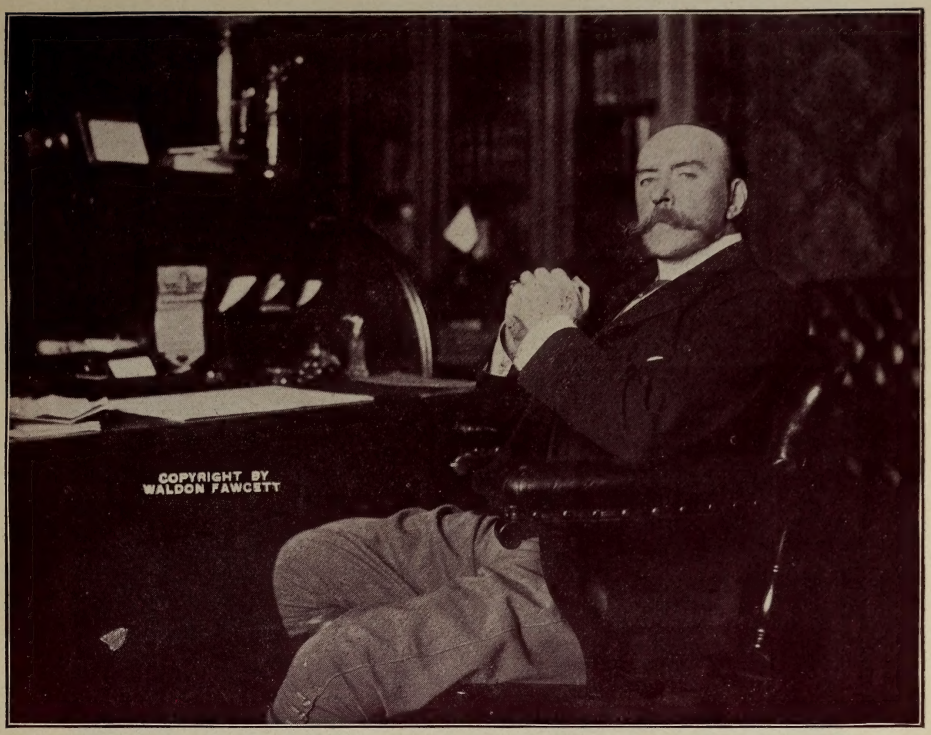
The German Ambassador and Baroness Sternburg spent their first vacation season, after Baron Sternburg was assigned to his present post, in the lake district of New Hampshire but latterly have become converts to Massachusetts country life and for the present sea-



MISS DURAND

ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

son the Baron, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the best riders in the German army has leased an estate at Beverly Farms. The Myopia Hunt Club is a magnet which draws a portion of the Diplomatic contingent to the old Bay State and thus we find Baron



SIR MORTIMER DURAND, BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Moncheur, the Belgian Minister and his American wife,—the daughter of General Powell Clayton,—domiciled at a point on the North Shore adjacent to this rendezvous of the riders.

Picturesque Manchester-by-the-Sea with its superb beach and other attractions has usually been a stronghold of the European diplomats and there have been seasons during the past half decade when the summer embassies of all the principal Continental nations have been located in this cottage community. The present season finds the Italian Embassy temporarily transferred from Washington to Manchester and this will probably be the destination of the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, and his American wife upon their return from Paris, where a portion of their vacation will be spent. The envoy of our sister republic is a famous tennis player, being President Roosevelt's most formidable opponent in many a hotly-contested game at the White House, and he esteems Manchester as a vacation mecca partly because of the excellent facilities afforded for the indulgence of his favorite pastime.

There have been some seasons when "summer embassies" have been established at Newport or Narragansett Pier but for the most part foreign envoys prefer to seek quieter havens and leave the gay Rhode Island pleasure centres to the younger diplomats and the bachelors of the Corps who thoroughly



BARONESS MONCHEUR

AMERICAN WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER

enjoy the active social life. Many of these diplomatic secretaries and attaches are members of the nobility and the bearers of some of the oldest names in Europe and are consequently the recipients of flattering social atentions from ambitious hostesses at Newport.

New England suffers this year a serious diminution in the usual number of Latin-American diplomats in its summer population for the reason that all the leading statesmen of South and Central America spend the summer at Rio, Brazil, the scene of the Pan-American Congress and the ladies of the households who have not journeyed to Brazil have in most instances seized the opportunity to visit Europe. The Oriental diplomats are prone to apportion their vacation interim among a number of resorts on the Atlantic seaboard but the



BARON MONCHEUR, BELGIAN MINISTER

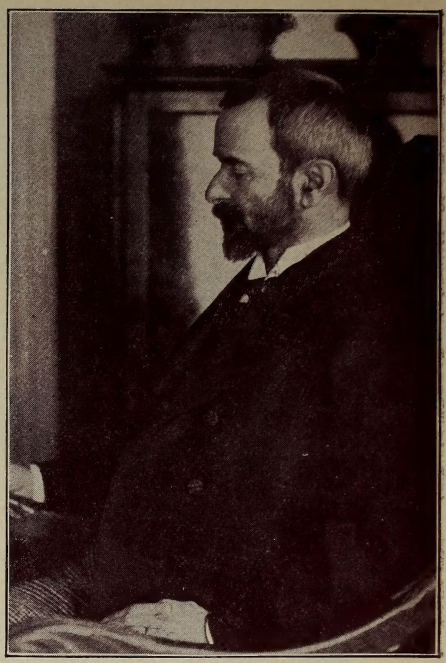
Chinese Minister, Sir Liang who was educated in Massachusetts usually returns with his motherless children for a period of rest and recuperation in the commonwealth where he gained his first impressions of American life.

The vacation life of the diplomats is ideally arranged in so far as it conduces to the gaining of the maximum amount of pleasure without the fatigue that is frequently the penalty paid by the more energetic Yankee vacationist. Moreover the feminine members of the Diplomatic Corps are not of those women who go to a summer resort to wear out their old clothes. They well understand the effectiveness of summer toilettes and usually enjoy the reputation of being among the most attractively gowned women at the fashionable watering places. For all their brave show of raiment the



MADAM JUSSERAND

AMERICAN WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR



M. JUSSERAND, FRENCH AMBASSADOR

diplomats do not go in for any silly pretentions in the matter of summer habitations and many of the cottages leased by these titled foreigners are modest in architectural qualifications and furnishings.

The transfer of embassies and legations to summer resorts does not result in any lull in the work which is the object of their maintenance. A more or less voluminous correspondence is carried on constantly with the home governments beyond seas and with the State Department at Washington and when an international crisis develops during the summer, as on the occasion of the Boxer revolt in China, the volume of business is likely to exceed that handled in the winter. In this connection it might, at first thought appear strange to some persons that the diplomats do not all find summer residences on Long Island in close proximity to the home of President Roosevelt but in explanation it may be pointed out that the diplomats, in so far as routine matters are concerned, transact business with the State Department and not, as a rule, with the President.

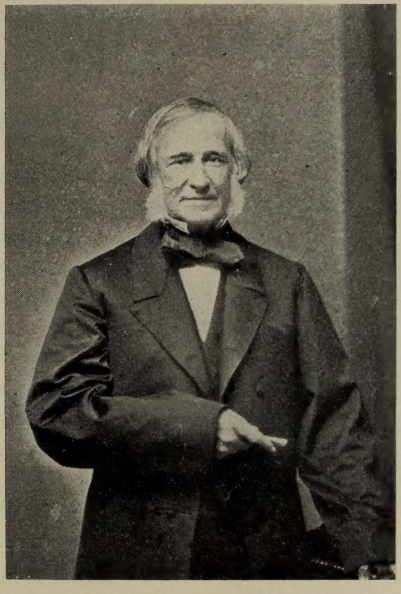
The diplomats who spend the summer in New England are in almost every instance members of some golf or country club. Salt water bathing is also a popular diversion and at Manchester or any other seaside rallying point for the diplomats it is the custom for all members of the colony to meet on the beach each morning at eleven o'clock to exchange the news and gossip of the day and finally to indulge in a plunge in the surf. On such occasions the French tongue, the "language of diplomacy" is spoken.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar

II

By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

IT is generally conceded that one of the greatest men New England has produced was Theophilus Parsons, for many years chief justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. His distinguishing characteristics were shrewdness, strength and a steady, forcible and perspicuous manner. A great scholar in everything, he was in his profession peculiarly great. He had no fondness for public life, and was satisfied to stand at the head of his profession. At the convention at which the Constitution of Massachusetts was adopted the speech which it is admitted led to its adoption was made by John Hancock, and after his death among his papers was found that speech which was written from beginning to end by Mr. Parsons. When the Chief Justice was on his death bed he rallied for an instant and his last intelligible utterance was "Gentlemen of the Jury, the case is closed and in your hands. You will please retire and agree upon your verdict."



SIDNEY BARTLETT

Among the associate justices of the Supreme court who ranked as eminent lawyers were Robert Treat Paine, Increase Sumner, Samuel Sumner Wilde, Theron Metcalf, George Tyler Bigelow, Caleb Cushing, Benjamin Franklin Thomas, Pliny Merrick, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Jas. Denison Colt, Dwight Foster, John Wells, Seth Ames, Charles Devens, Otis Phillips Lord, Augustus Lord Soule, William Allen, Charles Colburn, William Sewall Allen, Waldo Gardner and William Crowninshield Endicott.

One of the most learned men of Massachusetts was Caleb Cushing, a native of Newburyport. After graduating from Harvard College he remained for two years as an instructor in mathematics and natural philosophy and then studied law at Newburyport and Harvard. He represented Newburyport in the

Massachusetts House of Representatives for six years and served one term in the National House of Representatives. When the Mexican War broke out Mr. Cushing was commissioned as a Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment and was promoted to a Brigadier General. In 1843 he represented the United States as minister to China, returning in about a year with a treaty which was at once ratified. Later he accepted a position on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts but soon resigned to become Attorney General of the United States in the cabinet of President Pierce. Mr. Cushing was appointed by President Lincoln to adjust the claims against Mexico; Minister to Spain by President Grant; and Counsel for the United States at the Geneva Conference which settled the Alabama Claims in dispute between the United States and England.

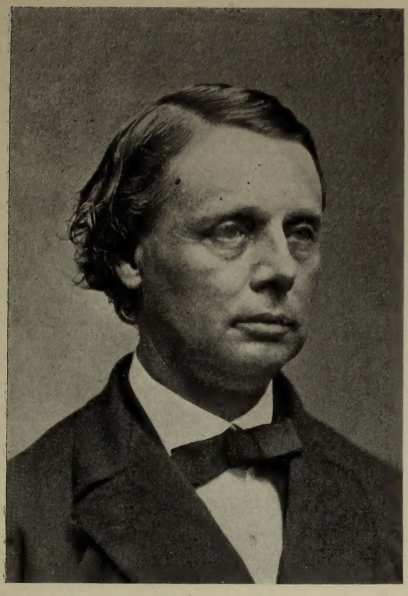
Judge Hoar entered public life and became a member of Congress, Attorney General under President Grant, and a member of the Joint High Commission which made the Treaty of Washington with Great Britain.

William C. Endicott was an unsuccessful candidate of the Democratic party in Massachusetts for governor on more than one occasion and became Secretary of War under President Cleveland. His daughter is the wife of Joseph Chamberlain the English statesman.

Dwight Foster and Charles Allen were both Attorney Generals of the Commonwealth. The latter was also Reporter of Decisions for the Supreme Court, a member of the Commission to revise the statutes, Judge of the Superior Court for several years, and served on the Supreme bench for sixteen years. He resigned in 1898 availing himself of a legislative act entitling him to three-fourths of his salary, and is now as vigorous and active as he was twenty-five years ago.

Walbridge A. Field and Otis P. Lord both entered the political field. Before becoming Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Judge Field, who graduated first in his class at Dartmouth, had been Assistant District Attorney of the United States at Boston, Assistant Attorney General of the United States at Washington, and a member of Congress. Judge Lord was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for five years, and Speaker of that body in the last year of his service. He was also state senator, and a member of the constitutional convention in 1853. His judicial life began in 1859 when the Superior Court was created where he remained until 1875, when he was elevated to the Supreme bench. He died in August 1884.

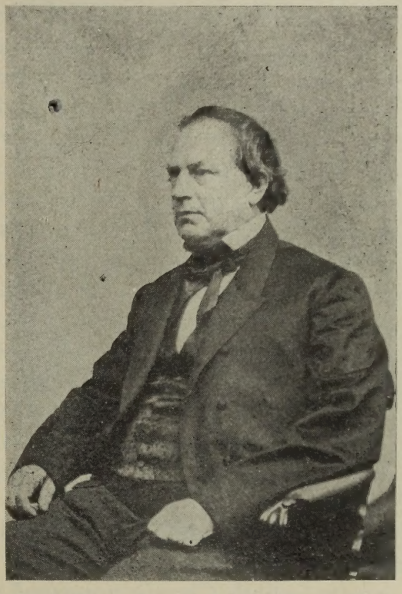
Daniel Webster occupied the first place at the Massachusetts bar, although in his day many of his contemporaries were great lawyers. So much has been written of Mr. Webster especially as relates to his service in the Senate of the United States, that the younger generation is familiar with his life and what he accomplished. In the courts he was a distinguished figure and as counsel for plaintiff or defendant his name appears upon the dockets in many celebrated causes. It is said that the legal victory which gave him the most pleasure was in the action of John Sanborn against the administrator of the estate of Nathan



WILLIAM GASTON

Tufts. The latter, who was a tanner in Charlestown left property valued at over $500,000, and in his will no mention was made of Sanborn who had been employed by Tufts for more than twenty-five years, although it was understood that the latter had agreed to provide for Sanborn. A year after the death of Tufts, Sanborn brought suit on a note for $10,000 which he claimed Tufts had given him, and also sought to enforce the provisions of the deed to a piece of realty said to be worth about $10,000. Mr. Webster, who was associated with Rufus Choate as counsel for Sanborn did not enter the case until a second trial, a verdict for the plaintiff at a previous trial having been set aside by the Supreme Court, which in its decision intimated, at least, that the instruments sued upon were forgeries—a point that was contended for by the defence. A second verdict for Sanborn which was not disturbed by the Supreme Court was very gratifying to Mr. Webster.

It is also said that Massachusetts is indebted to Mr. Webster for the great service of Chief Justice Shaw of the Supreme Court covering a period of thirty years. Although a young man Shaw was earning about twenty thousand dollars annually and at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Webster, on the ground of public duty Shaw abandoned his



JOHN P. HEALY

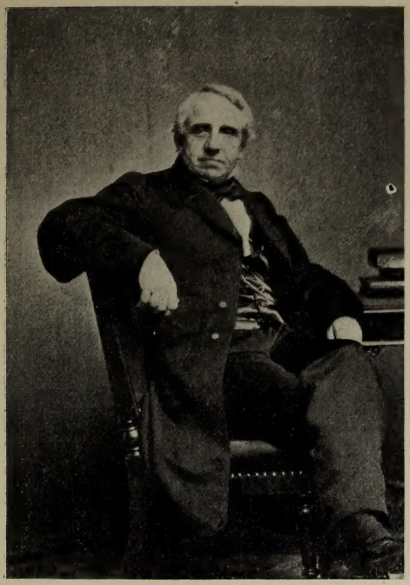
practice, taking a place on the bench at a salary of $3,000 per year. Fortunately, however, the Chief Justice had a sufficient income from property to enable him to live as he desired. As bearing upon the size of lawyers' fees in old times as compared with those of the present day a diary of Webster's shows that including his salary in Congress he earned $13,140 in 1834, $15,183 in 1835, and $21,793 in 1836.

The name of Rufus Choate is always associated with that of Mr. Webster. As an eloquent advocate Mr. Choate never has had a superior in his profession and his long and honorable career at the Suffolk bar was marked with successful results. A few years ago a bronze statue of Mr. Choate was placed in the rotunda of the new court house and at the dedication exercises his distinguished kinsman, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, then ambassador to England, made the principal address. In appearance Choate was tall and spare, with a dark complexion and a face that was very much wrinkled. Personally he was of a kindly, genial disposition, and there was nothing he enjoyed more than meeting and talking with his associates at the bar. He always appeared to be afraid of catching cold and in the winter season appeared at the court house well wrapped up, generally wearing two overcoats and having his neck well muffled up. W. W. Doherty the well known attorney was connected with the law office of Charles Theodore (father of Governor William E. Russell) and Thomas H. Russell who were at one time concerned in a case in which Choate appeared on the other side. In the course of the litigation they received a letter from Choate one or two of the crucial words of which could not be read.

Everyone in the office tried a hand at it without success and Mr. Doherty was finally asked to take the letter to Mr. Choate's office and ask him to tell what the words were. He went to Choate's office, was ushered into the presence of the great advocate, and stated why he had come. "And Brother Russell cannot read my handwriting, eh?" was the salutation he gave Doherty. "Well, let us see the letter." He took the letter, tried to make the words out, found he could not, then, starting at the beginning, read the letter through, "sensed" the meaning of the letter from the context, as the printers say sometimes, and in that way found words that fitted in the doubtful places. Whether they were the words he had used in the letter did not appear but they expressed what he meant and it had to go at that.

One of the clerks in the Registry of Deeds, when a boy employed in an insurance office on State street, was sent to Mr. Choate's office on an errand similar to that of Mr. Doherty. The company had received from Choate a bill for legal services but was unable to make it all out. When the clerk reached the office he found Choate sitting in an inner room talking with an elderly client. The bill was shown to him and the caller stated why he had come. Mr. Choate sat back in his chair, put on his glasses and after trying in vain to make out the hieroglyphics, handed the letter to his client and asked, "Can you make out what it says on that bill?" The client had to give it up, and Choate began at the beginning and after reading it through explained what was meant.

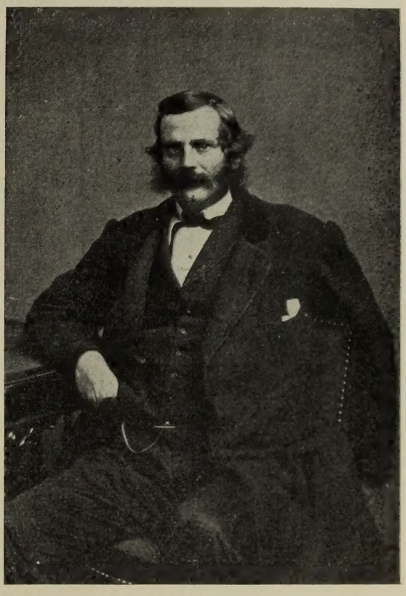
Another great man who outlived Webster, Choate, Curtis, and other eminent jurists was Sidney Bartlett, who left an estate valued at about $2,000,000, accumulated in the work of his profession. He was the legal adviser of nearly all the large railway corporations in the United States and was also counsel in many important suits involving principles since settled as law by



JOHN J. CLARK

decisions of the courts. It is understood that by advice of Mr. Bartlett the Union Pacific Railroad Company moved its headquarters from New York to Boston to escape annoying litigation which hindered the growth and prosperity of the company. Before that time the stock of the Union Pacific Company had been made a football by unscrupulous stock speculators who succeeded in getting the elective judges of New York to issue precepts that helped their schemes; but in Boston no such tactics were attempted as no lawyer would dare to trifle with the courts.

The old court house in Court Square was the scene of many exciting events especially in anti-slavery days when the office of the United States Marshal was in the building and Bruns and Sims, fugitive slaves, were remanded to the custody of their owners. About thirty years ago an unusual episode occurred there, one that probably will never be repeated in court annals. In the town of Southbridge a wealthy manufacturer had in his employ for many years a coachman who was born in Ireland. He and the manufacturer had daughters of the same age who became very much attached to each other and the coachman's daughter was given a home in the house of the manufacturer and a classical education. The manufacturer was a Universalist and the daughter of the coachman naturally



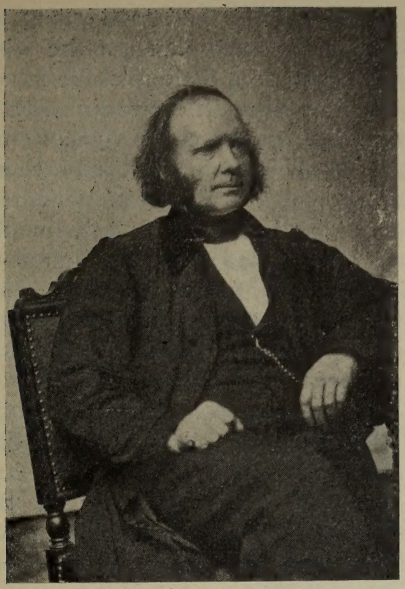
N. ST. JOHN GREENE

attended church with the family. No complaint was ever made by the father and mother of the girl and nothing occurred to mar the harmony existing until after the death of her father. At about this time there was intense religious excitement prevailing in some of the western states caused by an effort on the part of Roman Catholics to have the Bible excluded from the public schools. As a result of that feeling

some of her friends induced the mother to take action to recover control of her daughter and proceedings under a writ of personal replevin followed. The matter came before Mr. Justice Morton one hot afternoon in summer and was quickly disposed of, the judge denying the writ on the ground that no duress had been shown and that the girl was of legal age and could choose for herself. Judge Morton then left the bench and lively times ensued. The mother had come into court with a contingent of relatives and friends who were determined that the daughter should return with her. On the other hand the manufacturer who was alone, was equally determined that the girl should go with him as she desired. The counsel for the petitioner, Major McCafferty of Worcester, afterwards a justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, appointed by Governor Butler, and Mr. Andrew J. Bartholomew who represented the manufacturer, endeavored to bring about an amicable understanding but made no headway. A half dozen lawyers who had come into the court room, and two newspaper men became interested spectators and took an active part in resisting a forcible effort of the champions of the mother to take the girl out of the court house. In the scrimmage chairs were used as weapons of assault and defence, and Major McCafferty, a man of large proportions, presented a sorry appearance when the scuffle ended, his black frock coat being almost in tatters. The excitement continued for nearly three hours, with intervals of discussion and vigorous physical exercise, when one of the newspaper men by a well planned ruse succeeded in getting the girl out of the court house, and into a carriage which was waiting outside. She went to New York that night and remained until her mother and friends were satisfied that no influence had been used to induce her to change her religious faith, and normal conditions having been restored she returned to Southbridge.

The writ of personal replevin although provided for by the Statutes of Massachusetts is a process comparatively unknown to lawyers, and careful inquiry shows that it has been availed of only three times in the Commonwealth. The statute is very broad in its application and even specifies that the writ may be sued out by any person for and in behalf of another and may be prosecuted to final judgment without any express power for that purpose. It is not even necessary to know the name of the person whose release is sought, and without the name the courts are authorized to act. The bitter controversy between General Butler and Judge Carpenter of the United States Court several years ago arose out of a writ of personal replevin. The Judge had imprisoned a woman for contempt and General Butler secured her release by another judge on a writ of personal replevin.

As an outcome of the Southbridge affair Major McCafferty sued the manufacturer, and Mr. Bartholomew, for the value of his coat. The suit which was entered and tried at Worcester came before Judge Dewey of the Superior Court and Major McCafferty had as his counsel Hon. George F. Verry, one of the brightest and most successful lawyers in the Commonwealth. The important witness for the defence,

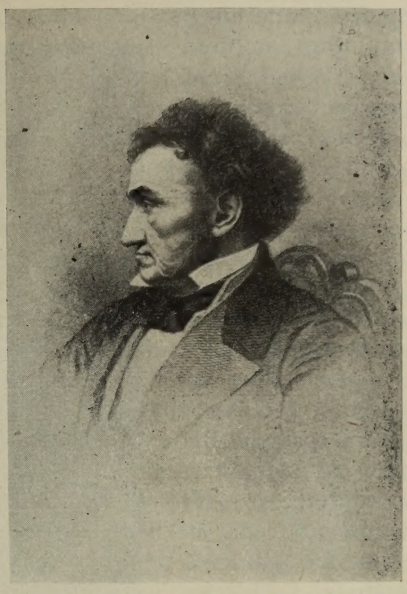


BENJAMIN F. THOMAS

one of the newspaper men, testified that neither of the defendants had anything to do with the destruction of the garment, and the verdict of the jury was for the defendant. As a matter of fact the damage to Major McCafferty's coat was done by a well known Boston lawyer, now deceased, who notwithstanding his advanced age displayed athletic qualities of no mean degree.

Seldom does the brief span of a human life include so many changes as came in the career of Henry Towle Durant the philanthropist, and founder of Wellesley College. Originally his name was Henry Welles Smith and under that name he was graduated from Harvard College in 1841. Studying law in the office of General Butler he began to practice in Boston in 1846 and very soon made his way in the profession. After being associated with Mr. Choate in several cases he changed his name to Durant and became very successful in the practice of law, but it was not in the law that he made his fortune, but, as he used to say, "Had it not been for rubber and other outside things I should never have acquired a fortune."

When he had reached a point in the profession of law that made him the envy of many of his fellows he became connected with John H.



RUFUS CHOATE

Cheever in founding the New York Belting & Packing Company, and with the same gentleman he also became interested in iron mines in Northern New York. Both of these enterprises were immensely successful, and Mr. Durant soon acquired what General Butler used to refer to as "an ample compittance." In 1863 he sustained a severe affliction in the loss of his only son and this had such an effect upon him that he gave up the law and consecrated his life to Christianity and philan-

thropy. He became a lay preacher and held largely attended meetings in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He founded Wellesley College with a fund of over a million dollars and the institution was later substantially assisted by Mrs. Durant.

Mr. Durant died at Wellesley October 3, 1881. He was a man of impressive appearance. In addressing a jury he was plain in his manner, and made his meaning clear by using the simplest language, and always relied upon appeals to the common sense of a jury rather than upon the arts of oratory or pleading. His strong point was in his preparation of a case, and no lawyer ever gave closer attention to the details than Mr. Durant. In one case in which he appeared as counsel before Chief Justice Bigelow a witness testified that while standing in a certain place he had witnessed things in a house that had an important bearing upon the case and which in fact threatened to defeat the contention of Mr. Durant. The witness said that he had seen these things by taking a pencil from his waistcoat pocket — presumably a short pencil because he designated one of the lower pockets of his waistcoat—and with it reaching in under the sash which was slightly raised and resting on a spool of thread, lifted the curtain with the pencil. It was near the hour of taking the noon recess on Friday and Mr. Durant after a good deal of urging got the judge to adjourn court over to Monday instead of to the afternoon of that day. Then taking a civil engineer and his assistants to the house he had all the necessary measurements made, and from these was able to show that the witness who had testified as to what he had seen through the window had made a little mistake when he said he lifted the curtain with a pencil because the curtain was found to be four inches short and there was no need of raising it. Furthermore it was shown that he could not have looked into the house at all from the place where he had said he had stood. In other words Durant proved conclusively that the witness had lied.

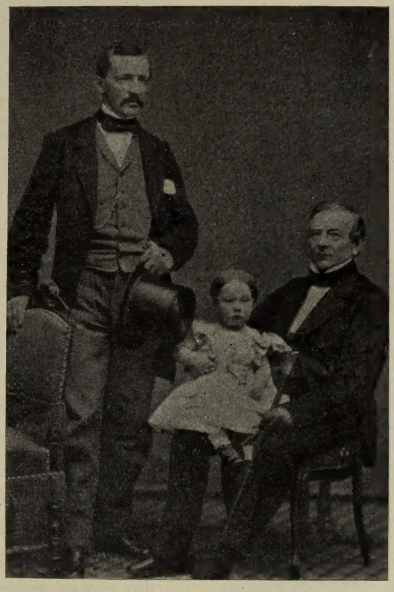
Mr. Durant was a wonderfully sagacious business man and had marked executive ability. He had a way of getting directly at the point of a case, as was illustrated in one instance where a man went to him with a case which he wanted the great lawyer to prosecute. After he had stated his case fully Mr. Durant said, "Now what do you want to have proved?" The man told him, explaining the various phases of the case. Holding up three fingers Mr. Durant said, "There are three points you want proved. Now bring me the witnesses to prove those three points, and I will win your case." The case went to trial and Mr. Durant was as good as his word.

As a lay preacher he was strong, impressive, at times eloquent, and always convincing. On one occasion when addressing a large religious gathering, he advanced to the front of the platform and said: "If all the thoughts you and I have had in mind during the past twenty-four hours were to be written out in full along that wall there, what a revelation it would be, and in what a different light it would make us all appear!"

Like many successful men Mr. Durant did not always give the

greatest attention to the means taken to secure his ends, and this caused some people to think that at times he was not over scrupulous in his methods, a thing which made the contrast between his earlier life in the profession of law and his later life as a lay preacher all the more sharp and noticeable. It was while referring to some of Mr. Durant's methods, that Rufus Choate referred to the great lawyer as "my velvet footed friend."

Mr. Durant was quick at repartee, and it was very seldom that court, attorney or witness got the best of him but on one occasion he certainly met his match as he himself frequently acknowledged afterward. A man named Jones was on the stand as a witness and Mr. Durant was questioning him sharply. Finally, finding that he was making little headway, he looked across the court room in an abstracted sort of a way, and asked the witness, "Mr. Brown — I beg pardon Mr. Jones — did you go to Hartford that day?"



CHARLES P. CURTIS, C. P. CURTIS, 2ND, C. P. CURTIS. 3RD

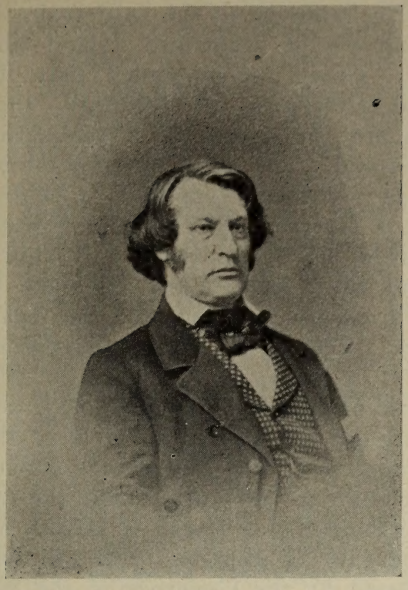
Without moving a muscle of his face the witness replied, "Mr. Smith —I beg pardon Mr. Durant—I did not."

When General Butler appeared in a cause the court room was sure to be crowded. What he lacked in preparation—and that was one of his failings judged as a lawyer—he made up in ingenuity in adapting facts to meet his views, and by his remarkable powers of cross examination. One of his great cases had three trials in the Supreme Court. The plaintiff was a young man named Worthen, and the defendant the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Worthen was a travelling salesman for the largest wholesale dry goods house in Chicago and one of the essential elements of the claim for large damages was that he was to have been admitted as a partner of the firm on the first of January following the accident. Worthen was on his way from his home in New Hampshire to Chicago, and was a passenger on a train of the Grand Trunk Railway Between Bay City and Detroit another line of railway parallels the Grand Trunk and it was shown in evidence that it was a custom to race trains between Bay City and Detroit, a distance of several miles. Such a race occurred on the afternoon in question, and when the Grand Trunk train was approaching Detroit the air brakes failed to work and the train collided with another train. The force of the collision threw Worthen out of the open door of the car and that car and another telescoped. Mr. Worth-

en was badly injured, one leg being amputated at the hip joint and the ad damnum in the writ upon which suit was brought was $50,000. The defendant was represented by John Rand of Portland, a lawyer of ability who had an unfortunate way of antagonizing a jury, and by Mr. Robert D. Smith of Boston, the law partner of Henry W. Paine, whose temperament was the exact opposite of that of Mr. Rand. The jury awarded Worthen $18,000, a remarkably large verdict in those days, and Judge Ames set it aside on the ground that it was excessive. At the next trial the jury gave Worthen $35,000, but this verdict was upset by the full bench which sustained the exceptions of the defendant. The third and last trial resulted in a verdict of $49,500, and Judge Lord who presided refused to set it aside, and as exceptions were subsequently overruled the Grand Trunk Company was obliged to pay $49,500 together with interest from the date of the writ, and the costs of the court.

General Butler's lack of preparation was perhaps never better shown than in the trial of a case in the probate court which grew out of a contest over the allowance of a will of a man who had left a large estate. Butler had taken the case some time before, intending to try it himself, but his duties at Washington had been so pressing that he had not been able to look carefully into it. In the meantime it had been reached on the calendar and one of his law partners went into court with the purpose of making out as good a case as he could under the circumstances. There were two wills, one made in April and another in September, and Butler was supporting the will made in April, claiming of course that the other was fraudulent, and secured by undue influence. His partner had begun the case when General Butler just from Washington entered the court room, advanced to the seat for counsel and took charge of that side of the case. Some question arose and as the case was somewhat complicated General Butler got upon his feet and began to argue. His associate was not a little surprised and alarmed to hear him open with "Your Honor, we claim that the last will and testament in this case is the instrument bearing the date of September." His associate pulled the tail of his coat and reminded him that it was the other will, and the General not in the least phased by the mistake began over with, "Or rather Your Honor, we contend that the last will of this testator was the one he made in April." He continued to argue and managed to come out of the case in good shape after his unfortunate beginning. Butler was always resourceful, and could be depended upon to get all there was in a case.

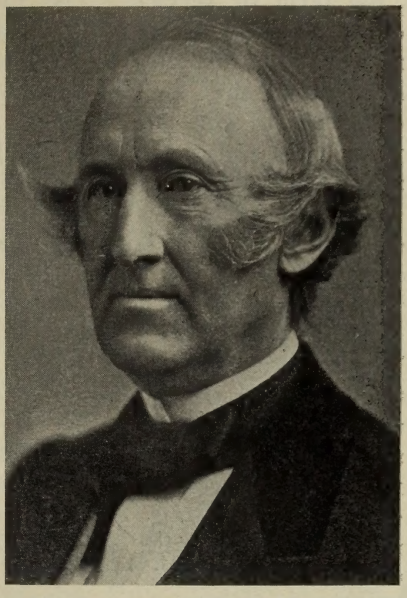
In one case which was tried in the equity session before Judge Colt of the Supreme Court, General Butler's client was a poor woman who had been imposed upon by several men who had conspired to get her to sign away some of her property, indeed it would all have gone had it not been for Butler. The principal defendant was a sharp, shrewd man who evidently felt quite equal to meeting Butler even in the legal arena. The General began by asking him a few innocent appearing questions and finally got down to the business in



CHARLES SUMNER

hand. Those who sat in the room by that time realized the direction the questions were taking and saw just where they were going to land the man who was not afraid of his questioner, but this was not apparent to the witness. General Butler kept on with his questions until the man had just two horns of a dilemma left. He would have to answer the two questions that were sure to follow and in either case he would be caught hard and fast. There was no getting away from the sharp examination; the man was caught and was ordered by the court to disgorge, and the poor woman recovered what belonged to her.

The members of one of the leading law firms of Boston, Jewell, Gaston & Field, gave a good deal of time to public service without seriously interferring with their extensive practice. Mr. Jewell was for several years Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and satisfactorily presided over a body that comprised many of the ablest men in the two great political parties of the Commonwealth. Mr. Jewell was in line for Governor, and had he lived would undoubtedly have attained that position. He was a brother of Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, who served in the cabinet of General Grant and later acquired an international reputation as Minister to Russia.



WENDELL PHILLIPS

Mr. Gaston had been Mayor of Roxbury before that municipality was annexed to Boston. In 1872 he was elected as chief executive of Boston and among his experiences was the great fire of November 9th of that year which required action that has never fallen to the lot of any other mayor. In that emergency Mr. Gaston showed administrative qualities that three years

later made him Governor of the Commonwealth. Although a Democratic candidate Mr. Gaston received the votes of several thousands of Republicans who were opposed to Prohibitory laws which were being rigidly enforced at that time and were obnoxious to a large class of citizens. As Governor Mr. Gaston made a most creditable record and his refusal to review a parade of Irish societies on St. Patrick's Day if they carried arms, was one of the sensational features of his term of service. The race feeling aroused against him was, however, soon dispelled when it became known that he had acted on the advice of the late Patrick A. Collins, then Judge Advocate on the staff of the Governor, who held that it was against the laws of the Commonwealth for any body of men, except troops of the United States army and militia of the Commonwealth, to parade with arms. One of the societies tested the matter in the courts and the Supreme bench sustained the action of the Governor. This incident led to legislation which gives the Governor discretion to permit unorganized bodies to march with arms if he deems it advisable.

While Mr. Gaston was Mayor of Boston, small-pox broke out and assumed alarming proportions. There was no Board of Health at that time and the only constituted body to deal with the matter was the joint committee on health representing the City Council. Dr. Samuel A. Green was the City Physician and the only man who in his official capacity could do intelligent and efficient work. There was great objection by afflicted patients, (and also danger to their lives,) to being removed to the only available quarters at Rainsford Island and Dr. Green recommended that the old almshouse in Roxbury, then vacant, be taken as a temporary hospital. The order for such taking was vigorously opposed by Aldermen Harrison Ritchie and Samuel Little, both residents of Roxbury, and they secured the influence of Mr. Gaston and defeated the measure. Henry L. Pierce succeeded Mr. Gaston as Mayor on the first Monday in January 1873, and through his efforts, in view of the emergency, the Legislature rushed through an act authorizing the appointment of a Board of Health for the City of Boston. The bill was signed by the Governor in the last days of January, and Mayor Pierce immediately announced the names of the Board of Health. That afternoon the Board of Health seized the Roxbury almshouse and made it ready to receive patients. Mr. Ritchie was so incensed that he brought a bill in equity in the Supreme Court for an injunction to restrain the proposed occupation of the building and an order of notice for a hearing was issued by Judge Ames. In the meantime Judge Colt, also of the Supreme Court, was seized with the disease at the Tremont House, and at the solicitation of Dr. Green, was removed to the Roxbury almshouse where he subsequently recovered. Nothing was ever heard of the legal proceedings again and the small-pox soon abated.

John P. Healy who studied law in the office of Daniel Webster, was City Solicitor of Boston for many years, and his decisions are even to-day regarded as among the soundest ever given, and include

opinions on a great variety of legal questions that arose while he was the adviser of the corporation. His chief characteristic was strong common sense, and his ruling, which was new at the time, that when a man resigned a public office he could not withdraw his resignation, will go down through the ages as the correct doctrine, even if it has since been departed from. Mr. Healy had a standing in court that has not been excelled by any attorney and he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all the judgs.

One of the most thorough students of criminal law was Nicholas St. John Greene, who a little more than a quarter of a century ago always attracted attention as he walked through the streets on account of his striking personality. Although seldom appearing in the courts the advice of Mr. Greene was often sought in important criminal causes and his opinions had great weight in the solution of intricate questions. Mr. Greene was the author of several works on criminal jurisprudence which are recognized as leading authorities by the courts.

John J. Clarke will be remembered by the older generation as the leader of the Norfolk County Bar. He resided in Roxbury which was then included in Norfolk County, and was the first Mayor of that city. His extensive practice embraced the general field of law and he was a brilliant and graceful advocate.

The central figure in a group of wise counsellors was Benjamin F. Thomas, once an associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, who resigned and resumed the practice of law. By nature he was somewhat imperious but a warm heart often seemed to control his intellectual inclinations. The record of his life will show many good deeds in which humanitarian instincts played an important part. As a lawyer Mr. Thomas was aggressive, earnest and powerful and in presenting questions of law to the full bench of the Supreme Court, or in arguing facts to a jury, he achieved results that placed him in the foremost rank of his profession. His daughter is the wife of Hon. Richard Olney who was Attorney General and Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Cleveland.

In 1868 when Chief Justice Bigelow resigned from the Supreme Court Governor Bullock nominated Mr. Thomas to fill the vacancy. At that time political animosity had not quite reached high water mark and the Reconstruction measures applied to the South as a result of the Civil War brought out intense differences of opinion in the two great parties. Judge Thomas was, and had always been, a sincere Democrat and it was generally understood that he believed justice to a certain extent was on the side of the South. One of the former members of the Executive Council, who served with Governor Andrew, was the Hon. Francis W. Bird, an Abolitionist and an ardent Republican, and it was mainly due to his attitude that the nomination of Mr. Thomas was not confirmed. The question of merit did not enter into the controversy and the Commonwealth thereby lost the services of one of its ablest jurists.

By a singular coincidence Mr. Bird in later years became a Democrat and none of the acts of the Republican party pleased him. The bitterest political pill he ever swal-

lowed was when General Butler secured the Democratic nomination for Governor and in the brief interval when he was the dominant factor of the organization, it is believed that Mr. Bird temporarily renewed his allegiance to the Republican cause.

Before the National Banking system was adopted state banks controlled the finances of the country and litigation was a frequent occurrence. The Suffolk Bank in Boston entered into an agreement with many of the banks in New England to redeem their bills on presentation and this method was a great convenience to merchants and other business interests. City banks were obliged to keep on deposit at the Suffolk $5,000 each, and the country banks $2,000 each. This gave the Suffolk Bank a working fund of $2,000,000 without interest and this amount was loaned to customers at a good profit. This led to the formation of the Bank of Redemption which competed with the Suffolk Bank and secured a portion of its business.

One day Mr. Charles W. Stone now treasurer of the Town of Watertown, then a clerk in the Suffolk Bank and for many years afterward cashier of the Revere Bank, went to Lowell with $20,000 of the bills of the Old Lowell Bank to have them redeemed in gold over the counter of the bank as its charter provided. The gold was not on hand and Mr. Stone was offered a check for $20,000 on the Bank of Redemption which he refused to accept. In the meantime two offers of gold were tendered to the Suffolk Bank in Boston but were declined.

The Lowell Bank then began proceedings in the Supreme Court and asked for a mandamus to compel the Suffolk Bank to receive the gold over its counters or take the check of the Bank of Redemption. General Butler and Caleb Cushing appeared for the paintiff and Sidney Bartlett and Peleg W. Chandler for the defendant. The hearing took place before Chief Justice Bigelow, who, in denying the writ said: "The charter of the Lowell Bank provides that bills issued by that bank shall be redeemed in gold over its counter. The defendants made a legal tender which was not accepted. The bills of the Lowell Bank are now the property of the Suffolk Bank and the plaintiff has no more right to ask that bank to surrender them than it has to ask me to give up what bank bills I may have in my pocket."

The Curtis family is one of lawyers, and the accompanying cut shows three generation who have maintained an enviable position at the bar. Their specialty has been the management of trust property and questions arising out of realty transactions and they were seldom seen before the courts. The elder Mr. Curtis now deceased, was treasurer of Kings Chapel for many years and was a welcome guest at the homes of cultured and refined persons. The child shown in the group is now Charles Pelham Curtis, 2nd, best known in the community as chairman of the Police Board of Boston for several years.

(*Continued in the August issue*)

Despotism of Combined Millions

Waging a Fight Against the Life Insurance Frauds

By JOHN W. RYCKMAN

In this article Mr. Ryckman who was the pioneer in the exposure of the wrong doing by high officials of the Insurance Companies defends the so-called "Man with the muck rake" and tells of the astonishing efforts used by the big companies to suppress his exposures and the underhanded and criminal methods used to put him out of business.

AMONG sympathizers of the men in public office, in legislatures, in the courts, in high positions of trust in finance and industry, whose practices have been proved to be shamefully reprehensible, there has been some complaint of late respecting the severity of judgments pronounced in magazine and newspaper articles. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge recently spoke strong words of remonstrance in the Senate chamber; William Travers Jerome, in an eccentric speech in New York not long ago, referred to those who have dared to expose miscreants in high places as having a sort of mental hysteria; President Roosevelt, in a characteristic address, in bitter denunciation, likened those who in the public press have attacked prominent men, to "the man with the muck rake"; following this example and berating the men who they say can see no good in the world, some editors of supercilious magazines who coddle the privileged class and are so suffused in the glamour of wealth that they can see nothing bad in the rich and lofty, have begun to protest vehemently against the crusade to expurgate the respectable criminal class.

The theory seems to be that there is just now an unusually large amount of harsh criticism directed against men conspicuous in the government and in the various higher avenues of business, that these men, because of their stations, should be held immune from attack, that those who assail them are prompted by questionable motives.

Whether these criticisms are numerous or not is by no means so important a question as whether they are warrantable. Is there indeed simply an unusual outburst and deluge of mere scurrility or are conditions so bad as to make strong and frequent protest necessary for the protection of the peoples' interests? It is practically certain that no magazine or other public journal that made a practice of filling its pages with unprovoked abuse of persons or things could hope long to find favor with the people of any intelligent community. As a mere commercial venture a policy of ceaseless and senseless fault-finding would certainly be a failure. The

publications of which complaint is made are not failures and they must have some justification for their arraignments in existing facts. If there is anything like justification then the publications that have valiantly taken up the cause of the people not only deserve no blame but are entitled to sincere congratulations for performing a public service of the very highest value.

Two years have not past since I declared, perhaps with more boldness than prudent regard for my own welfare, that the big life insurance companies in New York were nests of rottenness and corruption. Few people believed me at the time and from many quarters came the accusation that I was a mere shameless libeler. The world knows now that I only hinted at the facts: that seven months of investigation by a legislative committee appointed to inquire into the serious charges I made did not uncover a tithe of the wrong doings of faithless trustees: that the wildest imagination of the most ingenious and reckless inventor of libels could not have guessed at the measure of graft that had been hidden behind directors with respected and high sounding names and woven into plausible reports intended to deceive the public. If I had uttered a single untruth or printed a figure that could be contradicted, I would be in Sing Sing to-day instead of enjoying liberty and a measure of happiness, and the presidents of the great mutual companies who had arrogated to themselves proprietorship over the vast funds of their policyholders would still be undisturbed in their confiscation of savings for widows and orphans. As it was they were dethroned and a way was opened for the members of these corporations to take possession of and manage them in future. What honest man would now prefer that the exposures had not been made or would censure the magazines and newspapers that helped finally to unmask the faithless officials of these companies and put an end to a system that had robbed the policyholders in the past twenty years of more than three hundred millions of dollars? What right thinking person would say to-day that it was wrong to disrupt these institutions and strike the hand of graft from four billions of insurance? Was I the man with the muck rake? Certainly plain language and strong epithets were not spared in the discussion of these officials and the practices by which they had enriched themselves and members of their families enormously by appropriating the funds belonging to the members of their companies. But who will venture to say now that any word of reproach was too bitter, any name of dishonor too shameful when applied to them. Is it not clear beyond all reach of controversy, first that the truth was told: and second, that had it not been plainly and repeatedly stated, the old regime of knaves would have been continued in power and the hundreds of millions stolen from widows and orphans would have been added to, in course of time, by a similar contribution to greed and graft.

Our honored President, Senator Lodge, District Attorney Jerome and the highly shocked flatterers and time-servers of the rich men's magazines may grieve that the press is bitter, or such portion of it as they are pleased to designate as sen-



JOHN W. RYCKMAN

Who single handed forced the fight against the gigantic insurance swindles

sational or yellow, and some other reputable people may grieve with them, but let all these persons remember that the thing which they regard with mere disfavor, the rascals of the country, high and low, regard with terror. And it will be well for them to remember also that as the magazine and newspapers are in a high sense the guardians of the people's interests, the editor or writer who for any reason shrinks from assailing wrong with all his weapons, at the people's command, is gravely derelict in his duty.

There is a story of dramatic interest in the struggles and perplexities, the temptations and enticements of the man who has the courage to assail powerful men and interests. There is nothing that human ingenuity can devise, short of assassination, that these interests will not attempt to shut the mouth of criticism or prevent the searchlight of public scrutiny from being turned upon their dark schemes.

Eighteen months ago when I began, alone and unsupported, the systematic and unyielding exposure of life insurance mismanagement that marked an era of reform in the administration of all fiduciary trusts, there was not an editor or publisher in the country who could be induced to endorse or even admit the facts of my arraignment. Those who were solicited to aid me treated the matter lightly and there was wide-spread complaint of the harshness of imputations made against men who had enjoyed the highest public esteem and confidence.

Early in the fight when there was danger of "The Big Three" snuffing me out as they had threatened to do when it was found that they could neither bribe nor frighten me into silence, I called on Thomas W. Lawson, the vaunted champion of all reforms, to help me and was told on his behalf by an attache of Everybody's Magazine that he was too deeply immersed in "The Story of Amalgamated" to give life insurance any attention at that time; but he might later if conditions warranted his intervention. Several months afterward, when the whole country had become intensely excited by the monstrous disclosures I had persistently made, Mr. Lawson announced in the newspapers that he was about to take up the misdoings of the big life insurance companies and this is in part what he said:

"You are loaning hundreds of millions of your deposits to stock gamblers upon stocks and bonds at prices which in a panic can decline seventy to eighty per cent. more than those at which you have taken them. I am urged by thousands of policyholders of each of these companies (New York Life, Equitable and Mutual) to act for them and will. Policyholders should bear in mind that the deeds which have been committed by some of the larger insurance companies are now so clearly proved that it is not a question of civil action and restitution alone but of criminal action and punishment."

About the same time, on March 6, 1905, Mr. Lawson addressed me from Boston as follows:

My dear Sir:—The life insurance articles are valuable and I congratulate you upon them. Rest assured it will give me great pleasure to see that *The Era* is given full credit should I make use of any of the important figures you have collected. Indeed, I am ready at any time to go out of my way to assist your excellent work.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Appeals to prominent newspapers were in vain until after the third article of the series had appeared. I then addressed a personal communication to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer,

publisher of the "New York World," calling his attention to the deluge of facts in my possession that proved flagrant malversation and ingeniously hidden criminality on the part of officers of the big insurance companies, and as no attention was given to the subject I embodied the letter in a subsequent article in order to show my efforts to secure the widest publicity. It was not until the Hyde-Alexander episode which was precipitated after my third article appeared and threatened disruption of the Equitable, that "The World" engaged in the campaign with its customary vigor, because of the local news importance of that event. What that great newspaper has since done is worthy of the highest commendation. At the same time a number of leading newspapers and the press associations began to feature the scandals and there was started a continuous performance of startling melodrama in which equity and right were to triumph finally over rapacity and injustice. In March, 1905, prefacing one of the most impressive and stunning of the narrations, I said:

"The disruption of the giant "Big Three" combine has begun. The conflict for control between the policyholders and the financial buccaneers is irrepressible; the fight must go on; great reforms must come. Not only must Mr. Hyde relinquish his disproportionate control of the Equitable and submit to mutualization but Mr. McCurdy and Mr. McCall must be dislodged from their iniquitous disregard of sacred trust obligations in the Mutual and New York Life. This uprising of nearly six million policyholders whose equities have been outraged by private greed is like the bursting of a reservoir; it is irresistible, uncontrollable, overpowering—nothing can stop it."

As the amazing demoralization and pollution of the great companies by men who had posed as being higher and better than their fellows was unfolded and public confidence in them was shattered, I called upon the state to act in the interest of policyholders and demanded legislative investigation of the charges made, stating that nothing short of a searching inquiry and ventilation by a committee of the legislature would satisfy the public and I further said:

"It should be the pleasure, as it is the manifest duty of every state insurance official to use his utmost authority to put a stop to the monstrous abuses which antagonize and endanger the interests of millions of policyholders. If there is not sufficient authority, let the law-making power be invoked for the protection of policyholders, for nothing is more certain than that the iniquitous practices which we have described, unless summarily arrested by law will lead to the most calamitous results. It may be premature to discuss the ways and means of punishment but the men whose duty it is to guard the people against these dangers should not delay another hour."

From the beginning and during all the time the campaign was in progress, until the appointment of the Armstrong Committee, I was beset in a way that left no doubt of the existence of a criminal conspiracy to destroy "The Era Magazine." News-agents were threatened, printers were intimidated, customers were warned of the withdrawal of valuable patronage, advertisers and advertising agencies were menaced with impending boycott, our employees were watched, our telephone service tampered with, bribes were boldly offered, statements were widely ciculated that the magazine had suspended, the whole vast secret service and army of instruments of the powerful life insurance combine were brought into active and desperate play to

stop an agitation that was working havoc with their atrocious defiance of law and disregard of sacred obligations.

In February, 1905, to get away from what I believed to be hurtful influences, instigated by the agents and instruments of the companies, I changed printers upon advice in which I had entire confidence. I selected a printer thought to be far enough removed from intimidation, but the outcome made more plain than before I had walked boldly, with my eyes wide open, into the camp of the enemy.

After six weeks of exasperating delays and wilful, stubborn neglect we were able to get a partial edition of a most execrably printed April number. It was such a jumble of crazy mistakes and defects that it would have been laughable had it not been so serious. The errors were plainly intentional but that was not all: a large portion of the manuscript of the insurance article was stolen from the printing office, some of it containing very valuable statistics that could not be duplicated. What was still more strange was that bundles containing thousands of subscribers' copies were taken bodily from wagons between the printery and the postoffice, the edition for the state of Pennsylvania vanished mysteriously, the foreign edition was extracted in toto and not a copy got as far as the postoffice, a crate containing several hundred copies consigned to the Albany news company vanished in the same way and in many places, where the magazine appeared on news stands, they were bought up en block. The sleuths of the companies were every where on our trail. For many months I withstood the most determined efforts to prevent the stunning facts of my arraignment from reaching the public, but at last the enemy succeeded in crippling and making necessary a transfer of my magazine. There is however, ample reward and keen satisfaction in the knowledge of having done a good work. I fought a winning fight against the malevolence and hateful reprisals of the people's worst enemies. I propose to continue the work which has already borne such gratifying results until the gamblers of Wall street, the trust plunderers and free booters are driven within the pale of the law and the whole life insurance business shall have undergone such a clarifying process that hereafter the "sacred hoard of the widows and orphans" shall be honestly, economically and scrupulously managed and protected.

A Disappointing Magic

By Alice Calhoun Haines

The fairy fern seed hidden
Within her tripping shoon
Will hide from sight,
Or morn, or night,
Or glorious golden noon,
The mortal maid
Who, unafraid,
Trusts in its subtle boon.

Old Song.

SHE had left the familiar behind; and a new world vividly foreign,—so alluringly, poignantly extraneous as to daze and almost confound her baby senses,—stretched away and away, defying vision, to the very borderlands of far impossibility. Above, laughed the morning sky; below, dreamed the meadows, freshly verdurous, flower decked, bedewed. Her little legs in sudden helplessness gave way beneath the magnitude of the adventure. Unexpectedly she sat, and the fernbrake trembling, swayed, and met above her head.

The walls of her palace were green. The sunlight filtering through the tremulous arched branches flickered and played in bright elusive patches upon her white pinafore. Ecstatically she laughed; then solemnly, almost painfully, button by button, she unloosed her little shoe. She remembered! Fortunately she re-remembered, and all should be well!

Had not Cousin Grace, who was grown up, quite a young lady indeed, confided to her the secret of the tiny dark seeds glued closely to the undersides of the delicate plume-like fronds?—how a child instructed in her power might wonderfully blot herself from prying authoritative eyes. The morning of the picnic she had listened awestruck to the magic news. And now she remembered! With mystery the dimpled fingers labored. Again the small shoe was pulled into place; to rebutton it would have proved too severe a task. Rosy as any naiad the hidden child emerged.

The daisies! oh the daisies! like constellations they bespangled the meadow in distant scattered patches of fair bloom with nodding buttercups between, and splashes of blood red sorrel here and there to emphasize their snowy tints. Often since her inexplicable arrival in the springtime at the country home of her aunt the child had stood in pleasant contemplation watching from the high windows of her nursery the dip and sway of the tall grasses, wondering at the little birds that skimmed and flurried with beating wings the undulating stretches of the plain. Often she had walked the highways with Jane, the tyrant, primly by her side. But this morning she was free—strangely emancipate! Stealthily she had crept down the long dark stair. Unable to analyze, her little heart responded the more confidently to the adventure. She might wander inviolate. The daisies nodded gay invitation, and the breezes murmured songfully of joy.

A beautiful gay winged butterfly had lighted on a clover blossom close to where she stood, and hung there quivering in the sunshine. With rapturous eyes the child brooded, then sprang forward gleefully to grasp the treasure in covetous little hands. But the butterfly was up and away! Far over the meadow it wafted its flight, and only the clover blossom squeezed tight in the dimpled fist remained to be wondered and pondered over, when, unlocking her fingers one by one, the little girl peeped within.

"I wanted her," she argued loquaciously, "that butterfly;—and she couldn't have seed me. I have fern seeds in my shoe. She couldn't have seed me at all. Then why did she fly away?" The problem opened strange avenues for speculation from which her infantile philosophy turned, instinctively distrustful.

But, oh! what was this? The invisible baby gasped. Her little fat legs gave way, and again under the stress of a too keenly appreciative emotion she sat helpless.

A bird's nest hidden here amid the grass! A little nest, a charming nest! And yet, how could it be?—for birds builded their homes high in the branches of trees, and—and—the creatures that were in it! Never had there been such birds!

They squirmed, they writhed, they twisted about. They lifted flat hideous heads, and glared from yellow-lidded eyes! They opened great gaping mouths! They were grimacing at her! The frightened child covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

A soft whir of wings—a gentle fanning of the air above her! Dared she look up? Ten dimpled fingers spread themselves over forehead and nose, two tear bright eyes peeped cautiously through the rosy lattice.

A wonderful bird, brown, and soft, and dainty, hovered fascinated above the nest; while the monsters with fierce cries and horrid devouring jaws reared menacingly.

"Go away! Oh, go away!" shouted the child. "That's not your house!" And she sobbed with relief as the bird darted upward and sped skimming across the meadow.

Then the child rose too. She could bear no longer to remain near the haunted spot; though it pleased her to know that she had been able to warn the pretty brown bird of its peril.

"They'd have eated her up, if I hadn't," she communed as she trotted soberly along. "Poor little birdy! She couldn't ever have flewed any more at all."

But here her attention was vividly attracted by a curious mottled stone that lay directly in her path. It was smooth and beautifully moulded; yet what was still more remarkable was the charmingly decorative plaid with which its surface was embossed.

Captivated, yet doubtful, the child stared down upon it; when, to her amazement, the stone becoming suddenly instinct with life thrust out a queer inquiring face, and, after blinking at her for a moment with an air of supercilious indifference, began to shuffle stupidly away on flabby wide spread feet.

Gravely the baby followed, her mind lost in a fog of dazed enchantment, till a bumblebee bumping rudely against her cheek and passing onward with loud complainings caused her to raise her eyes for an

instant from the ground; and when she looked again for the marvelous stone it had vanished!

Only a grasshopper, a funny green fellow, whose goggle eyes seemed almost ready to pop out of his head from some astounding thought of a clearly intimate and domestic character, was balancing himself with cautious precision on the edge of a plantain leaf close to where she stood to observe him, instantly oblivious of previous prodigies, and the insect apparently overcome by embarrassment at the interest he was exciting sprang madly into space and disappeared.

The child shook her head disapprovingly. "Now he's gone and losted hisself," she said. "It was very silly for him to jump so high. Maybe he won't never be found again."

A swift shadow trembled abruptly across her path, blotting out the glory of the way, shrouding even the sunny foxgloves and the daisies in its gloom. A delicate restraining hand laid anxious grasp upon her shoulder.

The blue eyes were raised in round amazement. There stood Aunt Annabel!

"You naughty little girl!" the lady exclaimed, in nervous, strained reproach. "Dorothy, you have run away! You have been disobedient, and more troublesome than I could have believed."

Dorothy stared in silence.

"Jane," Aunt Annabel then appealed to the stout maid who, with a face expressive of conventional disapproval, stood a few paces behind her mistress, "take her directly in doors and put her to bed. See,—she has not even a bonnet, in this sun, too! Undress her, lower the shades, and leave her to rest. Really it seems hard that my summer should be burdened by such unlooked for responsibility."

Still the child neither moved nor spoke. But when Jane actually approached and taking her by the hand essayed to lead her dully away, a full realization of the magnitude and foulness of injustice she was now about to suffer overwhelmed her little soul, and she lifted up her voice in outraged protest.

"You can't see me!" she wailed. "You can't see me! Oh, you can't see me, and it isn't fair!"

Aunt Annabel raised her hand to her head with a querulous gesture.

"Why do children always resent correction so unreasonably?" she inquired. "If they were not naughty it would never be necessary to punish them. Take her to the nursery at once, Jane. I simply cannot endure such uproar."

So Dorothy, fighting furiously against an unjust fate, was lifted up in Jane's strong arms and born relentlessly away; while Aunt Annabel, freeing her skirts with an impatient swish from the officious grasp of a ribald blackberry vine, followed slowly across the meadow.

Suddenly she stooped and lifted something from the ground.

"Dear me, the child has lost one of her shoes," she said; but Dorothy did not hear.

Her heart was filled with mutinous wrath at the callous cruelty of a skeptic world. She did not know that the magic seeds were still within the small lost shoe, and so she could not understand why it was that though she sobbed over and over again, "You can't see me! You can't see me!" neither Jane nor Aunt Annabel believed her.

The Old Landmarks

By Eugene C. Dolson

Here where, in wild, unsettled lands
They built it by the forest way
A hundred years ago, it stands
But little changed to-day.

Tavern and farmhouse both in one,
A home to travellers passing by;
And well its generous lord was known
For worth and manhood high.

At some far port men sold their grain;
And on the journey, one by one,
Here, at the inn, each loaded wain
Would halt at set of sun.

And cattle dealers sometimes came,
And strong adventurers, westward bound—
With each and all it fared the same,
For all a welcome found.

The ancient barn, low-roofed and broad,
Still speaks its lord's eccentric ways;
Old as the inn and quite as odd,
A mark of bygone days.

Its axe-hewn frame, with beam and plate
So huge that none the need can tell,
For timbers half their girth and weight
Would serve for use as well.

Upon a scaffold just below
The roof, some sheaves of flax remain;
Untouched they lie to-day, and so
For eighty years have lain.

Still in the house each spacious room
Keeps the same look it used to wear:
Old oak chair, flax wheel, reel and loom,
Fireplace and clock are there.

And there, above a mantel wide,
From quaint, worn boards, time-stained and brown,
Two faded portraits, side by side,
With watchful eyes look down.

Gray headstones mark the graveyard hill
To guard Mine Host and Lady's sleep;
But record more enduring still
These ancient landmarks keep.

The Modern Problem of Immigration

By Winfield S. Alcott

I

IT would be difficult to define the modern problem of immigration in a manner sufficiently explicit as well as comprehensive to merit general acceptance. Probably a composite definition would refer to its solution as involving, on the positive side, encouragement of that immigration which (1) is in sympathy with American ideals of government, (2) endowed with capacity to appreciate American standards of existence, and (3) capable of giving as well as receiving benefit by the adoption of American citizenship. The negative side might be concisely stated as the discouragement of all immigration which does not conform to this positive standard, and to the restriction or exclusion of most of it.

It is one thing, however, to state the problem and quite another to discover an acceptable method of solution. To a statement of the factors which compose the problem a number of students might subscribe who would approach its solution in diverse ways. As one of many students, the writer can merely attempt in a single article partially to illuminate the subject by considering a number of salient features which determine its scope and character. It is hoped that such consideration may afford a tolerably comprehensive view of the problem and, perhaps, a basis for definite conclusions.

To grasp the subject broadly it is essential to understand (1) that the modern problem relates to quantity as well as quality of immigration: (2) that the question of quantity would be measurably neutralized by a solution of the sub-problem of distribution of immigrants; (3) that the general character of immigration entering the United States is a factor which did not formerly complicate the problem; and (4) that while the present laws of restriction would doubtless have been adequate as applied to the immigration of thirty years ago, they are now admittedly incompetent to deal with the situation.

II

In the early years of the life of this country the condition of existence gave assurance of welcome to any permanent additions to its population from abroad. From the adoption of the Constitution until 1820, however, probably not more than a quarter of a million immigrants came to cast in their fortunes with the new Republic. No notable increase occurred until 1830, but the impetus then given emigration from Europe proved to be of permanent effect. Its accelerated movement was seen in the unprecedented exodus which occurred in the decade

ended 1850 (aggregating one and three quarters millions), an exodus that gradually declined, however, and did not resume its former proportions until the close of the Civil War. While the official figures of immigration for the decade ending 1890 showed the surprising total of five and one quarter millions, the average annual inflow of the present century has surpassed all previous records, culminating during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, in the enormous total of 1,026,499.

The wide publicity given facts concerning the shift in sources of our immigration renders comment at this time almost superfluous. Nevertheless a few statistics are likely to be justified by reason of the more definite impression produced. For purposes of comparison it is interesting to know that the record for 1870, thirty-five years ago, shows a total of 276,369, or about 72 per cent of all immigrants, to have come from Germany, Ireland, Great Britain, Norway and Sweden, and but 8,448 (or less than 3 per cent) from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, immigration from the former group of countries reached a total of 229,363 and from the latter 682,069, while for the five years ending June 30, 1905, the totals are 819,920 from Germany, Ireland, Great Britain, Norway and Sweden, and 2,562,742 from Italy, Austria-Hungary and the Russian Empire.

It frequently happens, however, that races of widely different types come from the same country. Thus from Russia we receive Hebrews, Poles, Finns, Lithuanians and Germans, only 3,278 genuine Russians having been included in the total immigration of 184,622 from that Empire in 1905; while people of the Polish race, Hebrew race and German race, not to mention Croatians, Slovaks and Magyars come from Austria-Hungary. A more correct and clearer view of immigration, therefore, is obtained by an analysis of the records for the past five years with relation to what are now the ten chief immigrant races, numerically speaking. This shows that the Italians contributed 974,236 (divided South Italian 810,455, North Italian 163,781), Hebrews 428,135, Poles 365,474, Germans 315,360, Scandinavians (Norwegians, Swedes and Danes) 298,717, Irish 186,113, Slovaks 181,012, English 149,225, Croatians and Slovenians 137,414, Magyars 133,958, all other 663,432, making a total for the five years of 3,833,076.*

III

The aliens who came to our shores thirty or even twenty years ago settled largely in parts of ths country which needed development. According to the last Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration (page 104, report for fiscal year ended June 30, 1905) no less than 315,511 aliens, or 31 per cent of the entire immigration for the year, gave their destination as New York; 210,708 (20 per cent) were destined to Pennsylvania; while a trifle over 72,000 (7 per cent) were recorded as going to each of the States of Illinois and Massachusetts. Of the million immigrants

* It may be of interest from another point of view to note that European immigration for the fiscal year 1905 was divided among the racial grand divisions as follows: 384,679 Slavs, 221,019 Teutons, 213,801 Iberic and 124,218 Keltic.

who landed in the United States that year 90 per cent went to the North Atlantic and North Central States; the entire South received but 4 per cent (South Atlantic States 3 per cent, South Central States 1 per cent); the Western States received only 4 per cent; while the remaining 2 per cent were divided among Porto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska.*

It is the opinion of the Bureau of Immigration "that no feature of the immigration question so insistently demands public attention and effective action" as that of distribution, and that "it is impossible to overestimate the importance of this subject bearing upon the effect of immigration on the future welfare of this country." (Annual Report, pp. 58-59.)

It is surely a matter of regret that no concerted effort on the part of the Federal and State Governments has yet been made to solve the problem of distribution. There is not wanting evidence to show that the concentration of alien population, especially in the large cities of the country, is the direct cause of disease and depravity; that it vitally affects the industrial problem through excessive competition of labor and the consequent reduction of wages; and that it forms a serious menace to our social institutions by reason of the comparative helplessness of immigrant voters in the hands of shrewd and corrupt political machines. Doubtless a successful scheme of distribution would alleviate the conditions due to congestion in the large centers of population; it would certainly assist in sending labor to those parts of the country in need of development. If the 900,000 immigrants who went to the North Atlantic and North Central States in 1905 could have been induced to migrate to the South and West—but who can guess the result? It is not an easy guess for several reasons. There are substantial grounds for doubting the capacity (mentally, physically, financially) of a considerable proportion of the present stock of immigrants to succeed in the settlement of undeveloped parts of the country. Again, it appears that the citizens of the sparsely populated States may hold decided opinions in regard to the quality as well as the quantity of immigration which is needed, since some evidence is at hand indicating an aversion to immigrants of certain races. While giving primacy to distribution as a factor pressing for immediate attention, and recognizing the difficulties with which it is beset, one must in no case permit himself to rest at this stage of the main problem. As President Roosevelt stated in his message at the opening of Congress December, 1905, "distribution is a palliative, not a cure. The prime need is to keep out all immigrants who will not make good American citizens." With this thought we pass naturally to a consideration of the character of present immigration.

IV

Obviously, our chief interest in the character of immigration relates

* Statistics relating to distribution are based upon the avowed destination of immigrants as recorded by the inspectors at the ports of entry. The large cities, however, serve as distributing centres of numbers of laborers who, in a degree, are subject to the law of supply and demand in the labor market and may eventually become scattered over a wide area. Nevertheless the records clearly indicate the fact of concentration and congestion to which reference is made.

to the influence which it is likely to have upon our society and institutions. We desire, on the one hand, specific information in regard to the probable effects which may be produced upon American standards of living and ideals of government by large additions of foreigners to our population. On the other hand, we should not overlook the altruistic side of the problem nor forget our duty to the oppressed of other nations who may be attracted to these shores by appreciation of our institutions and sympathetic desire to unite with our form of government. Nor can we ignore the practical issue which is involved in the general custom of depending upon the labor of immigrants to perform the rough, coarse work incidental to the continued development of our natural resources and the execution of large public works.

In taking a cursory survey of some of the important characteristics of the ten chief racial groups which make up our present immigration, we can hardly do better than to refer to the record obtained from the inspection of immigrants at the various ports of entry; and since the space at our disposal restricts us, we shall depend largely upon the statistical tables of the Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration which give the results of the official inspection of all immigrants in a condensed and available form.

It would be futile to seek information concerning specific cases by a study of statistics, but they may present classes or groups of persons or objects in such aspects as to point to trustworthy general conclusions. The tables which we shall examine indicate (1) the intellectual, (2) financial and (3) industrial status of the respective racial groups; they suggest (4) certain social tendencies; but they do not predict for us the eventual results of American institutions upon immigrants or their descendants.

A glance at Table III of the Annual Report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, shows that of the total of a round million immigrants from abroad who landed in this country during that year, nearly 250,000 of those fourteen years of age and over were unable to read or write. By referring to Chart No. 11, appended to the same Report, we can obtain an idea of the percentage of illiteracy existing among the various races of immigrants. Confining our view to the ten chief races represented, we find that 56 per cent of South Italians and 14 per cent of North Italians are stated to have been illiterate; the same fact is true of 23 per cent of the Hebrews (from Russia, Austria-Hungary, Roumania and Germany); of the Poles (representing Austria-Hungary, Russia and Germany) the percentage of illiteracy is given as forty; among the Germans 4 per cent were found unable to read and write; 1 per cent each of the Scandinavians and English were illiterate; Irish, 3 per cent; Slovaks (from Austria-Hungary) 25 per cent; the Magyars (from Hungary) 12 per cent; while the Croatians and Slovenians (Austria-Hungary) are charged with 38 per cent illiterate.*

* It is well-known that the statistics of illiteracy are not absolutely accurate, since in place of an actual test by the immigration officers the declarations of the immigrants are recorded as given. Several special tests made at the port of New York have shown a considerably larger percentage than the official records.

(2) The financial standing of the various racial groups is indicated by the record of money in possession of arriving immigrants. A further analysis of Table III of the Annual Report shows that the South Italians were credited with $17.00 per capita and the North Italians with $29; the Hebrews had $14, the Poles $13, Germans $43, Scandinavians $25, and the Irish $26 per capita; the Slovaks had $15; the English were credited with $57 per capita, the Magyars $15 and the Croatians and Slovenians $15.*

(3) Closely related to the financial factor is that of occupation. Table VIII of the same Annual Report gives an analysis of some seventy-five occupations by race or people, from which it appears that 13,643 (a trifle over 1 per cent) of the million arrivals were classified under the head of professional; that 180,112 were included among some fifty skilled occupations; that about 600,000 were classified under the head of miscellaneous occupations (including 287,000 laborers, 142,000 farm laborers and 125,000 servants); and that the balance of about 235,000 (including all children under fourteen years age) were registered with no occupation. Among the ten chief immigrant races, the larger proportion of skilled workmen is represented in the English, Germans, Hebrews, North Italians and Scandinavians, whereas the Croatians and Slovenians, Magyars, Slovaks, Poles and South Italians furnish the larger quota of laborers. In general it may be said further that these statistics show the occupations pursued at home by the immigrants who may not infrequently find it advantageous to seek new fields of labor in this country. The industrial as well as social success of an immigrant, in fact, often depends upon his ability to adapt himself to new occupations and conditions.

(4) As indicating the direct influence likely to result from social contact of the newcomers, a table in relation to immigration by sex is suggestive. Of the total arrivals in 1905, 724,914 were males and 301,585 (or about 30 per cent females.) The proportions among the ten chief races were as follows:*

It is obviously true that those racial groups which exhibit the larger proportion of women will prove to be the more stable addition to our population. The transfer of his family usually involves the final severance of ties which bind the immigrant to his native country; it also implies a corresponding social activity in the community to which he has transplanted his life interests. While definite con-

* This record of course is based upon the amount of money shown by immigrants at the time of inspection, and in some cases may not represent the actual resources of the person or family inspected. Nor does it indicate, on the other hand, whether the money in possession may have been given an immigrant to assist his migration to the United States.

* While these figures are fairly conclusive they are not to be taken at their literal value. The percentage of males among the South Italians, for example, is somewhat increased by the annual migration of large numbers of married men who are accustomed to spend the winter with their families in Italy and swell the total of male arrivals on their return to the United States in the spring. Again, it is asserted that the quality of recent immigration from Germany and Great Britain is inferior to that of past years in view of which fact the comparative desirability of immigration from those countries by reason of the large proportion of females may be somewhat neutralized.

clusions upon this basis might not be justified, it may fairly be inferred that capability of assimilation evinced by members of various races corresponds to a considerable extent with the strength of the feminine element.

Of decidedly practical interest in reference to the character of immigrants is a chart (following page 62 of the Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration for 1905) which gives an analysis of the inmates in the penal, reformatory and charitable institutions of the country (excepting private charitable). It appears that there are 349,885 inmates of whom 97,074, or 28 per cent, are foreign-born, and 252,811, or 72 per cent, native-born. According to the last census, but 14 per cent of the population of the United States are foreign-born. The excessive proportion of foreign-born inmates of these institutions is a fact of practical significance in view of the cost of their support as public charges.

V

The existing restrictions concern chiefly such immigrants (1) as appear likely to become public charges, (2) are afflicted with loathsome or contagious disease of a dangerous nature, (3) or those who attempt to enter the country in violation of the alien contract-labor laws which aim at the protection of Americans from the unfair competition of foreign workmen. Others excluded by various Acts of Congress comprise such obviously undesirable classes as polygamists, idiots, lunatics, convicts and anarchists.

For the five years ending June 30, 1905, only 37,132 aliens out of a total immigration of 3,833,076, or less than one per cent, were refused admittance. An analysis of the records shows that the chief causes of exclusion were pauperism, disease, and violation of the alien contract-labor laws, the number in these three classes embracing more than 98 per cent of the total rejected.

Of significance in reference to the question of further restriction is the unequivocal attitude of mind exhibited in their public utterances by persons who, in one capacity or another, come in close touch with our immigrant population. Commissioner Williams, former head of the Immigration Service at the port of New York, was convinced that at least 200,000 aliens who arrived at his port during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, (page 70 Annual Report of the Commissioner-General for that year) would prove a positive detriment to the country, although the existing laws did not permit their exclusion. The numerous charitable bodies which petitioned Congress for the passage of a genuinely restrictive immigration bill in 1902 were most earnest in their demands for relief from the excessive burdens due to the continuous influx of the ignorant and unskilled who, whether or not unwittingly, intensifying by their competition the hard conditions of the poor, and through their ignorance and helplessness in the hands of irresponsible agitators aggravate our social problems. President Roosevelt in his message at the opening of Congress December, 1905, admits that a considerable proportion of our present immigrants are undesirable. He refers to the activity of the steamship agents in Europe who are responsible for the migration of

a very large number including most of the undesirable class. To the misrepresentations and inducements of these agents is doubtless due the transportation to this country of many against their best interests, and it naturally follows that "The most serious obstacle we have to encounter in the effort to secure a proper regulation of the immigration to these shores arises from the determined opposition of the steamship lines."

In his Annual Report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, the Commissioner-General points out the inevitable effects which will be produced upon American institutions by the infusion of so large a proportion of foreign elements into our population, and he suggests the desirability of a material reduction in the quantity of immigration until "by actual experience, assurance is secured of the safety of the institutions of the country under such an unexampled strain."

The apparent need of this reduction is reinforced by the fact that the existing laws permit the entrance of many immigrants of such totally alien temperament and constitution as to raise a doubt whether they may be deemed potential Americans, or whether their children will be able to outgrow what appears to be an incurably alien constitution. There is doubtless little danger of an attempt to apply against any race of European immigrants the exclusion laws which the country has approved in relation to the Chinese. Even in that case, however, if we may accept the reports of experience in the Territory of Hawaii, it appears that such drastic measures were hardly justified, since the capabilities of assimilation evinced by the Chinese in that territory compare favorably with those of a number of European peoples in the United States.*

The nobler attitude is unquestionably one which is inclined to recognize in the lower that potentiality which in the higher has already become actualized. And after calmly balancing in one's mental scales the factor of self-preservation against that of unrestricted immigration, one is likely to accord the former such weight only as shall justify reducing the present influx of immigrants to truly assimilable proportions. American institutions have been created by a population composed chiefly of Teutonic and Keltic elements, while one has now to consider the problem of assimilating an annual immigration of 700,000 (70 per cent of the total of the past year) from the Slavic and Iberic countries of southeastern Europe.**

VI

We shall hardly be accused of extravagance of language if we declare that a large majority of the citizens of this country, who have given thought to the subject, are in favor of further restriction of immigration, and that the prevalent idea

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* *The Outlook,* New York, issue of December 23, 1905: "Chinese Citizenship in Hawaii," by Doremus Scudder.

**In regard more particularly to the question of quantity, it is estimated that at the present rate of immigration (one million per annum), and at the present rate of annual increase (14.66 per cent. per decade), the population of the United States will reach the density of that of China in four generations, or 136 years, at the end of which period the figures will read 950,000,000. (Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, 1905, p. 110.)

of restriction relates not only to the quality but to the quantity of immigration. The foregoing statistics of rejections indicate the apparently slight effect of present laws upon the quantity of immigration into the United States. It is impossible, however, accurately to estimate their indirect influence as a preventive against the encroachment of unknown numbers of undesirable aliens who, but for the existence of these laws, would assuredly secure admittance.

For the prevention of such encroachments in considerable number acknowledgment should be made of the effective medical inspection performed at a number of foreign ports of embarkation by officers, detailed abroad, of the U. S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. While such officers are of course authorized to act in an advisory capacity only, to their vigilance is due the refusal of the steamship companies to permit the embarkation of thousands of diseased aliens.

The successful results achieved by medical inspection abroad naturally suggest the extension of the system of foreign inspection to cover the character and general qualifications as well as physical condition of prospective immigrants. It is plain that inspection at the port of arrival is necessary, but it is equally clear that such inspection cannot undertake adequately to inquire into the moral fitness of those presenting themselves for membership in our American family. The ideal method obviously relates to an inspection at or near the applicant's home, where his character and history are known. It must be frankly admitted, however, that such a method is likely to be as difficult of realization as are ideals in other spheres of work. In view of the international difficulties involved, the excessive cost of execution, and the tremendous opposition which would naturally be exerted by the interested transportation companies, one may only hope for the adoption of a scheme of foreign inspection in the indefinite future. Nevertheless the Commissioner-General of Immigration, in his Annual Report for 1905, recommends as a feasible step in this direction the location of medical officers (of the U. S. P. H. & M. H. S.) at all important foreign ports of embarkation in order that every alien desiring passage to this country may secure as a pre-requisite a certificate of good health from one of such medical officers.

Further to lessen the quantity of immigration the Commissioner-General suggests enlargement of the prohibited classes by adding thereto (1) those who are illiterate; (2) those incapable of self-support by reason of age or feebleness—except in such cases as the parents of children who have become citizens of this country; and (3) those who fail to bring a sufficient amount of money to maintain themselves a reasonable length of time in the event of sickness or temporary lack of employment.

Within the past few years there has been much discussion of the first of the foregoing recommendations which concerns the exclusion of illiterate immigrants. In fact a bill providing for an educational or literacy test received favorable consideration from Congress during Mr. Cleveland's term as President. A similar bill passed the Senate while Mr. McKinley was President. During his first term President

Roosevelt advocated the further restriction of immigration by the adoption of an educational test, and a bill* embodying it passed the House of Representatives but was finally defeated by certain forces arrayed against it in the Senate. Since the last defeat public interest in the measure appears to have diminished. Yet the arguments in its favor are worthy careful and serious consideration.

The advocates of the educational or literacy test assert that "while illiteracy does not of itself necessarily render an immigrant undesirable, yet the statistics show that much of the immigration which is undesirable on other grounds consists of persons who are illiterate." They declare that this test affords the only immediate practicable means of reducing the immense volume of immigration as well as improving the average quality, since it can be applied without change in the present methods of official inspection. It is to be taken for granted, of course, that no scheme of restriction will be perfect in its action, nor can one imagine a measure which might not at times inflict hardship and even injustice. The application of the educational test, for example, would exclude some desirable immigrants. By its enforcement the past year, however, the quantity of immigration might have been reduced 30 per cent and the average quality materially improved.

If the educational test should prove inadequate to satisfy the demand for additional restriction, experimentation could be had with the property test, so-called, which was proposed by the late General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He suggested the enactment of a law, which should expire by limitation in ten years, whereby the United States would require a deposit of $100 from every alien (presumably above a certain age) entering the country. The sum deposited could not be assigned to any other person; it was to be refunded to the alien provided he departed from the country within three years after arrival; or at the expiration of three years it was to be repaid upon presentation of satisfactory evidence showing him to be a law-abiding and self-supporting resident. While admitting that it might exclude a few otherwise desirable immigrants, General Walker claimed that this scheme would reduce immigration to reasonable dimensions as well as raise the average quality socially and industrially of aliens actually entering the country. It would, he maintained, "do ninety-nine one hundredths of all we want done" with a minimum of cost and of friction.

The foregoing concern methods of restriction applied directly to the immigrant at the port of arrival, but there is left for final consideration the question of indirect restriction through measures affecting the transportation companies or touching the regulation of emigration by foreign government. It appears evident from a perusal of recent an-

* A bill presented to the 57th Congress called for the exclusion of "all persons over fifteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language; but an admissible immigrant, or a person now in or hereafter admitted to this country may bring in or send for his wife, his children under eighteen years of age, and his parents or grandparents over fifty years of age, if they are otherwise admissible, whether they are so able to read or not."

nual reports of the Commissioner-General of Immigration that the steamship companies engaged in the passenger business are constantly and flagrantly violating the laws which forbid them to encourage or solicit immigration to the United States, and that large numbers of immigrants are induced to migrate to this country by agents engaged in the artificial stimulation of passenger traffic. Doubtless the present volume of immigration could be materially diminished, and the quality certainly improved, by carrying out the existing statutes through enforcement of sufficient penalties to render their violation commercially unprofitable to the steamship companies. Similar results might be secured through legislation intended to limit, by apportioning the number of passengers in ratio to tonnage of vessels, the quantity of immigration annually entering American ports. But, again, it would be necessary to impose such penalties that the transportation companies could not afford to violate the provisions of our laws.

Another cause for restricting immigration may exist in view of the reported efforts of certain European Governments to maintain control of their subjects after leaving the mother country. Unable to prevent their migration to America, yet loath to lose the material benefits accruing from such citizenship, foreign governments have sought to colonize these subjects by employing agents instructed to prevent the expatriation of their countrymen. It is reported that these agents have achieved success by affording special facilities for maintaining native customs and religion and for transmitting surplus earnings as investments in the mother country to which the citizens thereof are expected ultimately to return. Such a policy is quite at variance with the interests of this country to prevent the formation of alien colonies as well as to Americanize our alien population. With the persistence of this attitude on the part of certain foreign governments Congress might be inclined to consider the question of restricting the number of immigrants to be received annually from any one country or the advisability of a radical increase in the amount of head-tax (now $2.00) to be imposed on all arriving aliens. These measures, at any rate, may be added to those already proposed in relation to the general problem.

A Song of the Woods

By James Buckham

O give me the wild woods,
For comfort and for store,
For joy of life that lingers
When youthful zest is o'er;

The free woods, the free hills,
The blue of lake and sky—
The country of God's children
When they to Him are nigh!

The woods are utter silence,
The woods, they have no end!
Your campfire is your homestead,
And starry night your friend.

The wild has ne'er a city,
And ne'er a state or town.
Sleep in God's tent, and welcome;
He never takes it down.

An American Barbizon

Old Lyme and its Artist Colony

By Grace L. Slocum

OLD LYME, long famous for its historic associations, has become yet more famous for its artist colony; for here, in this beautiful old town at the mouth of the Connecticut river, are gathered every summer, some of the most noted artists in America; and here, too, was established, under Mr. Frank Vincent Du Mond's leadership, the Summer School of the Art Students' League of New York. This was in 1903 but what is known as the Lyme School of Painters was founded some seven or more years ago by William Henry Ranger, and last year about eighty artists of established reputation made Lyme their headquarters. Mr. Ranger asserts that Barbizon offers nothing finer, nothing more paintable than the country round about Old Lyme and so the ideals of the Barbizon painters find an echo in this new Fontainebleu in Connecticut.



The first glimpse of the town from the top of Noyes Hills shows a little hamlet about a mile inland from the station, half hidden by

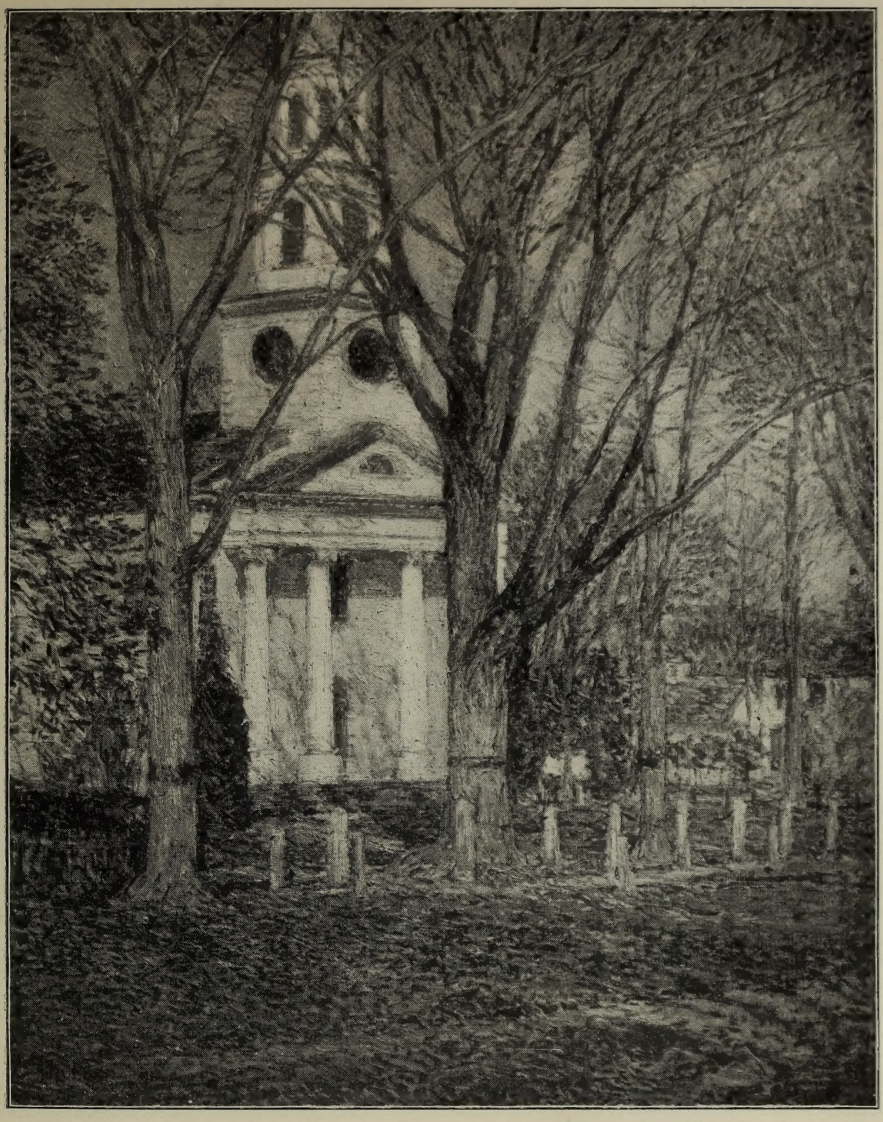
great old trees, with the spire of the old church pricking through the foliage. On the south the township borders on Long Island Sound, and on the west is the beautiful Connecticut river, once the harbor for merchant vessels when Lyme was a shipping port. There is a stretch of salt marshes and a luxuriant prospect of meadows, glades and groves, threaded by the silvery lines of the Connecticut, Lieutenant, Duck and Black Hall rivers, and to the north a picturesque hill country in which is beautiful Rogers Lake overlooked by ancient homesteads on the adjacent heights, constituting a scenery of great variety and diversity of charms.

The main street of the venerable old town, which crosses the ferry road at right angles is a wide boulevard, overhung by great old elms, centuries old, than which there are few finer to be found in the country. "The Street," as it is called, is a mile and a half long, and on either side, with white façades glimmering through the greenery behind high hedges of box or evergreen, stand many historic mansions where the descendants of the men and women who have made the old town famous, dwell in elegant seclusion.

An Old World atmosphere pervades the town as though it had inherited the spirit of the English village, Lyme Regis, immortalized by Whistler, from which it took its name. Here the trolley has not yet penetrated, nor has the summer tourist marked it for his own. It is an ideal and idyllic spot for artists and no less than four of the leading New York artists have built permanent studio homes there, while others have rented homes and still others are intending to build. Louis Paul Dessar was the first to build, purchasing a tract of land about four miles from the village, on a hilltop overlooking Rogers Lake. Allen B. Talcott purchased a farm between the Lieutenant and Connecticut rivers, on which was a rambling old house. This has been remodelled without destroying its quaint charm, and a studio added whose windows command a view of the surrounding country. Mr. Du Mond has built his studio not far from the Talcotts in an old orchard of apple trees. Mr. Arthur Dawson, an English landscape artist, lives in a little cottage at the end of "The Street," where he entertains hospitably.

But the majority of the members of the artist colony make their home for the summer in an old colonial house at the upper end of "The Street," belonging to one of the descendants of the patrician Griswolds.

"Holy House," as it is irreverently dubbed by the students of the Summer School is one of the historic landmarks. It is also called "The Home of the Masters" and no students are admitted to its sacred precincts. It was built in 1888 by Captain Roger Griswold, a son of Governor Roger, and is now occupied by the sole survivor of this branch of the family, Miss Florence Griswold. It is a picturesque structure with hospitable front porch ornamented with Ionic columns made of trees which were floated down from Maine expressly for the purpose. The pillars have rotted away from the roof of the porch and stand as emblems of decayed grandeur, the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Inside there is a wide hall with a



THE OLD CHURCH AT LYME, PAINTING BY CHILDE HASSAM

vista of a vine covered porch at the rear where several of the artists take their meals. The rooms on the first floor form an unique art gallery. Every panel of the doors on this floor bears a signed painting by one of the noted artists who have made their home for several successive summers under this hospitable roof. In the front hall one door is decorated by a beautiful moonlight by Mr. Ranger. The next panel by Mr. Henry Poor is similar in character, and opposite are two panels by Mr. Louis Cohen, depicting the old gateway to the mansion, with the great arbor vitæs on either side. In the drawing

room, Mr. William Howe's "Normandy Bull," painted on two panels, is the chef d'oeuvre, while over the fireplace hangs a fine portrait of Miss Griswold by Jonjair, and in a corner stands her gilt harp with broken strings, a mute reminder of happy hours.



LANDSCAPE BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

In the dining room are panels by Allen B. Talcott, Clark Voorhees, Clifford Beale, William Howe and Childe Hassam. But the chief feature of the decoration here is the eight foot panel painted by Mr. Henry R. Poor, over the old fireplace, depicting a fox hunt with the hounds in full cry across the fields and the artists following after, leaving overturned easels and unfinished pictures on the field. All the artists are caricatured and depicted in all sorts and conditions of costumes. The cow which Mr. Howe was painting has arisen in her fright and is in the act of flight, while in the distance Childe Hassam calmly surveys the scene. In the garden at the rear of the old mansion, several of the artists have erected little studios. Under the old apple trees at the end are the studios of Childe Hassam and Walter Griffin, and not far away is that of Will Howe Foote, who has charge of the Summer School of the Art Students' League this year. Along the orchard path are the studios of Louis Cohen and Edward Rook and William H. Howe and Carleton Wiggin; the cattle painters have camped across the brook. The garden is a tangle of old fashioned flowers and

shrubs, threaded by delightful walks wherein the artists loaf and invite their souls, and embody their dreams in terms of color.

In the old schoolhouse further down the street Mr. Poor is located, and Clark Voorhees may be found within a short distance from the Griswold mansion.

The students of the Summer School are quartered here and there among the natives. The little band house, not far from the Inn, was engaged for the weekly criticisms, and in the town. The need of a central boarding house for the students is a pressing one, as the Inn hardly meets their requirements.

The summer of 1904 there were forty or fifty students in the Art School coming from all over the country from Maine to California, to work with Mr. Du Mond, for whom they seemed to have the same feeling that Whistler's pupils had for "the master."

At the weekly criticisms in the studio they sat on the hard benches



IN THE WOODS, PAINTING BY F. V. DU MOND

every available barn within the radius of a mile of the centre has been preëmpted for indoor work. The majority of the students take their meals at a house next the Old Lyme Inn, which is a first class summer hotel, filled generally with guests who have relatives or friends before him for hours, drinking in every syllable and making notes for future corrections, while he picked up first one canvas then another, comparing, criticising, sometimes commending, praising and ridiculing all in a breath and elucidating his own theories for their instruction.

Earnest, enthusiastic, thoroughly sincere he strove to equip the students with a "mental habit of reading nature understandingly and of grasping its artistic significance," exhorting them to strive to get the effect of Nature as a whole and assuring them that the greatest masterpieces were not copies of nature, but were "symphonies and melodies charged with the impressive sentiment of nature."

In pursuance of his theories Mr. Du Mond elaborated a certain system of shorthand notes by which a passing phase of nature may be indicated at the moment and painted afterward. Turner and Millet are said to have used some such method, and Mr. Du Mond achieved admirable results.

Mr. Du Mond was called to California last summer to take charge of the art department of the Lewis & Clarke Exposition and Mr. Will Howe Foote had charge of the classes for the summer.

The study of landscape is the feature of the summer's work and throughout the week the students scatter over the fields at will, gathering together on "field days" while the instructor goes from one easel to another pointing out faults which must be corrected for the Saturday criticisms. For there are three criticisms weekly, two out of doors, and one in the little band house when the pictures painted during the week are presented to be passed upon as before indicated.

The term began June 15, and will end September 15. The artist colony holds its annual exhibition at the close of the season and many familiar landmarks in Old Lyme are depicted on the canvases. Childe Hassam's picture of the old Christopher Wren Church, which stands at the intersection of "The Street" and the ferry road, is perhaps the most famous.

This historic structure was built in 1666, and is considered one of the most beautiful old churches in New England. It is of Ionic architecture with a porch supported by Ionic columns and the steeple which is the crowning feature of Christopher Wren's design. The interior is simple and dignified, with a circular dome in the centre and a half dome back of the pulpit with ribs picked out in gold. Originally there was a beautiful mahogany pulpit with carved panels but this was replaced, when the mania for remodelling old things invaded the town, by a modern contrivance. More than one old family is the possessor of a treasured relic of this old pulpit.

Next the church is the estate of Charles H. Luddington, whose wife was a descendant on the maternal side of Governor Matthew Griswold. The house is colonial with wide modern verandas, and in the rear is a beautiful formal garden with beds of geraniums, and lobelia, and golden marigolds and clumps of phlox and scarlet cannas, making a riot of splendid color. Box bordered paths lead to the sunken terrace at the end, where in a corner, half-hidden by shrubbery is the rock on which Whitfield once preached.

Mr. Luddington is a public-spirited citizen, and the town boasts a pretty little library presented by him in memory of his wife's mother Phoebe Griffin Noyes. It is a brick structure erected on the site of the house in which she was born at the upper end of the street. ,This remarkable woman, who has given

her name to the library is said to have followed the course of study prescribed for entrance to Yale College with her brother, Edward Dorr Griffin, who afterwards became president of Williams College. And this in a day when the higher education of women was unheard of. She continued her education in New York and on her return devoted herself to the education of young women, especially those who were unable to pay for such. She conducted the Ladies' Library Association of Old Lyme and was famed far and wide for her good works.

Not far from the library, is the home of the descendants of another branch of the Griswold family, known as "Boxwood Hall," now a fashionable boarding school for girls. It is a beautiful old colonial house with Corinthian columns and it takes its name from the magnificent boxwood hedge which, together with the evergreens and great old elms, almost conceal the house from the view of the casual passerby.

Directly opposite the famous church is the Judge McCurdy house, said to be the oldest in Lyme, which was purchased in 1750 by John McCurdy a Scotch-Irish gentleman, who was a wealthy shipping merchant. The quaint low-ceilinged rooms show polished beams and panelled doors and walls, beautifully carved and in one of the rooms is a curious buffet built into the house, which contains a rare collection of china handed down from generation to generation. Lafayette was a guest here on two occasions, and doubtless dined at the old round table, once the property of Governor Matthew and his wife, Ursula Wolcott Griswold, around which six governors have sat.

It was said of Ursula Wolcott Griswold that no lady in America could introduce you to more governors among her immediate relations. Her father was Governor Roger Wolcott, Governor Oliver Wolcott was her brother, the second Governor Oliver was her nephew, Governor Pitkin was her cousin, Governor Matthew Griswold her husband and Governor Roger Griswold her son. It is also said that Black Hall was famed far and wide for the beauty and spirit of its women, a fact which is easily understood by one privileged to spend an hour with the last of the line in the old mansion overlooking the Sound, as was the writer.

Both the Griswolds and the Wolcotts the founders of the town were of old English ancestry. The first of the line in America, Matthew Griswold, was a descendant of Sir Humphrey Griswold of Malvern Hall, England, and the coat of arms of the family now hangs in the old Governor Roger Griswold mansion at Black Hall.

This mansion was erected by Governor Roger Griswold, son of Governor Matthew, in 1802 on the site of the original log cabin built by the first Matthew. The land was a feudal grant to Matthew in 1645, and here now stands the little cluster of houses constituting the hamlet of Black Hall, where the direct descendants of the Griswolds now make their home. According to tradition, Matthew Griswold sent his negro slave to occupy the cabin, which was the first habitation erected in Lyme, as he dared not bring his family over from Saybrook on account of the Indians; and so the log house became known as the "black's hall." The first well was

dug here in 1640 and is still in existence.

The approach to Black Hall is through an avenue of stately old elms. On one side is the home of Mrs. Charles Griswold Lane, and the avenue ends in the rear of the old gubernatorial mansion, now occupied by Mrs. Matthew Griswold, wife of a son of the first owner, and her daughters. Mrs. Griswold celebrated her hundredth birthday last summer ,and the natives of the place still tell stories of her beauty and charm.

The drive to the little hamlet is about three miles from Lyme, past the old cemetery, along the old stage road from New York to Boston over the stone bridge over Black Hall river, built by Mrs. Lane in memory of Charles Griswold Lane.

The old mansion is indeed beautiful for situation, commanding a magnificent view of the Sound, whose waves break in foam on the beach within a stone's throw of the old porch. It is a rambling old structure, which has been somewhat remodelled to suit modern demands with a modern bay window in front in close juxtaposition with the old porch, and a wide modern veranda in the rear. Inside there is the same mingling of modern and antique, but the general character of the rooms remains undisturbed, and evidences the most refined taste and sense of harmony. One might almost imagine it is Mistress Ursula, the stately, white-haired woman in black silk and laces who rustles softly forward to greet one and who pilots the visitor through the numberless rooms pointing out ancestral treasures on every hand. Old mahogany abounds in the fitments which have remained untouched for generations, while fine pictures adorn the walls and beautiful Oriental rugs and sumptuous textiles serve to bring the arrangements into harmony. In the drawing room whose chief architectural feature is the beautiful arches at one side, is a Longfellow chair in which the poet once sat, and other pieces of furniture, each of which has a history. One feels here as though one stood on holy ground and should put the shoes from off one's feet.

Indeed this feeling grows upon one for Old Lyme is full of historic associations. With the history of the town is interwoven the names of men famous in the annals of the State and Nation. The first Matthew Griswold, the founder of the town, was a Chief Judge of the Superior Court, Lieutenant Governor, and in 1784, Governor of Connecticut. His son Roger was a great lawyer and was Representative to Congress from his state for ten years, during the Washington, Adams and part of the Jefferson administrations. President Adams offered him the position of Secretary of War but he declined. He was Judge of the Supreme Court of the State in 1807, Lieutenant Governor in 1809, and Governor in 1811.

Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court was a son of Henry Watson Waite of Lyme, Chief Justice of the Connecticut Superior Court, Hon. Chas. Johnson McCurdy, whose homestead is the oldest house in town, was for many years in the Legislature of the State, was Speaker of the House, then Lieutenant Governor, then United States Minister to Austria.

The first minister in Lyme who preached sixty-three years, was

Rev. Moses Noyes, one of the founders of Yale, and his wife was the granddaughter of Elder William Brewster. Then there was the family of Lords who count many distinguished lawyers, judges and divines among their descendants, and the Mathers, an ancient and learned family to which Increase and Cotton Mather (one of the first ministers of Lyme) belonged, and many other sterling and blue-blooded men and women, who formed an intellectual aristocracy, as it were, and gave to the town a distinctive character which it retains to this day.

The town was first incorporated as a part of Saybrook, and as a separate town in 1605. Some authorities claim that it was settled in 1636, others 1644, and others still in 1664. But all are agreed that Matthew Griswold was the first to break ground, and the names of this pioneer and of his descendants are indelibly associated with Old Lyme.

The Song of the Forest

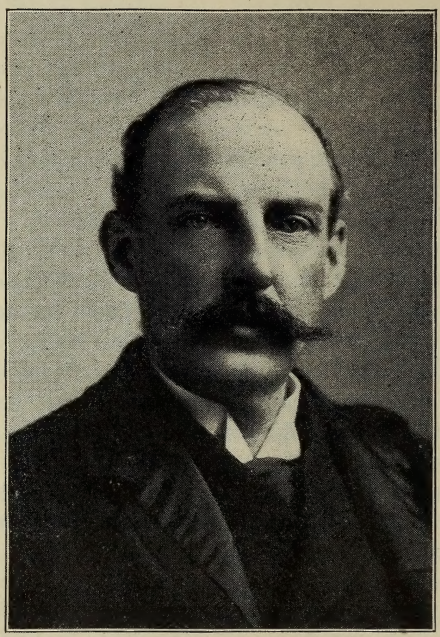
By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Like to a many-columned temple high,
With minarets up-pointing to the sky
And shadow pictures hung within dim aisles,
Where Nymph and Dryad flaunt their luring wiles—
The forest stands at dawn, misty and still,
Save fluting echo of some tiny rill.
O marvel of Almighty God! What fane
Up-reared by human hands with toil and pain
Can in the least compare to work like this,
From bourgeoned bough to folded chrysalis!
And as the dawn-light, stealing soft between
The sentient, leaf-etched silences of green,
Touches with tender radiance the place
And makes of it a holy altar-space,
Within the choir-loft one sweet voice awakes
And forth with sudden, silvery song-notes breaks.
Ethereal and dulcet, through the wide,
Still sanctuary swells the golden tide;
A matin-hymn of worship from the bough
To Him whose mercy falters not. And now,
As though in answer to this votive song
A ray of warmest sunlight steals along,
And rests upon the singer's upheld head
Like coronet of gold, from heaven sped!
The bird voice trembles into silence then,
And peace reigns in the temple not of men.

New England Energy Abroad

By Mary Stoyell Stimpson

IT has been estimated that Americans spend annually more than $135,000,000 abroad. Last year even this sum must have been increased, for the exodus from this country was unusually great. But we send something better than Uncle Sam's dollars across the seas—we donate citizens. Alert, well-equipped men and women note with appreciation all that foreign shores have to offer, then, after repeated visits, yielding ever more and more to the insistent call of art and beauty, finally take residence there. A little journey among such reveals the fact that a large proportion of well-known educators, authors, artists, and men of affairs were either born in New England or received their training in New England schools or colleges.

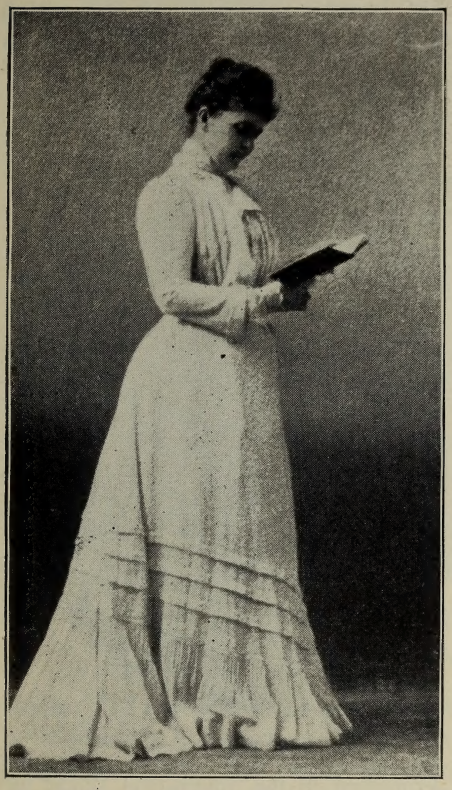


F. MARION CRAWFORD

Versatile Man of Letters

St. Paul's school, at Concord, New Hampshire numbered among its pupils in the late sixties, a lad of much promise. How well that early promise was fulfilled is shown by the long list of books which bear upon their title pages the name of F. Marion Crawford. It is about a mile beyond Sorrento, Italy, that one goes to find "Villa Crawford" perched on the edge of a cliff which rises abruptly some two hundred feet from the waters of the magnificent Bay of Naples. The simple house of irregular shape has a high tower and its garden-court is oddly attractive with its canopy of wistaria vines trained over olive trees, under and beyond which jasmine and roses make fine color and fragrance Within there is much of interest and many objects of value. Mr. Crawford has a library of over five thousand volumes which are shelved in finely carved black walnut cases made originally for Pope Clement the tenth. During his travels he has gathered rare embroideries, ancient armour, and unusual pictures. Two objects of art in his collection hold a special delight for him—the portrait of Mrs.

Crawford and a replica of his father Mr. Thomas Crawford's "Peri." The gold medal of the Prix Monbinne, the only prize ever given by the French Academy to foreign men-of-letters was awarded to Mr. Crawford for the French editions of "Zoroaster" and "Marzio's Crucifix."



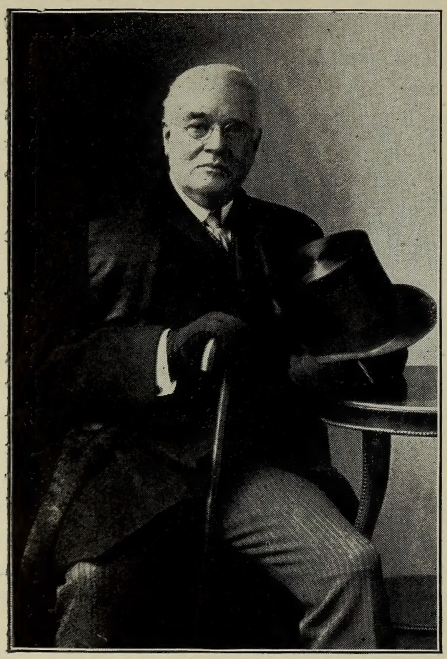
HELEN CHOATE PRINCE

A Writer of Graceful Fiction

The description of silver chiselling in the latter is the result of actual experience, as the author once studied that branch of art and produced several objects of considerable promise. His study or work-room at "Villa Crawford" is on the top of the house, by the tower, and opens upon a flat roof, after the Italian fashion. There are windows on three sides, as it is often important to shut out the sun without losing too much light, the walls are whitewashed and the floor is of green and white tiles. The effect of the room is simple but the view from its windows is most beautiful and varied. To the south lie the olive-clad hills with white houses dotted here and there among the orange-groves, and with the craggy mass of Monte Sant' Angelo, rising higher than Vesuvius itself, for a background; westward one looks over Sant Agnello and the neighboring townships, and to the northeast, across the shining bay, the curved line of Naples stretches far along the shore, while Vesuvius broods fatefully over the villages at its feet

Mr. Crawford is an early riser and devotes long mornings to his writing. He verifies by personal observation or careful reading every detail in his stories, using, moreover, almost without exception actual occurences. He has had many novel experiences, among which may be mentioned his trip across the Atlantic in an old pilot-boat which he bought in New York some ten years ago, which is now transformed into a yacht in which he and family take long cruises in vacation time. He does not reach America often. He married the daughter of General Berdan and they have four children, two boys and two girls. Neither the wife, the elder daughter (who goes much in society with her mother) nor the twins (a boy and girl of sixteen) have been to this country, but the elder son is here fitting for Harvard. This student has crossed the sea to open his life in the University town under exceptionally

pleasing circumstances. It cannot fail to be a matter of honest pride to view evidences of family talent on every hand. He finds his great aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the centre of literary, social and philanthropic life; his father's books in shops, homes and public libraries; his grandfather's wonderful statue of Beethoven, which the people of Munich so coveted, in the New England Conservatory of Music; while in the Boston Public Library he may see not only volumes on his own sunny Italy, by his cousin Mrs. Elliott but ceiling decorations by her husband and volumes innumerable by Laura Richards and Mrs. Hall.



HORACE FLETCHER
Apostle of Correct Nutrition



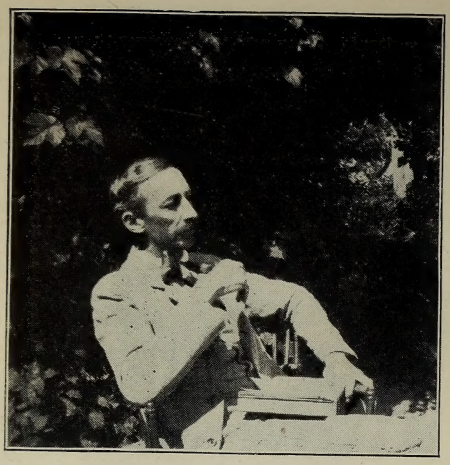
DR. ALICE LUCE
Prominent in the Educational World of Europe and America

Venice is a favorite haunt for Americans. One well-known figure in art and social circles there, is Mr. Herbert Faulkner, who has divided his time pretty evenly between Paris and Venice since 1887. It is with his Venetian scenes that he has scored his greatest triumphs. Born in Stamford, Connecticut, he graduated from Yale in 1882, and in 1884 took the degree of mechanical engineer. He first exhibited in Chicago at the Art Institute in 1894, since which time his pictures have been seen in important exhibitions from Maine to Texas and as far west as Nebraska. His largest canvas is owned by Mr. Walker of Minneapolis but at present is in the Public Library of that city. Two large paintings have gone to Texas—one was purchased at the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, by popular vote, for the Public Library in Dallas, and the second is owned by a wealthy citizen



PEARL RICHARDS CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)
Novelist and Playwright

there. Indeed Mr. Faulkner's name is a household word in the Lone Star state. He has many patrons in Paris and the French journals are enthusiastic in their comments upon his masterly skill. In 1902-1903 Mr. Faulkner was vice-president of the American Art Association and he is authority on mediaeval architecture. He is a man of broad culture and gentle address. Travellers in Venice have, sometimes, the good fortune to visit his studio. Landscapes are there of infinite charm; scenes with the queer Venetian fishing-boats and fruit barges; San Marco; Maria del Salute (a favorite subject with him); lagoon twilights and a sunrise scene which holds them from looking further—all the mysterious blending of sky and water which is so characteristic of the Dream City, is there, with a hinted promise — a rosy promise — of the coming sun. Mrs. Faulkner is an English woman from St. Ives. She is often seen on the grand canal or lagoon with the two young sons. They make a striking picture as they glide by in their gondola with its red carpet—the mother's white gown brightened



HERBERT FAULKNER
Artist and Illustrator

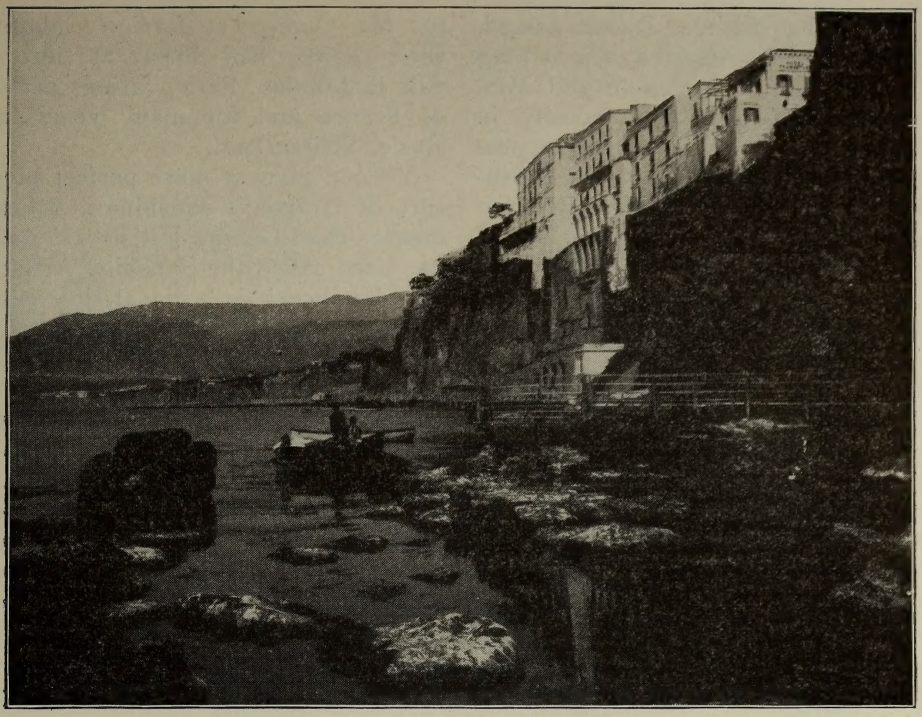
with girdle of red and poppies; the gondolier all in white with knotted sash, hat-band and breast-band of vivid red velvet, while the little boys' suits are the same as their swarthy boatman's. These children speak French and Italian fluently but are ardent Americans and will pass their student life in Massachusetts.

Just above the Rialto, in a thirteenth century palace, lives a native of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who has attracted wide attention for the past few years because of a new ism which bears his name; with whose theories the leading magazines will be filled this summer, while the scientific lecturers are arranging to discuss them in the winter courses; —Mr. Horace Fletcher. His books on the subject of nutrition are too well known to require reviewing here but a brief survey of his kaleidoscopic career is interesting. School life in Lawrence seemed tame to a boy of fifteen who was thirsting for adventure. He accordingly shipped on a whaler for Japan.



MME. JULIAN STORY (EMMA EAMES)
Prima Donna

After his return to America he fitted for Dartmouth at Andover, but soon forsook college grind for further experiences in the Orient. He knows Japan well, having lived there with his family six years. One of the first to import Japanese toys and novelties in this country he made a fortune in the business. His local habitations have been many, his interests broad. A founder of athletic clubs, a director of French Opera, a crack rifle shot, an artist, a philanthropist, an author—he is known in every quarter of the globe. He has made several complete trips around the world and has crossed the American continent forty times. For ten years he has made a study of the most perfect methods of feeding the human body. Drs. Cannon



A BIT OF SORRENTO NEAR THE HOME OF F. MARION CRAWFORD

and Bowditch of Harvard and Prof. Chittenden of Yale endorse his theories, while King Edward's medical adviser follows Mr. Fletcher's methods in prescribing for his patients. Health, wealth and happiness are his. He has not ceased to love his own country in becoming a resident of Venice, which he regards as a pleasant suburb—a central point. His investigations take him to the uttermost parts of the earth at a moment's notice, and since Venice is one day from Paris, a day and a half from London, one day from Vienna, and twenty-eight hours from Berlin he, no doubt, is right that this city fills his centripetal needs. Though noticeably modest he is a fine conversationalist and a brilliant letter-writer. His wife was Grace Marsh, an artist who formerly exhibited in the Paris Salon, while their daughter, Mrs. Dr. Van Someren, is a musician whose compositions have been used by the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago. The Van Somerens live with Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher at the Palazzo Saibante, which is on the best part of the grand canal, and the house is noted for its lavish hospitality.

The sculptor, Franklin Simmons, a Maine man, who graduated from Bates College, has lived mostly in Rome since 1868. He has a great name which he has earned. He is industry personified. A hundred portrait busts in marble stand to his credit, several ideal statues and fifteen monuments. He married, late in life, Baroness von Jeinsen, who was before marriage Miss Slo-

cum of Providence, Rhode Island. He has visited America only at long intervals but in 1904 he and Mrs. Simmons spent some months in Washington and visited the respective states of their birth. In Washington is that wonderful equestrian statue of Logan to which the sculptor gave seven years of toil and which is considered the finest work in the city. It was when this immense work was cast in bronze, in Rome, that the King and royal family visited Mr. Simmons's studio on S. Nicoloda Tolentino, (which is a famous resort for the artists and literati), and the excellence of it so won the admiration of Humbert that he knighted Mr. Simmons, making him Cavaliere of the crown of Italy.

One finds in Rome also, the New Hampshire born sculptor, Larkin Goldsmith Mead, brother-in-law to W. D. Howells, of whom he has done a high relief portrait in bronze, as well as those of Henry James and the late John Hay. His statue of Ethan Allen is in the National Gallery at Washington. One of the directors of the American Academy in Rome is Samuel A. B. Abbott, the Massachusetts lawyer, and among the more recent additions to the Eternal city from New England are the artist Charles Walter Stetson and his authoress wife, Grace Ellery Channing.

The present King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, has recently sent a letter of appreciation and thanks to a Maine woman for her valuable book — "Italy: Her People and Their Story." The author is Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford, sister of Senator Hale, and wife of Hon. George Gifford who has had thirty years of consular service. Owing to Mr. Gifford's foreign labors their home has been at intervals in London, Paris, various parts of France and for many years in Basle, Switzerland.

No one gives a more perfect picture of Holland's sunshine and her flowers than George Hitchcock. He has been called the Sunshine Artist. Mr. Hitchcock is a lineal descendant of Roger Williams, born in Providence, Rhode Island and a graduate from Brown. He took his degree at the Harvard Law school in 1874, but renounced his practice to study art. A pupil of Julien's in Paris he spent some time on figures and marines, but he chanced to visit Amsterdam in the early spring and he lost his heart to the wealth of tulips, hyacinths and crocuses which he saw there. He grasped the secret of their coloring and the very glint of the sunlight on their petals. He located at Egmond, near by, and has lived there ever since.

Though Emma Eames and her husband, Julian Story, have a lovely villa near Vallombrosa, Italy where, high up in the mountains, she takes her most perfect rest, they are more often found in their Paris home, in the beautiful house on the Place des États Unis, which they built on the site of Mr. Story's old studio, and to which they have delighted to give a very American atmosphere. Brilliant people in the artistic and social world gather beneath this roof. The Storys are both of old New England stock. Miss Eames' father was a young lawyer sent over to Shanghai by a business firm and she was born there, but her girlhood was spent in Boston and all the early ties of friendship were in America. Julian Story has not



A FAMOUS PAINTING BY HERBERT FAULKNER

only the prestige which his father's name would give, but has made a reputation for himself. They are an ideally happy couple, each proud of the other's achievements.

On Rue Notre Dame des Champs Mme. Bouguereau works on, bereft of the master's teaching from whom she so dreaded to work apart. The romance of the New England girl and the noted French painter, who owing to the French mother's opposition, dared not marry until after the latter's death, has been often quoted. When, as Miss Gardiner, this woman left her quiet home in Exeter, New Hampshire to take up the study of art in Paris in 1865 it was judged an unwise, perhaps unseemly, thing to do. But Rosa Bonheur befriended her, and soon Bouguereau became her teacher. She won a place and was the first American woman to receive a gold medal in the Paris Salon. She has donated two of her large paintings to places held precious in her memory. One—"Crossing the Brook" a gift to her native town, hangs in the art room of the Robinson Seminary, Exeter, New Hampshire—the other was given to Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, Massachusetts, where as a pupil she claims she received her first inspiration for her life work from her drawing teacher.

A granddaughter of Rufus Choate, Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, after many years' residence in France is now building a home on the Island of Noirmontier, a little island of peasants and fisherfolk—in a sea so

shallow that at low tide one can drive to it; at high tide small steamers ply back and forth between the island and Vendée. It is very rural there but charming beyond description. After publishing several books, Mrs. Prince's pen has been idle for a time with the exception of a few short stories and essays. In a recent magazine article on "Rooms that I have loved," Mrs. Prince closes with the words: "In this paper I have imitated the sun dial, only marking sunny hours. They are the best to keep in one's mind." It is to be hoped that some of the incidents of a ramble through Spain which Mr. and Mrs. Prince with their daughter have lately taken, or bits of social life in Paris, which she knows so well may be woven into a book. In this day of morbid writers it is a pity to have a pen which marks the cheerful days, in disuse.

Far away in the indolent Orient, at Scutari, near Constantinople, stand a group of white buildings, inside of which there is diligence and enthusiasm. The American flag floats above it. It is the American Woman's College in Constantinople, incorporated in 1890 under an Act of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The students are from the upper and middle classes of society in Greece, Armenia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Russia, Hungary and Roumania, with a sprinkling of Hebrews, French, English and Americans. The routine college life is much like that of ours, except that the girls there use either the French, English or German language. The standard of scholarship is constantly raised and two of the European universities have accepted the diploma of the college. Mary Mills Patrick, Ph. D., President of this college is a New Hampshire woman. She speaks, reads and writes five languages and has received degrees from several universities.

In a delightful quarter of Berlin, at the head of a school for girls may, to-day, be found one of the best known and best beloved educators of New England, Dr. Alice H. Luce. Her last labors before settling abroad were those of Dean of the woman's department at Oberlin College. Miss Luce was for eight years instructor in English and mathematics at the Girls' Latin School, Boston and after taking degrees at Leipsic and Heidelberg, became professor of English at Smith College and later at Wellesley. A good many women are professors in colleges, a few are deans, but not many educators possess the blending of qualities which have made Miss Luce an inspiring teacher while each pupil has counted her as a personal friend. Many American young women seeking culture abroad are attracted to the happy combination of foreign customs and New England principles which are found in Miss Luce's institution.

Overlooking St. James Park, in Picadilly, London, there is also a woman's club, called the Lyceum Club. One of its founders is Anna Eichberg Lane, wife of the London publisher. Mrs. Lane was daughter of Julius Eichberg and passed her unmarried life in Boston. She wrote the patriotic hymn, "To Thee, Oh Country," which her father set to music. James T. Fields introduced her to Longfellow at Cambridge, and that venerable poet said, "My, dear, you have covered your name with glory." Mrs. Lane is much interested in the advancement of her

sex and is a friend to the young literary aspirants. A fellow worker in this club, a woman who has an international reputation, is John Oliver Hobbes. In private life she is known as Mrs. Craigie. She was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts thirty-nine years ago. Her parents went to live in England when she was a mere infant and travelled about several years before permanently settling there. Her father was a Connecticut boy, who started in life by his own efforts, amassed a fortune, and now has a magnificent house in Lancaster Gate. Mrs. Craigie is a brilliant musician, and many friends regretted her decision when she announced her intention of making literature her profession. The ease and rapidity with which she writes prove that she possessed something beside musical ability. She was but nine years old when she saw her first story in print; but eighteen when she actually embarked on a literary career. All her life she has been an omniverous reader and openly approves of turning girls and boys loose among books, with no restrictions. It is not surprising that she should lean toward the making of plays—for in her books she never slights an opportunity for dramatic situations; and her dialogue is full of wit and spice.

This is but the chance mentioning of a few New Englanders who are working, each in his own particular niche, at points more or less remote. None of them will be apt to finish their lives on this side of the Atlantic. But as often as a song, a book, or a deed is credited to them we take it as a personal greeting and rejoice that the Puritan stock loses none of its vigor.

Laurel

By J. C. Crowell

Laurel blushing on the height,
  Early Summer's pride—,
Bringing thoughts of past delight,
  Mayflowers that have died.

Clad in shades they wore art thou,
  Purest white, and rose
Delicate as morning's brow
  When the day star goes.

Or a pink of deepest hue
  Seen at sunset hour:—
Almost Mayflowers come anew
  In thy dainty flower.

Ah, but no. Thou lack'st the breath,
  Fragrant above all,
Lavish they exhale, till death
  Makes their petals fall.

What misdeed of thine so great
  Scentless left thee, pray?
What caprice did Nature sate?
  Thou wilt never say.

Sorely must thou sometimes yearn
  Thy aroma long
In thy censer-cups to burn,
  Incense sweetly strong.

Isle Au Haut

By Charlotte Porter

Oh! a million-million-masted ship,
With millions of green sails spread,
A prow of rock to the tide's fierce lip,
And song at each mast-head,—
A prow of rock
Where the breakers flock,
And song to fling
Where the sea-birds wing,—
Song of the trees,
Song of the breeze,
Song through all heaven to flow,—
Such a green-winged, rock-built, sky-soaring ship
Is Isle au Haut!

Oh! a far sure voyage this ship fares
On her swerveless upright keel,
Through measureless seas of time she bears
Aims true as the pole stars feel.
Steady her helm,
Though the wild waves whelm.
More firm her quest
For their keen unrest;—
Vary and flaw
Fixing the law
Whereby all staunch ships go.
Oh! a tireless and dauntless voyage dares
This Isle au Haut!



ISLE AU HAUT

Oh! a deep-eyed angel bares her brow
Where the light spray leaps and laughs,
And the gaunt cliff at the giant bow
The sea's wine thirstily quaffs,—
The sea's strong wine
In the wide sun shine
Or swooning calm
Of the moon's white balm;
Stormy or still,
Good is the will
In the angel's eyes aglow,
God-wise, God-sure her guidance at the prow
Of Isle au Haut!

The Daltons and the Legacy

By Eleanor H. Porter

THE legacy amounted to ten thousand dollars; and coming as it did from a little known, scarcely remembered relative it seemed even more unreal than the man who had bequeathed it. Not until lawyers' visits and numerous official-looking papers had convinced the Daltons beyond the smallest doubt did the family believe their good fortune genuine; then, with the conviction, came all the overwhelming ambitions and unsatisfied longings of past years.

"There, now we can leave the farm," exulted Mrs. Dalton.

"Why, Sarah, do—do you think that is quite—wise?" asked her husband.

"Wise? Of course it is!" she returned decidedly. "Why, Caleb, don't you know? — we've always wanted to go to the city; and Cousin John said he'd give you a place in his store any time, so you'll earn something to start with right away. We never dared to before, you know, for you wa'n't sure how you'd do; but now we've got all this money we sha'n't have to worry a mite. Oh, isn't it just splendid, Caleb?"

"Yes; but—" he hestitaed.

"Why, Caleb, I don't believe you appreciate it a bit!"

"Oh, I do, indeed I do, Sarah; but—" again he hesitated.

"But there isn't any 'but,' Caleb," laughed Sarah, and turned to a boy of twelve and a girl of fourteen who entered the room at that moment. "We've got it all settled, children. We're going to Boston, sure, this fall."

"Oh, mother!" — Ethel's hands came together in ecstasy, while Fred whooped in glee.

"There's the lovely big stores and the people," cried Ethel.

"And the cars and Bunker Hill Monument," supplemented Fred.

"And we won't ever have to come back to this snippy little town," continued Ethel.

"My, won't Bill Higgins just stare;" interposed Fred. "Oh, I say, sis, we might come back just once, you know, just to tell them about things."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Ethel, readily; "and—say, let's tell them now that we're going. Come on!" she finished over her shoulder as she flew through the door.

"There, Caleb, I told you how it would be," smiled Mrs. Dalton as the door banged behind Fred; then, anxiously: "you wouldn't want to spoil it all, now, would you?"

"N-no; but—no, no, of course not," murmured Caleb, rising to his feet and crossing to the outside door with heavy, slow-moving steps.

This was in August. By the middle of September such household goods as the Daltons had planned to take with them were packed, burlapped, crated, and labeled. It had been Mrs. Dalton's idea to sell the rest of the furniture and the farm at auction, but just here she en-

countered an unexpected but stubborn resistance from her husband. Consequently, the remainder of the goods were stored in the attic, and the farm was rented until the first of May—the house being close to the village, it made a not undesirable winter residence. A longer lease than this Caleb would not grant, in spite of his wife's remonstrances.

"Just as if we should want to come back by May, Caleb!" she scoffed. "Why, by that time we shall be real city folks, and you'll be a partner in the business, maybe."

"Hm-m,—maybe," echoed Caleb, imperturbably; "but—we'll see when May comes."

"Cousin John" in Boston had received the news of their intended coming with cordial interest, and had already procured for them a six-room apartment in Roxbury; and it was in his thriving market and grocery store on Warren Avenue that Caleb was to have a position as clerk. The wages, at first, were not large—Cousin John explained when he good-naturedly ran up to the farm to make arrangements—but the figures looked fabulous to Sarah until John told her that they must pay twenty-five dollars every month for their flat.

"Twenty-five dollars, and not even a spare room!" she gasped. "Why, John, it's too nice—it must be. We didn't want such a fancy one."

"Oh, 'tisn't fancy," laughed the man, "not a bit! It's neat and clean and on a respectable street. Land costs something down there, you know. You have to pay something for rent. Why, I pay fifty, myself."

"Oh, oh!" moaned Sarah; then she threw back her head with an assumed courage. "Never mind, I'll just have to change my plans a bit. I didn't intend to keep anything, but I can have just a few hens and a cow as well as not, and that will help some. Like enough I can sell a little butter and what eggs I don't use, too, and—" a long, hearty laugh interrupted her.

"Oh, Cousin Sarah, Cousin Sarah!" choked John, as soon as he could find his voice.

"Well," said Mrs. Dalton, with some dignity, "I'm waiting."

Cousin John pulled his face into shape and steadied his voice.

"Sarah, your flat is up three flights, and hasn't even a back piazza. Where are you going to keep hens and cows?"

Mrs. Dalton's jaw fell.

"Three flights!" she gasped.

He nodded.

"And isn't there a yard, or—or anything?"

"Not that belongs to you—except the fire escape and a place on the roof to dry your clothes." His lips were twitching, as Mrs. Dalton was not slow to see.

"Never mind," she retorted airily. "I didn't want them, anyhow, and, after all, we've got the money, so why can't we take a little good in spending it!"

Some weeks later when Mrs. Dalton saw her new home, she did not know whether to laugh or to cry. The three long flights of stairs and dim, narrow halls filled her with dismay, but the entrance with its shining letter boxes and leaded glass door-panels overwhelmed her with its magnificence. The big brick block in which she was to live looked like a palace to her eyes; but the six rooms in which she was to stow herself and family amazed

and disheartened her with their diminutiveness.

"Why, Caleb, I—I can't breathe —they're so small!" she gasped, then broke off suddenly, as she glanced through the window: "Oh, my, my—who'd ever have thought there were so many roofs and chimneys in the world!"

Getting settled was a wonderful experience. The Daltons had never moved before, and it took many days to bring even a semblance of order out of the chaos into which the six small rooms were thrown by the unpacking of the boxes and barrels. The delay worried Sarah more than did the work itself.

"O dear, Ethel," she moaned each afternoon, "we're so slow in getting settled, and I just know some one will call before we're even half fixed!"

At last the tiny parlor with its mirror-adorned mantel and showy gas fixtures—the pride of Sarah's heart—was in order; and, after that, Sarah made sure each day that three o'clock found her dressed in her best and sitting in solemn state in that same parlor waiting for the calls that were surely now long overdue.

Days passed, and her patience was unrewarded save for a sharp ring from a sewing-machine agent, and another from a book canvasser.

Sarah could not understand it. Surely, her neighbors in the block must know of her arrival even if those in her immediately vicinity on the street did not. Occasionally she met women in the halls, or going in or out of the big main door. At first she looked at them with a half formed smile on her face, waiting for the confidently expected greeting; later, she eyed them with a distinctly grieved expression—the greeting had never been given; but at last, her hunger to talk with some one not of her own family led her to take the initiative herself. Meeting a tall, slender woman, whom she had already seen three times, she spoke.

"How—how'd ye do?" she began timidly.

The tall woman started, threw a hurried glance around her, then came to the conclusion that the salutation was meant for herself.

"Good morning," she returned along through the hall.

Sarah stood looking after with dazed eyes.

"Why, how funny!" she murmured. "She didn't even stop a minute. Maybe she's sort of bashful, now. I shouldn't wonder a mite if she was."

Three days later the two ladies again met at the outer door.

"Oh, how'd ye do? Nice day, ain't it?" began Sarah, hurriedly. "You—you live here, don't you?"

"Why—yes," said the woman, smiling a little.

"I do, too—on the top floor. You're not so high up, are you?"

The woman shook her head.

"Not quite," she said.

"I—I'm all settled, now," announced Sarah, stumbling over the words a little.

"Is that so?" returned the woman politely, but without enthusiasm.

Sarah nodded.

"Yes, all ready for callers. I—I hope you'll come soon," she finished with sudden courage.

"Thank you; you are very kind," murmured the woman, as she smiled and turned away.

The tall woman did not call, and Sarah never asked her again. A

few words from Cousin John's wife at about this time opened Sarah's eyes, and taught her not to expect to become acquainted with her neighbors. At first Sarah was more than dismayed; but she quickly brought to bear the courage with which she fought all the strange things in this new life.

"Of course they can't call on every one, Cousin Mary," she said airily to John's wife; "and like enough they're not the kind of folks I would care to know, anyhow."

Sarah was not the only member of the family who had found trials by the way. Ethel and Fred had entered school, and at first they came home each afternoon with woeful faces. New methods of study, recitation, discipline, and even of recreation puzzled and frightened them. They regularly begged each morning not to go back; but as regularly their mother's diplomatic bantering and systematic appeals to their pride conquered, and they started off at half past eight, heads high, and chins bravely upraised.

To Caleb, the city was a thing of noise, hurry, and more people than he had thought existed. Early and late he worked in the store. To the "early" part he did not object—it even seemed late to his farm-bred ideas of early rising; but to the evenings—Caleb never understood the rush and confusion that entered the big market and grocery with the lighting of the flaring gas jets. To him it was a time for quiet meditation and sleep—not for haggling over the price of sugar and beans.

"I don't like it," he would say sometimes to his wife; "I don't like it, Sarah. This doling out a peck of potatoes and two quarts of apples —why, Sarah, just think of the bushels and barrels I've grown myself! It's so small, Sarah, so small!"

"Of course it is now," comforted Sarah, "but only think what 'twill be later on—only think!"

December, January, February, and March passed; and the first of April brought a letter from the lesee of the farm asking if he was to have the place through the summer.

"Of course he can have it," declared Sarah. "Just as if we wanted it again!"

"Yes, yes, of course," murmured Caleb. "I—I'll write later on. He said if he heard by the middle of the month, 'twould do."

It was an early, and a wonderfully beautiful spring that year. Warm, moist winds came up from the South and stirred the twigs and branches into life. The grass grew green on sunny slopes, and the tulips and crocuses turned the dull brown beds into riotous color and bloom. Caleb went out of his way each day that he might pass a tiny little park, and he always stopped there a motionless two minutes—he would have told you he was listening to the green things growing. Sarah grew restless indoors. She even crawled out on to the fire escape and sat there one day; but that she never tried but once.

Down stairs, on each side of the big front door was a square yard patch of puny, straggling grass; and it was these two bits of possibilities that put a happy thought into Sarah's head. For three days she said nothing, but she fell into the way of going often in and out of that door, and always her eyes were hungrily fixed on one or the other of those squares. On the fourth

day she bought a trowel and some flower seeds and set resolutely to work. She had dug the trowel into the earth four times, and was delightedly sniffing the odor from the moist earth when the janitor appeared.

"Did ye lose something, ma'am?" he asked suspiciously.

"Lose something?" laughed the woman. "Of course not! I've found something, William. I've found a flower bed. I'm going to have the prettiest one ever was."

"Oh, come, now," began the man, plainly disturbed, "that ain't going to do, you know. I'll have to—"

"Oh, I'll tend it," she interrupted eagerly. "You won't have to even touch it."

The man shook his head.

"'Twon't do, ma'am — 'twon't, really, now. I'm sorry, but the boss won't stand it."

"Won't stand it!—not even for flowers!" she gasped.

"No, ma'am;"—the janitor's tone was firm, but regretful. A queer feeling of sympathy came over him for this gentle little woman on the top floor whom he had always liked. "There hain't none of the tenants no business with them yards; he said so."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dalton, "I—I'll go then." And she picked up the trowel and rose to her feet.

She passed the janitor without a word, her head held high, and her eyes looking straight before her; but once in the seclusion of the halls, her head drooped, and her eyes rained tears that rolled down her cheeks unceasingly all the way to the top floor.

It was that night that Caleb brought out the paper and pen to write the letter which would lease the farm for another six months. Twice he dipped his pen in the ink, and paused with no word written. Finally he spoke.

"I—I'm going to give him some hints, Sarah. He won't know how to run some of the things, I'm sure. If he should plant the meadow lot to potatoes, now, it—"

"And, Caleb," cut in Sarah, "be sure and send word to his wife about the roses; if she don't spray 'em real early, the bugs and worms will get an awful start. Caleb, don't you remember how lovely that Crimson Rambler was last year?"

Caleb nodded; his eyes were fixed on the wall paper.

"I—I wonder if this warm weather has made the leaves start out on it," resumed Sarah. "I hope not—you know we always have frosts up there."

"Hm-m," murmured Caleb.

There was a long silence, then Sarah drew a deep breath.

"Caleb, do you s'pose it'll get up to the front chamber window this year—that rosebush, I mean?"

"I don't know, Sarah." Caleb's eyes were still on the wall paper.

There was another long silence, broken this time by the children's entrance.

"Mother," began Fred, discontentedly, "don't they ever go fishing down here, or swimming, or anything?"

Sarah sprang to her feet with a nervous little laugh.

"Caleb, we — we might go up home just for—for a visit," she said.

"Hurrah!—let's!" crowed Fred; and Ethel clapped her hands.

"I'll do it," cried Caleb, suddenly, bringing his fist down hard on his knee. "I'll write that we'll go up next week for three days. There's

lots of room, and they can tuck us away somewhere for just that little time. We can show 'em things better than we can tell 'em, and I can close the deal when I get there."

It was a jubilant four that left the North Station a few days later, and it was a still more jubilant four that arrived in the village at the foot of the green hills. The Dalton's intended visit had been heralded far and near, and the progress from the train to the farmhouse was a succession of hand-shakes and cordial greetings.

"Oh, don't it look splendid and roomy!" cried Sarah, as they reached the turn where they could see the farmhouse. "And don't the air smell good!"

"Hm-m," murmurmed Caleb, and turned his face away with set lips.

How crowded to overflowing those three days were! Caleb valiantly tried to give his intended suggestions, but the most of his time was spent in joyous tramps from one end of the farm to the other, that no favorite field nor pet pasture should escape his adoring eyes. Sarah, when not gloating over every tender shoot and starting bud in her flower garden, was being fêted and fed by the entire neighborhood.

"Oh, how good it is to just talk!" murmured Sarah, as she went to sleep that first night.

As for Fred and Ethel, they were scarcely seen at the farmhouse.

Just at dusk on the third day, Caleb found his wife in the old summer-house. Wrapped in shawls, she was fastening vines to the trellis.

"Well, Sarah, I—I s'pose I'd better settle up with West, now. I hain't yet, you know."

Sarah nodded, without speaking.

"I hain't seemed to amount to much about telling him things," continued Caleb. "Somehow, I didn't get time. He's careless, too; I'm afraid he ain't going to do well.

"She is, too," moaned Sarah. "She don't know a thing about roses. Caleb, do you think that rosebush will get up to that window?"

"I don't know," returned Caleb, absently; then, with a choke in his voice, he said: "Things look first rate, now, but—I've got my doubts of West. I—I wish I could handle them myself."

Sarah threw a quick glance at his averted face.

"Well, — why — don't you?" she almost whispered.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Caleb.

"Oh, here you are," cried Fred from the doorway. "Say, is it to-morrow we go? — just to-morrow? Why, we haven't done half that we wanted to!" Behind him stood Ethel, her eyes wistful, her mouth drooping at the corners.

Sarah drew a quick breath.

"Ask—ask your father," she faltered.

"Sarah, would you?—would you come back? Do you mean it?" cried Caleb, a swift joy in his eyes.

Sarah burst into tears, and threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Caleb, I—I just would! I—I've wanted to ever so long, but—I just wouldn't own up."

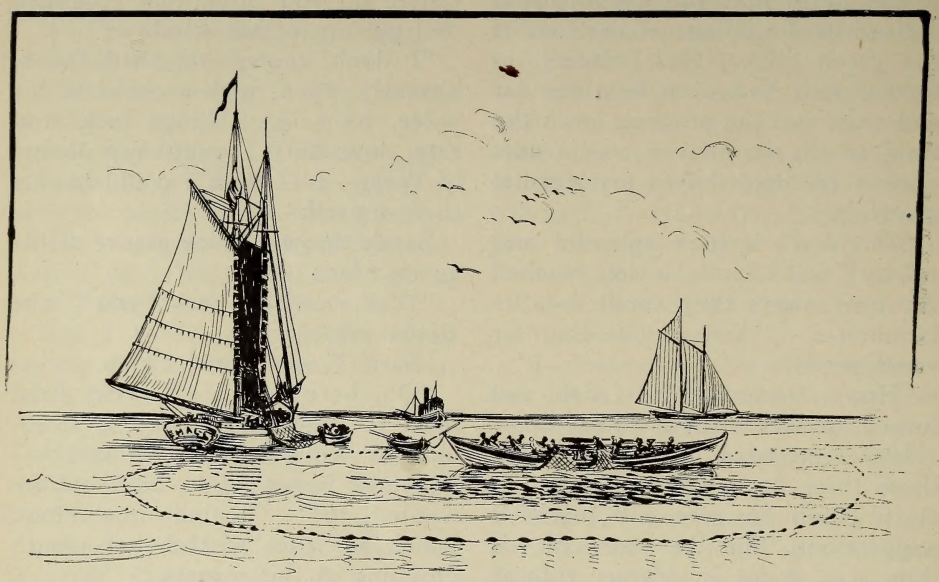
"There, there," soothed the man, with loving pats, his face alight, "we'll come back, so we will; we'll come back right away."

Ethel and Fred ran shouting from the summer-house, and Sarah raised a tear-stained face.

"Well, anyhow," she laughed softly, "now we can see just how high that rosebush does get!"

A Successful Cast

By THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE



THE schooner "Alice M. Story," one of a scattered fleet of Gloucester fishermen, is standing off shore in search of mackerel. Suddenly, sharp as the yelp of a hound that has struck the scent, a cry rings out from the mast head: "School O!" The crew, for the space of some heart beats stand motionless as statues; the men at whist in the forecastle look into each others eyes, the man whose play it is, holds his card suspended in mid-air. The cook about to let a pot rattle into its place, holds it back and listens. The Captain, half way up the rigging, takes a firmer grip lest in the excitement of the moment he lose his hold. Then comes the responsive interrogation: "Where away?"

"A little on the weather bow, Sir!"

"Let her come to, let her come to!" cries the Captain to the man at the wheel. "Do you see them yet?"

"Yes; they're showing up fine,—they're red, they're red!" This cry increases the excitement, for a red school means a large body of fish of unusual density.

The Captain climbs higher into the rigging, now looking eagerly in the direction the lookout is pointing, now shifting his gaze to each one of the fleet to see if there is danger of being forestalled. The rigging of every vessel in sight is

now dotted with half a dozen men. They have read the meaning of the "Story's" altered course and the entire fleet is rounding to with the precision and uniformity of a squadron obeying a flagship's signal.

At last the Captain has found the dark, ruffled spot on the ocean whose farthest edge is ridged at regular intervals by foam and spray.

"The ripple's too fine for mack'rel, —it's herrin'" growls a grizzled pessimist.

"Do you think it's mackerel?" The Captain appeals to the lookout, doubting his judgment in his joy.

"Mackerel!—there's five hundred barrels in that school if there's a fish!"

"Call the cook,—get in the boat!"

The lookout, disdaining the ratlines, curls his leg around the foreback-stay and comes to the deck with a rush. The Captain descends in a more decorous and deliberate manner, as beseems a commander. The cook, who will be monarch of all he surveys until the catch is secured, emerges from the forecastle and running aft takes charge of the wheel. The crew tumble one after another into the boat and take their positions. At the word: "Give way" a dozen oars fall simultaneously into the water and the boat, followed by a dory containing two men, speeds away.

Did you ever see a seine? Well, take your common tennis net, set it in a circle, string a number of corks along its upper edge. On the lower border attach, at intervals, a number of rings, through these rings run a section of clothes line, now pull on each end of the line and you close the bottom of your net, and what's in must stay in or leap over the top. The corks on the upper edge keep that margin afloat, the lower border is weighted with "sinkers" of lead which rapidly unfold and sink the seine when it is thrown overboard and thus it stands up and down in the water, a wall of twine. The "bunt" or middle of the seine, is deeper and made of stronger material than either wing because the entire weight of the school rests finally upon this portion when the seine is "dried up."

The seine boat is a long, buoyant vessel tapering at both ends after the fashion of a canoe, capable of permitting some dozen men to row two abreast, excepting the bow oarsman, with liberal room for the seine which is piled crosswise in bights or sections on its after third.

As the boat flies through the water the crew are by no means silent. The sudden change from a long period of inactivity to one of violent physical exercise sends the blood to brain cells long dormant and the result is a kind of intoxication. Good natured chaff is bandied about, the peculiarities of some one's speech are hit upon, some unfortunate's mishap ashore is alluded to in a comical way and the whole crowd roars. It is the delirium of the charge, and the Captain, within limitations as wise as Carlisle, makes no effort by word or gesture to restrain it. Wolfe, floating down the St. Lawrence, smothering a premature war cry, launches into "Grey's Elegy." "Let Paris sing the Marseilles!" cried Louis Napoleon in his extremity.

The Captain steers the boat in silence, his eyes devouring the illusive quarry now so close aboard, his features illy concealing the expressions of hope and fear that in

turn play over them. He is about to give his men an immense amount of work, and aside from the prospects of immediate personal loss, the blow his pride will receive in the event of a failure is big before him. A beaten general may retire to his tent and there brood alone over his discomfiture, or, if utterly routed his flying followers have no breath for taunts, but the Skipper who has directed an unsuccessful cast is confined to a narrow boat in the midst of his crew on the wide Atlantic, and howsoever undeserved, from the low mutterings and disappointed looks of his men there is no escape.

There should be no knots in the thread of a story, but while the boat is covering the space between it and the school, we desire to take you on board and introduce you to the crew. Don't be diffident, never mind the present surroundings, you'll find yourself in most excellent company, nothing less than descendants of Colonial governors, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, physicians, and, you'd scarcely credit it, a Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

The majority of the crew are from the British Provinces, and many of them inherit by direct descent or marriage, the blood of the Loyalists who emigrated during or at the close of the Revolution. No doubt some of these fishermen could trace their ancestry back to a prolific New England divine. We will not go deeply into the matter lest we stir up trouble by producing an heir to old King's Chapel in Boston. You will recall that their forefathers considered the forbears of some people we could name, very much beneath them in the social scale, called their fellow countrymen "contumacious Rebels," their ebullitions of patriotism, the "blusterings of seditious demagogues" and so denouncing,—departed.

The Longfellow and Lowell houses are examples of the mansions they left behind them. A study of the exodus alluded to above shows that the forbears of these people came almost entirely from the shore towns of New England and the South. So it was not sentiment, but the bad roads leading from the interior to the sea coast that kept some of our fathers at home in '97. Be that as it may, these descendants of the Loyalists are an enterprising, sturdy lot. They have touched the hem of the garments of the Great Republic and clearly perceive that their forefathers in adhering to the King instead of the farmyard made a stupendous blunder; that their loyalty blinded them to the future prospects in real estate. Nevertheless, they call history to depose that a people who, because of their religious or political opinions, relinquish their hearths and homes and household gods to confiscation, gather their old men and tender little ones about them, embark on frail vessels, cross the ocean in midwinter and plunge into a wilderness, have at least the courage of their conviction.

A few of the crew are from the old families of Cape Ann, bearing names that have often been on the tongues of men during our country's history. Who can count the seed that has blown over the Great Republic from thy parent stalk O Essex County! Their fathers leaped into the surf at Louisburg and stormed shoreward. Down came the "Fleur-de-lys" and out marched

the dandy officers of Louis XV, laces and ruffles much bedraggled. This breed was right behind the son of Webster when he went down where the wave of battle was whitest.

There is one Swede, a yellow-haired, handsome fellow whose features have the regularity of a chiselled statue. He comes from the North of Sweden where the air is so clear that the Milky Way, Vinter Gäten (Winter Garden) he calls it, looks like an unbroken pathway of silver. Were you with him any clear night in the middle watch he would tell you the origin, according to the folk-lore of his Province, of this celestial phenomena. A very pretty story. "Ever so many years ago," he would say, "there were two young lovers and they both died, and the soul of the boy went to one planet and the soul of the girl to another, and they were thousands and thousands of miles apart, and they mourned because they were thus separated, but a happy thought possessed the boy lover and he began to build a roadway of stars, and he was thousands and thousands of years in building it, but at last it was completed, and that accounts for the way of silver and that is the road on which the lovers were united."

And now for the learned professions. That man with the brown cheeks and white forehead, his hat tilted back, keeping as regular if not as strong a stroke as any, is a Vermont schoolmaster. He had a mild hemorrhage in the middle of the school year and his physician prescribed a sea voyage. To ship on a Cape Ann seiner and fill both pocket and prescription at the same time, was a clever idea, wasn't it? You will recall that a young fellow with a decided droop in his left eyelid, who was to be Governor of Massachusetts, one day sailed out of Marblehead on the same errand. The vessels discharged both of the above cases "Cured." The schoolmaster is now a physician himself and you may be assured that when he sees a boy whose symptoms indicate cod liver oil, he says to his patient "first catch your codfish!"

The young fellow pulling stroke oar, is sure he has "a call." He will some day mount the pulpit of the largest Baptist church in Maine. He has preached many times in Massachusetts and some of my readers have without doubt sat under him. His son is to be one of the most eloquent clergymen in the city of Boston.

The boy pulling on the after seat, trying to keep time with his big "Down East" thwart-mate, insists upon being a lawyer. Not a sea lawyer, but a real lawyer that pleads before a learned judge and says sweetly: "Now, if your honor pleases." Sharp indeed would be the ears that could catch at this moment a voice in a political state convention nominating this befreckled and scale-bespattered chap for Attorney General. He reached that distinction. He was, within the month, nominated and confirmed Associate Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. Now aren't you glad you came aboard!

So next season when you go to Cape Ann to feel the beauties of an "An Old Maid's Paradise" or to see the sunset glorifying the sand dunes at Annisquam, in your tour of the wharves if you should happen to run across a chap in a yellow oil-skin packet, hoisting out halibut,

just remember that the jacket may some day be shed for the robes of a bishop or the mantle of a judge.

With such a crew, O Captain, we are led to expect nothing short of a successful cast!

Having reached the vicinity of the fish, the speed of the boat is lessened, the voices of the crew fall to a murmur and the Captain begins to study the movements of the school. It is a critical moment and a little while will decide all. From the crew comes the encouraging remarks: "They're mack'rel all right, Captain, and they're going along asleep." "You could bail them up with a dipnet!" "There is no herring about them, — look at their gills!"

The cork-heaver, the lightest man in the crew, stands aft of the seine, the seine-heaver, the heaviest and strongest man of the crew stands forward of it, his hand resting caressingly, like an old cannoneer, on the mighty instrument he is about to discharge. These latter two are silent, passive; their time is not yet come.

The Captain, having assured himself that the fish are keeping an unvarying course, lazily and unsuspectingly rushing along in the calm ocean, suddenly lifts his long steering oar out of the water with a wide sweep and cries out: "Stand by,— give them the twine!" The seine-heaver's passive form awakens to life, and ere the keg, attached to one end of the seine to act as a buoy, is dancing on the waves, every oar has caught the water with a mighty grip and plank and stanchion groan beneath the telling strain.

The bolt is shot, the die is cast, sober second thought cuts no figure now, for, fish or no fish the act of setting the seine must now be gone through with. The Captain's face wears the relaxed look of one who has for better or for worse, put his decision into action, and he cries out to his men: "Lift her out of the water, boys, carry her along; break them rowlocks, if you get that school we can buy gold ones; little more beef on your port oars, there!" These coaching cries are but a relief to the Captain's pent up feelings. There are no shirkers. The crew are putting every pound of strength they possess into the bending oars, fully appreciating the importance of surrounding the school in the shortest possible time. Bight after bight of the seine is thrown overboard, the cork-heaver following with a corresponding section of corks. The turn is made, the school is half surrounded and the boat, still circling, is bearing in toward the buoy to which the men in the dory have attached their craft, making a larger steering target for the Captain. All is going well and cries of mutual encouragement break fitfully from the lips of the panting oarsmen when, suddenly, the fish that have, up to this time, shown their ripple on the surface, disappear. The zone of the cork-beaded circle is as smooth, and unvexed as the sea without. For some anxious minutes the fishers would, figuratively and literally, float on a sea of doubt. No evidence would be visible until the seine was well in to tell whether the cast had been successful or not. With a force and momentum that almost overturns the dory, the boats come together and in a trice the purse-lines, one from the dory and one from the seine boat, are rove through blocks

on the gunwale of the later, the lines are manned and come hissing in from the ocean carrying with them two jets of sea water.

While the boat is encircling a school of mackerel, the oars of necessity make considerable noise and the length of time the fish remain visible depends on their degree of "wildness." Sooner or later, they settle and disappear, and perhaps when the seine appears to be half around them they come up without the circle and it is hard to convince the fishermen that the ripple they leave behind is not the ripple of laughter. They may, following a dozen older and wiser heads who have been trapped before, dive straight down and escape to a fish, and the cry, "They've dove her!" announce the melancholy fact that labor and energy have been expended in vain. Observers will have noticed, however, that fish of the mackerel species usually leave the surface at a very acute angle, which fact increases the likelihood of the school striking the seine before they clear its confines. They appear to settle, at first, somewhat below the surface, their speed slightly accelerated. As they strike the bunt or middle of the seine which has been thrown directly in their course, it is possible they conceive it to be the ocean's bed and they naturally begin to rise towards the surface. Having discovered their error they dive once more, this time perhaps deeper, but the seine that was at first a circular wall with the bottom wide open, has rapidly assumed the formation of a bowl and again they are blocked.

The denseness of the mass decreases the mobility, the mob-consciousness is at their centre holding them together like a magnet, whatever independent movement is suggested to any individuals, the gregarious instinct denies, and the school, intact, rises once more toward the surface. The matter has now become serious and the fish begin to poke their noses into the meshes, cautiously, curiously, trying to discover what this strange thing is opposing itself to the free will of an independent mackerel who has heretofore darted where it listeth, the while, following the wall of twine toward the buoy. Both fish and boat are now converging on the same point. As they near one another, the school, alarmed at the uproar, suddenly wheel in a body and dart towards what appears to them, open water, only to meet with the old obstruction on the opposite side. The only avenue of escape is toward and under the boat, but the noise, the shadow of the boat on the water, the long oars that are plunged into the sea and agitated, commonly deters them from this course. At last the thoroughly bewildered and disorganized school breaks up into small pods or bodies and then sinks to the bottom of the seine that has been drawn completely around and beneath them.

Having pursed the seine up, that is, drawn the bottom of it together, like the mouth of lady's opera bag, the rings are taken across the gunwale of the boat, the fishermen, lining up from bow to stern, insert their fingers into the meshes and the great net is slowly, foot by foot, dragged into the boat. The suspense is now intense, up to this, there is not one vestige of evidence to tell the fishermen that their cast has been successful, but now a

keen eye catches sight of some silver bars down in the blue depths standing out from the seine. These manifestations increase and multiply, and suddenly the whole school rises to the surface, seething and boiling in their ever-narrowing confines. It is a sight no human eye could look on and be unmoved and the fishermen hail it with exulting shouts that rises from a low roar to a crescendo of shrieks: "They're in her! They're in her! THEY'RE ALL IN HER!"

During the drying up period, the dory is stationed at the bunt cork, a cork exactly in the middle of the seine. This precaution is necessary because the school, if a large one, may by their weight carry the corks below the surface, allowing the fish to escape.

The seine being fully dried in, this cork is taken on the gunwale of the seine boat, an oar is put up as a signal for the vessel to draw near, the captain with a portion of the crew is carried aboard and the vessel is slowly worked up to the prize. As they near the seine boat, the fore sheet is eased off, the jibs ar lowered and the vessel glides quietly alongside. Lines are passed fore and aft to the seine boat, the bunt cork is taken on the rail of the schooner and the work of transferring the haul to the decks begins. Hoisting tackle is attached to a huge dipnet, holding from one to two barrels and plunged into the swarm beneath and the order is given to hoist away. As the bottom of the net clears the rail it is upset and the first installment of "blue blacks" go rattling and drumming over the decks. This process is continued until the catch is transferred from the seine to the schooner's decks. Now begins the work of "dressing down." The crew are divided into gangs of four; two split the fish, the others free them from their gibs and entrails and throw them into barrels, partly filled with water, to soak out the blood. From these wash-barrels they are taken and salted down. No sleep is permitted and only a moment is allowed for a hasty lunch, until the entire catch is split, gibbed, plowed and salted and ready to be stowed below. It was a big school and every remaining barrel on board is full. And now, from the decks of the conquering vessel, a mysterious, cylinder-shaped object runs up aloft, is hauled out to the mainpeak, and the next moment the Stars and Stripes, like an embodied shout of victory, flutters out on the favored air, telling the scattered fleet through which she is flying, that effort brings nearer the target of desires; that the "Alice M. Story" has wet all her salt and is homeward bound; telling them also that the rules of the Navy do not obtain here, to wit: Vessels in sight at time of capture have no share in the prize money.



Boston and the Woman's Club

By Inez J. Gardner

IN the striving world of to-day, the woman's club plays an important part. Boston is one of their leading stages, as Boston has always been the boards on which ideas have stalked. Not that the woman's clubs of to-day can be criticised for flowering only in ideas, though those be visions beautiful, for they are all clubs of practise. Large and small, they are concerned in varying degrees and in varying ways, in sociological and industrial interests. They plant trees in barren school-yards, send libraries to isolated towns and carry out the small details and worries in the bettering of homes and schools that for the most part, would be ignored by men. And as for large doings, the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, for instance, has built and maintained a model school in a district in Georgia where education is but an apology for child training. This school has proved of great advantage to the people of this section, who are pitifully poor in every way, so much so that scissors, sent down to the little girls in sewing bags, were received with great wonderment and delight. Another showing of their larger interests are the three resolutions adopted in the recent federation meeting at Melrose: one that the civics committees should devote themselves for the next two years to public education against tuberculosis; the second to obtain legislation for an eight-hour day limit for working girls whose nerves are severely taxed at the swift modern machines; and the third to support the recent recommendation of the governor for a state board, serving five years, to provide industrial training for the boys and girls of the state. "Believing that the lack of industrial training for girls and boys is a menace to the material and moral welfare of the commonwealth." In such problems, large and small, the woman's club is engaged. Among the clubs, the Boston organizations are especially active and especially leading, each in its own line.

The Ladies' Physiological Institute of Boston first established in 1848 claims to be the oldest organization of women in the country, outside of religious bodies. But still New York asserts herself and some authorities stand up for Kalamazoo as the first home of the first woman's club, the date being 1852. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, however, comes to the rescue of Boston, and states that Anne Hutchinson organized the first woman's club in in the country. Kalamazoo and New York are silenced, for neither can raise up a woman of prominence of Anne Hutchinson's time to found a club. The Physiological Institute was established by a few women with Mrs. Sylvanus Cobb, the mother of the artist, Darius

Cobb, as leader. Professor C. P. Bronson encouraged the enterprise by introductory lectures and by gifts of a mannikin and apparatus and also served as the club's first president. This was before the days when sociology had surmounted other studies and the four hundred women who were members of this body in 1849 worked only indirectly for society by first educating themselves. Their ideal was to promote among women a knowledge of the human system and of the laws of hygiene. The women who composed her ranks, we can picture gathering in Washingtonian Hall on old Bromfield street, women of their own conviction, solid-minded, for did they not have to face the gossip and scorn of those days for presuming to study the structure of their bodies' life, shame take the thought! But the Institute persisted in its weekly meetings down the years and disseminated its practicalities. Mrs. Cobb who became president in 1840 and served for many years as guiding spirit gave the club a delightful family spirit. Housekeeping as well as physiology came under the head of hygiene and Mrs. Cobb would advise the young girls and young matrons on many an affair, how to cook grape jelly, for instance, so that it wouldn't burn. As a token of their esteem to Professor Bronson, the club presented him with a suit of clothes! Dr. Salome Merritt was a later president (1888) of great activity and strength of character. She was an especial advocate of the Institute's aims, and directed them toward the moral education of city school children.

Men have been largely concerned in the first women's clubs in Boston. Emerson, James Freeman Clarke and John Weiss were present and offered suggestions as to the course of the New England Women's Club when it was first called together — that club which shares with New York Sorosis the distinction of being the great mother of American clubs in age and guidance. The work of the club has been largely that of the organization of club life—first the organization of herself in 1868, that gathering together of the leading women spirits of Boston. Together with New York Sorosis, it was responsible for the formation of the general Federation of Women's Clubs, which associating women together, has made the women's clubs efficient as the single club has made its members efficient. The New England Women's Club in 1893 gathered together women's societies throughout the state to form the Massachusetts Federation and also summoned the New England Federation of Clubs; and, largest work of all in unifying, brought about the great International Women's Council held in Paris in 1888. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance was one of the chief promoters of the club and its first president. In her Ohio home just before she came to Boston to live, she knew Bronson Alcott and often talked with him of her expected pleasure in meeting the able women of that city. He told her she would find that difficult as they were scattered in different circles. The central idea of a club of women, came to be, as their history has it, "the voluntary associating of kindred spirits" who were not necessarily connected by home or church interests.

The club comprised exception-

ally brilliant women eager for learning, wonderfully industrious, beautiful in character—the type which blossomed in the cities and in parson's libraries and in country towns throughout the history of New England. Wit and wisdom sat at all their meetings. As such high thinking would demand, their living at the club or their teas were very plain, bread, dried fish and tea for those who partook, being the regular fare. Besides these teas, however, there were grand receptions when they entertained dignitaries from home or abroad. After Mrs. Severance's departure to California, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe as president and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney as secretary conducted the club and imparted to it of their hopes and sparkling wit. Mrs. Mary A. C. Livermore and Mrs. Sewall were leading members. Emerson, Whittier and Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson often contributed poems to the club meetings. At the last literary meeting of the club in May, 1906, Colonel Higginson was present and read verse from contemporaneous poets including a poem by Mrs. Howe. Mrs. Howe presided. The repartee between these noted personages was the liveliness of the day. The club also had its active side. It advocated dress reform and opened a store on Winter street for the sale of dress reform goods. It aided an agitation for better preparatory schools for girls which finally resulted in the Girls' Latin School. Every person with a plan or with an especial work came and presented it before this club so that on their old lecture lists we read the movements of past hours. The club work still goes on with the old aim crystallized into four departments —art, literature, discussion, work. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who has been so long the president and so long connected with great advances still honors the chair. The efforts of the club this year have been in definite work toward a municipal museum.

Woman's movements have been mostly unnoised. One of these silent forces is the Woman's Education Association, which is not widely known except among educators and yet has led in many great educational enterprises. Miss Anna C. Lowell and Mrs. Mary C. Hemenway with twelve other women organized this body in 1872 with the aim of promoting in every way the better education of women. Their list of members has grown year by year so that they have been forced to hold their meetings in a hall in spite of their early preference for the parlor of some home. Influential women of the city, women scholars and the women from nearby schools and colleges make the list. President Hazard of Wellesley, for instance, is a member, so are Dean Irwin of Radcliffe and Professor Ellen T. Richards of Technology. Harvard examinations for women were the first innovation they established, although passing these examinations was to the girl students no more than a certain mark of satisfaction and honor. The fact that girls were permitted to take these examinations at Harvard and with other influence in the same direction resulted ten years later in Radcliffe College. The method of the association has been to follow the lines of least resistance and on such lines to offer their aid and to use their influence on public opinion. These statements about Tech-

nology may illustrate the methods of the organization. One year in the Girls' Latin School building, the Women's Education Association offered advanced courses in chemistry for women anxious to go further in that study, yet having no chance except under a private tutor. They continued these courses year by year and at the same time used their influence until the time was ripe for them to issue a leaflet stating: "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has already made certain provisions for women students in science, as is shown by the following statements from the catalogue. . . . It will here be seen that the only obstacle to the admission of women to full privileges in this scientific school, is the difficulty of providing suitable arrangements. It is therefore proposed to place in the hands of the Corporation, ten thousand dollars, provided that the Board in accepting that amount, will guarantee all the advantages of the Institute to women. Nearly one half of this sum has already been raised and the Women's Education Association, desiring to assist in raising the remainder, has appointed a Committee," etc.

In some such manner they gave the initiative to the establishment of the Boston Cooking School, the Training School for Nurses, the Diet Kitchen and the opening of the Charlesbank gymnasium to women and children. They introduced vacation schools into the city and for a good many years have sent travelling libraries and sets of foreign pictures to isolated Massachusetts towns. In connection with the Boston Society of Natural History, they established the summer biological laboratory at Annisquam, since transferred to the government station at Woods Holl. Two or three women, perhaps just out of college, perhaps school teachers for some years, are studying abroad this year, as other women have done before them, on the college fellowship scholarships of the Women's Education Association. The club is progressive in that it aims to sound all the needs of the time. It is conservative, listing its power in the association as a whole and looked upon as an organization of standing. One of their latest ventures was the establishment of the Household Aid Company, to help solve the domestic problems of the day. This venture consisted in a central house in which young girls studied all branches of housework under a competent matron and from this central point went out by the day to work for housekeepers. The demand was not great enough for these household workers, and the house was closed. It looked as though the attempt had failed. Yet since the demand on the Domestic Reform League of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union for just such workers has been pressing since the Household Aid Company closed its doors, it seems that the Woman's Education Association had again anticipated a modern need and suggested means to fill it. Such an experiment on the part of the Education Association was in the industrial spirit of the hour.

But there was one organization in the city which thirty years ago looked ahead to just this industrial standpoint of to-day and even embodied it in its name—the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, founded in 1877 by Dr. Harriet

Clisby and six associates, among whom was Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz. They aimed to promote fellowship among women and to make a union of women which should be "the Union of all for the good of all." The first activity of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union was in behalf of underpaid and ill-used sales-girls in a Boston store and their endeavors from that time on to help women industrially have been unflagging.

They continue, for instance, a befriending committee for women who have been unfairly treated, who have not been able to collect their wages, it may be, and supply a legal counsel to hear and investigate these cases. Their lawyer at the present time is Miss Caroline J. Cook. But the educational clause of their title has suffered a great change in application for they no longer educate in French and German and like academic subjects but instead offer instruction in trade classes. The trade classes were begun in the fall of 1904 and are now three in number, aiming to fit the working girl to do better work and to command higher wages when she starts out to earn her living. The course in millinery sent girls to the employ of first class milliners. They received after their six months' training at the Union, wages of five to eight dollars which they would have had to wait two or three years for under the usual apprentice system. Classes in wire hat frames and in salesmanship were offered this year, and were large in numbers and successful. The trades classes mean success for the girls and satisfaction for the employer. The Trade School for Girls, which offers courses similar to those of the Union, received this year one hundred demands from forty different employers which they had not girls enough to fill.

The Union expresses its spirit of fellowship in its many hospitalities, also finds practical application in the relations of its employees who have something to say in self government. They are banded together in what is called a general committee before whom are referred all general questions that affect hours, wages or any other working condition before being adopted by the board of management. Many different endeavors have grown into departments and standing committees during the Union's years of life and so numerous are they that with food exchanges, lectures, employment bureaus, discussions of the problems of the wage earner, of the blind, of the aged, of the cook, the onlooker finds it hard to relate all these different doings to one body and to a body so strongly organized as the Union is. One of these many activities which stands out prominently by reason of large success is the Domestic Reform League—a branch of the employment bureau. As it modestly states—"the League does not claim to have solved the domestic problem. It believes however, that much will be accomplished when employer and employee meet on a business basis and in a spirit of co-operation." This business basis is unique in that it combines both the employer and the employee. But the cook who obtains a position through the Domestic League and the woman who engages the cook sign a contract together, one for fair conditions and the other for efficient service. Two thousand people have made use of the Do-

mestic Reform League this year. The League has also conducted investigations in regard to conditions in household labor.

Investigations have been a great part of the work of the Educational and Industrial Union. It has the attitude of a student as well as a helper. A recent bill before the House directed against the evils of instalment buying was proposed there from the Union and its successful passage will save hard earned wages from the pockets of unscrupulous instalment merchants. Old age insurance and its status in New Zealand and on the Continent, though known here only in Illinois, is being studied by the Union's agents. Many an institution has profited by, if it has not owed its initial impulse to, the investigations of this union of woman. Through such efforts, the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind was formed and the industrial experiment station for the blind begun at Cambridge. A School of Housekeeping, since merged in the Home Economics department of Simmons, was an interesting part of the Union's achievements. An inter-municipal committee on household research now takes its place and in connection with committees from New York and Philadelphia studies household work conditions and acts as a clearing house for the many institutions which affect the household. From so much study given to the problems of women and from its practical and progressive activities, the Union has built its place as a Social Experiment station.

To many an out-of-towner, the chief significance of the Women's Education and Industrial Union is a nice luncheon so far have the fame of its restaurant and food salesroom flown. Among the many branches of the Union's activities, however, the lunch room occupies a worthy place because it is the only department which really pays.

So confident were the women organizers of the worth of their enterprise, so confirmed in this belief by visible results day by day, that they gave themselves to it freely for years. There were no paid workers in the beginning and there is on record such service as that of a Hospitality Committee which had members in attendance daily at the Union for twenty-seven years. There is still the same generosity of service from women who are heart and mind with the Union cause, but the growth of the enterprise has necessarily made a business of it with business positions. The Union numbers three thousand members and is conducted today by a governing body of one hundred women, employing one hundred and twenty paid workers and doing a yearly business of $169,000. Notwithstanding this amount, there is a yearly deficit of $4,000 to $5,000 "from departments which represent a constant outgo without appreciable income or from experiments undertaken by the Union as one of its most important functions." This yearly excess of expenditures over receipts is likely to continue while the Union continues its philanthropies and is as yearly met by the Union's friends.

When Dr. Harriet Clisby was called to England, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz succeeded her in the presidency and served for a number of years, until 1892. Since that time, Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew has been

president. Dr. Clisby and Mary F. Eastman are honorary vice-presidents. Among the vice-presidents proper are Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Miss Lucia M. Peabody and Miss Sarah L. Arnold. On the plan of the Boston Union, like institutions have been established in other large cities. The Union was started in the days when the club movement for women was just beginning, in the days before the great impulse of civic organizations and settlements, when positions for women were few . "With the courage born of youth and inexperience, the Union took upon itself to minister to these three classes of needs: a non-resident settlement, a woman's exchange and a woman's club." From its purpose framed years ago, expressed differently down the years yet intrinsically never changing, the Union stands to-day in a social and industial strength which is particularly modern.

The Fathers' and Mothers' Club is an organization short in history but large in heart. As the title shows, men are included though they are as yet few in number. Their purpose is to befriend and mother the children of the poor who know little enough of the love and confidence of family life. Or their aim may be expressed in President Roosevelt's words: "All questions of social life will solve themselves if children are brought up to be the highest they are capable of being." While the society conducts a regular club program in the winter with its interest centering in all that touches childhood in home, school, state or legislation, it accomplishes many a piece of practical work of friendliness with children and efforts in their behalf. This past winter it has maintained a trained nurse in the Wells district of the Boston schools in pursuance of the New York system of school nurses. It has established mothers' clubs also in the poorer sections. But the prettiest part of the work and the one most like mothering is the two weeks' long outing at the summer cottage, given to a dozen or so children at a time. Besides the vacation pleasure gained, the discipline and home training in courtesy and the affection of the family life brings out the best qualities of the urchins, and when they are back again in the city many of them keep coming to the confidence of their vacation mothers. Mrs. Mary Pamela Rice is the president of this club, Prof. James B. Taylor, the vice-president and Mrs. Charles C. Bailey, secretary.

Among the many movements of women in Boston, there are three, each of which forms itself along one line and that only and stands out sharply as a great enterprise — the Suffrage League, Civil Service Reform and Consumers' League. Though the Woman's Suffrage movement is credited with beginning in New Jersey in 1776, if it ever had a beginning, this one city can claim to be the home of a great many women leaders in the movement—Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, Mrs. Howe and many others, and served as the national headquarters from '69 to '89. The Woman's Journal, published by Henry B. Blackwell and Alice Stone Blackwell, half a dozen clubs, among them the Boston Equal Suffrage League for Good Government of which Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw is president, and the College Equal

Suffrage League with Mrs. Charles Park as president, further and maintain the ideals so warmly championed by their famous advocates in Boston thirty and forty years ago.

Much younger than the Suffrage League is the Woman's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association which has twice distributed thirty thousand pamphlets to the public schools and seen to it that one lesson was given to the children on this subject. Its representation of the merit system was so simply and well written that Germany and Japan have made translations of the pamphlet for use in their countries. Such tribute from abroad and efforts to influence legislation at home have crowned the work of the association for this year. Mrs. Richard C. Cabot is the president.

The Consumers' League of Massachusetts is a branch of the national organization second in size only to the New York branch and is in communication, also, with several similar organizations in foreign countries. The officers and committees do the active work of the League, its investigations, free addresses and exhibitions of labelled goods. The large body of members support the association's aim by buying such goods and at such places as are authorized by the League or bear the League's label. The increasing list of membership yearly bears witness to the increasing interest in this practical stand of the shopper against such industrial evils as the sweatshop.

The committee on industrial legislation upholds hearings at the State House and in conference with many representatives from charities and societies considers industrial subjects and their legislation. There has recently been inaugurated a committee on ladies' tailors, which keeps a constantly corrected list of tailors who do not send their work out to sweat shops. Such a committee shows the tendency of the League to increase the influence of the conscientious shopper. Miss Elizabeth H. Houghton of Cambridge is the president of the League. Many men are among its members and officers.

Among the many clubs which are prominent are the Daughters of the Revolution, the Daughters of Vermont, the Abbot Academy Club, the Boston Business League, the New England Women's Press Association. Two societies of women for whom the word club has not the women's sense of improvement but rather the man's club meaning of sociability are the Mayflower and College Clubs. Both have handsomely and comfortably appointed clubhouses. The College Club on Commonwealth avenue has rooms for its members to use permanently or in passing through the city, an excellent cuisine and holds many receptions for its friends among prominent people. Since the College Club has moved from its rooms in the Grundmann studios to its own home, the membership has bounded to eight hundred members. The Mayflower Club on Park street looks out from its breakfast room upon the Common and from its parlors in the rear upon the peaceful inclosure of the Park street churchyard. The club occupies several floors, offers all conveniences to its members when downtown, and rooms where the out-of-town members often stay over night.

The Boston branch of the Asso-

ciation of Collegiate Alumnae interests itself in the day's questions and problems. It is a body especially representative of education for women, numbering many college professors, college graduates in the professions or active in philanthropy. To better follow out the plans of the national body of the same name, its work is united with the State Board of Statistics and with committees from the Woman's Education Association and from the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. Investigations and collecting of statistics have been conducted in this manner and the way opened for the college alumnae to improve poor conditions, either by timely assistance or by interesting other people. Under committees on education, home economics, social service and fellowships, the aim is to make educational training of practical advantage to the community. Radcliffe, Wellesley and Boston University graduates are in large majority in the association. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has lately succeeded Miss Caroline J. Cook as president. Mrs. Rachel T. Fitz is vice-president.

The Boston branch of the Council of Jewish Women is a very active club, first organized for further knowledge of Jewish history, religion and literature, but nowadays largely interested in social work and particularly in helping children. An education committee gives its time to public school work. A probation officer daily visits the courts to assist the young Jewish delinquents. The members support three mission schools for the children of the Jewish school and make good citizens of their proteges. Mrs. Julius Andrews serves as the president of the branch.

There are many clubs of working girls in the city in different localities which, in company with like clubs from adjacent cities and towns, meet as a federation of clubs at the Educational and Industrial Union several times a year. Miss Edith M. Howes is the federation president.

Not the least courageous of the women's organizations in the city are civic clubs in districts which are certainly most discouraging—Warrenton, Hanover and Tyler streets. Club women from up town have organized these clubs, which in their turn have appointed committees on clean streets, on visiting the schools in their neighborhood and on window gardens. Their aim is civic welfare. The officers of these bodies are of many nationalities whom club interests have not only brought together but into harmonious work side by side.

Boston is the centre of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs and their activities in the person of their president, Miss Helen A. Whittier. The Federation Bulletin, as the official organ of the general federation of women's clubs throughout the country and of the state federation of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, contains their official reports and is devoted as well to the sociological and educational problems which interest women to-day. Miss Helen M. Winslow, the editor and publisher of the Official Registry and Directory of Women's Clubs in America and a writer of note on women's clubs is a Boston club woman.

A Rose-Garden Story

By R. McD. Daniels

THE house stood far back from the street. It was of the plain, substantial type, built three-quarters of a century ago, when houses were not erected in a day. The steps leading to the front door were of stone and low and easy of ascent, and on either side were tall pillars supporting the roof of the porch. On the right was a narrow balcony, overgrown with purple clematis which showed through its broad leaves the iron framework of the railing. At the left was a wing, and here on the porch and broad stone steps the young people were wont to gather of an evening and sing college songs. The clematis grew here also, and on either side tall ferns reached up after the climbing vine. The walk stretched in a semi-circular path to the two gates, enclosing in its curve a broad grass plot where not a weed dared to raise its head under the watchful eye of the gardener.

Among the many trees in the yard, stood two elms, one at the left, rising tall and stately above the house, its trunk covered with clinging ivy; the other by the road, directly in front, with branches drooping almost to the ground. They were the guardians of the place, the centenarians who held the rule.

Back of the house, shale paths led gently down a decline to a garden where by circuitous ways one wandered into unexpected nooks and tiny summer-houses. A rose-garden, surrounded by a hedge, stood in the centre; over the top even before one entered, one could see the roses nodding. Here was a bed of portulaca, there one of pansies, around the tall protecting hedge the leaves of the lilies-of-the-valley grew. Cut-leaf birches and tall apple trees made a grateful shade and the wind sounded through the evergreens even on the hottest day.

Further on was the asparagus bed, now tall and feathery and full of wondrous places for the game of Hide-and-Seek. The vegetable garden was to the left,—potatoes and corn and tomatoes, the red of these and of the currants, whose bushes surrounded the garden, giving color to the scene. A fairy-land for children, a trysting-place for youths and maidens, a garden sweet with saddest memories for the old.

But the woman upstairs was not thinking now of the garden. A card had been brought to her and she had read the name with a tremor she could not control.

"I will be down directly," she said; and her voice, as she answered the maid, seemed distant and full of strange tones. She sat still for a moment after the maid had gone, looking at the card. Why had he come? It had been many years since she had seen him. How would it be to see this man again? The joy of it—or was it the pain?—made her catch her breath.

They had grown up together, he

and she; as children they had made mud-pies in the garden, and by marvelous flights of the imagination had seen Oberon and Titania enthroned under the lily leaves, or watched the winged horse, Pegasus, shoot like an arrow through the air.

Later, seated together under the trees, they had told each other of their future and dreamed strange dreams; and then, waking to the realities of life, had played "Mumbley Peg," or raced together to the currant bushes, eating until their lips were as red as the berries themselves.

And finally he had entered college. What a wondrous time, those four years! Popular alike with professors and students, he had been foremost in everything. He had been president of his class, leader in athletics, leader in the social life as well. And she had been given a part in it all; had been always his confidante and friend. Honors were thrust upon him; prizes, coveted rewards; and laughing, in the flush of his victory, he had brought them all to her!

And then, one day, in the old rose-garden,—ah, it was not best to think of that.

She rose quickly and after the manner of woman, went to the mirror. There was no time to rearrange her hair, but a deft touch here and there made a difference. Then she leaned forward and surveyed herself critically. Yes, she was no longer young. A woman at thirty-five cannot expect to find soft curves and rosy skin. And she sighed a little as she turned gently away.

As she entered the room the man rose and came forward with hands outstretched.

"Ah, this is good!" he said, as her eyes welcomed him.

"But not one bit natural," she laughed. "Why did I not hear you whistle as you came in? And to think of finding you in the parlor instead of on the side porch in the old rocker!"

"Is it there yet?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Indeed it is," and she led the way.

"Yes," he said, carefully examining the chair, "the rocker can still be dislocated. O, the joy of my youth, when I arranged that chair for the dear old pastor and then watched him apologize for breaking it! And you have never had it fixed! You are conservative."

"Well," she answered, "to confess; I really like to play with it even yet!"

"Will you never grow up?" he exclaimed. "After all, you don't look a day older. Are we any older, I wonder? Come, let's go into the garden. I feel like a boy again. Time doesn't count the hours here, does it?"

"Not with old friends," she answered, smiling, as they walked around the house.

"I want to run," he said boyishly, pointing to the smooth shale path. "May I? Come!" And the maid, looking out of the window, was scandalized to see her mistress, hand in hand with the tall stranger, running down the walk!

"And she did it that graceful!" she said to the hired man as he came in after the milk-pail. "One wouldn't ha' thought she was an old maid."

Tired and laughing and too, a little shamed, the runners slowed into a walk.

"The currants!" exclaimed the man.

"Oh," she answered, "I had forgotten how good they were,—and the apples! we must go after them."

"See the Claw-tree," he pointed as they walked along. "Do you remember how I terrified you with the story of that tree? How an evil spirit lived there and with his one great awful paw would scoop you up?"

"But I never believed it!" retorted the woman.

"Oh, didn't you! But you were plucky. How your teeth chattered that night when I dared you to bring me one of the fallen leaves; and you had run so hard your breath was gone. But you stoutly maintained you had not felt one tremor of fear while racing alone down the dark path. Come now, confess! was that the whole truth?"

"Not truth at all, if I remember aright," she responded promptly. "Dear, dear, what I had to endure from you! Do you remember the day when we had an Alice-in-Wonderland Tea Party? I was the Hatter and you were the March Hare and you made me take a large bite out of the tea-cup! Ugh! I remember now how the china crackled! And it was one of mamma's best ones,—it had to be thin to bite it, you know."

"What did we do for the dormouse?" asked the man, "oh, the kitten, of course. There! I even remember the creature. It was black and yellow and you named it Ginger."

"Right!" responded the woman.

"And such recollections of that summer-house!" he exclaimed, pointing and laughing. "How about the day you invited me to climb on the top with you, and I,—of course chivalrous,—followed you up. And then, just because the roof sloped, we were afraid to get down, and hugging the flag-pole, shouted till the gardener came to our aid."

"And have you forgotten the pony? And the day he got loose and ate a whole bushel of green apples before we caught him?"

"It's a wonder he didn't die!" ejaculated the man, "and I consider it a marvel explained only by belief in an all-good Providence that preserved our own lives."

They had been wandering in and out, amongst the beds and currant bushes, plucking a flower here and there, chatting and laughing like children as they went. Now the path lay open before them to the rose-garden. Instinctively they avoided it and turning off into the grass, seated themselves beneath a tree. But the spell was broken. The moment of childlike enjoyment and frank comradeship was over and the boy and girl had become the man and woman again.

They tried to talk as before, but there was a difference. In both their minds was a vivid picture of the past. Why had she sent him away? Somehow the question seemed answered now. Sitting there in the familiar garden, the roses blowing gently over the hedge, the face of his old sweetheart before him, the man saw clearly what she, with a woman's quick perception, had felt long years before,—that his love had been a love for womanhood, not for a single woman, and that the deeper, truer passion had not then been touched. He wondered a little as he watched her, the hair blowing about her face, so like her old self and yet with a certain dignity and

poise which the girl had lacked. What had all these years been to her? To him they had been filled with struggle and a dogged determination to conquer against heavy odds. It had been a hard fight;—to put disappointment behind and to win in a nobler way than most men dare to attempt. But there had been a sort of fierce pleasure in the battle,—and in the victory.

Through the afternoon until the shadows grew long, she listened to the story of the struggle, as she used to listen when a child to his fairy-tales; or, when a girl, to his dreams of battles to be fought; listened as women do listen to men, forgetful of self, mindful only for the life and struggle of those they love.

"And you?" he said finally, as the story ceased.

She smiled a little, quaintly. "Women have their battles, too," she said, "but they are not interesting and wonderful like yours. Mine consist mainly in keeping in order sixty unruly boys and girls. But it's given me a feeling that I'm not quite idle in this busy world. That is the reason I am teaching. After all, it is worth while to feel you are of use."

The man nodded. "The very best thing which can come to one," he said gravely.

She leaned forward suddenly.

"Do you know," and the tone was different in some peculiar way, "it has been a very wonderful thing to me,—this afternoon. It has proved what depth our friendship had,—that,—we can let that one day make no difference with it all. I am glad of it and I am glad of something else,—I think—can I not wish you joy?"

"Are you a mind-reader?" he asked wonderingly.

"Perhaps," she answered, "but am I not right?"

The eyes of the man as he looked into hers, were filled with light.

"God has been very good to me," he said simply.

And the woman stretched out her hand with an answering smile and the words, "I am glad."

As they walked to the house, he talked of her. "She is hardly more than a little girl," he said, "and yet so womanly and sweet and true withal. I met her only two years ago, but when I had seen her for just one evening, I knew. I am too old a man to grow very enthusiastic, perhaps, and I am practical too, and practical men look at things in a matter-of-fact way. But I know you understand all I mean; underneath the matter-of-factness, I believe in all that better part of life. It is good that I am to care for her; and through her help I shall grow continually into a better life. May she come to see you? There is no one whom I care to have her know so much as you."

"And no one whom I care so much to know," the woman answered quickly.

* * * * * *

When he had gone, she went upstairs slowly, and stood gazing into the garden with unseeing eyes. Darkness was falling and one could hardly distinguish the outlines of the rose-garden hedge.

"It has grown very dark," she said.

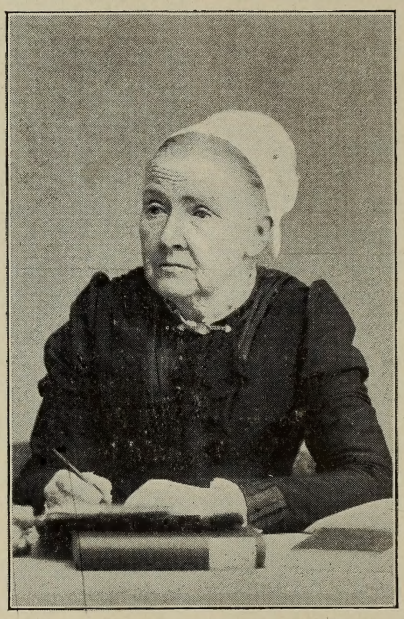
Then she laughed a little and shook herself.

"I am very glad," she added, and turning on the light, she seated herself to correct Latin exercises.

A Chronicle of Boston Clubs

By Julia Ward Howe

IF we may judge by historic records, the spirit of association was developed at a comparatively early stage of life in Massachusetts. Having heard from my maternal grandmother some mention of a patriotic band of women who once waited upon Washington in Revolutionary times, I came some scores of years later upon the fact that the members of this band called themselves the Daughters of Liberty. The society of the Sons of Liberty had been formed at an earlier period. Little is known now of either association, and we can only hope that they were helpful to each other.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF JULIA WARD HOWE

Of old fashions that have not died out, that of the Boston Sewing Circle may here be mentioned. I do not know how far back we may trace this institution, nor whether it began with a single society or with several. Its intention is avowedly charitable, and in times long past it is probable that the assembled ladies devoted their time together in making garments for the poor. As at present existing, these societies represent different sets of friends who meet together for mutual entertainment. But little of the sewng is done at these meetings, the bulk of it being hired out and paid for by the members. The principal feature of the meeting is an abundant and hilarious luncheon, at which many matters of private interest are fully discussed. The garments are distributed among needy families. The sewing circle has a good deal of social prestige, and its range in age is very large, each circle being as far as possible contemporaneous in its composition.

In the early years of my residence in Boston, I learned of a little musical circle devoted to the performance of Mozart's vocal compositions. This was succeeded at a later day by a musical club formed and conducted by the eminent pianist and composer, Otto Dresel. The

performances of this association were of great interest and merit. Their entertainments were not usually open to the public but were enjoyed by a considerable number of invited guests. I remember one occasion only on which tickets for one of these concerts were sold. The money received, a considerable sum, was sent to the great German song writer, Robert Franz, who in his old age was known to be in need of such a gift.

I do not know whether I shall violate confidence by darkly hinting at the existence of a club which was mentioned to me many years since in great secrecy. This was a club of young ladies who met together for the purposes of improvement, sought presumably in serious reading and discussion. The association remained without a name in order to avoid publicity. The members were expected and indeed pledged never to speak of it lest a shadow of literary suspicion should interfere with their social success. Of its history and proceedings I have no further knowledge, but one may hope in this day of clubs that it has given itself "a local habitation and a name."

I come now to the mention of a club whose echoes of mirth and pleasure seem still to ring in my ears. This was "The Ladies' Social Club," styled by outsiders "The Brain Club," which was formed on this wise: Ten ladies agreed together that each one of them should invite other three, making forty in all. Each member was expected to entertain the club whenever it should be her turn to do so. There were no fees and no officers that I can remember, albeit that the two ladies with whom the project started, Mrs. Josiah Quincy and Mrs. Robert Apthorp, were very stringent in enforcing this duty of entertainment upon members who were sometimes inclined to be recalcitrant. Charades, readings, and music in turn beguiled the short hours between eight and ten o'clock of the evening. At the close of procedings, a repast was served, at which champagne was not allowed. This club ran on through many peaceful years. By those of its members who survive it is still remembered and regretted.

A reunion move in consonance with the outside reputation of Boston was the Metaphysical Club, founded and presided over by my dear eldest daughter, Julia Anagnos. This club was really an offshoot from the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, in whose meetings my daughter had taken great delight. Her mind naturally ran upon questions of deep thought. The desire to have them treated in a manner that admitted free and familiar discussion led her to gather together a number of friends of very various views, all of which might be presented at the monthly meetings held in private parlors. I attended some of these meetings, at which startling divergences of opinion were either presented in writing or called out by discussion. I think I may say that a spirit of charity and of mutual respect pervaded these occasions. The lovely lady who sat in the midst of these friends seemed to rule the assembly with a wand of lilies, so sweetly did she resolve every threatened discord into the harmony of her own gracious nature. Orthodox and heterodox partisans encountered each other but without dogmatic bitterness.

Among my daughter's metaphysicians were Dr. Miner, a Universalist clergyman of much reputation, Reverend Father Grafton of ritualistic tendencies, who afterward became Bishop of Fond du Lac and Rev. William R. Alger, who once expressed the opinion that he was the only metaphysician in Boston, and still condescended to address this group of truth-seekers. When, like a spirit, the dear leader faded from this world, the Club united in one tribute of love and grief, and could never be gathered together again.

In the autumn of 1873 was founded an association whose beneficent influence has extended far and wide throughout our country. Avoiding the technical term of club, it called itself a Society to Encourage Studies at Home. Its founder was Anna Eliot Ticknor, of blessed memory. The Ticknor house, at the head of Park street, had long been recognized as one of the strongholds of polite culture in Boston. The Ticknor Library was well known for its choice and valuable collection of books, a part of which was later bequeathed by Mr. George Ticknor to the Public Library of this city. The room was adorned with two beautiful sketches by Washington Allston and a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, for which he had sat, I think, to a noted artist of his time.

Miss Ticknor, eldest daughter of the house, had received an education worthy of its reputation. In the year already mentioned she became acquainted with a plan which was formed in Cambridge, England, with the view of assisting by correspondence the studies of young women whose circumstances did not allow them the outlay then necessary for an academic education. It appeared to Miss Ticknor that this plan might be equally applicable to the needs of many of her own country-women. Calling to her aid several of the most studious young ladies in her circle of friends, she at once devised a plan of correspondence and instruction, the operation of which was succesful from the first and extended itself gradually to very distant parts of the country. I have been glad to find lately in Aristotle's Poetics the opinion expressed that a desire to learn is an inherent trait of human nature. This assertion was certainly verified in the case of Miss Ticknor's correspondents, when, North and South, East and West, women, as they became aware of the new opportunity, stretched out their hands and clamored for instruction. The claimants were mostly young people, but among them were a number, too, of elderly women. The original committee formed to conduct this good work consisted of ten persons. History and English literature were the first topics of correspondence, monthly letters being regularly exchanged between teachers and students; but the curriculum gradually grew to embrace the Latin and Greek classics ,sciences, mathematics, French and German literature, astronomy and hygiene. The annual fee for each individual for the instruction conveyed was only three dollars.

The club movement proper in Boston began in the late sixties with the establishment of the New England Women's Club. A little group of women came together to consider the plan of leasing some convenient rooms in which women residing in the neighborhod of Bos-

ton might meet their friends, deposit their encumbrances and enjoy what they might of each other's society. After due deliberation the rooms were engaged and furnished and a number of names enrolled as officers and members of the new association. This was by no means intended to be exclusively suburban in character, and many of its members were residents of Boston. In due time, from the vagueness of a first beginning, the following plan was evolved. Meetings should be held on Monday of each week, each one being under the charge of a separate sub-committee. These committees were five in number, Art and Literature being the sphere of the first for the first Monday in the month, discussion for the second. A work committee occupied the third Monday, the fourth being devoted to Education, and the fifth, when it occurred, being cared for by a committee of Entertainment. All of these committees have been in operation for more than thirty years and still continue to exercise their several functions.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance was the first president of the Club, Miss Lucia M. Peabody its secretary. Mrs. Howe as chairman of the Art and Literature committee, had charge of the first Monday in the month. Miss Abby W. May, as chairman of the Work committee, greatly extended the usefulness of the Club by bringing to the notice of its members the needs of the community and the various reforms devised to meet them. The institution of the "Club Tea" was due to Mrs. Howe, who, feeling the need of a more intimate and friendly association among the ladies than that at first existing, said one day to the assembled board of managers, "Ladies, we must eat and drink something together or we shall never get acquainted with each other." In accordance with this suggestion, a time was set apart for this innocent refection. The tea-table at first was but sparsely patronized. It soon, however, became very popular and did much to promote good fellowship and mutual sympathy. As years went on, luncheons were occasionally given in honor of guests of distinction. Among these, I may mention Mr. Mundella of England, the celebrated Protestant preacher, M. Coquerel of Paris, and our own Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College.

We desired to entertain King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, but he unfortunately was unable to accept our invitation. The luncheon for Miss Mitchell became an annual observance in the Club routine, and was only discontinued at her request when the burden of years had made it too fatiguing for her. Of the work of the Club in its many years of existence, I may quote what Dr. Edward Everett Hale once said about it, to wit, that he knew no better place to which to bring the project of a new reform for sympathy and encouragement.

Miss Mary Carpenter of Bristol, England, in her day an eminent philanthropist, gave us on the occasion of her visit an interesting account of the origin of her efforts in this direction. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, minister-at-large in Boston, always spoken of as "the good Doctor Tuckerman," had once been a guest in the house of Miss Carpenter's father, Rev. Lent Carpenter. Miss Carpenter was walking with

him one day in the streets of Bristol when a ragged boy accosted them and asked for alms. As he ran away, Dr. Tuckerman said, "That boy ought to be followed and looked after." This thought was new to his companion, but it was seed fallen upon good ground, as from that time forth to the end of her life she continued to occupy herself with a fruitful ministry to the poor and wretched.

The last club which I shall mention in the present connection is one which still exists, and of which I am glad to style myself the founder It was devised not long after the close of the Civil War, and had for its intention the preservation of some habits of thoughtful study among the young girls who would then have recently terminated their school career. The war had caused the death of many of the foremost young men in Boston society and a very youthful set of "fellows" had been called upon to take their places as far as might be. In these young people there was so much of the ferment of immature youth that some counterbalancing influence appeared to me very necessary in order to keep up the tone of social intercourse. With this view some fifty, more or less, young girls were invited to form an association which should call itself The Saturday Morning Club. I insisted that they should have a young president, and I may mention Miss Katharine P. Loring as the one who first held this office. Miss Loring was little removed by age from the other members of the club, but was a young person of much solidity of judgment. Proceedings were directed in accordance with Cushing's Manual. My plan was that the Club should meet on the morning of every Saturday and should listen to a lecture on one of these days and discuss it on the Saturday following. This answered for a time but the themes of the lectures given soon became somewhat difficult of discussion, and thenceforth the topics for this exercise were chosen by a committee of the club. As an illustration of how matters stood at the beginning, I will mention a discussion of the comparative merits of Queens Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland. The opinion generally expressed was that "Elizabeth was a horrid old thing." A year or two after this time, I heard from the same club an estimate of the comparative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, in which both sides were maintained in very good language and with fair judgment. When I indicate among the lecturers heard at the club such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Colonel Higginson, Doctor Holmes, and Doctor Hale, the improvement in style and thought will be easily accounted for. The first season of the club closed on the first day of May, a time at which many Boston families have long been accustomed to leave their city houses for a country residence. As this exodus did not include more than a part of our members, I proposed the formation of certain minor groups which might continue their work until the heats of midsummer should intervene. Of two of these groups I may make a special mention. One of them was a Botany group, which continued its work for a number of years and a survival of which is still active in the New England Women's Club. The other was a Cookery group, which immediately gained for our club the ap-

probation of the public. It was soon mentioned in the papers and a high and mighty Bishop of the Episcopal Church took occasion to say to me, "Mrs. Howe, at last you have come upon something very useful—that Cooking Club among the young ladies." The meetings of this group were monthly and were held at the houses of willing parents or friends. The mistress of the house was allowed to have the table set and to furnish hot tea or chocolate for the occasion. The young people arrived in good time for luncheon, each carrying in her basket a dish prepared by her own hands. I was surprised and much pleased to note the proficiency of most of these young persons in the noble arts of the kitchen. One made excellent bread, another brought delicious soup. Ragouts and entreés were various and of good quality and the desserts generally of great merit. When the feast was at an end, the company adjourned to another room to take note of what had been accomplished. Recipes for the various dishes produced were asked for and duly recorded by all present. If a certain dish passed unnoticed, it was considered to have been a failure. The establishment of the first Cooking School in Boston followed not long after this essay of ours, and may, I think, have been suggested by it.

The Saturday Morning Club still exists in undiminished activity. It has at times shown considerable dramatic talent in the enactment of Browning's "In a Balcony," of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," and, most notably of all, in the performance of the "Antigone of Sophocles." These performances involving some portion of male attire were given before audiences of ladies only. The rendering of the Greek play in English translation was not only beautiful but also highly impressive. The costumes, the dances and the declamation were all of great merit. The performance will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

It may be well to mention that the club now includes more matrons than single women, and several of the school girls of thirty-five years ago now speak with pride of their grand-children.

How can I better terminate this chronicle than with this notice which brings in such harmonious relation the promise of youth and the fulfilment of middle age. The span of human life is short and clubs do not always survive their first membership, but I could wish that this one might abide long enough to prove an inheritance for those same grand-children, in whose well-being I also have an interest.

A Sprig of Rhodora

By J. W. Strout

WEANDERING along an old road the other day, the writer came suddenly upon a little flowering shrub, known and dearly loved in the old days when, a barefoot boy, he trudged to school. The old people called it "hardhack," an old homely name that belongs to quite a different shrub, but the younger skit, under the instruction of younger teachers, soon learned to call the flowers by their right names, so among the others, this rhodora must be taken from its old, harsh name and placed among the divinities where it belongs. But the flower is no sweeter, nor indeed can be, than in the old days under the old misnomer.

It had been some twenty years since he had seen this flower, and you may be sure it conjured up some old and tender memories. One of them was that old first Monday in June when school began, but with it came a thousand details, the schoolmistress, the old clay hill near Uncle Nat's—which is there now—and the brook at its foot, the minnows under the bridge, the crotched birch, the muck pond, and, lining the road from the hill to the school house, the blossoming rhodora. Accented among these memories was the old low posted school house, always leaning to the south, and within, clearly detailed, those hard old seats. Especially emphatic was the one nearest the stove, for here, in its melted pitch, many a luckless urchin, like those who sat on the ancient wishing stone, left a part of his trousers, and didn't get his wish either. Hard old seats all of them, and all the harder, because, on these June mornings, out in the woods and meadows back of the house, the air was perfumed with rare odors; and the dark background of forest, lighted up with a thousand blossoms, the blue-eyed grass, the shadbush, the choke cherry, and the others, all with subtle witchery, and moist with rising dew, were calling us to come out.

But sometimes there were charms within the school room that rivaled the rhodora's. Bright, laughing eyes there were, peering from under the deep sunbonnet that often made it hard for the boy to study. Spelling was nothing in those days, you had some license in the matter, but if you had to give the meaning of the word, that was another thing. The old spellers, and the atlases, and the readers, are all laid away on the shelf at home, hidden now in the dust, but they all came back with that sprig of rhodora, even the fly leaves with their quaint inscriptions —

> "Whispering low in the lonely heart,
> But heard by one and all,
> The songs of those who answer not,
> However we may call."

There came a time at last when

the charm of the school room far exceeded the charm of field and flower, especially to the older boys; and then they did not mind staying after school to learn those definitions, indeed it sometimes seemed as if they failed in their classes with malice aforethought. This charm was a new teacher with blue eyes, slight figure, bewitching smile, and extreme youth. And one night the oldest of the boys, and the surest in his classes, had to stay after school, alone. He was not sorry either, and the other boys were not glad.

They were left alone together, this awkward, overgrown boy, and the girl teacher whom he worshiped. It was a happy moment, the happiest of his life, nor lost entirely yet, but it was painful also. Everything was so silent, so impressive, the room, the shadows seen through the half open door creeping stealthily toward the old house, the reflected light from the woods softened by the leaves of early summer, the noiseless movement of the birds flitting from tree to tree, the dreamy liquid note of the woodlark singing his vesper hymn, and above all the sweetness of that gentle face bent over some needle work. What rapture just to live and be there. Study? How could he study? She must have divined his mood, for she let him off with half learned lessons, and said:

"Now, Don, we'll go home."

The way home for them both was along the rhodora bordered road, and when they came to the foot of the hill, playfully, he took her hand and she did not take it away, and they climbed the old hill together.

"And marked I where the bolt of cupid fell:
It fell upon the little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound—"

But such dreams are perennial, let me return to my theme.

The rhodora greatly prefers the lowlands like southern New Hampshire, on which, east and west, among the swamps and meadows, it blossoms throughout all New England. It was the favorite flower of Emerson, of which he wrote some tender lines. Like many others this flower is passing through a transition from pink to purple, or, it has mostly passed through it, and now is more nearly a purple than a pink flower. Such movements in color are common but so slow that we do not think of it. Ages are consumed by the Infinite Painter in changing white to pink, and more ages in tinting the pink with purple, but He has done that with the rhodora, and nearly finished His task.

The Ideals of New England

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THE spirit of a nation is as unmistakable as that of an individual. New England has ever been, to all intents and purposes, a nation in itself, and like every other nation, it has shown its own especial characteristics. Joining nobly and patriotically with the South and the West in resistance to tyranny, content to remain but a branch of the great Union vine, it has yet retained its traits and its sentiments as passionately and as entirely as though it were an island in a boundless sea.

New England was settled by men who chose from moral convictions to make themselves exiles. It was developed upon moral convictions. Its leaders did not desire to make themselves princes or marshals or to revel in luxury. They aimed at moral greatness, and, whatever shortcomings they revealed, they never faltered in their devotion to this ideal.

Oh, yes, they were bigoted and intolerant. They had the defects of their qualities. Their qualities were as strong as the strongest, and their defects were in proportion. It is a natural law that there cannot be mountains without valleys.

But the good in these fierce old Pilgrims and Puritans far outweighed the evil. "'Tis not what men do that exalts them, but what men would do."

The intentions of those fearless, godly first settlers of New England were the grandest that the human soul could cherish; and, as Dr. Phelps of Andover used to say, they were the first people to really attempt to found a government upon the practical principles of the Christian religion. In some respects, they failed; but their simple, self-sacrificing earnestness, and their honest thirst after righteousness made a strong and comely fabric of their state. The spots upon their sun have disappeared in the clear distance of history. At this remove we can see that these faithful Sons of the Reformation were epoch-makers almost as great as Martin Luther, Melancthon, Knox and Huss, whose disciples they were.

It would be expected that in the hearts and heads of such a people every movement for the freedom and betterment of mankind would find a quick response. From among them grew the wild hope for the freedom of the blacks, which only a half-century ago seemed impossible. In New England originated also that stern condemnation of drunkenness which has blossomed into the great American Total Abstinence movement. In New England, once the hotbed of intolerance and religious narrowness, were born also those aspirations toward a broader interpretation of Christianity, which are doubtless destined to unite all men in a nobler brotherhood than the

world has up to this time looked upon.

But, glorious as history makes the men of New England, it dwells with still more of wonder and admiration upon her women. At first, they were regarded in the mass,—a great body of unselfish, pious women, who developed strange longings to read and to write. Their husbands "talked things over" with them, and publicly gave credit to their wives for wisdom. Amid all their seriousness, too, these women developed a sense of humor. Their diaries reveal that clearly, and also that they thought for themselves. The diary, in these latter days, has fallen under a ban. The New England woman of two centuries ago, found it her intellectual salvation.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle testifies that she has found it almost impossible to carry out her intention to write the annals of the early Dutch women of Manhattan, because they did not leave behind them any literary memorials. They seem, as a class, to have kept no diaries,—written no letters.

Not so with our New England foremothers. They made bread and sanded the kitchen floor,—and then they sat down and wrote about it all, —to the information and delight of succeeding generations.

At first they advanced, as it were, in one great army. They kept very quiet. As they toiled,—and they toiled from before daylight until after dark, summer and winter,—they mused. While they mused, the fire burned. One by one, devoted women began to separate themselves from the main flock, and to preach or to teach, as if to demonstrate the new truth that woman as well as man had a soul and individual convictions. And, so far had common sense and the grace of God worked in the hearts of those stalwart New England men, that, instead of ridiculing these brave women, and smothering them with sarcasm and contumely, they encouraged them.

"You must have a chance to learn more," they said. "If you do not marry, you can earn a better living, if you are well educated. If you marry, you can manage your home and your children better, the more you know,"—and they opened the doors of the first public school of high grade for girls in Boston in the early nineteenth century.

Then rose up Mary Lyon, and Fidelia Fiske and Harriet Beecher Stowe and a host of others like them,—and they set the pace for the New England woman forevermore.

Mrs. Albert J. Lyman relates that her grandmother was left a widow at the age of thirty-three, poor, and with eight children. Her husband had left her a farm, which she determined to keep,—but she had no barn and she felt that she must have one. It was the fashion in those days to provide the materials for the barn, when a man intended to build one, and then to invite all the neighbors to put together the frame and raise it. The only pay expected was refreshments, of which the chief part was a liberal allowance of New England rum.

This conscientious young woman was one of the first exponents of the creed of Total Abstinence. She was resolved that she would not serve any rum at her "raising."

"You'll have to do it," her friends declared. "The men won't come. You never will get your barn up in the world."

She had a strong horse, but no

wagon. Taking her three youngest children upon horseback with her,—one in her arms, one behind and one before, she visited all the farmers in the vicinity and stated her case.

"I will serve doughnuts, coffee and apples," she said, "but no rum."

Enough men responded to raise the barn,—but an angry crowd sat on the sidehill close by and jeered at them as they worked.

The barn was always called " the cold water barn," and its ruins are pointed out to this day.

It is safe to say, that in no other country on the face of the earth, except New England, could have been found a poor widow, weighted with the care of eight small children, absolutely dependent upon her neighbors for help in a terrible emergency, knowing that they might desert her because of her fanatical principles,—but holding to them like a very martyr to the end.

New England has to-day its circles in which the old lamp burns but dimly. The world, the flesh and the devil claim their own there as elsewhere. But on the whole, the thrift, the self-denial, the conscience, the union of plain living and high thinking, and the setting of the material in its right place below the intellectual and the spiritual; these virtues of the early New Englanders still reign supreme in the estimation of their children.

Every right-minded woman will admit that the pressing need of our country is the universal establishment of ideals like these. Patriotism cries aloud for it. It is the duty of the hour for each and every one of us. You believe this profoundly,—but what have you ever done to show to the world that you admire the ideals of New England, and wish to impress them upon the world?

You may be a busy, even an overburdened woman. But if you truly wish to honor your New England ancestors and to bear your testimony to that effect before a faithless and perverse generation, you can at least join or found a colony of the National Society of New England Women. It may not seem to you likely to greatly hasten the coming of that millennium when New England ideals shall control society,—but, as Ezra and Nehemiah logically reasoned, if each individual builds before his own door, lo! a great wall of protection shall surround the city. Your part may seem to you insignificant,—but it may be a link in a strong and saving chain.

All honor to the fifteen women who founded this society. Every woman of New England birth or ancestry should feel a throb of honest pride that it has been established, and should resolve, with all the strength that in her lies, to promote its prosperity.

Tickle-Town Topics



Sate's Weddin'

By Mary Caldwell Richardson

MRS. SAM HEN MORSE gazed impatiently before her, toward the little cottage at whose gate the lane stopped abruptly. She felt, in her anxiety to tell her news, as though she would never reach it. The fresh, salt-scented breeze blew her scant calico skirts about her, and the morning sun shone dazzlingly on the white road. Mrs. Morse stepped hastily around a heap of clam shells newly thrown out to be ground fine by such traffic as reached this extreme end of the Neck, hurried past two or three small houses by the roadside, and at length entered the front yard of Captain Hitchy Homan's demesne. A flock of ducks, feeding greedily on the tiny plot of grass before the house fled noisily at her approach, and having been interrupted in their search for bugs and like delicacies, bethought them of the pleasant pools which an unusually high tide had left down behind the cottage. Here the land began reluctantly to yield to the sea; the meadows were suddenly salt and marshy, and tall-masted boats lay at the docks, and along the banks of the Big Creek, which wound its length to within a stone's throw of Captain Hitchy's back door. Mrs. Morse knocked sharply at this door, and then, without waiting for an invitation, entered the kitchen.

"How dew, Del," she gasped, breathless.

Mrs. Homan, who was washing the breakfast dishes, hastily dried her hands on the tea towel.

"Why, how dew, Weed," she answered, setting a chair for her guest. "What's the matter? You look kinder flustered."

"I guess I hurried some. Left m' work half done, but I jes' had to come around an' see 'f you'd heard 'baout Sate Verity's weddin'."

Mrs. Morse spoke in a high tone, jerking out her words so fast that they seemed to trip over each other, and seldom reached a satisfactory conclusion.

"W'l, I dunno's I've heard anything special," answered Mrs. Homan non-committally, seating herself on the other side of the kitchen table and pushing aside a pile of dishes that she might see her neighbor's face.

"Didn't y' git a ticket?" inquired Mrs. Morse.

Mrs. Homan shook her head in mystified silence.

"W'l thar! I thought you'd a got one by now! Mine come last night, an' Mealy had one yistiddy. Wh' Sate's gone and sent eout printed tickets to most everyone on the Neck t' come t' her weddin'."

"Tickets!" repeated Mrs. Homan. "Tickets! What on earth d' you mean, Weed Morse?"

"Jes' whut I say. Printed tickets. Th' say she went an' had 'em done to th' Record office."

"Dew tell!" cried Mrs. Homan. "What's on 'em? Be they to buy?"

"W'l, no, I don't think th' be," answered the news-bearer, somewhat doubtfully, "but thar's a lot o' s'ciety language an' sumthin' 'baout requestin' your honors an' your presents—I don't recollec' the exac' words. Gilly B's wife says't means, come along an' bring your gifts."

Mrs. Homan regarded her friend in silence a moment. Then she spoke severely. "Well, of all shaller doin's! Be you a-goin'?"

"I dunno. I was, 'fore I got a ticket, but I guess I'll wait an' see what the rest does."

"What's got inter Sate Verity, I sh'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Homan. "Puttin' on sech airs! I guess she's forgot t' her paw wuz an oyster watcher till he died, and her maw has a hard enough time to scratch along, stringin' clams an' all! I never heard tell o' sech works."

"Ain't it aw-ful?" remarked Mrs. Morse, expressing her entire sympathy with her friend's views in this convenient "Neck" phrase. "I think it's that Smith she's marryin'. He comes from York, y' know, an' Phoeb' M'ri Johnson sez his sister 's visitin' Sate an' she's put her up to these fool notions. I s'pose she's up on all the new s'ciety ways," she ended, pursing up her lips formally at the mention of this worldling.

Mrs. Homan sniffed.

"He may 'a' come from York," answered Mrs. Homan, sharply, "an' I've heard tell 't he clerked in a shoe store oncet, but I notice sence he's been here he's took to follerin' the bay, same's our own boys,—an' I'll bet he don't make no more'n some of 'em, neither. I've said right along 't' Sate better took up with some of her own folks 't she knowed sumthin' 'baout, stid of a furriner like thet Smith."

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Morse, "thet's so. W'l I mus' go, I'm thinkin' of walkin's fur's Aunt Norchy Ann's an' see what she's goin' to dew. I s'pose your ticket'll come soon. Wh' thar comes Sammy Verity neow. I bet he's got your ticket! He fetched mine."

She lingered at the door until Sammy came up, slowly and with evident reluctance. His tow head was, as usual, innocent of hat or cap, his face was dirty, his feet were bare, and yet he was clearly not happy. He scowled quite diffidently as he reached the kitchen door.

"Here's sumthin' fur ye," he mumbled, in a shame-faced undertone, thrusting a somewhat soiled envelope at Mrs. Homan. "An'—an' maw says will you please lend her yer ways-o'-the-world bed quilt to throw over the sofy, at the weddin'."

"Wh' yes, she kin hev it," answered Mrs. Homan, with some hesitation. If she felt a little reluctant to let her most precious possession out of her care for a day, she was somewhat compensated by the thought that it was to assist at s'ciety doin's—even if they were

shaller. Such is the complex nature of woman!

"Where ye goin' neow, Sammy?" inquired Mrs. Morse. "Hev yer got any more tickets to give out?"

The boy nodded sulkily.

"Got 't leave one to Seamanses, an' then I'm goin' t' Aunt Norchy Ann's" he muttered, digging his bare toes in the dirt, "to borry her big kettle fer corn beef—the hull heouse is upsot with this darn weddin'! I'm tired of it fer one. I ain't done nuthin' but run arrants fer a week," he burst forth, unable to repress himself longer.

"Why Sammy! You didn't ought to talk so!" reproved Mrs. Morse. "You come along o' me. I'm goin' to Aunt Norchy Ann's, tew. Goodbye, Del," and Mrs. Morse departed down the lane, leading the doubly reluctant Sammy by the hand.

* * * * *

The day had arrived. For a week the Verity cottage had been in a state of upheaval, but at last everything was ready for the great event. The roms were cleaned, the corned beef boiled, cakes made, pies baked, and all preparations finished. The bride, dressed for the ceremony, stood stiffly in the middle of the attic room which had been reserved for the family. The crisp newness of her white lawn dress forbade any easier position, while her veil, a long and elaborate affair strangely suggestive of a Nottingham curtain —loaned and arranged by the fashionable sister of the groom—was dragging unpleasantly at her hair.

Down stairs, part of the company was already assembled, — the York folks, who had arrived en masse by the 2.30 train. They sat about the best room talking constrainedly in whispers, with long expectant pauses. Mrs. Verity, her usually placid face wearing a worried and harassed expression, stood at the door anxiously awaiting the other guests. The minister, a gaunt, old-looking young man, wandered aimlessly about the room, occasionally making a melancholy and futile attempt to start a general conversation.

"Sammy! Sammy!" came in a shrill tone from the attic.

"Sammy," called Mrs. Verity from the doorway, "she's a-callin'!"

With a sound between a growl and a groan Sammy emerged from a dilapidated out-building, and vanished upstairs. He had been coaxed and bullied into Sunday clothes, shoes and stockings and a rasping, throttling celluloid collar. He looked very wretched.

"Well, what d' ye want, now?" he demanded, appearing at the door of the attic chamber. "Ain't ye pestered me 'nough fer one day?"

"Anybody come yet?" inquired Sate, anxiously.

"Nope."

"Whar's William Henry?"

"In the barn."

Sate gasped. "Great lands! What on earth's he doin' there? He'd oughter be entertainin' folks," she cried, nearly reduced to tears by this new trial.

"He's fixin' up the minister's hoss," explained Sammy, somewhat softened at the sight of his sister's distress. "I was helpin' him but maw called me."

"Well, you run tell him to come in, right off; thar's a good boy," implored Sate. "Tell him he must talk to his folks. An' look up the road an' see 'f anyone's comin'."

Sammy's uncompromising shoes slumped down the stairs. With

dogged, if despairing patience Sate waited for what seemed to her another hour or two. Then she heard lighter footsteps mounting and Henrietta Smith, William Henry's fashionable sister, entered the room. She wore a silk dress of a vivid pink shade, and carried a bunch of yellow roses. She was to be bridesmaid.

"Sate," she said coaxingly, "don't you think we'd better begin? The folks are getting uneasy, and the minister's waitin."

Sate shook her head emphatically.

"You go deown an' entertain 'em awhile longer," she answered, "I ain't comin' yet."

Henrietta Smith glanced at Sate's inflexible face, and left her. Mrs. Verity passed her on the stairs.

"Daughter," she began, putting her head in the door, "don't yew think yew'd better git married neow? All the folks is here an'—"

"Yes!" cried the exasperated bride half hysterically, "all his folks, but where's mine?"

She was interrupted by the appearance of the groom himself. "Come, Sate," he said, impatiently. "The minister's waitin' and all the folks—"

He got no further. Sate interrupted him angrily.

"Folks!" she cried, "yes, your folks! None o' mine's come yet, they tell me, — not even Aunt Norchy Ann! I ain't goin' to be married without 'em, so there! I know why, too,—it's sumthin' to dew with them invites I sent. I wisht — I wisht — oh dear!" she wailed, suddenly bursting into tears, "I wisht I'd never married you! Ef 't hadn't been for Henrietta's high falutin' notions, I wouldn't 'a' sent no invites."

William Henry looked distressed.

"Why, Sate, I thought you liked the idea of invites," he began in a conciliatory tone, but again his bride broke in.

"W'l, I s'pose I did—at fust. Henrietta said 'twas the thing to dew. But you needn't come up here and pester me, William Henry. I won't get married 'thout a single one o' my own folks here, not if I die fust!"

William gazed helplessly at her tearful face. Mrs. Verity, now fully convinced of the gravity of the situation, took matters into her own hands.

"Let her be, William," she advised, mildly, and turning, left the room. Arrayed as she was in her best dress, she hastily snatched up a sun-bonnet and hurried from the house.

Aunt Norchy Ann was her nearest neighbor, a short distance down street, and straight to Aunt Norchy Ann's she went. Bursting into the kitchen without the formality of knocking, she started back in amazement. For there, most of them arrayed as for some special occasion, sat the wedding guests who should have been assembled in her own best room at that moment!

"What be yew awaitin' fur?" she gasped, when she got her breath. "Why, Sate's waitin' fur yew!"

Aunt Norchy Ann, large and stout and motherly, with a placid good-natured face, stepped forward and placed a chair for Mrs. Verity. She did not offer to explain the situation for a moment, but glanced around at the others. As they made no effort to speak, she sighed gently and pursed up her lips, chewing deprecatorily on the clove she habitually kept in her mouth.

"Wa-al," she began at length, in

her slow soft drawl, so different from the quick, short speech of the other "Neckers," "we didn't jest understand them tickets."

"Thar," ejaculated Mrs. Verity, "I said as much. I told Sate 'twas them invites."

"They read, 'Yewr honor an' yewr presents is requested'—or sumthin." continued Aunt Norchy Ann, determined now to do her whole duty, her mild tones quite apologetic, "an' we didn't know as we'd oughter come withaout presents. Leastways, most on us hed been goin' to give Sate sumthin'" she explained, glancing at the others, who corroborated her statement with solemn nods. "But we didn't know's they could be rightly called presents—good enough, that is, fer a ticket weddin'! I was goin' to send her a bar'l of frewit," she added, rather hesitatingly, "I've had a good frewit season, and I thought mebby Sate could use some pears an' apples an' all, but it didn't seem jest to go with the tickets."

"An' I had two pictur's—they come with soap couponds, I've been savin' this great while, but they wuz real pretty," said another woman, gaining a little courage at last, "but—"

"I was goin' t' bring Sate a fryin' pan—it's a brand new one I got o' the peddler last week fer two old caliker dresses," interrupted Mrs. Homan. "But when I see how fashionable Sate sot out to be, thinks I, fryin' pans is rather too—"

"Well," broke in Phoeb' M'ri Johnson, "fust I had a red table cloth, but when I got my ticket, I took it right back to Wilson's an' changed it for this here." She proudly displayed an elaborately colored china figure.

Mrs. Verity looked about her in distress.

"W'l now!" she cried, the tears starting to her eyes, "I can't say how sorry I be! You've all took the wrong notion. Sate didn't mean nothin' by them invites. I dunno's I wonder at your gittin' mixed. 'Twas dreadful confusin' all thet talk onto the invites. I couldn't git no clear idee what it meant, but. Henrietta Smith said 'twas jest right. But we never thought o' your thinkin' of it thet way. There where it says 'presents' it don't mean gifts. Wh' we never thought of sech a thing! I sh'd be too mortified to hev you think we was askin' for presents!" Poor Mrs. Verity was almost overwhelmed with her distress. "I declare, I don't know what to say!"

"Now it's all right," cried Aunt Norchy Ann, comfortingly, "I'm amazed to think we got it so wrong. Don't you cry, Em, now don't."

"I told Sate not to do it," went on Mrs. Verity, somewhat more composed, "I sez, 'twon't do, I sez, to mix up York notions into Neck doin's. But—w'l, I mustn't stand here talkin'." She dried her mild blue eyes on her bonnet strings. "Sate's waitin'. She won't git married till you all come. So git your bonnits, and come with me, do, I beg."

The party in Aunt Norchy Ann's kitchen rose readily, hurriedly got their wraps, gathered up their presents, which they had been exhibiting and discussing, and followed Mrs. Verity down the road.

Sate, looking out of the attic window, saw them coming, a solemn and decorous procession, each guest bearing a more or less unwrapped present. With a joyful cry she

turned to the door, where William Henry still stood, disconsolate yet half apologetic.

"Now I'm ready William," she declared, gaily gathering up her train. William Henry offered her his arm with a sigh, but before he could speak Sammy's voice, plaintive but powerful, rose from below.

"Sate! Sate! Here they be, all on 'em. Now git a move on 'an come be married, fer goodness sake, so 't' I kin yank off this thunderin' hot collar."

Going Through the Rye

By Arlo Barlow

I met Gladys smiling sweetly
Going through the rye,
And storm or fair I met her there,
Till once I asked her why.

As to my side she nestled close
She said in accents low,
"I like the rye, 'cause I, 'cause why,
It has a beard, you know."

Oh, Stripling with a smooth white chin
I pray you be content,
For bearding rye with Gladys sly
Has taken my last cent.

For oh, these girls, these summer girls,
Are greatly to be feared;
They'll go through rye,—or anything else
That happens to wear a beard.

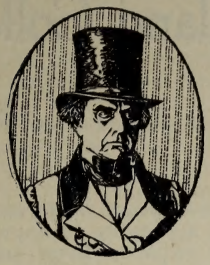
To the Fellow With the Cello

By Charles H. Eager

From its rounded stained breast
Music comes;
I'll allow there's inspiration
In the drums;
In the wild notes of the fife
Vivid life;
But when mother's voice I want
From some bygone year,
When I ache to her her say
"Daughter, dear!"
Why, give me the fellow
That can coax the mellow
Mother-note
(Oh! how sweet!)
Out of the 'cello.

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The Wicked Club Woman

THE ways of the London Woman's Club woman are wicked.

Now and then there echoes across the Atlantic the wail of some penitent one who would be good if the customs of her club would let her. That explains why she loses so much money at bridge, why tea as a tonic is insufficient and whence comes the odor of after dinner cigarettes which lingers in her gown the morning after. To the prim, masculine censor these things seem not nice—for woman. It may be the exalted masculine idea of feminine morals or a certain narrowness of view which confirms man in the opinion that the honor of the family must be upheld at all costs, and that it is woman's place to do it; but whatever it is, man feels that these things are neither right nor wise—in woman at a woman's club.

But that is not the worst of the story from London. If it were, the whole might well be dismissed with an indulgent smile by mere man who merely pays the bills and who wants woman to have what she wants provided all it costs is money. But there are things for which money cannot pay. One of these is the reputation for common honesty and that seems in danger both as to individuals and collectively in the London Women's Clubs. Here's what an English club woman says about it:

"In one woman's club it is common knowledge that a tablet of soap does not remain five minutes in the dressing-room; and at another, accounted among the most fashionable, even the table silver has been known to disappear. I belong to a woman's club whose reputation is admittedly one of the best. Yet I dare not leave things in the cloak-room, and have to warn my guests not to do so either. And I shall not forget my surprise when a friend, who took me to one of the largest and best-known of the women's clubs, said I had better carry my furs about with me! In one club it is reputed that if you drop anything, walk half the length of the room, and turn round to pick up your property, you will find it has disappeared. A purse containing a good deal of money was once dropped in another club, and picked up shortly afterward, empty."

These matters are all petty, and in this lies their seriousness. The London club woman is evidently unconsciously wicked. One believes that if the American club woman is wicked, she knows it. But is she wicked? Let Sorosis answer.

Three Famous New England Colleges

Articles prepared by members of the National Society of New England Women and read at the meeting of Brooklyn Colony March 9, 1906.

I

Wellesley College

By Alice Stevens

THE founders of the early New England colleges for women do not seem to have differed essentially in their motives. Each had admired and respected women whose individual development had been hampered by the lack of systematic training. It was the object of each to obtain for women a sound intellectual training in order thereby to increase their efficiency and usefulness. Earlier women had attained learning, but generally at the expense of health and of practical efficiency, as in the case of Margaret Fuller. It was as a protest, perhaps unconscious, against a one-sided development, such as hers, that the colleges were founded.

The idea of a college for women was taking shape in the minds of various people in the years between 1825 and 1865. The development of this idea coincided with significant social and economic changes. The Irish famine set in motion the vast immigration of the unlettered which has not since ceased and which has created social and educational problems new of their kind in the history not only of America but of the world. The Civil War forced upon women business and civic responsibilities for which they found themselves insufficiently prepared. The enormous industrial development of the country accompanying and following the Civil War called into existence problems connected with features of life hitherto unknown this side of the Atlantic, or known only on a small scale—the slum, the factory, child labor, sanitation, tenement houses.

All these changes increased the need for highly trained intelligence combined with sympathy, and created fields needing the labor of women.

The years 1825 to 1865 coincided also with the great age of Victorian literature. It would be interesting to know what was the reading of Miss Lyon and of Miss Smith, in their country homes, and of Mr. Durant, in his more elaborate "place" near Boston. Carlyle or Ruskin or Emerson with their enthusiasm for high moral ideals of conduct and of social service; Browning and Tennyson, with their exquisite pictures of womanhood as seen with the poet's vision; Thackeray's keen studies of the worldly women which a rich and complex civilization produced; Dickens's Mrs. Jellaby and Mrs. Hominy, showing what a combination of ignorance and vanity might effect: all these must have played a part in forming ideals and defining the evils to be shunned.

Smith and Mt. Holyoke Colleges were founded by women representing the plainness of living, the severe standard of personal conduct, the relentless common sense which all of us who know New England know and love. Wellesley was founded by a man, by a lawyer, by a cultivated gentleman. The moral ideal strongly emphasized by the women founders of the other colleges was no less strongly insisted upon by Mr. Durant. Its spirit is epitomized in the college motto he selected: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." No college can claim a monopoly of this ideal. The class motto of '91,—

"Εἰς καλὸν κἀγαθόν"

—"To the beautiful and the good"—expresses a more intimate peculiarity of the college and of its founder. Wellesley is known to all its graduates as "The College Beautiful," the name given in its best college song, and the heart of its founder was set on making it that during all the years that he labored at its creation. "Other people will give them necessities," he said, when some one pleaded for a laboratory instead of more pictures and statues and a statelier campus, "let me give them beauty." It was with this ideal in mind that he urged the study of Greek and of English poetry, and it is pleasant to know that the courses

still most generally elected are those having a strong cultural value.

There is afloat in some communities a strange notion that an advanced education is desirable only for those women who expect to need it in earning a livelihood. It is difficult to reach those possessed of this delusion because they do not understand that the best return any woman ever gets for the years and money given to her college life is in the pleasure of the life itself and of the command of her own powers which it assures her. Women's colleges are not institutions for the promotion of celibacy. If celibacy is on the increase there are deep-seated social and economic causes which we all know magazine articles and public discussion will not remove. But college life for women does in many ways furnish mitigations for the hardships of celibacy.

Contrast the useful freedom of thousands of cultivated women to-day with the dependence of unlucky spinsters of sixty years ago, leading a life of scorned or pitied helplessness, from which the only ecape might be a humiliating or at best a distasteful marriage. And often college life turns out what Charles Lamb called "incomparable old maids!"

II

Smith College

By Alice S. Jenkins

Madam President and ladies of the New England Women's Club—

For the last week or so I have been trying to decide whether to forgive Mrs. Lewis or not, for my share in this afternoon's program. You see we are so accustomed to having her call us up and courteously ask us whether we will kindly perform this or that new and frequently unexpected duty that I said "certainly" when she asked me if I would talk for a few minutes upon the topic "Smith College," without a thought of what I might be promising. Only much later did I discover that she had laid the train for a family quarrel by asking my housemate to speak on her own and rival college. And not until I was asked for my specific topic did I learn that this was to be a "paper." But it occurs to me to leave to you the solution of my problem to decide after I sit down.

But we college women are in much the same state of mind in regard to our own college, as the small girl, who sitting in the car in the seat ahead of me, asked about two minutes after we had passed the state line on our way from the west, "Are we in Massachusetts"? And to my reply, "Yes, we have just crossed the line," with a beatific smile exclaimed, "Isn't Massachusetts a great deal nicer than New York"? We were only two miles over the line, but she was back home, and that made all the difference in the world to her in the landscape. So with our alma mater. In externals we can easily sum up the striking differences. I could pardon either of my friends to-day if they hinted that our campus would make a good-sized door mat for theirs. But we set the fashion for small dormitories and we have them still. We began with an unusual proportion of men on our faculty and we hold to that principle still. But these are only externals.

Our aim as expressed in the catalogues for years is, "To give to women a broad and liberal culture and to develop at the same time the characteristics of a perfect woman." Or as President Seelye tersely put it to us at an alumnae luncheon not long since, "We aim not to train you to do any one thing but to fit you for life." Requiring in college two languages, one ancient and one modern, one science, Bible, literature, philosophy each to be studied for a year by every student, the modern and classical seems to be fairly well balanced in the curriculum. No marks are ever announced and a student knows her standing only when below grade or when in her senior year she is received into the Phi Beta Kappa, but in neither case is she told anything but her general average. "Work because you are here for that," is the president's advice to the freshman, and few there be that fail to heed it. And therein lies perhaps the great secret of our esprit du corps and of similarity of product—the fact that we have been blessed throughout our entire history with the same president, and that he has taken time every fall to deliver to the freshman a course of six lectures on the "Aims and Methods of the College."

Of rules as you may know, the college makes but one, "Lights out at ten." But woe betide the girl who thinks that liberty to observe the rules of polite society means license. She finds the frowns or open disapprobation of her mates more potent than many a lecture on manners. You will pardon me for stating that I met last spring, quite by accident, a Wellesley graduate who had just been at Smith to visit an old pupil and who commented enthusiastically on the courtesy which the students had displayed to her an entire stranger to all but one.

It was a Smith girl who wrote, "Work right well and then mix in some right good fun and play." That is the spirit of

the college, only unfortunately the fun and play appeal to the average reporter more than the work and so you do not hear of that side of college life often and we are in danger of being called frivolous.

But after all aims are not results, as many of us, alas, know to our sorrow! What are the results of a college with these aims? Will you bear with me while I run over a hastily written list of some of my college acquaintances and their professions?

Two prominent settlement workers in New York, a successful magazine writer, the dean of Barnard College, a lawyer, a clergyman, Sunday School superintendent, the head of large New York girls' school, the head of a new girls' school in Lakewood, the head of a school just opened in Montclair by request of many to be patrons, two missionaries in China, the director of the American excavations in Crete, and the only woman instructor in anatomy, who was called to that chair at John Hopkins last year.

I may be permitted to remind you that of five women who have held the classical fellowship in the school at Athens, three were Smith alumnae. I said "good-bye" on the steamer last summer to a wealthy young married woman who is giving her leisure and strength to the Y. W. C. A. work to meet in Berlin a few hours later another alumna who was passing a year there in advanced psychological work . At Yale where our diploma is accepted without question as the pre-requisite for advanced work, we are told that Smith girls always say, "I have studied it but I don't know anything about it," and then go ahead and do unusual work! Nor are we forgetting home and all that to have a home may include, as the ever lengthening procession of alumnae who return to show the president their children at every commencement or college luncheon proves.

To sum up in the words of one of our own number who discussed this very question at an alumnae meeting not long since, "we expect each other to be capable, executive, broad-minded, eager to work and ready to make experiments, ready in short for the unexpected in life."

III

Mount Holyoke College

By Mary Phillips Mallory

It is difficult at this age, when education is so universal, to realize the conditions existing in New England seventy-five years ago. Then girls were allowed to attend the public schools, for a few weeks of the year.

In the life of Mary Lyon published in 1858, is this statement—"When Miss Grant left Derry to found the Ipswich school, she had become exceedingly interested in the idea of a seminary, which should be to young women what the college is to young men, so valuable that the rich would be glad to attend it, and so economical that persons in moderate circumstances would be equally accommodated. Miss Grant naturally conversed much with Miss Lyon, who assisted her in teaching, on the subject of establishing a seminary with buildings—library and apparatus owned as colleges are; where succeeding generations of young women might be trained for usefulness. Miss Lyon entered into the project very slowly—'Never mind' she many times said between 1824 and '29. 'Never mind the bricks and mortar, only let us have living minds to work upon.' Miss Lyon, however, became convinced of the importance of such a school and was interested not merely from sympathy with Miss Grant, but from her own firm conviction that the thing was both desirable and necessary."

Miss Grant married (as do the Brooklyn teachers of the present day) but Miss Lyon weighed carefully the probabilities of her comparative usefulness in married life and in teaching. The latter in her view predominated, and she declined an offer, which she thought held out a prospect of love and happiness, to give her undivided attention to the advancement of education for young women. She turned from every school and service that promised pecuniary reward, and undertook a long warfare to found an institution.

Her idea was, that there should be a seminary exclusively for young women, preparing to teach, and exert an influence in a variety of ways, in the cause of both religion and education.

All the colleges had been founded by commencing operations, forming a nucleus, and then calling for assistance.

Seven trustees were appointed to obtain an act of incorporation, but after holding several meetings, passing sundry resolutions, and making inquiries in reference to the object; finding the public mind indifferent to it, the zeal of most of them failed and it was judged expedient to dissolve their connection as a board. These apparently fruitless efforts were not without their uses. A portion of the community had become familiar with the idea of founding a permanent seminary, and some were sorry that the scheme had failed.

Miss Lyon did not despair, for she had a distinct conception of the school she was to found, and laid her plans for building

in an economical manner. She understood that she must look for aid, not to the honored and wealthy, who were laden with responsibilities and drained by constant calls for charity, but to men comparatively unknown. She saw that it might be necessary to commence operations on a small scale and by the experiment win public confidence and aid, to assist more largely in the enterprise. She was convinced that the argument of superior literary and scientific advantages in a permanent school, could not be relied on for gaining attention and securing interest from all; but that some peculiar and tangible feature, addressing itself to the perception of the middle class of society, must be used as a lever for moving public opinion and obtaining the needed funds.

Not a man of wealth had at this time given her his aid, even the religious press declined to publish the articles she sent them. Very few ministers were interested, and the public were in quiet ignorance of her plans. A few gentlemen who had known her long and well, gave her their influence, and the young women who had received her instruction were her intelligent and efficient friends.

The first contribution toward the funds came from her pupils, and an offering of $269 was the result. She applied to the ladies of Ipswich who contributed $475, and then went from house to house to solicit subscriptions until she had raised $1,000. This money contributed by women Miss Lyon called the corner stone of the edifice. "Well do I remember," says a Holyoke student, "standing with Miss Lyon at her open bureau drawer, when she took up several silver dollars bearing the traces of fire. Her eye kindled as she said, 'These were among the first contributions to our seminary. They were given by two sisters whose house was burned, after they had subscribed one hundred dollars each. We felt that they were released from their obligation, but they paid the whole. These dollars gathered from the embers were a part of their donation. They seemed so precious that I replaced them with my own money and keep them as a memento of God's goodness to us.'" The largest subscription to the first building was $500. Money was collected in small sums until $27,000 was raised. Two subscriptions of six cents each were received, and eighteen hundred persons contributed.

Another committee was appointed and stood before the public as the responsible agents for establishing the proposed seminary. The question of location was settled in 1834. South Hadley, Massachusetts, promising to raise $8,000. This little village is situated on a hill overlooking the Connecticut valley with charming views of Mt. Holyoke on one side and Mt. Tom on the other side of the beautiful river. The act of incorporation passed both houses of the state legislature February 10, 1836 and was signed by the Governor the next day. The instrument named the trustees, and empowered them to hold real and personal estate not exceeding $100,000, to be devoted exclusively to purposes of education. The site for the building was selected in May and the corner stone laid October 3, 1836. The seminary was opened November 8, 1837. The faculty was represented by the principal, associate principal, two teachers and three pupil assistants. Room was prepared for about eighty students but more than that number gathered; the second year four hundred students were turned away.

The domestic arrangements were peculiar in two respects—first, all the students were required to room within its walls in order to exclude all adverse outside influence. Second, the having a large part of the domestic work performed by the students. At the outset of the undertaking in 1834, Miss Lyon incorporated this feature into her project as a means of lessening the expense and of gaining the attention, approbation and assistance of the people of New England. As she dwelt longer on this plan the argument of the mere saving of expense sank into comparative insignificance. In a circular published before the school opened, she gives the object, to promote health, improvement and happiness of the students. In one of her letters, she says, "It woud be well to have the domestic work done by the members of the institution,not as an essential feature, but as an appendage which should not give the name of manual labor to the scheme. Might not this simple feature do away with the prejudice against female education among common people?" Holyoke has never had any teaching or system of domestic science; though in the early days, much of the service was performed by the students, now they are not allowed in the kitchens, and the brush and duster describes the arc of domestic duties.

So Mt. Holyoke, the first permanent endowed school for women was founded, with these objects in view—first, to increase the number of well qualified female teachers; second, to induce many who have already become teachers to make further improvement in their education; third, to exert an influence in bringing as much of the labor of instruction into the hands of women, as propriety will admit; fourth, to lead the way toward the establishment of female seminaries in our land.

As the demands for higher education appealed to more people, Mt. Holyoke re-

sponded, received a charter for Seminary and College in 1888 and one for the College alone in 1893. Her requirements for study have been steadily raised, until at the present time she stands with Bryn Mawr at the head of the colleges for women. The members of her faculty represent a high degree of advanced work, and include degrees from Barnard, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Universities of Chicago, Michigan, Cornell ,Columbia, Yale, Berlin, Paris and Cambridge, England. Mt. Holyoke has thirty-six undergraduate scholarships. She also offers four graduate fellowships, which may be used for study either in this country or abroad. Since the opening of the seminary 9,378 pupils have been registered, and the present year has enrolled its largest number of students, 714, with more than a hundred professors and instructors. Each year it refuses about as many as it accepts, preferring that the college shall have a very gradual growth.

The fire which in 1896 destroyed the larger part of her buildings, was surely "A blessing in disguise." The Alumnae Association of New York had been raising money to erect a building in memory of Miss Mary Brigham, to be used as a home for the college president, and a dormitory. This was rushed forward, and soon Mary Brigham Hall was completed and furnished, at a cost of $35,000.

Soon followed Mary Lyon Hall, erected on the site of the old main building, containing the college chapel and the offices of administration, Porter, Safford, Pierson, Rochefeller, Wilder and Meade used as dormitories, Williston and Shattuck containing laboratories for botany, zoology, physics and chemistry. Dwight Memorial Art Building given by Mr. Dwight of New York Gymnasium, observatory and plant house with connecting botanical gardens. The most beautiful library of any woman's college, dedicated on Founders Day, 1905, adds another to the list of buildings. These with apparatus and grounds represent a value of about $900,000. They stand upon a campus of 150 acres, including Goodnow Park, which rises two hundred feet at the edge of the lower lake, and overlooks the grounds. The two lakes are attractive for boating and skating, these together with tennis courts and running tracks give opportunity for exercise.

Teaching as a service has been the aim of the college. Her alumnae have taught not only in this country but the world over, in Persia, Turkey, South Africa, the Transvaal, Spain, the Hawaiian Islands, and they were the first to provide for the higher education of Japanese students. Five modern colleges owe their origin directly to Holyoke.

Thus the four ideals for which this institution was started have been carried out, and for the success following her efforts, Mary Lyon has been awarded the honor, which she richly deserved, of having her name enrolled, with few other women upon the Hall of Fame.

A Voice in the Night

By Louella C. Poole

The day had been so fraught with troublous care,
My soul had been so cankered by the sting
Of malice's sharp tooth, that suffering
And wounded sore, even the sunset fair
Seemed to my troubled eyes but as the glare
Of skies of burnished brass, and questioning
The love of God, or man, or any thing,
I flung me down, too spent and bruised for prayer.

When lo, upon the night-wind, soft and clear,
The brooding notes of some low lullaby
Were wafted to me, from a casement near,—
A mother's song to hush her infant's cry,—
Bearing to me that truth of priceless worth,
That love is still the sweetest thing on earth.

The National Society of N.E. Women



By E. Marguerite Lindley and Juanita Leland

The year's work of the National Society with its various Colonies ended last month. In some Colonies, a garden party was the closing event. These were all of a character most praiseworthy, and all teemed with patriotism and good cheer, and we regret space will allow but few reports to appear in this issue.

This number is the introduction to the new year which ends with April of 1907. On this account, the photographs of the newly installed officers of the National Society were witheld from last month's number to appear in this. It is with pleasure that we also present the story written especially for this issue by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark. Her name is too well known to readers of the New England Magazine to need any introduction. It is the keynote of New Englandism, brightness, courage, and good fellowship wherever it is heard.

According to the wise provision of the organizers of the National Society of New England Women, there is a progression in office for the principal officers. At the annual election, instead of electing a President, a second Vice President is chosen, and the former Vice President becomes the President, the second Vice President becoming the first. In this manner when the President comes into her office she has had two years' preparation for her work. By virtue of her offices she has been chairman of the Purchasing Committee, chairman of the Membership Committee, and also member of the Board of Managers for the two preceding years.

Mrs, Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward. who succeeded to the office of President in April of this year has already served one year as President. When the society was first organized in 1895 she was the first Vice President, and was the President from March, 1896 to March, 1897. At this time the meetings of the society were held at the Windsor Hotel, in Fifth Avenue.

Few women are so capable of filling such an important position in so large and influential society as Mrs. Seward. She is an able parliamentarian and presides at meetings with ease and grace. She has the qualities of a good speaker, expressing herself clearly and fluently.

Mrs. Seward was Mary Coggeshall, of New London, Connecticut. One of her paternal ancestors was John Coggeshall, the first president of the Rhode Island Colony. She is also a real Daughter of the War of 1812, her father, then a very young man, was in that war. She is a woman of sterling New England qualities

She married Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, a native of New York state, who died a few years ago. Mr. Seward was a musical composer of note, and the originator of the Don't Worry Club. He wrote many well known hymns and collected and published the now famous Jubilee Songs recognizing them as the folk songs of the race. These were sung the world over by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and brought thousands of dollars to the University of that name. On their second European trip Mr. Seward was their voice trainer and musical director. On this, and other trips, Mrs. Seward accompanied her husband. She wrote many of the verses to her hus-

band's hymns, and in every way they were helpers of each other, and the closest communion of spirit existed between them.

Mrs. Seward has been a club woman for thirty-four years, and as some one has said of her, she has always been identified with those who did something that stood for an ideal or a purpose. She was one of the organizers of the National Society of New England Women, and is number four on the membership roll that now numbers over seven hundred. Mrs. Seward is also a member of Sorosis, has been a member of the Women's Club in Orange since its inception, and was at one time its President. She has also been a member of the International Sunshine Society since its beginning and is at present its first Vice President.

* * *

Colony eight, Brooklyn. Mrs. Clark was instrumental with Mrs. Clark Sumner and Mrs. H. B. Shute in forming the Brooklyn Colony. Their charter membership numbered 130. The growth of the society has been rapid, its numbers being now 210. Its affairs have been managed both successfully and harmoniously under its capable President, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore. At the closing social meeting on May 10th a carefully prepared paper on New England Composers was read by Mrs. James E. Hills, one of the members, which traced the growth of music from the earliest song and hymn writers of the colonial period down to the present day, noting that of the well known composers of to-day all but one were born and live in New England. The Society possess a large number of talented women and one of these, Mrs. George Winthrop Knight, added to the program an original story, "The Family Feud." Mrs. Washington Hull, the Recording Secretary, is a talented musician and gave the fitting touch of music in piano solos. The earlier meetings were held in private residences; but the Society has outgrown this plan and this closing meeting was held in the parlors of the Young Women's Christian Association.

At the annual meeting which was held at the home of the President on May 3rd reports of the various officers, and committees were read and approved by the membership and the balloting resulted in the re-election of the officers of the first year: President, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore; Vice President, Miss Isabel M. Chapman; second Vice President, Mrs. George Gordon Brooks; third Vice President Mrs. N. J. Bishoprick; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Pierce; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Jessie C. Shute; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Washington Hull; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anne K. Salter. The members of the Executive Board are Mrs. Henry Bruce Shute, Mrs. Clark F. Sumner, Mrs. R. P. S. Webster, Mrs. H. D. Donnelly, Mrs. George W. Bailey, Mrs. Alexander Cook, Mrs. J. E. Pettee and Mrs. Camden C. Dike. After the vacation season the Society will resume its work under its President, whose parting words were both a stimulus and a warning. Mrs. Moore said, "Here is an opportunity. With a leaven of two hundred woman power we can make a stand, and promote a clean, wholesome, social atmosphere, founded on loyalty to the city of our home, that shall be ruled by the steadfast purpose that emanated from our New England ancestry which we reverence, not for buildings and monuments erected in hamlets and cities but for the spirit of calm, persistent, upright living that makes their everlasting monument."

* * *

Buffalo, Colony two, like the Parent Society, elects her officers on the plan of progression. At their (fifth) annual meeting held at the Iroquois in May, Mrs. George A. Wallace, former first Vice President, progressed to the presidency and Mrs. Thomas H. Oswald, former second Vice President, became first Vice President and Mrs. Frank E. Comstock was elected second Vice President. Mrs. Henry Essex progressed to Secretaryship and Miss Helen T. Hayden to office of Treasurer. Others elected were Assistant Secretary, Miss Kittie E. Jarrett; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Albert H. Briggs; chairman of Board, Mrs. Chester Sternberg; number 10, Mrs. W. A. Sawyer; number 11, Mrs. J. A. Johnson. Immediately following the announcement of the election, luncheon was served in the large banqueting hall of the hotel; covers were laid for seventy-five. The luncheon was served from small tables. At one large round table with twelve covers were seated the President and other members of the Board with Mrs. Frank J. Shuler, President of the Western New York Federation as a guest of honor. Red and white roses formed the centre piece of each table. Mrs. Daniel Frederic Potter the retiring President was the toast-mistress, and her remarks in introducing the speakers were very apt and happy. The toasts were "The Arbutus," response by Miss Katherine G. Randall; "Brick Ovens and Baking Days of Old New England," Miss Mary Park; "Hail to the Silent Contingency," Mrs. Jennie R. Smead; "Here's to the Year to Come," Mrs. George A. Wallace. At the conclusion of the toasts all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

We learn to-day with regret of the contemplated removal from the city of one

of our charter members, Mrs. William Rossiter Waters, who will take up a residence very soon in Philadelphia.

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Montclair, Colony three. A social meeting of the Montclair Colony of New England Women was held at the residence of the retiring President, Miss Florence Osgood Rand, on May 17th. In spite of the oppressive weather many members were present.

The newly elected President, Mrs. H. C. Newell was formally introduced to the Colony; plans for summer work were discussed and decided upon; a report of the meeting of the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs at Metuchen was given by Mrs. James Trimble, who with Mrs. Ogden Brower represented the Montclair Colony there.

* * *

The Biennial Federation of Women's Clubs which met in St. Paul in early June carried much interest for the New England cause. The President of the National Society with several delegates from the Parent Society and several from Colonies, aided by New England born women of St. Paul held a reception which was largely attended by the women of New England ancestry who were present at the Convention. The organization of several important Colonies will eventually be the outgrowth. A more extended account of the federation meeting will appear in next month's issue.

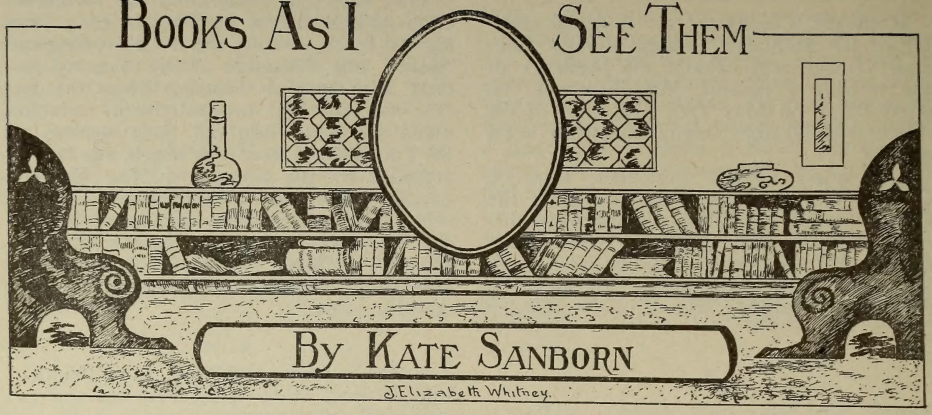
Song of the Dawn

By William Stanley Braithwaite

Between the morning-star and the sea
The black night hangs disconsolately;
Winds from the gates of the east arise
And crack the silence to the skies,
Through which the long gray dawn can flee
Between the morning-star and the sea.

Between closed eye-lids and the sea
An echo floats continuously;
The spirit wavers ere 'tis won,
As the east pauses ere the sun
Lights the whole world up, radiantly,
Between closed eye-lids and the sea.

Between the sunlight and the sea
Time hoists her sails, pulls anchor free;
The ship of Life moves on its keel—
Humanity commands the wheel,
And steers for one more Hope to be—
Between the sunlight and the sea.



In July, what we want of books, (as I see them) is entertainment; books that can be read out doors, if indeed we read at all! Better enjoy Nature to the full: her best moods and seasons are so capricious and fleeting. But before we take up the lighter sort, I do want to speak of four biographies.

Ben Franklin, who looms up bigger every decade, is now having his fullest appreciation, and many will want to read A. H. Smyth's new edition of the "Writings of Benjamin Franklin," now coming out at Macmillan's. The *London Times* recently had a column leader, in which Franklin's predictions in advance of the Revolutionary war were given as evidence of rare intellectual greatness; superior to his political contemporaries in both countries.

Referring to some ill tempered criticism of Franklin in London, Chatham said that if he had the care of settling this momentous business he should not be ashamed to call to his assistance, one so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs: one of whom all Europe held in highest estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature. In the sixth volume, he has a speech, hitherto unknown which he composed for King George, predicting the length and cost of the American war. "A seven or ten years job, at least. My ministers represent the reduction of the whole continent of North America to submission as a matter very easily to be done in a twinkling. I am very sure that if you meddle with it, that you will find it a very different sort of business."

The autobiographical Memoir of Leo Tolstoy, just out, will be hailed as most important, as the compiler Paul Birukoff, has had the co-operation of Countess Tolstoy and special recollections of his childhood, youth and early manhood by Tolstoy himself. Intimate friends and special admirers have also contributed their quota. The two lists of books that greatly influenced Tolstoy in the formative period of life I'd like to give entire, but its July, and you will read this three volume life, when it is cooler. Charles Scribner's Sons. First volume $1.50.

Two old time ladies bearing the name of "Elizabeth," so popular with this generation of women writers, are brought once more into notice by their admiring relatives. 'Tis a great-great niece of Elizabeth Montagu, who now edits her voluminous correspondence from 1720 to 1761.

Mrs. Montagu's husband, a sedate member of Parliament, an elderly man of great means and high social position, was a cousin of the husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; therefore being well fitted for a leader in literary and social circles, her environments made it all very easy.

Her salon caught the celebrities of her day: Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, the over solemn Dr. Young of those lugubrious Night Thoughts and so on; and all the famous women of the time. In the Title, she is called "The Queen of the Blue-Stocking Club." I think the name Blue-Stocking was first applied to the agreeable Dr. Stillingfleet, whose blue stockings were often noticed at these receptions. By the way how cleverly Jeffrey hit the happy medium, when speaking of a

literary woman, he said, "I don't care how blue her stockings are, if her petticoats are long enough to hide her hose."

She was generally rather stately in manner and style but occasionally evolved a witticism or an epigram; as "We are most apt to blame the crowd when we ourselves are out of the "tumult." "As soon as these great folks are disgusted they go into the country; the indignant statesman plants trees upon which he wishes all his enemies hanged." Of a many legged table; "Why so many legs are needed to stand still, I cannot imagine." E. P. Dutton & Company. $8.00 net.

These publishers who are unusually active this year, are helping the whole reading world by their philanthropic idea of "Everyman's Library" giving the best reading in fifty cent volumes. This is grand! Prussia has just now barred Dime Novels as too suggestive and stimulating to rowdy lads and if they will replace this wretched, dangerous trash, with Dutton's low priced treasures, it may lead to desirable results.

And the other noted Elizabeth? O, yes, Elizabeth Carter is also the honored subject of a new biography, a more interesting character to me than Mrs. Montagu, so self-complacent in her elegant mansion in Portman Square, London.

Dr. Johnson said she was the best Greek scholar in England; and of her translation of Epictetus, which brought her one thousand pounds, Dr. Warton said, "It excels the original." But, however great this praise seems, I value more the fact that she could make a delicious pudding or embroider a handkerchief, was a fine dancer and even somewhat of a romp in youth.

William Hayley dedicated his study of "Old Maids, Ancient and Modern," to her "As a Poet, a Philosopher and as an Old Maid." She once went to a puppet show with friends, but Punch, usually more jocose than delicate, was dull and serious. "Why, Punch," says the showman, "what makes you so stupid?" "I can't talk my own talk," answers Punch, "because the famous Miss Carter is here."

We say that letter-writing is a lost art; meaning the writing of such letters as were produced by Cowper, Pope, Walpole, Madame Sevigne, Lady Montagu, and that is true. But who reads the Letters from Mrs. Stevenson(the Mother of the beloved R. L.) without feeling that for everyday life her style is more enjoyable? The book itself is so light and delightfully easy to hold that you do not have to think of it as you eagerly follow through the magic of her simple word pictures, of the daily home life in that picturesque Samoan home where unfeigned love reigned supreme and the only shadow was the ill health of the adored son and husband. These accounts of daily doings which were sent back to Scotland, extend from 1891 to 1895, are dedicated to Stevenson's wife and are published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now one sees where the charm and inspiration came from and the tender loveableness and the habit of hopefulness in the midst of dread forebodings. Now one knows where those dark wonderful eyes came from; from that dear mother; and her picture at the beginning of the books tells more of the rare son than we could have known in any other way. For she had the same brilliancy, the same personal charm and wit, the same responsive nature, with extraordinary quickness of sympathy and understanding, and the same sterling common sense. She writes "Among those that I heard last week I came on a rabid 'Total Abstinence' man, and a woman lecturing rather frantically on woman's rights and wrongs. All these violences are very unsavory to me: surely it is possible to do what is right, and even to advocate it, without screaming." She quotes "Son" as saying, "Half the worth of life is in its unexpectedness."

She speaks of the Samoan boys greatly enjoying playing cricket with sticks for bats and oranges for balls. The queer, unfinished costumes of their servants are noted, the waiter in a blue and white lava-lava, a white shirt, a pale blue sash round his waist with tails hanging down below. This gave a striking effect and he was most dignified; "A member of the royal family of Fiji!"

"The Samoan designation for a wife is the 'back of the house'; a modest honour truly, unless they mean the back bone!" Here was a mother of the blessed, old fashioned sort, and moreover the high bred lady, adaptable to any situation and gracing all with her indescribable "atmosphere"; which is to a woman, what fragrance is to a rose.

For new books for an idle summer hour, or hammock time, I would advise "In Vanity Fair," by Mrs. Brainerd, (Eleanor Hoyt), a sparkling, entertaining record of "Fashion, Folly, Frolic and Fun," in Paris. Moffat, Yard & Company, New York. $1.50.

This collection of newspaper letters, dealing with the old familiar themes of dress, men dressmakers, sports, the queens of the demi-monde and the grande cocotte, is well written; appealing of course only to women and men dressmakers, of whom Mrs. Brainerd says, "They are the truly great men of that cosmopolitan Capital."

"Paris is full of great men, politicians, statesmen, writers, musicians, who strut across the public stage and play roles. But Paris could do without them. Given a

cataclysm and a possibility of saving some one famous man for the Republic, Paris would unhesitatingly rescue Paquin."

She defines that mystic word "Chic" at length and adds that "The Parisenne is the true 'femme chique.'"

Our wealthiest American women seem to be trying hard to emulate the Parisian in fascinating sartorial effects and we learn that several expend forty or fifty thousand on lingerie alone.

"The Court of Love," by Alice Brown, a light comedy, with no plot, a decided change from all her previous work. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.25.

"Uncle William," by Jeanette Lee . The Century Company. The story of a so-called "shiftless man" who easily rose to grand heights of achievement when the urgent cry for help came to him. One of the best short stories of the season, and Mrs. Lee deserves our thanks for the lessons so unobtrusively given.

"The Dawn of a To-morrow" is another story, written with such earnestness, such conviction of the possibilities that may come into every life, that it must be stronger than many sermons for those who are discouraged. It is not Christian Science but leans that way. Mrs. Burnett wrote this straight from her heart and it will wake to better things many and many a reader. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"In Our Town," is a great favorite with me. By William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, editor of the Gazette there(a power in the state), and the author of "In Boyville." His knowledge of human nature in boys and men and women, in variour types, is excruciatingly keen and correct. McClure, Phillips & Company publish both of these books.

If you want downright fun get "Pigs is Pigs," same publisher, by Ellis Parker Butler, who is a genuine humorist, a successful advertising writer, who used to write humorous stories on advertising topics but who is now advertising his power to provoke hearty laughter and incidentally the miraculous fecundity of the Guinea Pig! As there are five hundred and seventy-five thousand readers who have made the series of the "John Henry" books a pecuniary and cachinnatory success I mention "Skiddoo" as the last, till another appears, same style as the others; coarse but comical. By Hugh McHugh (George V. Hobart). G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

And now, do come out doors.

If you need a gardening manual in condensed form, that will be a safe guide and will tell all you should know for the small sum of one dollar, buy "The Seasons in a Flower Garden," by Louise Shelton. Each month is separately treated, beginning with September, the true time to start work for another spring. Scribner's Sons.

Many publishers now have a long list of Books for Sportsmen. Scribner's offers twenty-five all by experts and men well known.

I find "Camp Kits and Camp Life" one of the most practical books on this fascinating subject; it is fully illustrated and gives besides all other needed information, excellent receipts for cooking and remedies for illness or accidents. By Charles Stedman Hanks, author of "Hints to Golfers." $1.50.

"Life in the Open; Sport with Rod, Gun and Horse and Hound in Southern California," by Charles Frederick Holder who has spent twenty years in the region described and is recognized as an authority on the sports, climate and productions of Southern California. This is from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Herbert B. Turner & Company of Boston, issue a full list of new publications.

James H. Hyslop stands first with "Enigmas of Psychical Research and Science and a Future Life." There is no question so engrossing to me as, Do we live again? And the next, Can we communicate after death with those we loved on earth? These questions are being thoroughly investigated by many of our greatest scientists and I shall soon give their opinions. In the meantime, what can detain Dr. Hodgson? He is still silent.

Mr. Turner announces a score of novels all of them good sellers: "In the Sixties and Seventies," a volume of Reminiscences by Laura Hain Friswell, a book I shall quote next month; "Songs in a Sun Garden," by Coletta Ryan who is herself the veritable Lady of Good Cheer, of whom she sings.

"Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples," by Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D.

"The Ethics of Imperialism," by Albert Carman, who does not consider Imperialism antogonistic to Christian ethics.

"Lyrics of Life and Love," by William Stanley Braithwaite. Stedman wrote to this singer, "I see you have the lyrical gift." "The Charm of Youth," is another volume of dainty verse by Alexander Jessup.

Editor's Table

The discussion of a line in Gray's "Elegy," in the April number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is extremely interesting; and I am tempted to add a few comments upon it, and on other passages in the poem which have been misunderstood as well as misprinted and corrupted in most of the standard editions.

With regard to this particular passage I have never had any doubt that "stillness" is the subject of the verb. When I edited "Select Poems of Gray" in 1876, I think I had met with no comment on the line. My own note reads: "*Air* is of course the subject, not the object, of the verb." I am inclined to think that I inserted it because editors and critics had been generally misled by a similar inversion of subject and object in the 9th stanza (to which I shall refer farther on), and it may have occurred to me that such a misapprehension was possible here.

Some of those who make "air" the subject appear to assume that "holds" must have an "active" meaning which does not admit of a subject like "stillness." It does not necessarily mean to "seize," or "hold fast," or "constrain," or, as Judge Holmes suggests, imply that stillness "drops on the back of the air and fastens its teeth in its neck like a wolverine." A familiar sense of the word is to "possess," which, as often used, implies a holding that is quiet and passive. Here it means simply that the stillness pervades the air; it is the state or condition of the air for the time being. There is an exact parallel to the expression in Tennyson's "Œnone": "For now the noonday quiet holds the hill." Would any critic quarrel with that? Does it not practically settle the question?

The weight of authority, as cited in the article, is clearly in favor of this view; and the poets, particularly the critic-poets, like Lowell, Stedman, and Howells, are on that side. As Dr. Warren says, a poet would decide in favor of "stillness," though a logician might not.

When I edited the poem, thirty years ago, I found that it had not been printed correctly for more than fifty years; and the corruptions have been reproduced in nearly all of the more recent reprints.

The first of these corruptions is in the line, "The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea," as it reads in all three extant manuscripts of the poem in Gray's handwriting and in his first (1768) collected edition of his poems. The first (1751) edition in separate form has "winds," which was obviously one of the misprints in which that edition abounded. Gray wrote to Walpole soon after the book appeared: "Nurse Dodsley [the publisher] has given it a pinch or two in the cradle that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives." This was prophetic so far as this misprint was concerned. Among the others were "sacred" for "secret," "hidden" for "kindred," and "frowning" for "smiling" (in the 27th stanza).

Tennyson, in referring to one of his changes in "In Memoriam," told his friend Knowles that he would "almost rather sacrifice the sense than have two s's come together": and Gray, whose ear was no less sensitive, would never have written "winds slowly." But "winds" spoils the meaning as well as the rhythm. The poet does not see the herd as an aggregate—a snakelike monster crawling through the fields—but the animals that compose it; and "lowing" also suggests the plural. Nobody who had ever seen and heard cows coming home from pasture could make "herd" virtually singular.

There is a worse blunder in the 9th stanza:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

All the manuscripts and Gray's edition of 1768 have "Awaits"; but all the standard editions from Mason's (1775) down to 1876 and most of more recent date read "Await," making "hour" the object instead of the subject of the verb. Here there can be no doubt of the inversion. "Await" of course implies expectation; but to say that the noble, the rich, and the powerful are expecting, or looking forward to, the hour of death, is the direct opposite of the poet's meaning. Death is awaiting them, though they give no thought to its inevitable coming. In this instance the verb has no ambiguous meaning, as "hold" has been supposed to have, and the grammatical construction does not admit of question. Gray himself furnishes a parallel to the passage in "The Bard":

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway
That, hush'd in grim repose, *expects* his evening prey."

The reference here is to the death of Edward the Black Prince.

In the 31st stanza, Mitford's edition (1816) and most of those since that date read thus:

"He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend."

But Gray wrote:

"He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend."

Here the meaning suffers and the rhythm is ruined by the change. What the poet emphasizes is that the young man gave to the wretched all that he had, though, poor as he was, he could give only his pity and sympathy. The change lays stress on the fact that he "gave a tear," adding parenthetically that it was all he had to give. But the injury to the measure is far more serious. The exquisite modulation of the passage is utterly destroyed by the double parenthesis, which introduces two identical pauses in each line, giving a discordant jingle to the couplet which would have made Gray squirm in his coffin if he could have heard it. There is no finer example of metrical modulation in English poetry than the "Elegy," and it is amazing that any critic could have marred it in this abominable manner, and even more amazing that the mutilation should have escaped detection and correction for more than half a century.

All of these corruptions have been reproduced in the latest edition of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" (1895) and in every similar anthology that I have seen. I find them also in a volume of poetry, nominally edited by Mr. T. B. Aldrich and published in 1903.

Apropos of metrical mangling of the poem I may add that Warton wanted to make the first line read "The curfew tolls! —the knell of parting day." But the manuscripts and Gray's own edition prove that he did not write it so, and the change would introduce a bad discord into the very first bar of the rhythmic movement of the poem. The deliberate omission of any "cesura," or metrical pause, in the opening line gives the keynote of the pensive elegiac music.

In the 5th stanza some readers have strangely supposed that the "lowly bed" refers to the grave; and Mr. Lloyd, in his Latin translation of the "Elegy," so interprets it. In the same stanza the expression "ply her evening care" was criticized by Mitford; and the use of the verb is certainly more peculiar than that of "holds" as applied to "stillness." Gray, however, has it again in the Eton "Ode": "their labors ply;" and Thomson in his "Winter" has "Plies his sad song."

There has been some controversy among the English editors and critics as to the construction and precise meaning of the 22d stanza:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?"

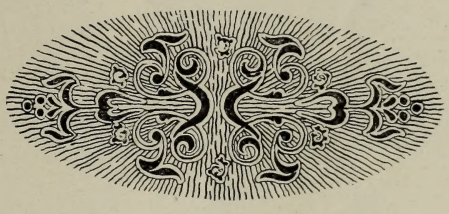
Is "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" in apposition with "who," or does the phrase complete the predicate "resigned"? Hales, in his "Longer English Poems" (London, 1872), after discussing the passage at some length, prefers the latter explanation, interpreting thus: "Who ever resigned this life with all its pleasures and pains to be utterly ignored and forgotten; that is, who ever, when resigning it, reconciled himself to its being forgotten?" For myself, I prefer to take "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" as appositional and proleptic, and not as the grammatical complement of "resigned": Who, yielding himself up a prey to dumb forgetfulness, ever resigned life without casting a longing look behind?

In the 27th stanza, it is a question whether "woeful-wan" should be a compound. The hyphen is not in the edition of 1768, but as it is found in one of the manuscripts I have retained it, with the majority of the editors.

In the next stanza "custom'd" is Gray's word, not "'custom'd," as often printed. The dictionaries cite ample authority for "custom" as a verb from the 14th century down to the 18th, when it seems to have become obsolete.

The "recorded" statement that Gray kept the "Elegy" for twenty years, "ripening it by frequent revision," is incorrect. He began the poem in the autumn of 1742. In the winter of 1749, after the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, he resumed work upon it and finished it early in June, 1750. It was first published in quarto form on the 16th of February, 1751, without the author's name. This was at Gray's request. He had induced his friend, Sir Horace Walpole, to get Dodsley to print it, in order to anticipate its appearance in a magazine, the editor of which had obtained a copy of it. Walpole contributed a brief prefatory "Advertisement" to the pamphlet, stating that the poem came into his hands "by accident." It was at once reprinted by at least four of the magazines; and Gray records on the margin of of one of the manuscripts that Dodsley's issue "went through four editions in two months," followed immediately by seven more. It first appeared with Gray's name in 1753.

W. J. ROLFE.



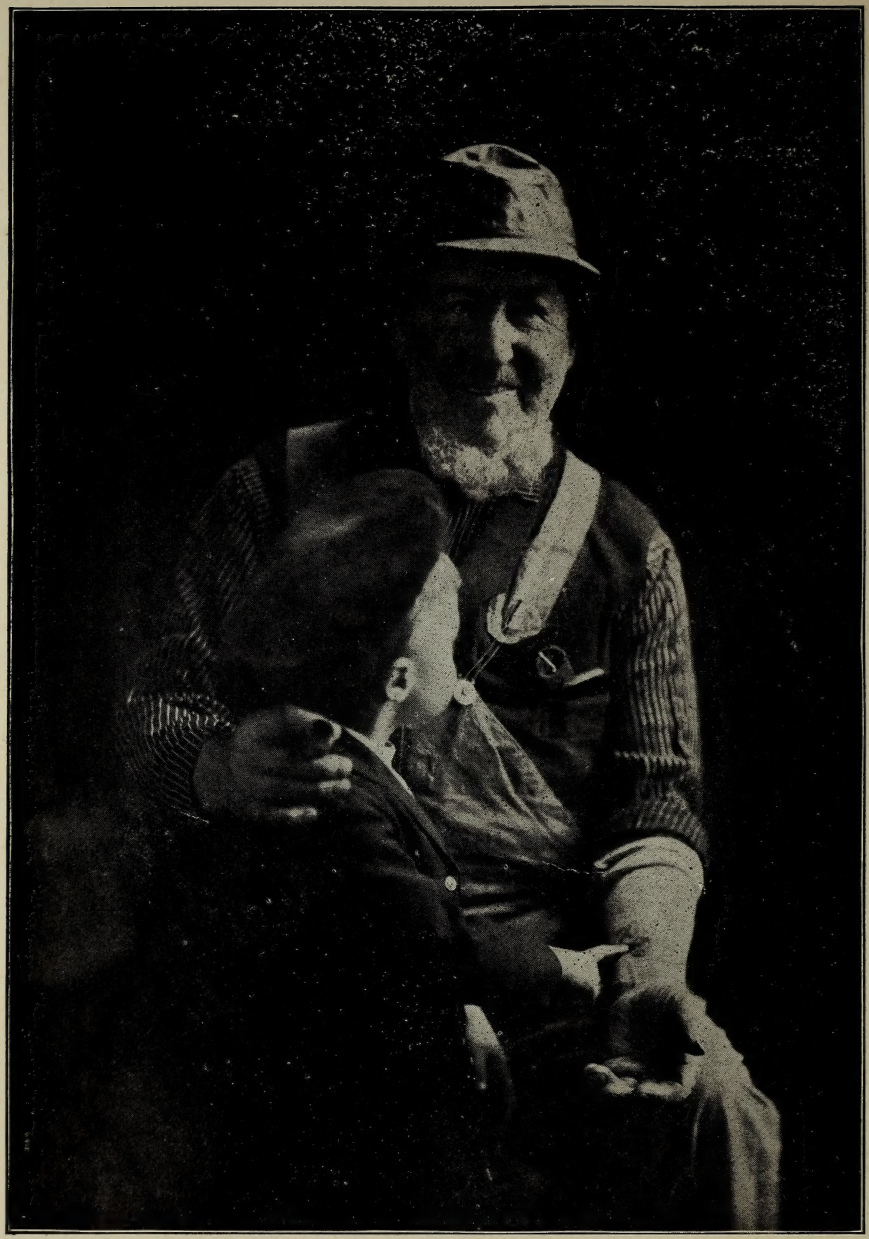


Photo by H. W. Spooner, Gloucester, Mass.

THE SIGN OF THE SEA

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The Massachusetts Bench and Bar

By STEPHEN O. SHERMAN AND WESTON F. HUTCHINS

III

Heroes of the Great Rebellion

General Charles Devens, Soldier, Statesman and Jurist—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, and Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court—Dr. Holmes' Search for His Boy after Antietam—Lewis S. Dabney's Successful Alibi in the Alley Case—Hooker's Fine Tribute to General Underwood—Wilder Dwight—Judge John Lathrop—General Francis W. Palfrey—Charles Francis Adams—General George H. Gordon, and Other Distinguished Soldiers of the Bay State.

IN less than two years after John A. Andrew defended John Brown in the courts of Virginia for the Harper's Ferry raid the Civil War broke out. The response of Massachusetts to President Lincoln's call for troops was prompt and encouraging, and of the thousands of young men who volunteered their services the legal profession had a large representation. Within a few months one of the finest military corps ever organized, the Army of the Potomac, started on its march to Richmond, and on the roads through Virginia the young lawyers of Boston joined with their comrades in singing "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave," and at a later period those inspiring words of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic,"

> "As He died to make men holy
> Let us die to make men free."

As soldier jurist and patriot Charles Devens is entitled to first place among Massachusetts lawyers who served their country in its great struggle for existence. His military career began as Colonel of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment and he rose to the rank of a Major General and commanded an Army Corps. After graduating from college General Devens became a member of the Worcester County Bar, a member of the Massachusetts Senate and from 1849 to 1853 was United States Marshal at Boston. While Marshal it became his duty

to execute the process remanding to his alleged owner Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave. For years and up to the time of the Civil War General Devens made unavailing efforts to purchase the freedom of the slave and at a later period when General Devens was Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Hayes, Sims was given a position in the Department of Justice. When General Devens accepted an appointment at Washington he resigned from the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. A vacancy existing in the Supreme Court in Massachusetts when the term of General Devens as Attorney General expired, he was again called to the bench and remained there until he died. As an orator General Devens was in great demand and as Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic his voice was heard in every part of the Union. He was a very charitable man and had a warm heart for every old soldier. It frequently happened that a comrade sought him at the old court house and his appeal for assistance was never unheeded. General Devens had a fine sense of honor and at the outbreak of the war while in camp at Long Island he returned a case of champagne which some of his admirers in Boston had sent to him.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, soon after he was graduated from Harvard was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 20th Massachusetts Regiment. After the first battle in which his regiment participated young Holmes was made Captain and later was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. When his term expired Mr. Holmes studied law with Robert M. Morse and also with George O. Shattuck. For several years Judge Holmes was a member of the firm of Shattuck, Holmes & Monroe, and his contributions to the literature of law were numerous and valuable. He was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court by Governor Long and remained there until asked by President Roosevelt to accept a position on the bench of the Supreme Court at Washington.

Young Holmes was wounded at the battles of Ball's Bluff, Antietam and Fredericksburg. The news of his wound at Antietam was received by his distinguished father at his Beacon street home in Boston at midnight. The telegram read:—

Hagerstown 17

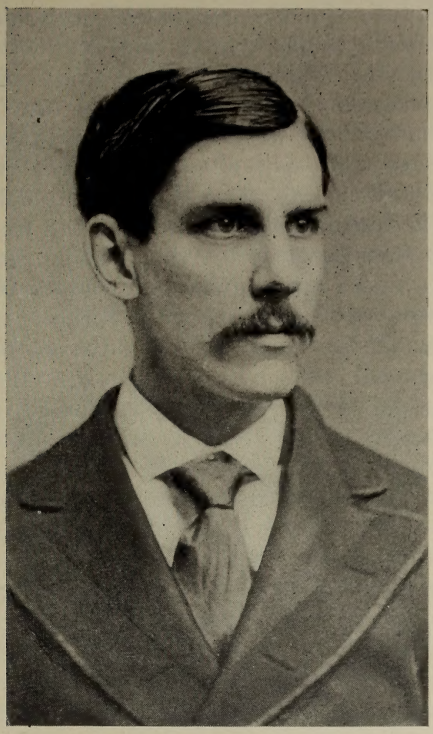
To _____ H_____

Captain H_____ wounded, shot through the neck. Thought not mortal; At Keedysville.

William G. Le Duc.

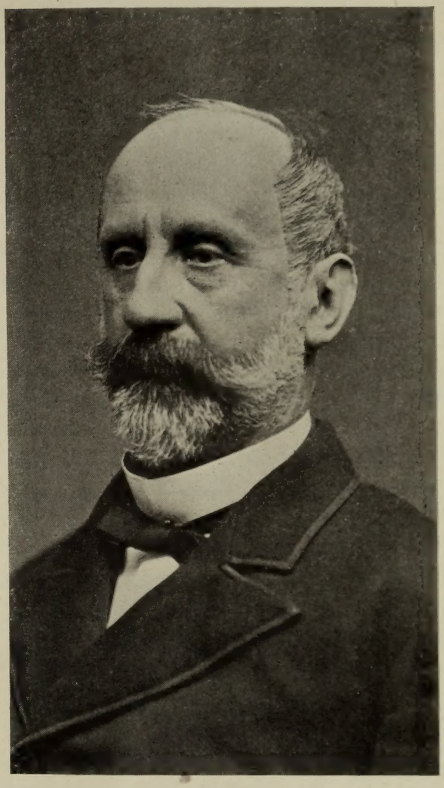
As a medical man the thoughts of Dr. Holmes of the possibilities of such a wound are thus described by himself: "Through the neck—no bullet left in wound. Windpipe, food pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable, vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lampwick, spinal cord—ought to kill at once, if at all. Thought not mortal, or not thought mortal—which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be—Keedysville, a post office Washington County Maryland. Le Duc? Le Duc? Don't remember that name."

That day Dr. Holmes started to find his boy, and his story of the trip told in the Atlantic Monthly of 1862 is one of the most fascinating sketches of the Civil War. It equals



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1865

Victor Hugo's account of the Battle of Waterloo. The railroad facilities of that time were crude as compared with to-day, but Dr. Holmes had agreeable companions bent on a like mission. Arriving at Keedysville Dr. Holmes found that his son had left that place apparently for Philadelphia where he was expected at the house of friends. In reply to telegrams word came that the Captain had not reached Philadelphia, and the Doctor continued his hunt, having the assistance of medical men of the army in his search. Through that valuable agency the whereabouts of Captain Holmes were finally determined, he then being on his way to Philadelphia, and although for days father and son had been only ten miles apart—Captain Holmes having been cared for by friends in a small village—Dr. Holmes had travelled over four hundred miles. He was at Harrisburg when definite news was received and when the train for Philadelphia reached that city Dr. Holmes boarded it. The meeting between the two is thus described:—



CHARLES DEVENS

"In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right I saw my captain; there saw I him, even my first born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

"Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us

Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard—nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old Uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filled fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture. There are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

"'You remember my son Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?'

"'I do remember him well.'

"'He was killed on Monday at Sheperdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only son. If you could come to my house—I can hardly call it my home now—it would be a pleasure to me.'"

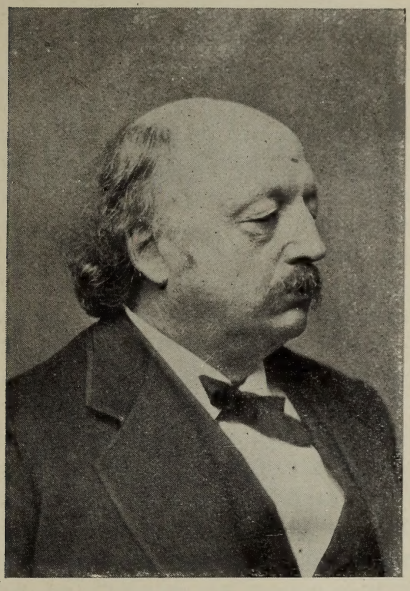
Of his night trip through the field hospitals at Hagerstown and vicinity looking for his son, Dr. Holmes says: "'There are two wounded Secesh,' said my companion. "I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of a good family, son of a judge of one of the higher courts of his state, educated, pleasant, gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness toward those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of the Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in men of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of War that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight, scholastic habit, and spoke as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own—a man, who, but for the curse that is laid on our generation to expiate, would have been a fellow worker with them in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people."

When Captain Holmes arrived in Boston and received a greeting which only a mother's love can give, Dr. Holmes closes his story with this graphic paragraph:—

"Fling open the window blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and toward the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is only noble when it is held cheap by the side of

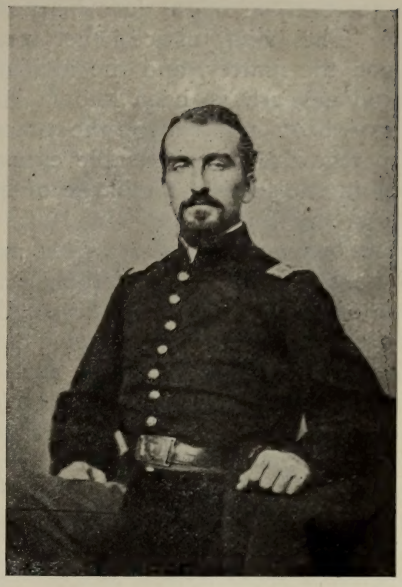
honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any message of evil tidings—a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this is our son and brother who was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found."

Judge Holmes is one of the most democratic men who ever held a



GENERAL B. F. BUTLER

judicial position. Soon after he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he desired to confer with one of the justices of the Superior Court, who was then presiding in the criminal session. The etiquette of the court would have been for the Chief Justice to request the Justice of the Superior Court to call upon him, but Chief Justice Holmes waived all formalities and decided to go to the room in which the criminal session was being held.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN W. HUDSON

Mrs. Holmes who was likewise interested in the matter accompanied him. Arriving at the outer door they encountered a new officer who had received instructions not to permit any person to enter unless he was a member of the Bar. The officer did not recognize the Chief Justice and denied him admittance. Without disclosing his identity the Chief Justice was about to go away when it occurred to him that by informing the officer that the wife of Chief Justice Holmes desired to go into the court room it might gain them an entrance. The officer in the meantime had begun to realize that the Chief Justice was no ordinary person and when he made the suggestion about Mrs. Holmes they were quickly admitted. When the officer saw that the Chief Justice was invited to a seat upon the bench he, (the officer) made inquiries, and upon learning the name of the distinguished visitor was

fearful that he might lose his position. The Chief Justice never mentioned the matter, and the incident would never have been known had it not been related by the officer who regarded it as valuable experience in the further discharge of his duties.

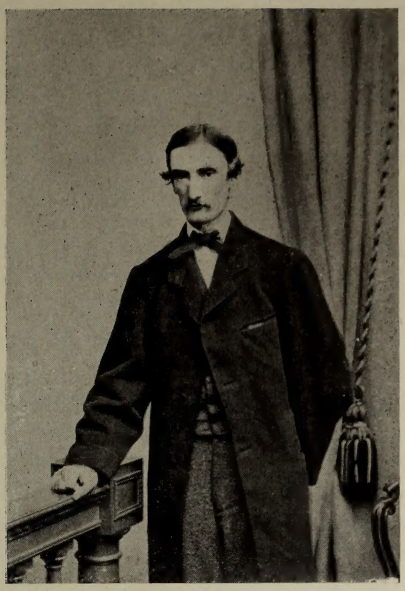
On one occasion the writer met Judge Holmes in one of the elevators of the Federal Building. He was carring a heavy dress suit case which caused a smile on the part of the only other occupant of the elevator car. The Judge noticed it and upon asking the cause was told that there had been some judges in the past who would not carry a dress suit case but would delegate that duty to a court officer or someone else. Judge Holmes bowed as he naively smiled and said, "I may be poor but I am never proud."

Whatever may be the verdict of history as to General Butler's military achievements, it must be admitted that he rendered valuable services to the country in various fields. The disposition of runaway slaves who entered the lines of the Union army in great numbers in the early days of the war was a troublesome question to the government in view of the Dred-Scott decision which was then the law of the land. General Butler solved the problem by declaring such slaves to be "Contraband" of war, and that decision was accepted and acted upon. His military administration of the City of New Orleans produced great beneficial results especially in the sanitary regulations which he caused to be adopted, and which rid the city of yellow fever, that dread scourge which year after year had previously, caused hundreds of deaths, due almost entirely to the lack of proper sanitary precautions. Other acts entitle him to credit and as the commander of the Army of the Gulf and the Army of the James he had the love and loyal support of his men. Butler is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen if for nothing else for the manner in which he suppressed the rampant spirit of disloyalty in the City of Baltimore at the time when our only means of access to the Capitol was through that city.

One of the most conspicuous of Massachusetts soldiers was Colonel Wilder Dwight who was mortally wounded at the Battle of Antietam. His army life was a story of noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape which made his name familiar to every person in Massachusetts, and throughout the North who admired courage and bravery. His unbounded vitality made an impression on all who met him, and he was a wonderful leader of men in battle.

Cast in a similar mold was Sidney Willard, who was Major of the 35th Massachusetts Regiment, and in command at the time he was killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg. He was a lawyer of rare promise when he entered the service and he soon displayed military qualities that would have given him high rank had he lived.

The vacancy of Captain in the Dedham company of the 35th Regiment when Sidney Willard was promoted to Major, was filled by John Lathrop, now one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court. Captain Lathrop was one of the best officers in the regiment, and in action always displayed calmness and good judgment. In civil life Judge Lathrop was known for years as the Reporter of Decisions



CAPTAIN JOHN LATHROP IN WAR TIME

of the Supreme Court, and served on the bench of the Superior Court before he was elevated to the position of Judge of the Supreme Court.

Lieutenant Colonel John W. Hudson and Captain Tracy P. Cheever, both lawyers, also served in the 35th Regiment. Colonel Hudson was a native of Lexington, and his father, Hon. Charles Hudson, was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington in the exciting days before the breaking out of the Civil War. Captain Cheever was one of the leading citizens of Chelsea and took high rank in his profession.

John D. Cobb, Registrar of Probate for Norfolk County, was for a considerable time Adjutant of the 35th Regiment and subsequently became a captain. He was one of the finest types of intelligent bravery that the Civil War produced, and it is no disparagement to other good officers of the regiment to say that Mr. Cobb was the most beloved man in the command. He was a graduate of Harvard College and many of his classmates entered the Confederate army. Some of them, as prisoners, met Mr. Cobb as they came into the Union lines and received greetings which only well-bred men can give. In camp or in battle Adjutant Cobb was always genial and considerate of men, and these qualities were conspicuous



LEWIS S. DABNEY IN 1861

when engaged with the enemy. At the Battle of the Weldon Railroad, which severed the main link of communication between Richmond and the extreme South, the Confederates exhausted their artillery ammunition and broke up rails which were fired from their cannon. It was the first experience of the kind that the Army of the Potomac had had, and the rotary motion which the railroad iron took after leaving the guns in its flight through the

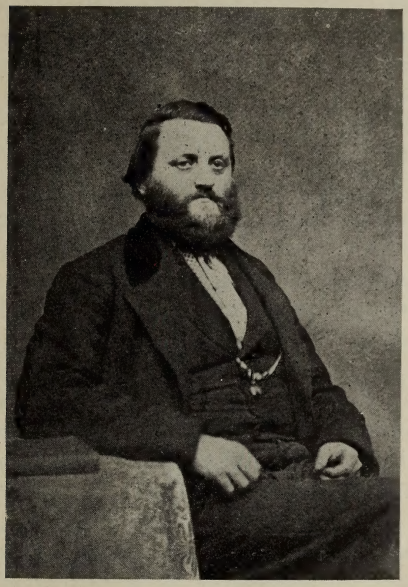
air produced sounds of music and of terror if such a combination be possible. The 35th and all other regiments lost heavily from the fire of the Confederate infantry which mowed down nearly all the tall men in their ranks. Amidst all the excitement and confusion Adjutant Cobb came to the left of the line and with a smile on his face said to the writer, "Aren't you glad we're not tall. The bullets all seem to go over our heads." The Battle of the Weldon Railroad did not fix the standard range of Confederate marksmanship, as in several other equally severe engagements in which the 35th participated the danger point in the bodies of the men was often as low as the knees.

General Francis W. Palfrey was a distinguished soldier both in personal appearance and in the service he rendered during the war. His fighting experience was mainly confined to the 20th Massachusetts Regiment which had a remarkable record. and a large percentage of Harvard graduates among its officers. Its Colonel, William Raymond Lee, a graduate of West Point and a classmate of Jefferson Davis, was the first superintendent of the Boston & Providence Railroad and an engineer of recognized merit. At the Battle of Ball's Bluff Colonel Lee was captured and while in Libby Prison, it is said, was offered privileges by Jefferson Davis, President of the southern Confederacy, but Colonel Lee refused to accept them and took a common lot with other Union officers and men.

In the absence of Colonel Lee, Mr. Palfrey as Lieutenant Colonel had command of the regiment, and under his lead in many engagements the 20th shared in the glory and vicissitudes of the Army of the Potomac. At the close of the war General Palfrey entered the profession of the law and was rapidly advancing when he succumbed to a fatal illness. His wife was the daughter of Sidney Bartlett. General Palfrey was a son of John G. Palfrey, the eminent historian, and inherited the literary qualities of his father. Some of the best works on the war are from the pen of General Palfrey and his criticism of General Burnside as Commander of the Army of the Potomac at the disastrous Battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, furnishes valuable information to students of war histories.

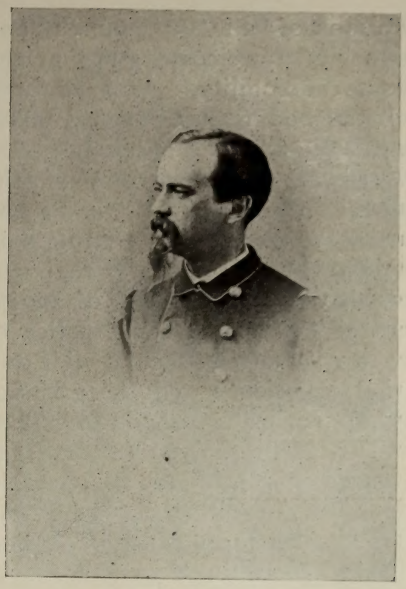
General Hazard Stevens was a very young man when he served upon the staff of his father, General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who was killed at Chantilly while endeavoring, with his command, to resist the terrific onslaught of Stonewall Jackson's corps, which, flushed with victory at the second Battle of Bull Run, was driving Pope's defeated army toward Washington. General Phil Kearney, who with his division had gone to the assistance of General Stevens, received a mortal wound at about the time Stevens died. General Isaac Stevens, who was born in Andover, Massachusetts, was graduated from the military academy at West Point, took part in the war with Mexico, and later rendered valuable service to the government in exploring the Rocky Mountain region, then unknown, and his reports as an engineer officer were the basis for the subsequent development of that section of the United States. As Governor of the Indian Territory General Stevens displayed civic ability

of a high order and as a member of Congress took a leading part in the discussion of great questions then pending. His brother, Oliver Stevens, for more than thirty years District Attorney for Suffolk County, had an ambition as a boy to enter West Point, but at the suggestion of his brother gave up military inclinations and devoted his life to the law. Mr. Oliver Stevens had in his possession a letter from Abra-



TRACY P. CHEEVER

ham Lincoln regretting the great loss the country had sustained in the death of General Isaac Stevens, and saying that it was his intention to have appointed him as commander of the Army of the Potomac to succeed General John Pope. General Hazard Stevens in addition to the practice of law has given much time to the consideration of public questions and is well known as a writer on matters affecting the welfare of the people.



GENERAL FRANCIS W. PALFREY

Henry Walker as Colonel of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment shared in the experiences of the Army of the Gulf. The political field was open to Colonel Walker after the close of the war but such a career could not allure him from his cherished life work although he did consent to serve for three years as a member of the Police Commission of the City of Boston. Colonel Walker is best known to the people of Massachusetts as Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company when it made its first visit to London. It was alike creditable to the Commonwealth and the organization that he was selected, as few men have better knowledge of social etiquette, which is much more strictly observed in England than in the United States. His speech at the great banquet in London in which he referred to Queen Victoria as "a womanly Queen and a queenly woman," won him the ad-

miration of all Englishmen and made him a welcome guest at the fireside of nobility. As a cultured and polished man Colonel Walker has few equals as a speaker.

Lewis S. Dabney, one of the leaders of the Suffolk Bar, had a fine war record, serving as a Captain in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment and also upon the staff of Major General Augur. In the practice of law Mr. Dabney has had a wide and varied experience and there is not any branch with which he is not familiar. The only time he ever appeared in a criminal trial was in defence of Leavitt Alley who was charged with the murder of Abijah Ellis in Boston in November, 1872. The senior counsel for the defendant, Gustavus A. Somerby, was associated with Mr. Dabney. The discovery of the murder was made early in November when the mutilated remains of Ellis packed in a barrel were found floating through the sluiceway on Beacon street. The place where the crime occurred—in Alley's stable at the South End—was soon determined, and the detectives who arrested Alley had begun to work up a strong chain of circumstantial evidence when the great fire of November 9th took place and caused a suspension of proceedings for several weeks.

At the trial the government produced evidence to show that early on a certain morning Alley was seen driving a wagon through Roxbury over the hill past Dr. Putnam's church and was also seen at various points between that place and the sluiceway on Beacon street. As junior counsel it fell to Mr. Dabney to prepare the defence and the perfect alibi he succeeded in establishing resulted in the acquittal of Alley. The defence proved beyond doubt by reputable witnesses that while the government was trying to show that Alley was on the road to dispose of the remains of Ellis he (Alley) at the time was actually at the South End.

That the remains of Ellis were taken over the route described by government witnesses was undoubtedly true, and in talking with Mr. Somerby just before his death he told the writer that the government made its fatal mistake in insisting that Alley was upon the wagon when in fact it was being driven by another person.

Charles Francis Adams also served as a Captain in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment. Although educated to the profession of law he has never taken up general practice and has devoted his talents to specialties relating to property and other financial matters. As chairman of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts he acquired a national reputation and he was also well known as president of the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Adams has given much time to literary pursuits and as a writer on subjects of public concern has few equals in style and force.

General George H. Gordon was graduated from West Point before he became a lawyer and settled in Boston. When the war broke out he was made Colonel of the 2nd Massachusetts, a regiment that in discipline and other qualifications reached the standard of the regulars and made a remarkable record. Among other lawyers who commanded the regiment were William Cogswell, afterward a member of Congress, Samuel M. Quincy and Colonel Morse.



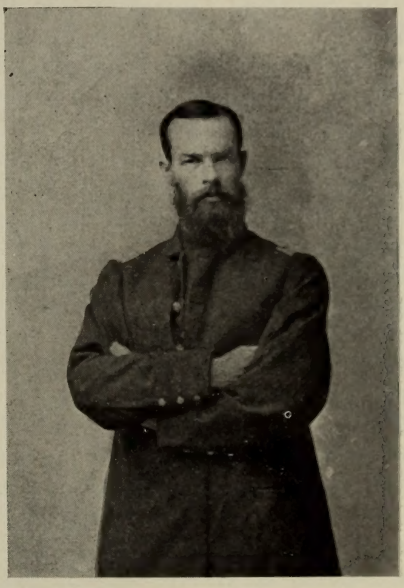
WILDER DWIGHT

When Colonel Gordon became Brigadier General, Charles R. Train accepted a commission and became Assistant Adjutant General on his staff. Mr. Train as Attorney General of the Commonwealth for several years represented the government in many important murder trials and was recognized as a great lawyer. He also served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives at a time when both parties sent many of their ablest men. Mr. Train was the leader on the Republican side.

Adin B. Underwood, who was a law partner of General Gordon, had a splendid war record. His service began as Captain in the 2nd Massachusetts and he was subsequently Major and Lieutenant Colonel of the 33rd Infantry. He was badly wounded in the side at Lookout Mountain and General Hooker was so impressed with his bravery that he sent the following despatch to Washington:

"Colonel Underwood was desperately wounded, and if only in recognition of his meritorious services, his many martial virtues and his great personal worth, it would be a great satisfaction to me to have this officer advanced to the grade of Brigadier General."

President Lincoln made the appointment and after the war General Underwood was Surveyor of the Port of Boston.



MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD

Charles W. Carroll and Fisher A. Baker, natives of Dedham, after completing a collegiate course studied law in the office of Hon. Thomas L. Wakefield. In 1861 both enlisted in the 18th Massachusetts Regiment, the former receiving a commission as Captain of the Dedham company while the latter was appointed Adjutant of the regiment. Carroll yielded up his life at the second Battle of Bull Run and the Grand Army Post in Dedham bears his name. Baker resumed the prac-

tice of law when the regiment returned to Massachusetts and for years has been a prominent attorney in New York City.

Alfred Brewster Ely was the son of a prominent clergyman in the western part of Massachusetts. Young Ely was graduated from Amherst College and received his preparatory instruction in law in the office of Chapman & Ashman (afterwards Chief Justice Chapman of the Supreme Court) and in the office of Sidney Bartlett in Boston. Mr. Ely became an early and active "Native American" and in 1846 introduced the "Order of United Americans." He was at one time director of the Western (now the Boston & Albany) Railroad, and Commissioner of Back Bay lands. His army service was in the 13th Connecticut Volunteers, and he acted as Assistant Adjutant General in the northern division of the Department of the Gulf.

Three sons of Judge Josiah G. Abbott, one of the foremost lawyers of his time were officers in Massachusetts regiments and two lost their lives in battle. Their brother, Mr. Samuel A. B. Abbott, who was president of the Board of Trustees of the Boston Public Library, at his own expense, commemorated the 2nd and 20th Massachusetts Regiments in which his brothers served, by the work of St. Gaudens which adorns the grand stairway in the new Public Library building in Copley Square.

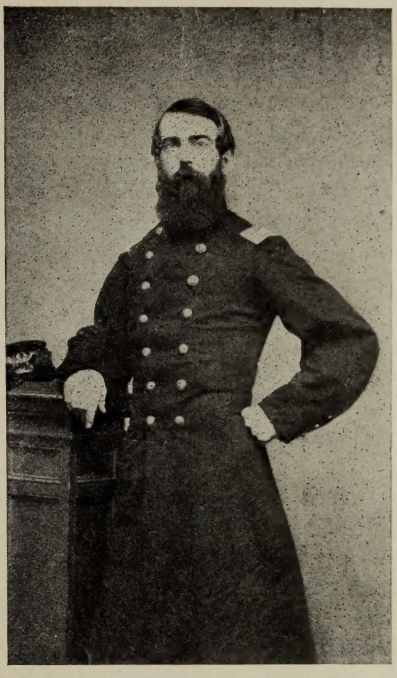
Colonel Francis S. Hesseltine received a medal of honor from Congress for distinguished bravery. He was a Captain in the 3rd Maine and Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the 13th Maine Infantry.

General Patrick R. Guiney and Major John W. Mahan were prominent representatives of the Irish race, which furnished a large quota to the Union and Confederate armies. Both served in the famous 9th Massachusetts Volunteers, and General Guiney received a serious wound which caused the loss of an eye. As Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County General Guiney was a remarkable prosecuting officer and displayed qualities of no ordinary degree in his ideas of duty. Without the least element of persecution in his nature General Guiney had rigid views of right and wrong and no influence could sway him from acting upon what he deemed a principle. He had a clear and concise way of presenting evidence to juries and his public record is alike creditable to him as officer and citizen. Subsequently he became Registrar of Probate for Suffolk County and his controversy with Judge Ames is remembered by many persons. In personal appearance General Guiney was a typical soldier. When overtaken by death one night on his way home he braced himself against a building and met the change with the same resolute determination as had been shown by many of his comrades on the field of battle.

Major Mahan was a good lawyer, of genial disposition, and although a great sufferer from rheumatism he was always cheerful, and never murmured at his affliction. Major Mahan used to point with pride to a gold hunting cased watch which saved his life in battle. A bullet struck it and imbedded itself in one of the cases. The Major had the bullet enclosed by copper wire and in that way carried it throughout the remainder of his life.

Among other members of the judiciary who served in the army are Justices Hammond and Sheldon of the Supreme Court and Justices Sherman, Stevens, Bell and Hardy of the Superior Court. The late Chief Justice Albert Mason of the Superior Court was in the 38th Massachusetts Volunteers and was commissioned by Abraham Lincoln as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.

Wilmon W. Blackmar, now deceased, was in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry and was promoted to a captaincy on the field of Five Forks by General Custer for distinguished bravery. General Blackmar received a medal of honor from Congress, and at the time of his death was Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.



COLONEL HENRY WALKER

Geo. W. Morse was a Captain in the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment and saw service in the Army of the Potomac and under Sherman in Georgia. He was also in the rebel prisons.

Joseph Tucker, Lieutenant Colonel of the 49th Regiment, lost a leg at Port Hudson. He was a member of both branches of the Legislature, Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth and has been Judge of the First Berkshire District Court since it was established.

Thomas H. Talbot was Lieutenant Colonel of the 18th Maine and of the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery which suffered terrible losses in the Wilderness campaign. Mr. Talbot was one of the United States Assistant District Attorneys under President Grant.

Hosea Kingman, who for several years was the District Attorney for the Southeastern District, and chairman of the Board of Metropolitan Sewerage Commissioners when he died, was in the 3rd Massachusetts Regiment. Everett C. Bumpus, who succeeded Mr. Kingman as District Attorney, left Harvard College to join the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery as a Lieutenant. His father was in the service, and a brother was killed at Resaca.

Chas W. Bartlett, the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1905, Colonel Edward P. Nettleton, for many years City Solicitor of Boston, Major Edward J. Jones of the 11th Battery, John C. Gray, Andrew J. Bailey, formerly Corporation Counsel for the City of Boston, Colonel Charles Walcott of the 21st and 61st Massachusetts Infantry, Colonel Thomas W. Clarke, Solomon A. Bolster, Judge of the Roxbury Municipal Court, Colonel Thos. L. Livermore, who left the bar to

engage in manufacturing interests and is now the Vice President of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, J. M. Churchill, formerly Justice of the Municipal Court, Samuel Hoar, J. Lewis Stackpole, Herbert C. Joyner of Great Barrington, one of the leaders of the bar in western Massachusetts, Lieutenant Colonel Sumner of Great Barrington, Colonel Josiah H. Benton, one of the great lawyers of to-day, George A. Bruce, formerly the President of the Massachusetts Senate, W. H. H. Emmons, formerly chairman of the Boston Board of Police, Colonel Arnold A. Rand, Howard Stockton, Colonel W. B. S. Hopkins of Worcester, Captain John T. Wilson, H. Burr Crandall, Major Brown of Taunton, Colonel Edward O. Shepard, Francis V. Balch, Captain William H. Bent and Charles Cowley of Lowell, are among the others entitled to have their names on the roll of honor as lawyers who rallied to the defence of the nation.

A chapter on lawyers in the Civil War would be incomplete without including the names of Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. Although not actual participants in the great conflict of arms yet the work they performed, and the results accomplished through their efforts, were more important and valuable to the welfare of the nation and its subsequent prosperity than though they had been enrolled as soldiers in the ranks.

The Duet

By Pauline Frances Camp

The birds and the bees have a song as they wing,
A song of the wildwood ways.
But I know a sweeter than they can sing,
That rings through the long, glad days!
"Oh love, how I love you," so runs my part,
(For this is a song for two!)
And yours is a smile and blush, sweetheart,
And a glance from your eyes of blue.

A discord at times may creep into the strain,
In duos it must be so.
But Love, in a trice, takes up the refrain,
So what can it do, but go?
"Oh love, do you love me?" so runs my part,
(Theme that is always new;)
And yours, is a soft little "Yes," sweetheart,
In this world old song for two.

A Quarantined Quarrel

By Eleanor H. Porter

THE airy indifference of the girl's manner and the stilted pomposity of the man's words made the quarrel a comedy; the ache in the girl's heart and the choke in the man's throat made it a tragedy. Rainsford, his head high, thrust the discarded diamond into his pocket and strode into the hall. It was at that moment that the fussy little doctor from the village came down the stairway.

"There is no doubt, madam," he was saying to Mrs. Kenton, who was close behind him. "It is a well-developed case of diphtheria and the very greatest caution is necessary."

The man in the hall below caught up his hat and stalked to the outer door.

"Here, here, Mr. Rainsford," called the doctor, agitatedly, "you mustn't do that!"

Rainsford was not a patient man and he had been sorely tried during the last hour.

"Mustn't do what?" he demanded, throwing wide the door.

"You mustn't go out, to be sure."

"Mustn't — go — out!" returned Rainsford, stupidly.

"Certainly not," said the doctor with a pompous uptilting of his chin. "My dear sir, you are quarantined."

"Quarantined!"

"Yes, sir — quarantined," reiterated the doctor. "There is a case of diphtheria upstairs and not a soul can leave this house until—until I give permission."

At Rainsford's dismayed ejaculation, Mrs. Kenton came quickly forward.

"My dear boy," she soothed, "don't let it fret you for a moment. We shall be delighted to have you with us. Just think, you will be a regular godsend to us through all these lonely days ahead; and Dorothy—it will be so nice for Dorothy. She would have been left so much to herself, you see, for of course Mr. Kenton will take more or less of my time."

"But, Mrs. Kenton, I can't — there are reasons why I—" Rainsford paused irresolutely.

"Nonsense — not a word! Come —run into the other room to Dorothy," urged Mrs. Kenton, turning him about and motioning toward the parlor door. "I want to ask the doctor some questions."

Hardly conscious of voluntary movement, Rainsford found himself a moment later facing Miss Dorothy Kenton who sat, limp and silent, upon the parlor sofa.

"You heard?" he asked.

She nodded her head.

"Pleasant prospect—for you," he observed.

"But what—what are we going to do?" she faltered.

His hands executed an expressive semicircle.

"But it—it's ridiculous," she continued, with some heat. "The idea

of our being shut up in the same house in this absurd fashion now; if it had been before, why—" she stopped, her cheeks crimsoning.

For some unaccountable reason his spirits rose.

"Can't help it—it's a case of quarantine," he rejoined, with a sonorous imitation of the doctor's pompous accents.

"But we must help it. You can't stay here, of course, now!"

"You are hospitable," he murmured gently.

The color swept across her face until even her forehead was pink. "I beg your pardon," she began stiffly. "Of course, as hostess I should have spoken quite differently."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," he replied; "your mother has already given me the most cordial of welcomes."

At that moment Mrs. Kenton came into the room.

"Well, well, children, this is an experience, isn't it?" she exclaimed. "I don't suppose it will trouble you much, though," she went on with a faint smile.

"What did the doctor say of father?" interposed Dorothy, with feverish eagerness.

Mrs. Kenton's face lengthened. "Well, it's diphtheria — and that's bad; still, he says it's a light case. We are fortunate in having Miss Merriman—she's a fine nurse. But I do wish Dr. Kane were here. We've sent for him, however, and if he's in the city he'll surely come. This is the first time anything like this has ever happened when we've taken a cottage at one of these summer places."

"And my being thrust upon you in this absurd fashion is anything but pleasant for you," asserted Rainsford.

"My dear boy," remonstrated Mrs. Kenton, "we're delighted! Of course I shall have to be with Mark more or less and I fear you two will be left pretty much to your own devices, but I presume—"

"Er—mother," Dorothy broke in hastily, "I can help, you know."

"There's not a thing for you to do, dear, only to make it as pleasant as possible for our captive here. There! here I am chatting when I should be making arrangements for Mr. Rainsford's comfort. Your room will be at your disposal right away, Jack," she smiled over her shoulder as she went out the door.

For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence, then Rainsford jerked himself to his feet.

"Dorothy, dear, surely under the circumstances you—"

"Mr. Rainsford," interposed a clear voice, "under the circumstances I certainly shall endeavor to do my duty as hostess; but I must insist that beyond that the intercourse does not extend. If you will excuse me I will see if your room is ready," and she arose and swept through the door.

The house was very quiet when Rainsford came downstairs the next morning. He fingered the books on the centre table, picked up a magazine, dropped it, then wandered out to the veranda which extended around three sides of the house.

"Well, by Jove," he muttered wrathfully, marching to and fro, "I'll stand this thing just one hour longer until I see Mrs. Kenton, then—I'll run for it!"

His feet were brought to an abrupt stop at the extreme end of

the veranda where an open door led apparently into the kitchen. Kneeling before the stove was Miss Kenton.

"Since when have you been a fire worshiper?" he asked.

Miss Kenton laughed merrily.

"Jack, what's the matter with this stove? I've opened all the slides and doors I can find, but—" she stopped suddenly, her cheeks scarlet. "It is going very nicely now, Mr. Rainsford; you needn't trouble," she said frigidly.

Again Rainsford's spirits unaccountably rose. He stepped into the room and peered into the grate where three charred sticks smoked with occasional spits of fire. "This might make a slight difference," he observed gravely, reaching up and turning the damper in the stovepipe. A minute later, with the aid of some small sticks he had the fire burning briskly. After being assured that the sick man was no worse, Rainsford said:

"Might I inquire — without exceeding the limits of our prescribed fellowship — if this is your usual morning pastime?"

Miss Kenton's eyes flashed and her chin rose perceptibly. "The cook has gone," she replied with some dignity.

"Gone!!"

"Yes; ran away in the night — afraid."

"And Nora?"

"Gone!"

Rainsford gave a sharp ejaculation. "The miserable cowards—to leave you like this! What are you going to do?"

"Do? I am going to get breakfast—perhaps you'll run now," she finished, something very like a twinkle in her eyes.

"You couldn't hire me to!" he returned, with a promptness that gave no hint of his recent determination quite to the contrary; then he added: "I can make fine coffee, Dorothy, and—"

"I can get along very nicely by myself, Mr. Rainsford," interposed Miss Kenton, with sudden hauteur.

"Oh — transgressed, that time, didn't I?" murmured Rainsford, cheerfully, with uplifted eyebrows, as he picked up the basket and went out into the shed for more wood. Dorothy looked after him for a helpless moment, turned, and went into the pantry. She was standing irresolutely before an empty bread jar when he came back and peeped in at the door.

"Might make a corn cake," he suggested.

"Why, I've forgotten—I did know how once — but there's a rule — it must be somewhere," she replied disconnectedly, poking inquiring fingers into the drawer at her left.

"I know how," announced Rainsford, airily; "still, I'd have to have mother's old dish with the two cracks and a nick in it to tell me how to measure the things," he added, with a mischievous glance.

Miss Kenton's back stiffened.

"I learned at cooking school, of course," she began with some dignity; "but I haven't practiced any of the things lately, only rabbits and creamed things and a cake now and then—oh, here's the book!" she finished.

When Miss Kenton came into the kitchen a little later, she found an array of raw beefsteak, cold potatoes, and cantaloupe on the table.

"Found 'em in the refrigerator," chuckled Rainsford, "I'll broil the meat when the time comes—done it

lots of times in camp; I know how to fix the potatoes in great shape, too," he added.

"Oh, that's fine!" cried Dorothy, softly, almost clapping her hands; but the tips of her fingers had scarcely come together before the smile left her lips and eyes. "I fear you are giving yourself altogether too much trouble, Mr. Rainsford," she said, in quite another voice.

"Trouble? Not at all — not at all!" disclaimed Rainsford, cutting the melon into nicely calculated portions. Miss Kenton was silent for a moment, then she said shortly:

"The corn meal is out — I can't make a corn cake."

"Hm-m—what's the matter with doughnuts? I'll fry 'em."

Miss Kenton looked at him doubtingly. "Well, I might try," she finally acquiesced, turning back into the pantry.

When the round, doughy things were ready, Rainsford, armed with a huge fork presented himself at the stove.

"I'm here," he announced.

"Very well, you may fry them while I fix another plateful," she said, somewhat ungraciously. She found him a few minutes later dubiously eyeing a half-dozen hard brown rings which were draining on a plate.

"Why, what ails them?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"They—they're hard as rocks and flat as pancakes!" she gasped, picking one up and rapping it on the table.

"Maybe you didn't put any—any yeast in them," he hazarded.

"Yeast!" she scoffed, "they are not made with yeast!"

"Perhaps you didn't mix them right."

"I made them straight according to rule," she returned with dignity. "It must have been your frying."

"Oh, but it couldn't have been," he demurred. "I never left them alone a minute. I flopped them over and over all the time."

A peal of laughter interrupted him.

"Oh—oh—you don't mean to say that you stood there and turned those poor things over every second!" she cried, as soon as she could speak. "No wonder their spirits couldn't rise—and just look at your fat! It's so hot it burned up what little life there was left!"

"Dear me, children, what a good time you are having!" called Mrs. Kenton from the doorway. "When one is young and in love one can find enjoyment anywhere."

Dorothy choked into instant gravity, while Rainsford made a low bow.

"I am in disgrace, madam," he said meekly. "I am guilty of too devoted an attendance upon doughnuts and—er—"

"Yes, you are," interrupted Dorothy severely, vanishing into the pantry.

When the breakfast was finally upon the table that morning there was nothing to complain of in its cooking and Mrs. Kenton whimsically remarked that the change in servants was quite to her advantage. "However," she added with a smile, "I have telephoned to the village to see if some one can't be sent down at once."

After breakfast the dishes were the cause of a brisk warfare as to how they should be taken care of. It ended in Dorothy, silent and stern, presiding over the washing of them while Rainsford, amiable

and inconsequentially whistling, drenched innumerable cloths with the wiping of them. They were scarcely finished when a stout woman, capable and unafraid, arrived from the village and took possession of the kitchen.

At two o'clock a man from the hotel, in response to Rainsford's telephone message, brought a suitcase filled with the various articles he had sent for. The man laid the bag somewhat gingerly down on the extreme end of the walk and hurried away; then Rainsford went down and picked it up.

"How perfectly funny!" exclaimed Dorothy nervously, as he came back to the steps.

"It does seem queer," acknowledged Rainsford.

"Don't you two look contented!" called a merry voice, as three pretty girls stopped at the end of the walk. "How is Mr. Kenton, Dorothy, dear?"

"He is very comfortable," replied Miss Kenton with studied politeness.

"Aren't you awfully glad you happened to be making that call, Mr. Rainsford?" laughed the second young woman gleefully. "Some people always are lucky!" called the third as the trio turned away.

There was an ominous silence on the veranda.

"How absurdly idiotic some people can be," observed Dorothy, after a time.

"Very," agreed the man.

Dorothy looked at him sharply; then she sighed and fidgeted in her chair.

"I don't like this deception," she protested.

"No? Then why not tell."

She gave him a scornful glance.

"As if I could call out across the lawn to those girls, 'We aren't engaged any longer'!"

"Hm-m; well, there's your mother."

Miss Kenton frowned. "She has enough to trouble her now. As things are she'd be dreadfully distressed. I shall have to wait until father is better and you are gone."

"Oh!" murmured Rainsford.

There was a long silence; then Dorothy sprang to her feet. She was almost hysterical with the tension of the last few hours. Things had scarcely improved since the morning. Rainsford had grown quiet, grave and scrupulously polite. He seldom spoke save to answer questions and then the very tones of his voice vibrated with a ceremonious obedience to the laws of their new relationship. It had been quite three hours, indeed, since Miss Kenton had experienced the pleasure of openly resenting either his word or his deed. She looked at him now through narrowing lids; then she walked the length of the veranda and back again, stopping at last exactly in front of him.

"As hostess, I feel it my duty to entertain you," she announced sweetly. "If you'll look under the table on that shelf there you'll find some games. Make your selection and we'll play."

Dr. Kane arrived on the five o'clock train and went directly to the sick room. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Kenton appeared on the veranda.

"Well, Jack, you are free," she said smilingly.

"Eh—what—how—" stammered Rainsford, growing white and red by turns; there was but one kind of freedom in his mind and that he had already most unwillingly re-

ceived at the hands of Dorothy. He glanced at the girl now, but her face expressed only unalloyed joy.

"You mean the quarantine? It's over?" she asked eagerly.

Mrs. Kenton nodded. "Yes; that fussy little doctor was all wrong. It's not diphtheria at all and your father will be all right in a few days."

"How perfectly glorious!" cried Dorothy. "I never believed father was very sick. Now we'll go off—let's see, what will we do—ride?"

Rainsford caught his breath. "Yes; or we might go on the lake," he said, in a voice that he tried to make diplomatically unconcerned.

"Or we could play golf!"

"Hm-m; or we've got just time to see the sunset from Peak's Hill," he further suggested, with a swift, sidelong glance at her face.

"Just the thing after being cramped up all day! I'll get into my walking skirt in no time." And she hurried through the hall door after her mother. The next minute she was back again with a dismayed face.

"Why, I—I forgot!" she faltered.

"Forgot? Forgot what?" he asked smoothly.

"Why, our — our — that things weren't the same any longer."

"Oh, never mind a little thing like that," he rejoined, his easy manner giving no hint of his inward quakings.

"But I—I was going to tell mother, and now—" she paused helplessly.

"Now—I really wouldn't do it," supplemented Rainsford. "You see it will be hard to make her understand after what you said just now," he continued taking a shining, golden circlet from his pocket and fingering it nervously. "Hadn't you better put this on, too, Dorothy?—she might notice it," he urged, a world of tender pleading in his eyes for all his matter-of-fact tones.

For a minute Dorothy hesitated. The vines were thick and the veranda very secluded and Rainsford drew her gently toward him.

"Well—perhaps," she murmured, holding out a slim, sunburned finger upon which he eagerly slipped the ring. But before his lips could touch her own, she had broken away and was laughing at him from the door.

"Really, you know, you deserve some punishment!" she called softly, as she disappeared.

Rainsford drew a long breath.

"I—I'll make that blessed doctor 'best man'—I vow I will!" he said aloud.

"Doctor Wentworth's Patient

By Minnie Barbour Adams

"OH, Miss Drew: do let me send for Doctor John; you've talked right down 'skeery' all night, and I don't like the way you keep wagglin' your head from side to side when you're dozin'. Tha't the way sister Katie's man was took—"and here Maggie's voice trailed off and was lost among the strange confusion of sounds that had worried me all day.

"This corner is getting altogether too noisy," I think fretfully. "I'll move just as soon as I get over this dreadful headache."

There: I'm 'wagglin'' my head again, and Maggie is beseeching me, tearfully, to "just let her slip around the corner and get the doctor." And I, thoroughly exasperated by this time, answer: "Slip around then, Maggie: ask the doctor to slip around too," and then, ungratefully, as I pull the sheet up over my hot face, "and I hope you'll both slip and break your tiresome necks."

Of course I didn't mean it: Maggie, poor ignorant girl, is the only real friend I've had since Auntie died and Jack acted so.

"He didn't act so," I correct hastily. "It was I that was hateful and stubborn."

I'm a pretty sick girl and there is no use of adding any more fibs to the "fair white page" that Auntie was always begging me to keep pure and clean. I may have to read it soon before all those white robed harp-players, and some of it is going to be awfully embarrassing as it is—all smudged and crumply; but God will know the tear stains from the other blots and that's some comfort.

Triumphant Maggie walks out on tip-toe, taking little short steps, her heavy shoes giving out a protesting shriek at every move.

There; the door is closed on her at last and I am glad: no, I'm not either, for there are Jacob Israel's evil eyes watching me from the opposite counter: here he comes! Oh, if only the floor walker would happen this way, or even a cash boy. He is nearly upon me now, slipping along with his stealthy tread, and I'm just ready to drop with fright, when the door opens and I hear Maggie's welcome voice —and shoes.

And there is another voice, a masculine voice, that evidently asks a question, for she answers: "Yes, she was took mighty suddent like, and just wouldn't hear of havin' you till to-night."

"That child's language is getting worse every day," I think, petulantly. My hot hand that is lying on the coverlet, is taken by a cool one, and the sheet is gently drawn down from my face.

"Well, I hope I look as charming as I feel," I think, smiling to myself, "and I'll keep my eyes (or as Jacob once called them, 'glorious orbs') closed for fear their bril-

liancy may dazzle the eminent doctor."

Then I grow serious again, for isn't this what Auntie used to call "ill-timed levity"? Poor Auntie, I'm afraid I was an awful bother to her.

I feel that the doctor is looking at me intently, and suddenly he says in a startled voice, "Maggie, bring the lamp," and she squeaks across the floor, forgetting to tiptoe in her surprise, and really it isn't half so bad.

I feel the light in my face so strong that I have to put my hand over my eyes, and in a moment he says, real loud, and just as though convinced of something, "Father in Heaven," long drawn out, and just a little through his nose, like Deacon Rogers used to when he got to "our graceless young people" in his prayers; and I always knew he meant me most of all. Maggie sort of jumps and says, "Oh, Doctor; she ain't got the small-pox, is she?" and he doesn't answer a word.

Well, really, I'm too tired to care much: still I'd hate to be all speckly like Martha Frost at the lace counter.

"Miss Drew," he says at last, taking my hand from my eyes. I open them a bit, cautiously, but the light is gone; so I open them wide and look up into a bearded face that is very pale, though I don't remember noticing that afterwards. About all I see now are the eyes; dark eyes, with such a hurt, wistful expression in them. And they look strangely familiar; where have I seen them? And I wonder and wonder and at last it comes to me like a flash: — they are Caesar's eyes: dear, faithful old Caesar: just the expression they used to have when I wouldn't let him go down town with me.

He would sit down by the gate, and the moment I went out of sight behind the lilac bushes (you know the white ones there on the corner) why he'd howl; oh, so mournful. And then I'd spend my last cent for peanuts for him, hurry home, and we'd—

"Miss Drew, don't go to sleep again," broke in the voice very authoritatively this time, "but try and tell me just how you feel."

I did wish he'd let me alone, but I patiently answered a lot of prosy old questions, the very same they all ask; and I made up my mind right there that if ever I got to be a doctor, I'd vary them in some way; make them rhyme, or set them to music like the multiplication table, or something.

He seemed sort of puzzled, which I don't think was very professional in him. Now if I didn't know spinal appeningetus from the megrims poor Auntie used to be afflicted with, my victim should never know it: I'd just smile, look wise, and say "yes—yes; just so; i-n-d-e-e-d," and then go and measure out a great big dose of pain killer to sort of soothe 'em till I could read up a bit.

He scowled and stroked his ugly beard, and finally asked, "Have you had any great anxiety or sudden fright lately? "

"Warmer," I said before I thought, and he looked surprised for a minute, and then smiled; he had played "hide the thimble" fast enough.

Well I was getting so drowsy by this time that I could hardly think, but I managed to tell him that I was dreadfully scared when Jacob

Israel had tried to kiss me; and I had struck him over the head with the box cover. "Ah!" the doctor said, as though he was on the right road at last.

Right here my eyes closed in spite of me, but not before I had heard him say "Brain Fever" in answer to some question.

It was precious little rest I got till I had to go to measuring off ribbon again, and it was mostly red. Mrs. Scowley (her name was Smiley, but I called her Scowley because she was so cross) brought that blue felt sofa-pillow on which she is working stars and crescents and things, and sat down right in front of me and worked, and kept asking all the time which color she had better use next. Then that tiresome Mrs. Richmond came, and wanted a lot of narrow orange ribbon; and while I was trying to measure it off, her bull terrier (the one that wears a blanket and rubbers in wet weather) got under the counter and chewed a pink and green star out of Mrs. Scowley's "constellation."

Oh, what a fuss there was; of course they blamed me; and through it all, Jacob Israel watched me with his wicked black eyes, and if I happened to glance in his direction, he'd put his pudgy hand on his vest-pocket, and roll his eyes dreadfully, as though he, instead of the terrier, had eaten the green star.

Then I unaccountably found myself in bed again with Maggie urging me to eat the horrid greasy breakfast on the chair beside me. She had left the door open, and a cloud of boarding-house odors was rushing in. Buckwheat cakes was the strongest, then came bacon and coffee, while yesterday's onions and cabbage were thrown in as relishes.

"Wow; but it was dreadful." I learned that work of Jack, and Auntie said it was "So vulgar"; but if Jack could say it, I guess I can think it, and I will whenever I want to.

I gasped and begged her to take the stuff away, and open the window wider; and then, seeing she looked hurt, I told her as gently as I could, "The best authorities now affirm that life can be sustained for a considerable period of time on the odor of food alone, and I believe I'll test the theory."

Maggie's jaw dropped and she said "Huh"? It is strange that that tiresome girl can't understand plain, straight English.

But she took it away. Then Auntie told me to shut the door, and there on the steps was the most forlorn little grey kitten you ever saw; attracted by the food I suppose. I tried to make friends; but it was very shy, and I coaxed and coaxed, and at last, just as I was about to put my hand on it, that great clumsy Caesar came bounding around the corner of the house and scared it into seven fits, in spite of my screaming to him to stop. And then he had the impudence to come up on the porch and gaze at me with innocent sorrowful eyes.

Oh, but I was angry! "Get out of my sight, you hateful dog," I cried. I gave him a great shove that nearly sent him down the steps; and then turned my head away and wouldn't look at him; that always hurt Caesar worse than a blow would any other dog.

A slight turn of my mental kaleidoscope and there was Maggie's horrified face at the foot of the bed.

Oh, what had I done now. Nothing; only given Maggie's Doctor John a vicious shove and called him a dog. She was speechless but he only smiled and murmured something that sounded like, "Is thy servant a dog?"

Then followed more questions. Not the commonplace ones of the day before, but new and interesting. He was trying to find out what had been worrying me.

"I suppose you have known for some time that you might have to leave the Israel's at any moment?"

I nodded.

"And you've been trying to find some other employment?"

"I have been hunting for work every spare minute for two months," I replied.

"Poor child," thoughtfully: "and I don't suppose you have a very large bank account?"

"Oh, I don't trust my money to banks," I said with a grand air. "All I have is under my pillow."

He must have thought I had fallen asleep again, for soon after that I felt his hand slip under my pillow and heard the lonesome clink of my two quarters—all I had in the world.

Well, I was surprised and disappointed in Maggie's paragon. Did he take that way of finding out whether I could pay him or not? Why, I didn't intend to pay him right away; I just couldn't, and had only allowed Maggie to send for him after she had assured me over and over again that when poor people offered to pay him, he'd shake his head and smile, "oh — so — sweet," and say, "It was only the siné-tific part of the case he was stuck on, and he didn't care a rap for the coin."

Well, I hoped the siné-tific part of my case would not prove disappointing, for that was probably all he'd get.

I peeped at him now to see how he felt about my two quarters, and found him looking at my shabby little purse lying in his big hand, and smiling and looking sorry at the same time. And he did not seem one bit embarrassed when he turned suddenly and found me looking at him, but sat down and took my hand in both of his, and began speaking real fast and earnest.

"Miss Drew," he said, "I know a man who lost a dear, invalid mother two years ago; and one night when he knew that she was fast slipping away from him; he asked her what he should do when he no longer had her to love and to care for: and she, already on the threshold of the other world, answered:

" 'There is so much sickness and suffering, my son; ease it whenever you can, in remembrance of your mother. And I wish I might know that here in this very room, some poor soul would receive a little of the love and care that has been mine.' He promised her that he would carry out her wishes, and the room and the same loving care are waiting for you. Will you come?"

How I had misjudged him. But the thought of all the invitation meant to me, ill and homeless as I was, was too much; and I could only whisper, "Yes; and you?"

"I am her son," he said reverently.

The next thing I knew, I was being carried down stairs in some one's strong arms, and there were lots of people about. And there was Maggie snivelling in the parlor door, the corner of a dirty apron to her eyes.

A tearful, dejected attitude is that child's habitual aspect. But she is so kind-hearted, and I wondered what the tears were for now.

In the closed carriage at the door was a sweet faced woman who looked like St. Cecilia; and they held me so gently that I think I should have gone right to sleep if I hadn't noticed the odor of violets so strong: they made me think of Jack—my Jack. Oh, me, if he knew I called him "My Jack." I never did until I found I loved him, when it was too late; but always called him Doctor Wentworth, quite proper and dignified, even in my thoughts. Violets were his favorite flowers, and he wore them a lot.

Well, we rode and rode, and I got dreadfully tired; the doctor kept his fingers on my wrist all the way, and once when I felt particularly sleepy, cried, "Tell Jim to drive faster, for goodness sake."

That didn't mean me so I dozed off.

Out in the April sunshine once more, and I heard a blessed robin singing somewhere: into a bright, cheerful room and I was laid on a white bed with a bit of blue sky right over my head. Later on, when I could see better, I found it was only shirred blue satin and white lace; but I always said my prayers up in that direction just the same. That is, when I remembered to say any.

As the doctor laid me down, he said softly, his face close to mine, "You are safely home at last, dear."

Strange he'd call me "dear"; though I suppose they all do. Old Doctor Cameron at home always did.

As he straightened up I saw where the odor of violets came from; he had a lovely cluster on his coat; and I must have looked at them wistfully, for he smiled sort of pleased like, and in two minutes I was fast asleep with the sweet things close to my cheek.

Then Jack, my Jack, came and sat by my bed; no, I was out in the hammock under the elm, and we proceeded to satisfactorily settle all of the great questions of the day just as we used to do.

"All was grist that came to our mill," he used to say: politics, religion, literature, woman's rights—everything in fact, and sometimes we quarreled just scandalous. Every little while Caesar would come and look at me with his sad eyes, and I'd put my hand on his shaggy head and call him lots of pet names. That dog has got more sense than half of the people. I told Auntie one day that I thought him a Christion and a gentleman, and that I'd trust him at night with the smokehouse door open lots sooner'n I'd trust old Deacon Rogers after the way he treated the Widow Loomis about that money. And Auntie looked over her spectacles at me, shocked and severe-like, and said: "Child, you're getting right down sacreligious."

I didn't exactly know what that meant, but supposed it had something to do with sackcloth and ashes, so I denied it.

Then St. Cecilia came; she had on a blue dress and a tiny white cap, and I knew she was a nurse. And with her came a short, fat one that had freckles on her nose, and they put me in a beautiful white tub of cool water. Oh, it was fine, I got so happy that I splashed the water with my hands just as I used to in the tub out in Auntie's wood-

shed. Some went on the freckly one and she said, real cross, "Don't Miss"; and a voice, I don't know whether it was Jack's or the Doctor's, spoke up short like, and said, "Let her spatter all she wants to." But I didn't want to then, for you see Auntie's woodshed didn't have a blue velvet carpet on the floor.

They snailed me out, (now that sounds like Maggie, but it was just what they did) onto a long, rattan things that looked like the one the undertaker laid Auntie out on, and covered me up with a white blanket. I tell you I felt dreadfully solemn for a moment. But when the short one stood something at my head, the screen I guess, I said:

"You needn't put any candles there; I'm Protestant." You ought to have seen her jump. The Doctor laughed.

They put the loveliest gown on me; all trimmed with lace and tiny ribbon rosettes.

I heard the short nurse say that it was all "very unsanitary," and she included the pretty room, the bed, the gown, and me, in a scornful sweep of her hand. The Doctor smiled and said something that sounded like "mine ain castle," and she didn't say any more.

He put me back in bed and I think I should have gone right to sleep again if I could have found my flowers. I began to cry, and oh, how ashamed I was; but I couldn't help it.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" the doctor asked, looking real alarmed, and I told him that Sairy Gamp had thrown away my flowers.

He looked relieved and whispered something to St. Cecilia, who smiled at me kindly and hurried out. I got dreadfully tired and cried some more before they brought them, but after that they were always on my pillow. Jack usually brought them, and often he would sing to me if I was restless. He hasn't much of a voice. Oh, goodness me, he has enough voice for a dozen train-callers, but I mean it isn't cultivated, and he only attempts "Ben Bolt" and Swanee River" and such. One night he sang the "Bandolero" which I believe he had learned expressly to sing to me. Oh, I tell you it was great; when he struck the low notes the very windows rattled, and I got all shivery like. He looked real self satisfied when he got through, and asked me what I thought of his voice anyway. And I told him (just think of it, after all his kindness to me), I told him that his voice seemed to me a cross between a foghorn and Jones' donkey that was in the lot back of the house.

I don't think I could have been real wide awake or I'd never said it. He looked queer, so I hastened to add, and I'm afraid I didn't better it much; "It is real soothing though; I never slept better in my life than I did those nights when the donkey felt impelled to bray every fifteen minutes."

St. Cecilia dropped her book and hurried out as though some one had called her. I wonder what it is in that book that makes her laugh so much. I think that Jack must have felt a little hurt, for he has never sung to me since, unless I asked him to, and then he didn't let his voice out, big and natural like.

Sweet as she is, I believe St. Cecilia has teased him about it. That day I wanted to go to the picnic, and they wouldn't let me, she said something I didn't like very

well. I had on my pink dress and the Shaw girls were waiting for me at the gate when Sairy Gamp took a notion that I shouldn't go. Well I can assure you, I made it pretty lively for her for a while; and then Jack and St. Cecilia came and they tried to reason with me about it. The doctor (or was it Jack) was trying to hold me, and puffing like a porpoise when St. Cecilia said, sly like, "Try the Bandolero on her, doctor," and he colored up, poor fellow and I forgot all about the picnic, I was so angry. I snuggled my face against his shoulder and told her I thought he had the S-W-E-E-T-EST voice; and I wished he'd sing to me all the time: and St. Cecilia clasped her hands with a tragic air and said, "Saints defend us."

But Jack gave me a great big bear hug and then rocked me gently back and forth, and sang "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," very soft and low. When he came to that line "Holy angels guard thy bed" he hesitated, I guess he had forgotten it, and I had to tell him. I fell asleep with his face and dear Mamma's hovering over me.

He scarcely ever left me now, and the moment he did I had to go to measuring off ribbon again, and Mrs. Smiley nearly worried me to death. But it was nothing to what I suffered from Jacob Israel; he watched me constantly with his snaky little eyes, and there was always the same evil grin on his face. Then the moment I was alone he would start toward me, and I would seize the cover to the velvet ribbon box just as I did that day.

One night it was raining dismally and I was trying to tidy up my department a bit, and my head was aching dreadfully; when, without a moment's warning, Jacob sprang behind my counter and caught me. I struggled fearfully and got away from him only to run square into the arms of Sairy Gamp, who nearly squeezed the life out of me with her horrid fat arms.

Oh, how I screamed; for Jack, Caesar, and even the Doctor John. I never had much sympathy with these shrieking females one reads about, but Auntie used to say, "There is a time for everything," and evidently this was my time to scream, and I improved it.

There was a scurry of feet and I was whisked out of Sairy Gamp's arms into my lovely bed in a twinkling, and there Caesar's frighetned eyes looking into mine. And do you know, when I tried to put my hand on his head, as I always did, I couldn't raise it to save me, I was so tired. But someone did it for me, and I went to sleep with my fingers buried in his hair.

When I awoke, oh a long, long time afterward, the room was quite dark and there was no one in sight but Caesar; his dear head was close beside me on the pillow. I wiggled mine along a little and kissed him right in the part—you know how cut it parts, right between his ears. I made it do that with my circle comb, and it used to make Auntie so angry. She'd say, "Why, child alive; you'll get wood-ticks." I'd have done it just the same if they'd been *bed-ticks*.

Oh dear, I have to laugh yet when I think of the day I shoved it in right behind his ears and forgot it; and Auntie and I went down to Judge Tucker's. Caesar walked right up on the porch and sat down beside us and looked important. Suddenly Mrs. Tucker spied the

comb, and cried: "For the lands sake; whatever has the dog got on?" and when we all looked at him he must have felt embarrassed, for he dropped his eyes, got up and walked off, and there was my comb with dirty red ribbons dangling from each side. Maybe Auntie didn't give me a withering look: I shrivelled.

But the moment I had kissed him, a doubt began to grow in my mind, for I remembered hearing some one say, when I was about half awake, "Oh, Father: Oh, Father," ever so many times, as though they were praying.

Yes, it was the doctor, and not Caesar at all; he must have forgotten to say his prayers and thought he could kneel there as well as anywhere. He raised his head now, and I could see he'd been crying: poor fellow, grieving for his mother, I suppose.

Somehow I didn't feel nearly so ashamed as you would have thought —I felt so strange and weak, my hands were cold and the doctor held them close in his warm ones.

"You'll not leave me?" I begged in a whisper, for it was growing steadily darker.

"No! No!" he cried, "but, oh my darling, you may leave me."

Later he laid my hands down for a moment, and I felt so lonely and forsaken that I made a little appealing gesture, and he took them quickly.

"You won't do that again," I whispered pleadingly, and he sort of groaned and said, "Not till I lay them in stronger, better hands than mine, dear."

There seemed to be quite a few people in the room now, moving softly about, and I caught one fleeting glimpse of St. Cecilia's sweet face, and she looked awfully sad, and I wondered why.

Someone took me in their arms and raised me up; it was Jack, and his face was awfully white and drawn. "Pray, Helen," he whispered, when he saw I was awake; and I couldn't think of anything but "Now I lay me," and he had to help me with that. We said "Amen" together, and then as I fell asleep again, I heard him sobbing aloud.

But some way I didn't fell exactly satisfied. I'd forgotten something. Oh, yes: "Bless Mamma—bless Papa—and make me a good little girl,—something yet. Bless—and keep—my—Jack."

* * * * * *

A clock striking seven aroused me with a start: seven, and I not up yet. However was I to get to the store on time; and I started to scramble out of bed, half awake, as I usually did, and would you believe it, I couldn't so much as move a finger, or toe either, for I tried to wiggle one. Oh, dear, what had happened to me? I didn't care very much; I was so warm and comfortable, and I fell asleep again.

"Thank you," I said politely to someone who had just made me drink a horrible decoction that tasted just like the soap smelled that we used to wash Caesar with. It always killed 'em too.

How very still it was. I could move a little now, and my mind seemed clearer. Surely this was not my stuffy hall-bedroom with its one window, darkened by a blank wall three feet away.

Here there were lots of windows with snowy curtains swaying back and forth in the breeze, in a way that made me sleepy just to watch

them. One big window at the further corner was just full of hyacinths; there were beautiful pictures on the wall, and a friendly fire kept winking and sparkling at me from the grate. And oh, the bed I was in; I never saw anything like it; all soft and billowy white, with a pale blue canopy that I had taken for a bit of blue sky,—and then I began to remember. Little by little the past became clear to me: Maggie had sent for her Doctor John the night I was ill; Dr. John the poor people's friend who could pray for the dying and comfort those who were left to mourn; and this was his mother's room.

Jacob Israel; persecution; my two years in his father's store after Auntie's death had left me homeless.

Caesar, I remembered now, had died five years before and Auntie said I "took on scandalous for a Christian."

But if Jack was a delusion along with Caesar, why, I just wished they had left me with Maggie to die. The tears began to steal down my face, and try as I would, I couldn't get my weak, shaky hand up to wipe them away. I must have cried out a little then for someone sprang up and came around the bed, and it was Dr. John, and he looked so glad; though I don't think it was very nice in him, when he saw how I felt. He wiped my tears on his handkerchief, and it smelled of medicine, and he said, so gently: "What makes you cry, dear?" that I cried all the harder and whispered weakly that I wanted Jack—"my Jack."

He looked thoughtful for a moment, hesitated, then put his big hand over the lower part of his face, completely covering his horrid beard; and who do you think it was? Dr. John still, but it was Jack too; older and more serious looking, as though he too had had sorrow and suffering.

* * * * * *

Two weeks later I went on my wedding tour; my travelling dress was thin, soft and white, trimmed with dainty lace and tiny ribbon rosettes; and I travelled in Jack's arms from the bed to the corner window where the hyacinths were blooming.

Old Familiar Town

By Lillian Hinman Shuey

How pleasant in the after years
To tread with quiet pace
The spot once dear, and still as dear,
Of childhood's time and place!
To see the streets grown avenues
The old trees bending down,
To note quaint landmarks here and there
In old familiar town.

For there are trees and views and skies
That somehow seem most kind;
The thoughts that come with well known scenes
The lonely heart strings bind.
And here a lawn whose statues white
Smile frankly as of yore,
And there a stately home unchanged
Bids welcome as before.

Around the corner, down the street,
Or on the common's grass
Dim forms appear, and reappear
To greet you as they pass;
'Tis fancy's truth; we can not lose
Real loves or judgment's frown
When coming in the passing years
To old familiar town.

The thought that broods, the dread that waits,
We cannot thrust away,
We live, we hope, aspire, or fear,
And struggle still to-day.
And on the grey, old-fashioned street
We still crave fortune's crown
With throbbing heart that loves its youth
In old familiar town.

The whistles, bells, the jangling sounds
Salute accustomed ears,
The park, the elm, a bird's clear song,
Awake sweet, sudden tears.
Though good or ill be in your fate
You pray for fair renown
To all who keep the vine-clad homes
Of old familiar town.

"Old-Home Week" in New England

By Thomas F. Anderson



ON THE WAY TO THE OLD HOME

OF the many "institutions" for which New England stands sponsor, "Old-Home Week" is one of the most notable. Invented in its present form by a clever New Hampshire governor only seven or eight years ago, it has taken deep root in at least two of the New England states, has been adopted in a tentative way by the other four, and has been successfully tried in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland and several other Yankee commonwealths and Canadian provinces.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that some of these outside observances of the reunion have been among the most elaborate of the lot. A case in point was the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Old-Home Week celebration in 1905, which was carried out on a scale befitting some great national event, and to a report of which the Philadelphia newspapers devoted whole pages, with illustrations.

There are some New England movements that are treated with indifference, not to say levity, by those who live outside of this intellectual section; but Old-Home Week is so palpably a good thing on the face of it that the rest of the country has been compelled to look upon it with favor. You never can tell what is going to be the ultimate fate of a semi-sentimental movement of this kind, but even if Old-Home Week falls into desuetude by next year, it will have accomplished an amount of good that will make its existence well worth the while.

The chances are that it will not be spoken of in the past tense next year or the year after, but that the idea of holding a periodical reunion



VENERABLE MEN IN THE PARADE

of those who are living in New England towns to-day and those who have been away from the old home, perhaps in the far west or south, or a number of years, will remain a permanent feature of our life.

Speaking from a very intimate knowledge of the Old-Home Week movement, particularly as applied to Massachusetts, I can testify that it has done great good in a practical as well as a sentimental way to the people of the old Bay State. That the residents of New Hampshire have benefited in an even larger degree ought to be evident to all who keep track of the tendencies of the times. It is a movenment which has genuine reciprocity for its basis, too, and the good that has come to the people of New England in entertaining their relatives and old-time friends from distant points has been fully shared by those who have been entertained.

In the March issue of the New England Magazine there was a simply-told tale describing the trip by ox team across the continent to a new home in the foothills of Colorado of a family from Massachusetts, forty years ago. Think what it would mean to the older members of that family, if they survived, and even to the younger ones, if they could come back to their old home in the east in a fast-flying train of Pullman cars and find their townsmen waiting to receive them with open arms and brass bands, decorations, street parades, public meetings and banquets. There would be a note of sadness in it all, perhaps, for the changes in the place would



VENERABLE WOMEN IN THE PARADE

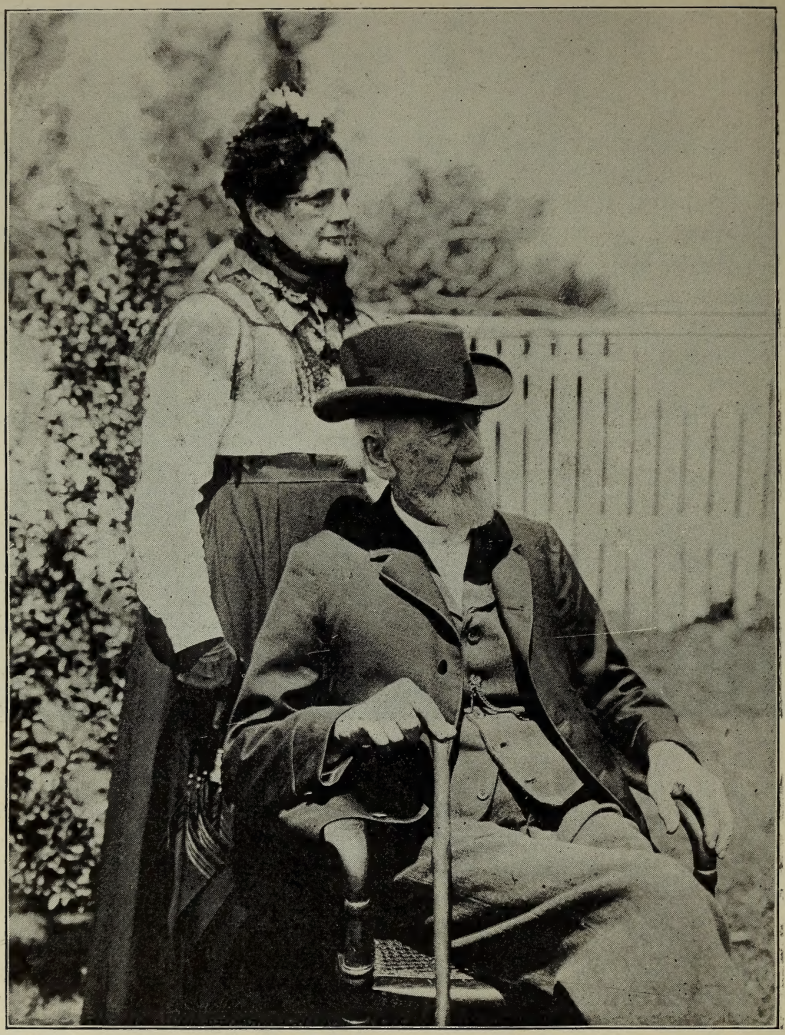
be marked and the vacant chairs many; but the joy of friendly reunion would be the dominant keynote, after all, and the visitors from the far west would go back again feeling that the old home ties had never been really sundered.

It was a mournful visit for the old man who came back to his native town on Cape Cod during the Old-Home Week reunion a couple of years ago, after an absence in California of fifty years, and found that not a single one of his boyhood friends was left there; but even he got some joy out of his long journey and went back feeling the better for the pilgrimage.

Nor have these re-visitations been confined entirely to those who have moved away to a distance. In the pretty town of Lunenburg, Massachusetts, one of the pioneers in the reunion movement, I met last summer a lady who had not visited her old home for forty years, although living just over the state line in Vermont; and probably she would never have come back had it not been for the Old-Home Week invitation.

In a New Hampshire city, three or four years ago, a family of five brothers, who by some strange chance had never met together before, had a joyful reunion through the agency of Old-Home Week. If the history of all the individual observances that have taken place could be written, it would doubtless reveal many incidents well nigh as strange.

To a practical people like our own, however, a movement of any



THE OLD PEOPLE TAKE GREAT INTEREST

kind, to be entirely successful, must have the element of utility as well as that of sentiment. Life, in this twentieth century, is not being run on a sentimental basis. The practical phase of Old-Home Week, and the one that will do much to keep it a permanent institution, is found in the fact that many of the annual home-comers—the well-to-do class—are beginning to signify their appreciation of the friendly Old-Home Week invitation by sending here and there a substantial check for a new drinking fountain, a statue or memorial window in honor of some deceased worthy, a public park, a tablet for some historic landmark, or the liquidation of a burdensome church debt.

These pleasing and always acceptable windfalls have followed in the

wake of the festival all over New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and in the communities thus favored it would be exceedingly difficult to work up any sentiment unfavorable to Old-Home Week.

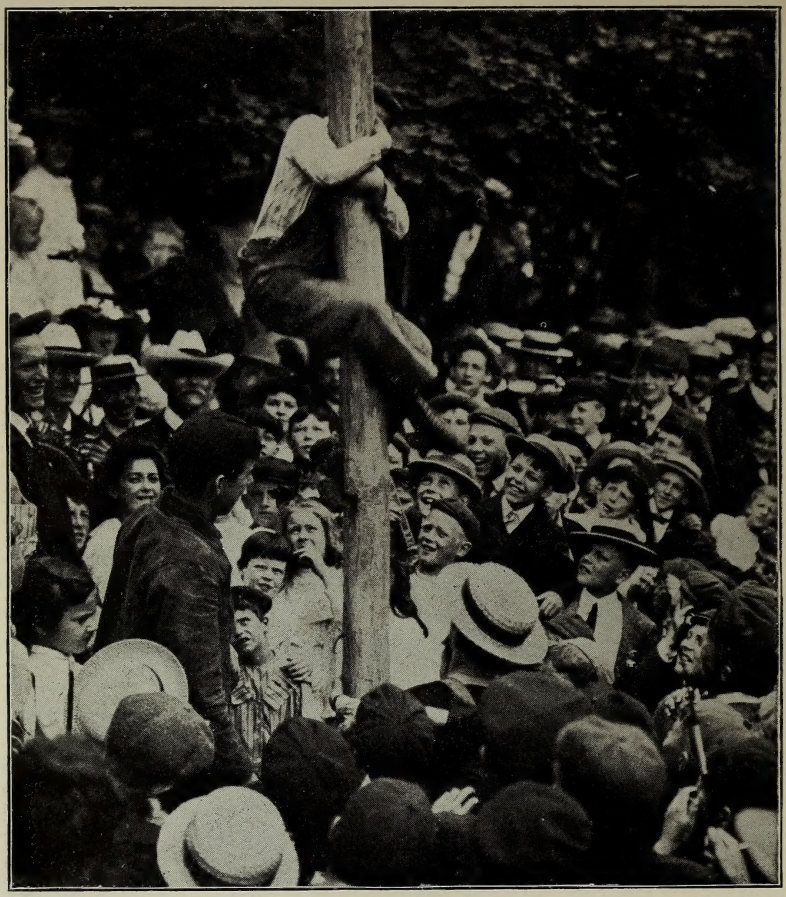
Perhaps the most notable instance of what a Massachuestts man has done for his native town is found in the case of Fairhaven and Henry H. Rogers, the millionaire Standard Oil magnate. If every New England town could have done for it, in an architectural way ,what Mr. Rogers has done for Fairhaven, there would be a wonderful transformation in this entire section. Mr. Rogers' splendid gifts to Fairhaven may not have been a direct result of the Old-Home Week spirit, but that gentleman certainly has taken a very deep personal interest in the town's Old-Home Week observances, even to the extent of consenting to act as president of the local committee of arrangements.

But when we talk of what the home-comers are doing for their native towns only half the tale is told.



WEALTH AND FASHION TURN OUT

The best work is that which the residents themselves are inspired to do, as the result of the working of the Old-Home Week leaven. For a month or more before the date of the reunion they begin to "spruce up" their homes, and the town itself. Lawns that never before received the attentions of a mower become as a big green Wilton carpet; houses are painted, shutters repaired, un-



CLIMBING THE GREASED POLE

sightly fences removed, the huge brass knocker on the front door polished up, the broken flag-pole replaced and a new flag purchased if the old one is too far gone, and a general rejuvenation takes place in all domestic departments.

It is the same in the case of the street, the common, the little schoolhouse; even the guide-boards that tell the distance in miles and fractions from the Centre to Squash Hollow are refurbished, and in a few days the place has such a clean face that the residents hardly know it, and the home-comers will surely think they have struck the wrong town.

While all this revolutionary work is in progress, preparations for the Old-Home Week reunion itself are going on apace. Away back in the winter the preliminary steps toward the great event have been taken. Some leading citizen, perhaps the chairman of selectmen, the local clergyman or editor or corner grocery-man, has called a meeting of the citizens "to consider the advisability of observing Old-Home Week next summer." The meeting is well attended, for anything that



"YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN"

touches the home appeals pretty strongly to the New Englander. The secretary of the State Old-Home Week Association down in Boston, or up in Concord, as the case may be, has already been written to and has forwarded a bundle of literature telling just how to organize a local association, secure a town meeting appropriation and get up a program.

In these days if you want to do anything you have merely to write to some person or organization, and back by the next mail comes an outline of the whole thing. You don't even have to do much thinking. If there is no other way of getting rid of this terrible bore of thinking, there is always the newspaper to write to. What the average newspaper editor doesn't know—especially the editor of the country newspaper—isn't really worth knowing.

Well, the local association is duly organized, the officers and committees are elected and the wheels begin to revolve. There is a committee on invitations, on banquet, on programs and badges, on picnic, on sports, on this, that and the other thing; and never is the fatal mistake made of neglecting to put a few women on these committees.



THE HAY-RACK PARTY

An Old-Home Week reunion that was gotten up without the aid of the women—well, there just couldn't be any such reunion.

Coming on toward town-meeting time, someone draws up an article to be inserted in the warrant providing that the citizens shall vote to "raise and appropriate" the sum of $50, $100 or $1,000, as the case may be, for Old-Home Week purposes.

In Massachusetts, New Hampshire and some of the other New England states the legislatures have legalized Old-Home Week by enacting a law authorizing towns and cities to vote money for such use. There are towns in Massachusetts —not cities—that have appropriated $1,000 or more for Old-Home Week observances, in addition to large amounts raised by private subscription, and no one has ever called the investment a bad one.

Many hands make light work, and long before Old-Home Week itself arrives the details of the reunion are all mapped out. It may be that the entire week is to be given up to the observance, with a different program each day; or it may be that only one or two days are to be thus devoted. In any event, Sunday will be one of the days, for the religious part of the observance has come to be one of the most popular features. One of the first things done is to make a careful canvass of the town and secure the names and addresses of all former residents possible. This is usually done by a special committee, or by the secretary of the local association.

Then, at a moment when the absentees are beginning to think longingly of their summer vacation, and perhaps of the old home itself, there goes forth, possibly to every state in the Union, a big sheaf of neatly-



THE PICNIC LUNCH

printed invitations reading something like this:

"The town of Hustleville most cordially invites you to attend its observance of 'Old-Home Week,' which will take place on ....., 190 .

"To all sons and daughters of the old town, either by birth, descent or adoption, and their families, a general invitation to be present is extended. Come and see how Hustleville has progressed, visit your old home and scenes of bygone days, and help us make the celebration in our grand old town one of the most successful and inspiring in the Commonwealth.

"By kindly acknowledging this to the Secretary at your earliest convenience, you will confer a great favor on the Committee.

"Yours fraternally,
"OLD HOME-WEEK COMMITTEE."

Perhaps it is like mixing one's metaphors to apply the name of "Hustleville" to a New England Old-Home Week town; but if there are none by that name, there certainly ought to be a few that are willing to live up to it.

Of course, there is a general and hearty response to these invitations, and everyone who can writes that he or she will surely come on to the reunion.

When the recipients do come on they receive the "glad hand" just as soon as they step down from the train or stage that has brought them to their native town. A reception committee, in Sunday clothes and gloriously be-badged, is waiting to receive them with open arms. They are straightway taken up to the town hall, or the church vestry, or wherever else is the headquarters of the day, and politely asked to register. That is their official introduction. After that they are safely installed in the home of their relative or near friend, or, if they haven't any of these left in the place, they are "farmed out" to some one else who has a guest room to spare.

In order to give the Old-Home festival the picturesque introduction it deserves, huge bonfires are usually touched off on top of the highest hills in the place, Saturday night, lighting up the darkness with a welcoming blaze that can be seen for miles. In Massachusetts, it is hoped some day to inaugurate an Old-Home Week by having a continuous

chain of bonfires extending clear across the state, from the tip end of Cape Cod to the Berkshire hills. The bonfire effect, as carried out in New Hampshire, is a very beautiful one, and the ceremony is sometimes marked by the singing of old-time songs, the music of a band and other innocent forms of revelry.

With the coming of Sunday, the "week" has officially dawned. In honor of the event, and of the presence of the old-time residents, the pastors of the local churches have prepared special exercises. There is, of course, a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and special music is provided, this part of the program sometimes including singing by one of the church quartets of years ago. When it is possible to arrange for it, the sermon, too, is preached by a former pastor. A roll-call of present and past members may also figure in the exercises. After the services are over the congregation leaves the old white-painted, green-shuttered church and lingers for a time on the lawn, if the day be fine, for an informal and enjoyable reunion. This is one of the most agreeable features of the day. Sometimes the services are rendered more notable by the dedication of a memorial window or tablet. Frequently it is found desirable to have all the local societies unite in a union service. Always the Sunday gatherings are among the pleasantest of the Old-Home Week memories.

For the secular part of the festival the local committees may chose from a list of some forty or fifty appropriate features. As a rule they wisely refrain from trying to work in even half of the number. The conventional features include a picnic, a general meeting in church or town hall with address by prominent present and former residents; a banquet, musical and literary exercises and sports. Always the sports, even if there isn't any banquet or any public meeting. The younger generation have to be looked after, or else there won't be any Old-Home Week celebration in the town twenty-five years hence. Where the community is large enough, trades processions and floral parades are often held, and some of these are very elaborate and of a character that no community would want to get up every year.

Every town, if it is any kind of a town at all, possesses its band; and the band plays a most important part in Old-Home Week occasions, the reader may be assured. Band concerts, of course, suggest illuminations and decorations; and decorations suggest arches of welcome and the ringing of sunrise and sunset bells.

The home-comers are taken for complimentary drives around the town, to see how it has grown and how its industries have flourished. Hose-reel tests, and pie-eating contests are held for their special edification. There are dramatic performances by local talent, tableaux of old-time scenes or historical events, Old Folks Concerts and "Deestrick School" performances; yacht races and canoe carnivals; clambakes and corn-roasts; exhibits of historic relics, balloon ascensions (perhaps), jolly hayrack rides, with plenty of pretty girls to keep the hay from falling out; illustrated lectures, camera club exhibitions, military parades, lawn parties, automobile processions, four-o'clock teas, family reunions and all manner of things under the canopy, all for the

personal and particular benefit of the returned native.

The returned Westerner realizes it all during the journey back to the far west. It was so different from the reception he met forty years ago in the Colorado hills. Why could not the Utes and Commanches have adopted Old-Home Week and entertained the newcomers from the far east at a corn roast, say, rather than at a scalping bee?

Nor is the list of entertainments and "events" exhausted in the catalogue that has just been given. A very beautiful feature of the festival is the presentation of a bouquet or a specially prepared cake, or something of that sort, to the oldest resident in the town. In at least one New Hampshire town the annual "old people's visit" has long been a regular feature.

Special entertainments for the children, to go to the other extreme, are also held in many places, and in this way the Old-Home Week institution is being perpetuated even better than the elders realize.

A particularly enjoyable event is the local school district reunions, at some of which many who have not met for a generation come together to delightedly live over the days of youth again for an hour. When the afternoon literary exercises in the church or the town hall are over, you will notice a large section of the crowd resolving itself into separate groups gathered around a central figure who seems to be a sort of chairman. These are the school district reunions, and they have the greensward for their carpet and the blue heavens for their canopy, just as in the happy boyhood and girlhood days of long ago.

Perhaps nothing brings out the Old-Home Week sentiment quite so strongly as the big family picnic (the entire community is one family on this occasion) in the shady grove hard by. There are, of course, heaps of home-made good things to eat, not forgetting the baked beans and the grandmother cookies and the cold chicken, and even the young people can get enough to satisfy their appetites at this picnic. Then, after everyone has politely said, "Not any more, thank you; I'm full enough to bust now," the chairman gets up, clears his throat and introduces the speakers of the day.

These include the supreme court judge who used to play hookey from the little red schoolhouse and was that very day reminded of what happened to him in consequence, by his old teacher whom he had not seen for years; the prosperous merchant from Boston, who had to go away from home in his youth because the family couldn't pay the interest on the mortgage; the venerable minister who preached in the cool white church thirty or forty years ago; the great railroad president who came on in his private car down there on the side-track, and who went away from home when a boy because he believed in Horace Greeley's theory that a live young man should go west if he wanted to grow up with his country.

The local editor, too, has to be called on, to tell of the wonderful spirit of enterprise that has always marked this up-to-date community and to impress upon his hearers the transcendent value of a free and unmuzzled press. The speeches are all well enough, but the impromptu stories and the offhand reminiscences are better. Let the eagle scream all you want to, and talk

about expansion, and reciprocity and tariff reform and "graft" to the extent of your knowledge when you are invited to speak at an Old-Home Week picnic, but do not, under any considerations, neglect to tell your best story or forget to "roast" your old chum sitting opposite you, whom you haven't set eyes on for years.

Even the elderly ladies, who in the ancient days were the rosy-cheeked girls, come in for their share of the chaffing. They enjoy it, too, just as much as the men do. Ah, the picnic's the thing in Old-Home Week. You have a grand, good time in spite of yourself, and you have all out doors to enjoy it in.

There is a literature of Old-Home Week, too, and it is growing with every passing year. In every New England town observing the festival the local poet has been burning the midnight oil so assiduously that it is no wonder the price of kerosene has been advanced a cent or so a gallon. The divine afflatus has been worked over time, and the finished product is of formidable proportions. No local industry has flourished in the same degree as the manufacturing of Old-Home Week verse, and the result has been to create an entirely new school of modern poetry which will need to be classified by itself in the public library of the future. Sentiment runs riot in this department of Old-Home Week literature, but in other departments a more practical turn is taken. Special illustrated editions of the local newspapers, giving "write-ups" and histories of the town are published and are of permanent value. In some cases the festival has resulted in the compilation of town histories in regular book form, and in others the report of the annual celebration has been embalmed in similar shape. Indeed, the impetus given to the looking up of historical data and the marking of historic sites and landmarks by means of tablets has been among the most important results of the movement.

Hundreds of these historical tablets and boulders have been set up all over New England as a part of the Old-Home Week ceremonies, and if the good work continues at its present rate it will not be long before every old building, birthplace of prominent man or woman or site of Indian massacre will be thus permanently marked.

Attractive stamps, or stickers, to be affixed to letters and other mail matter, are issued in some of the states and do much to advertise the festival all over the land. Requests for samples of them come from everywhere. Special Old-Home Week stationery is also utilized in some places as a part of the literary propaganda.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, claims the honor of having held the original Old-Home Week reunion; but the festival, as an institution, had its birth in the brain of Hon. Frank W. Rollins of Concord, New Hampshire, and was organized by him in 1899, when he was governor of New Hampshire.

Governor Rollins first publicly proposed the idea at a dinner of the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston. It was caught up with enthusiasm throughout the Granite State, a State Association was organized in Concord, with Governor Rollins as president, and ever since between seventy-five and one hundred towns

and cities in New Hampshire have annually observed the reunion. The other New England states gradually fell into line and organized their own central association, and later a New England Old-Home Week Association, with the governors of the various states as vice presidents, was formed.

Many of the Old-Home Week songs and most of the poems that have been published have been dedicated to the "father" of the movement.

Who, for instance, would not be profoundly moved by having these verses inscribed to him:

"Bring from the garden the corn and the beans,
Let old songs be sung while the succotash steams,
Let Sally and Patience be shelling the peas,
While John gathers fruit from the bountiful trees.

"Sing the old songs we sang long ago—
'Wait for the Wagon' and 'Old Uncle Joe'
'O, that will be Joyful,' 'Coming Thro' the Rye,'
'Hurrah for Old New England,' 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.'"

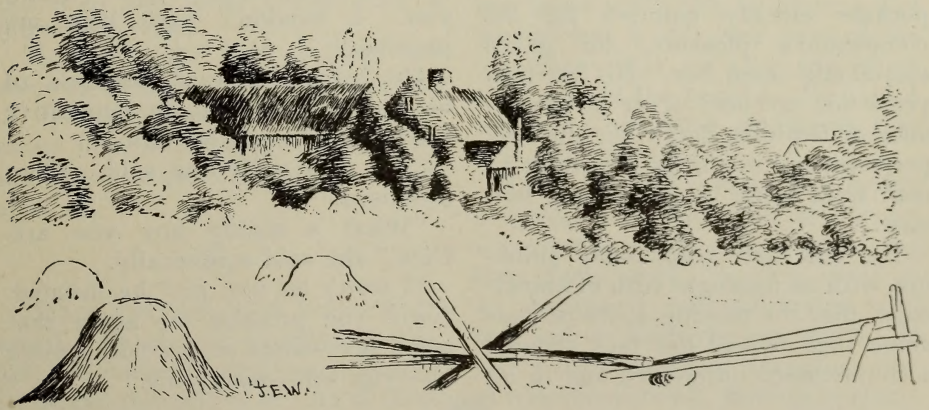
The Portsmouth reunion was held away back in 1853 and was the outcome of a movement on the part of some of the sons of the ancient city residing in Boston, among them the late Benjamin P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). The precursor of all this great avalanche of Old-Home Week poetry appears to have been "An Invitation to the 'Portsmouth Boys' in Boston," written by the late Albert Laighton, and commencing:

"Come home! we'll ring each tuneful bell,
And hang our banners out,
And honest hearts with joy shall swell,
To give their welcome shout."

To which one of the Boston 'Boys,' presumably Mr. Shillaber, responded with a metrical reply beginning like this:

"Come rally, boys! Awake! Awake!
Hear old affection on you calling;
Your Childhood's Home appeal doth make,
On willing ears may it be falling;
It calls you from your busy care,
To meet her in her pleasant places,
Her old regard again to share,
'Mid smiles from 'old familiar faces.'"

The love of home and kindred, implanted in the human breast from the time the first cave dwelling was dug, is just as keen to-day as it was in 1853. Old-Home Week is only an expression of that feeling in a public and collective form. It is one of the finest institutions New England has ever given to the world.



The Tree of Knowledge

By Isabella Howe Fiske

I

THE road went up from the water's edge, unshaded for a stretch, then thinly bordered by trees that leaned sharply inland, seemingly as reluctant as the road was eager, to meet the wash of the salt waves. Along it a little weather-stained settlement straggled irregularly. A little to one side and back the length of its potato patch from the crumbling margin of the downs there stood with an air of inert waiting, a widely gabled, dull-colored farmhouse, beaten by the coast storms of many New England winters.

In a crab apple tree near by, a boy and girl were perched among the broadly spreading, red-dotted limbs, as high as the stunted stature of the tree would allow.

The boy sat astride, perilously near the end of the swaying branch, kicking admiringly into space. With fingers still searching the small pockets already emptied for his companion's pleasure, he gazed steadfastly upon her. His thirteen years had not been acute in observance of feminine detail but the first premonitions of things inevitable to man were being borne in upon him now.

He was half consciously thinking, with an untaught rush of knowledge, that the moving spots of sunshine that flecked her face showed a countenance unfreckled and in no wise weather-marred as were those of the fisher children of his own order of creation. She sat imperially the rustic chair he had constructed of the notch of crossing limbs and, with unprecedented self-negation, had resigned in her favor.

The subject of their conversation was like that of a couple considerably preceding them and equally inexperienced in the knowledge of the world. They spoke—absorbedly—of apples.

She shook her head vehemently and the two yellow tags of braid hopped nervously upon her shoulders. A mass of wrinkles about forehead and mouth were gradually relaxing under the potent influence of a small, visibly-concealed lump deliciously transferable from cheek to cheek.

"I shall never, as long as I live, forget how a crab apple tastes," she said explosively, "and if you hadn't given me some spruce gum right away I never should have forgiven you. I wouldn't have kept my promise."

He leaned forward, reckless of his balance, and put an imperative brown hand upon her arm.

"But you will?" he said. "You promised."

"What a strong boy you are, Dick," she said equivocally.

"I won't let you go," he insisted, "until you promise me again that some day—when we are both grown up—you will—marry me."

With a quick, unlooked-for movement and a sudden springing of branches the girl slipped all at once from the limb and left his hand grasping, like his speech, the empty air.

"Aunt is calling me," she cried over her shoulder in retreat. Across the field came faintly a woman's voice, low on the first note and rising prolonged on the second. "Ardá!" it called. "Ardá!"

The boy turned slowly and made his way to the rear of the farmhouse. In the kitchen his grandmother, bending over the stove in preparation of the noon chowder, greeted him: "Been playing with the boarder's little girl again?" she queried brusquely. "Well, thank goodness, you won't break her neck after all with those apple trees. They're going to-morrow."

The boy went from the room with none of the usual double shuffle that was wont to mark his noisy way up the uncarpeted back staircase to his little overhead chamber. His grandmother's gaze followed him from the room with an admiration nothing could have persuaded her it would be right to express in his hearing. She turned to her husband, muffled in his noonday application of the roller towel, after a refreshing wash.

"Luther," she said, raising her voice in deference to the absorption of his occupation, "he's a right smart boy, is Richard. I guess we shall have to send him off to school after all."

II

"Have you been here before?" he asked. An absurd question it was, too; the waves rippled out in laughter at the thought of it. As if there had ever been a before for either of them—or this were other than the very beginning of all things. Even now the two old gossips whom they had left rocking confidentially together on the hotel piazza were speculating upon the progress of what they termed a case of love at first sight.

"I have been in this region years ago, I am sure," she answered. "My aunt took me to some one of the Maine coast towns, but which it was I do not know. A child's memory of a summer's outing is about as realistic as Aladdin's genii. That was the summer of the exposition. I came here for a short stay, hoping it might be the same place, but nothing seems familiar."

He stooped quickly to a pebble at his feet. "The summer of the exposition," he repeated, turning keenly upon her for a moment. Then, with a turn of his wrist, the little stone sped with a tacking series of skips and a final plunge, well out into the breakwater.

"I spent the first dozen or so years of my life here," he said, "and I have since passed a fortnight here every fall late enough to have the place pretty much to myself after the boarder exodus. It ceased to be my home when the farmhouse was burned but I still own part of the old place. Let me take you down to it and do the honors. Perhaps I can point out some landmarks that you will remember."

They strolled along the beach, stopping now and then to furrow some half-hid sea relics out of the firm, damp sand. So they came to an abandoned, half-obliterated road that led up from the sea limits. It was a little inland, a straggling row of trees bordered it, leaning in slant-

ing parallels away from the water like so many masts before a squall. He stopped her a little farther on, by an open, half-walled cellar hole, with fragments of a wide brick chimney still standing. Near by was a crab apple tree, laden down with its small, deeply stained fruit, an old seat nailed between two of its invitingly lowered branches.

He gave her a quick glance, and his hands went boyishly deep into his pockets.

"I used to spend many an hour here, when a boy," he said. "Will you try my armchair, Miss Roberts?"

"Is it the chair of psychology?" She referred laughingly to his recent professorship, of which her fellow boarders had spoken impressively when they pointed him out to her as the gifted young author of the great treatise upon the influence of association upon the action of the mind. It was the first time in three weeks with him that she had spoken of it. He flushed with surprise. He thought he had kept his profession secret.

"I am afraid it is too difficult a feat, Professor," she admitted. "It is beyond my physical as well as my mental powers to occupy a chair in your tree of knowledge."

"It is quite easy," he answered. "Let me mount you as if it were a horse. Put your foot in my palm—so." He stooped to the words and swung her lightly up. "There! Now I want you to look out on the water from between green leaves. It is not often that a tree like this grows so near the sea limits."

He stood head and shoulders above her, watching abstractedly the moving branches urge the play of sunlight across her face as she gazed seaward.

"How strong you are," she said as she settled luxuriously back. "And how jolly these little apples are. I am going to eat one. I know so little about the farm country and I never have eaten a crab apple in its pristine state."

"Haven't you?" he questioned incredulously. "Here is one." He handed her one of considerably less color than most of them. An exhilaration came over him as he saw how his plan was working.

The girl did most things generously and her bite of the round little fruit of their tree of knowledge was of the same ample order.

There was an all but suppressed cry of surprise and then silence. The professor of psychology gazed out on the water, feeling remarkably weak for one who had just been admired for being so strong. When he looked back, askance it must be admitted, any possible quick contracting, such as he so well remembered, had been wiped from her face by a tint beyond the flush of the bitter apple as in her sudden rush of memory she tried unsuccessfully to avert her gaze. And with that for his part, fear was wiped out from his mind by an overmastering tenderness for the recollections of his childhood and for the girl before him now.

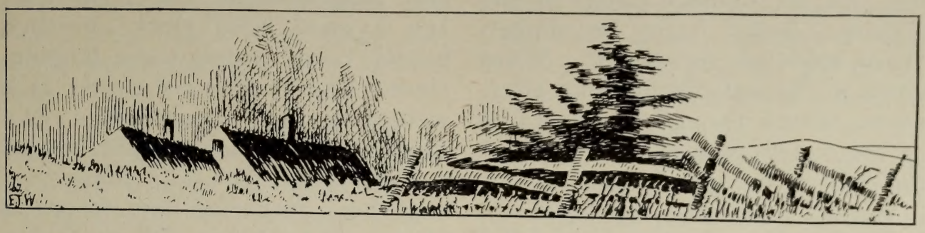
"You have eaten a crab apple before, then?" he said. "Oh, my little girl of memory, do you remember what you promised, the other time you ate a crab apple?"

He saw a misty light in her eyes and knew that her voice was low.

"Oh, Dick!" she said. "It's you! But it wasn't fair. And I shan't keep my promise unless you bring me some spruce gum right away."

The Schoolmaster of Bagaduce

By Joseph Woodbury Strout



THURS. Dec. The 2d., 1875. Arrived in town at 4 o'clock. It seems as if I had come up out of the sea—three days on that old steamboat—where my appetite was poor, and ambition nil. It's a dreary old town this Bagaduce, but I'm glad to get ashore anywhere. The scattered farmhouses, the bleak hills, the gray fields, they make one think he's a good ways from home. I've a good mind to give it up. Three months in this place, the enemy of half the neighborhood, fighting a multitude of urchins, and a score of young men! I would give it up, only there's a something that scorns me when I think seriously of it. I can fight the rough boys better than I can stand the keen, pitiless satire of this other self of mine. So here goes for the corner. There's a store, a schoolhouse, a hall, and a meeting house.

Fri. Dec. The 3d. Found my boarding place without any trouble. A little, old house, and two little, old people, under the shadow of a great mountain. From the top of that mountain the view must be rare and wide. The Bagaduce river flows round at your feet and loses itself, one end in the sea, the other in the woods. Lying below, down on the southern horizon, are islands dotted with houses. Over in the west you must see the Camden hills. The little, old man is called "Uncle Nat." He's short and plump, good natured, and sensible. He immediately yoked up his steers and went after my trunk. The other part of the house is different. She's thin, sharp, like a case-knife; tongue?—she says she used to keep school—she's economical, too. We had pork for dinner. Potatoes, to be sure, dried apple sauce, and dried apple pie. Confound it! Isn't it lonesome?

Dec. The 4th. Met an old friend and stayed with him all night. The Supervisor, his nearest neighbor, was gone when I arrived at his house, so on invitation from his daughter, an interesting widow, I remained until he returned. He's a good old man, this Supervisor, with a mouthful of teeth that he turns all out of doors whenever he speaks, or smiles. A well enough sort of a man that would never hurt anybody,

good intentioned, but forceless. He didn't examine me for a certificate. I was glad and so was he.

Sat. The 5th. Catch me in a place like this again three days ahead of time! The Agent is a rough old blacksmith, a man of strong character. He will manage things in this district. Boiled beans for dinner. Dried apple pie for dessert. Went down to the schoolhouse this afternoon. Some young men standing on the corner amused themselves at the sight of the new Schoolmaster.

Sunday, The 6th. My hosts are Orthodox Congregationalists. We all went to that church. A little church, well filled, mostly young people. Rather good looking as a whole, above the average in intelligence, quite an air of prosperity. I'm feeling better. The people are not effusive, not quite cordial. More dried apple pie.

Monday, The great Day. School opened with 45 scholars. Fairly disposed, I think. Two boys will have to be licked before the week ends.

Tues. Dec. The 8th. The second day of school went off smoothly enough. Made a call this evening. Must get acquainted with the Parents. They have expectations, and they sometimes get unruly. One has to discipline them sometimes. I like the people much.

What a predominance of Tapleys there are! Near a third of the school. Big Tapley boys, small Tapley boys, kids. Tapley girls, tall and short, sweet, pretty, winsome, homely, selfish, opinionated. I'm in doubt about the Deacon's boy and girl. They'll annoy me. I must call at the Deacon's to-night. The next name is Wasson. The Wassons and Tapleys are interwoven by marriage, and one, my hostess says, must not say anything about a Wasson to a Tapley. And if you lick a Tapley, look out for the Wassons. It's a pretty good combination of stock, however, so far, for they are my brightest scholars. The Grindles and Shepherdsons are good also. It's a good solid stock; healthy, hearty, hardy people these Bagaducians. The Dodges are good. It is written on their countenances. Not much at arithmetic, but good souls.

Wednesday, The 9th. Supervisor in to-day. Stayed all day. Wore us all out. Went home with me to dinner. Boiled salt pork, potatoes, dried apple pies. He's a stick. He thinks he is called to preach. I should hate to sit under his ministrations.

Went to the sewing circle this evening. Met at the parsonage. Much said in praise of my school I'm some larger than I was last Thursday. This circle said some other things but they don't concern my assigns. A goodly attendance of fine looking ladies. Mostly likeable. Dried apple pies for supper. It seems to me they raise a good many dried apples here.

Thurs. The 10th. Spent the evening at a Mr. Shepherdson's—not the Supervisor—a farmer. He has two pupils in the school, both good. It was a pleasant evening. Their daughter Miss ——, a teacher, was home on a vacation. She's attractive. A high wide forehead, suggests a strong intellectual predominance. But she was quite fascinating also—in spite of it—I would like to meet her again.

Fri. The 11th. My best day of school. Not a whisper to-day. Things are moving orderly if not fast. Some classes are making good

progress. But teaching is up hill work when so much energy must be spent on discipline.

The Post Master is a Tapley. He's the oldest of them. They are all Captains, and can a "yarn" unfold, with rare and rich detail. The Post Master, however, is a very sick man. He's had a great many diseases, and never got over any of them.

Sat. The 12th. Half a day of school. Climbed the old mountain back of the house this afternoon. I was homesick. The river flows, as I guessed, at your feet, winding a half circle. To-day the rush of its waters, gray and sullen, did not help my feelings any. The Deacon has just asked me to preach for them to-morrow. I said yes. It will give me practice, and won't hurt them.

Sunday, The 13th. Preached this morning. Called it preaching,—it was presumption for me to try it—seemed to go it all right. No one praised the sermon, but they are enthusiastic over the school, and I came to teach. A few old Methodists told me they enjoyed the sermon. The Orthodox people are reticent. Mince pie to-day. That was for the minister.

Mon. The 14th. Snow storm this morning. The first for the season. A robe of splendor is on the hills and the woods, and the river is black. But the sun is also breaking through and the storm will be short. There! it touches the old mountain top, now, and turns it into gold. And see the river! it's turning green. Now it gurgles and rushes through the falls, or narrows, and we can hear it as if we stood on the banks.

Monday's a hard day in the school room. It takes a day, or more to get the play out of the children, and the minds of the young men and women down to work.

Tues. The 15th. Called on the Deacon this evening. He's no good. No help from him when that boy of his starts to run a-muck through the school. I expect him to begin soon. I see some signs. But he's a good deacon. In fact you are not to expect any help from anyone here in managing your school. You are only to look out for obstructions in the way of adverse criticisms. If you can keep the parents quiet you are the master, but you must manage the whole town when you are in it. I knew it. This isn't my first school. Also called at another Tapley's and liked them much. They have five pupils in school. Two girls, Emma and Alice.

Wed. The 16th. Ordinary day of school. I've got to lick one boy. He disobeyed my orders and stayed after school. That long division class is dull. I shall have to jog their memories with a switch if they don't catch on soon.

Thurs. The 17th. Christmas is coming. Sunday School Concert at the Orthodox church. Most of the scholars drawn in. No more study 'till that's over. And ten to one if some of them don't get a licking on account of it.

Fri. The 18th. A saucy message from one Mrs. ———, this morning. If I discipline the young man who disobeyed me the other night, she's going to do something. The young man brought the word himself. Came to me after school opened and demanded a private audience. I hustled him to his seat, double quick, and after school, to-night, I will attend to his case according to the rules.

9 o'clock. Took Master ——— and thrashed him soundly with a rawhide — guess he won't ask for any more private audiences. He's needed it for a long time. Now for Mrs ———'s dark vengeance.

Sunday, The 20th. The supervisor, alias the preacher, took me down to the Cove to preach for him. A bitter cold day. The schoolhouse where the meeting was held was crammed full. The man who led the singing, whistled the tune through first, then dragged the others through it. Then we prayed and preached, and came home. Froze both ears on the way. They don't pay much for services here. Dried apple sauce for supper.

Mon. and Tues. 21 and 22d. Nothing but a spelling school today, or this evening, and that was a poor sort of a thing. The big boys are coarse, and the young men from without think they can do as they please at a spelling school.

Wed. The 23d. I am learning to like the school and to love some of the pupils. But I shall have to lick some of those I love best—the kids I mean. They won't get on to that long division. They now know if, to-morrow, they are not up, they catch it.

Thurs. The 24th. What a warm winter! Every snowstorm has gone off with the sunshine. Drama under way for New Year's eve. They have drafted me into it. I am the old year and have to die. I wear long whiskers made of hemp, and hair of same material. After a brief monologue, I fall dead, and the curtain falls. Then an angel—Miss Clara ———, comes and bends very tenderly over the dying year, holding a candle in her hand, then the curtain rises, and there we are. I was terribly conscious of the angel's presence through it all, just a little skittish too, for my whiskers, I knew, would burn. But I kept still and so did she. Rather a flat affair, but better than nothing.

Fri. The 25th. Had to lick that whole class in long division. And now I doubt if they learn it.

Mon. The 28th. I never had a class before that I couldn't lick long division into.

Tues. The 29th. I believe I shall have to adopt some other method of teaching long division. Mrs. ———, is going to take her dark vengeance on me to-morrow night, by having me to tea. I go with fear and trembling. I'm afraid not to go. But what is she up to now? Uncle Nat and I had a good time all by ourselves to-day. The other side of the house is gone to visit her daughter. He did the cooking, what was done, and both together did the eating which was done better than the other part. Uncle Nat don't like dried apple pies, he says, but M'ria insists on them. He isn't much of a Congo, he don't believe in a personal devil. The minister preached a long sermon on that subject last Sunday. Uncle Nat didn't like it. It seemed to me to be putting a good deal of emphasis on a poor old doctrine at best. But, as he said, It does take a load off the shoulders of those who do believe it.

Wed. The 30th. Mrs. ———, took her vengeance in a rather nice supper, cold meats and orange sauce, hot rolls, coffee. Whew! I hate to think of breakfast to-morrow morning. I shall lick that boy again; and there are some others who'll get it now, if only their mothers would give me a point, by some threatening message.

Thurs. The 31st. Attended the young peoples's circle last evening. This is a kind of side show to the ladies circle. They make patchwork and are learning to "drink tea and talk vitriol also." In the evening the boys come and have a general good time. It's pretty rough when the boys are there. They are not kissing parties however, which is something. But they cut up terribly. Last night the aim seemed to be to get the schoolmaster into some trap. The schoolmaster didn't catch on either until he was in the trap. In some kind of play they all changed seats in the dark, sitting in the lap of the one who happened in the desired seat. The lights went out. When they returned the schoolmaster was sitting in the lap of Grandma Douglass. It was a great joke.

I took that joke last night as a joke, but have been getting mad over it ever since, until now, I am about ready to fight. I would like to have some occasion to-day to deal with any one, girl or boy, who had a hand in it.

10.30 P. M. Just home from the drama. The old year died after a fashion, the guardian angel stood over him with great nerve. I guess the thing was quite a success.

The old year's whiskers did not take fire, but his heart grew pretty warm toward his angel. She was sweet in her angelic robes. One of those coarse boys went home with her. Things don't run as smoothly as they did at first. I can't get over that joke of the other night. I'll even the thing up, however. There's a certain Madame Henry in town, who says if she doesn't get to heaven until she gets there by the schoolmaster's preaching she'll never get there. I guess those were pretty poor sermons I preached for them, but then it was pretty poor pay I got for them. Madame also says says the master sits too much. I understand she wanted the school this winter, and the agent politely informed her that he had no use for such talent as she possessed.

Jan. The 3d. My scholars are willing to do anything I ask of them except to get their lessons. They all draw the line at that. Oh! some of the girls do very well, but the boys are forever unprepared. That licking didn't do the long division class any good. I have been cudgeling my brain ever since to find some other way. I have been putting the hard examples on the board myself, and taking them step by step along the entire way, but they dream, and doze, and would play if they dared to. The Physiology class is the brightest in school. It is composed of Emma, Alice, Annie, Anna, Clara and one lone, lorn boy, Will. I can't lick them, except the boy, and he comes pretty near getting his lesson.

Jan. The 5th. Took tea with sewing circle at Wasson's this evening. A picnic supper, I take it, and my lot fell to eat with Madame Henry, but I pulled through. It was a dull affair. Why is it such confounded hard work to bring an end to a dull meeting, or party? I had hard work to get away from this unbearable dullness.

Sat. The 8th. Dodge is the best boy in school. He isn't smart, but he's good. We met in the school room this afternoon to put up some curtains, and ornament the bare walls a little. Dodge was there, and Emma, Alice, Annie and some kids. It was interesting work. We got nearer together in that little while,

learned to know each other better than we had during all the weeks we had been at school. They are sweet girls, these three.

Mon. The 10th. Got through Sunday without dried apples of any kind.

Tues. The 11th. School has been pleasant to-day. The long division class is doing better. That licking touched the spot after all, I guess. I'd like to try it on the Physiology class. However the improvement in the division class isn't great. They can't divide any better, only, they pretend to listen now.

Sat. The 15th. Worked hard all day. Made curtain sticks in the morning, and put up the cedar mottoes in the afternoon. Annie, Emma and Alice helped me. The schoolroom now has curtains, and the walls aren't quite so bare, a brief memorial for the winter of 75-6. My interest in the school is narrowing down to these three girls and Dodge. And there's an inner circle here, but—

Sun. The 16th. Assisted the minister this morning. He cut his hand chopping wood. Ministers have to earn their living here. His wife's a milliner too. Went to the Methodist church this afternoon, Uncle Nat and I. The other part of the house was going, but uncle said something that offended her pride and she stayed at home. The Methodists are black sheep. That is one thing that counts against me. The Methodist minister is a hard ticket, I guess, and don't know much at best; but the people of that church whom I have met are good, and wholesome.

Mon. The 17th. Stormy day. Licked two boys for fighting. Not a large attendance, but a quiet school. Went to prayer meeting this evening, at the Methodist church. Pretty dead affair. Annie was there. I offered to walk home with her, but she declined the honor. Another to-morrow evening. I think I'll stay at home. The other part of the house is coring dried apples.

Tues. The 18th. We're having an open winter. Rained this morning. Last winter was as cold as this is warm. A man, last winter, drove across the Penobscot to Belfast, with two horses, the 28th. of March. This winter the Bagaduce runs clear and warm. School small, but Emma and Alice, and Annie, and Dodge were there. No further use for the Deacon's boy or girl. My first estimate was correct.

Wed. The 19th. Another day gone. The snow also. Climbed the mountain last night for no reason that I could think of; but just as I got there the sun came out, and in its brief ten minutes turned the mist clouds into rainbows. I could hear the river rushing through the narrows as with a sudden song of joy, and across the Penobscot the mountain tops lifted their peaks above the clouds. It was an unexpected panorama and helped me to forget some unkind cuts recently made at me.

This old town of Bagaduce isn't paradise, and orthodox sewing circles aren't composed altogether of angels. Declined my invitation to attend one this evening, albeit dried apple sauce stares me in the face. There are some things worse than dried apples.

This old dark house has suddenly become full of light. The little granddaughter of the home, Annie, is with us. She's a lovable child. The mountain shadows are gold tipped now.

Thurs. The 20th. This warm weather is bad for homesickness. I was getting to love my scholars, and to enjoy the schoolroom. I have done most of my work at the desk there, for the light was bright and cheerful. But things aren't going quite easy now. I can't tell what is the matter, but there is something. Have lost 10 pounds in weight. I don't believe our dried apples are of the best quality.

Stood one of my little girls in the floor to-day—Bessie Dodge, 10 years old,—and she fainted. I was a bit scared, and caught her in my arms and ran to the door. The school followed. Bessie is one of my pets, and when she opened her great, dreamy eyes, I just had to kiss her, I was so glad that she was all right. What of it? The other part of our house, just as I was lighting my lamp for bed, took me aside and said I was being talked about. "You must not kiss even the little girls, here." Well, let them go it.

Feb. The 6th. Haven't felt like writing since I heard they were talking about me. There's a sullen undertow now that tugs hard against me, and I can't get at it. But wait, I'll even things up. Some are true yet. My inner circle are pure gold. The Deacon's daughter took her books home this morning, and notified me that she was not coming any more. I'm neither glad nor sorry.

The agent in his brusque manner came in to-day, and proceeded to drive a nail over the lower sash of one of the windows. Then he came to break open one of the drawers of my desk. It was all very funny. I guessed from his manner that he had heard something which I had not, so I sat still until he was all through. Some one, he said, had broken into the room, and he heard, had broken the lock of my desk drawer so that I could not get it open—my greenhide was in that drawer—and he intended to open it for me. But it was all talk. Yet it was a bit gratifying to have him so indignant over the affair.

Feb. The 8th. I had to turn my little arithmetic class back. They were up against a snag. I don't feel like doing much more licking. Oh! if I could only get at some of the parents. They are the ones to lick now. But the end draws near. And by and by I shall look backward and see the funny side of it. Now I can't laugh even at those dried apple pies.

Feb. The 10th. Just returned from a party at the home of Emma and Alice. A lovely home is theirs. What strange things are in the air at this time of year! Boys and girls mating off like birds! I watched the the process this evening, among my scholars, and almost forgot my own troubles. But there was the same rough and tumble sort of a time to-night as before. Similar attempts at tricks, especially on the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster, however, was on to their games, and looked out for himself. How sweet Annie was to-night. She would not have refused my escort home after the party, but I did not offer it. I wanted to. It was brutal not to. But that refusal had touched a sensitive spot, a foolish pride, and perhaps turned the tides of two lives, that might have flowed together, forever apart. I wonder if she cared? She may have shed tears over it, who knows. Women are foolish. Besides, the treatment of the evening, the petty insinuations, insults, neglect, exasperated me. I was too unnatural to see clearly, or

to feel sanely. Bah! what a miserable excuse for trampling on the heart of a friend!

Feb. The 20th. The time draws near. Only one more week of school. Mrs. ——— sent a curt note this morning,—If I put her girl back, she'll take her out of school. Her bark is worse than her bite, and there may be more coals of fire coming, so I'll sauce her back. We're going to close with a public gathering. Dialogues, songs, declamations, and parting words.

Evening, 10 o'clock, The 28th of February. It's all over. I don't exactly know how I feel. Relieved, surely, but, way down deep, where nobody ever thinks of looking when he can avoid it, there's an uneasy feeling that doesn't let me rest, and won't go away. It's the kind of feeling that would make you cry if you were a woman, and then you would have done with it, but in a man, it hangs round, a haunting sense of some other life that might have been, or has been, some condition not understood that should have been, but now it's too late. Some of them were sorry. One of the girls had tears in her eyes. It wasn't Annie.

Bagaduce won't want me again. I don't want Bagaduce any more. But there are some in Bagaduce whom I love, and shall not soon forget, I shall watch them as the years go by.

I have learned something. My next school will be better, and my next sermon will be better. But thanks be to the great Ruler of human destiny, I now return to the land where they raise not dried apples.

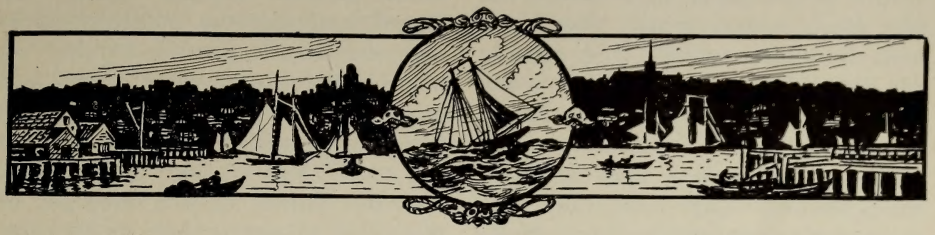
On a Corot Landscape

By Margaret Ashmun

Thin violet haze o'er swims gray hill and cloud
  And dims the distant edges of the sea;
  Nearer, but vaguely outlined, bush and tree
Float opalescent; mystery-endowed,
Dark willows spread majestic, while a crowd
  Of joyous forms, too sylvan-glad to be
  E'en gladdest youth of dull humanity,
Make wildest mirth where deep the shades enshroud.

The picture bursts upon my tired eyes,
  Unlooked-for. Real, yet all unreal it seems.
I catch my breath and stand in mute surprise,
  Like one who opes some casement that he deems
Mere earthly, and, outleaning there, descries
  Far off, a misty morning-land of dreams.

The Haunted Deck



By THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE

ON Cape Ann the winter waned; the springtime breathed on the ice-shackles that bound the harbor and the channel was free. Square, white cakes with a deck load of pebbles slipped from the shore boulders and started seaward on their first and last voyage. The crystal bridge that arched the brook toppled in and the brook, presenting arms to the sun, charged for the sea. Up the harbor, behind tug-boats that puffed importantly, came the new, mastless vessels fresh from the shipyards at Essex. A forest of topmasts, wharf-held, conforming to the undulations of the sea-port, writes its character and its length on the sky-line.

"Here it is beautiful!" exclaimed Thorwarld the Dane, if the Sagas speak truly and when the Chevalier de Champlain looked on the blonde and crescent-shaped beaches, the sun-kissed dunes and the beautiful bay, wooded to its shore, he could think of no other word but "Le Beauport," and so it is designated on the old chart that looks like a corrugated iron roof. Even she who saw so clearly "Beyond the Gates," such a chance for comparison!—has declared it a paradise. The South-Wind, he, too, must have been enamored of the charms here found, for, once on a time he came north a-wooing and, although we have no record of any special favors showered on the sister capes by the way, this we do know, when he kissed Cape Ann he left a Magnolia seed in her mouth.

All the sea-rover blood in New England is astir this spring day and as the boundaries drawn by the pen of a diplomat might as well try to keep from a river the drain of its water-shed as to shut men from the mart of opportunity, crowds of fishermen are pouring in from the British Provinces neither daunted nor deterred by the last year's death rate and the memorial services. Every wharf is alive with new life and new hope for the mackerel are coming from the south,

> "The old sea-hunger to herd them,
> The old spring-fever to drive."

and the fishermen are determined to meet them half way, to keep the old tryst just to the northward of "Hat-

teras." Such a setting up of rigging, such a tarring down of rigging, such a stir and bustle and shouting of commands!

The previous year Sol Jacobs, Prince of the Seine, had carried the first fresh mackerel into New York from southern waters. So closely did Eben Lewis keep in his wake that not a bowsprit got between them. So, as it stood, Newfoundland was in the lead with Maine a close second. This year, then, our skipper, Gloucester born, was determined that home talent should be to the fore, that the first despatch heralding the tidings of great joy around which the anxious owners would stand a-gape, would bear his signature. It was a laudable and a worthy ambition, this, for after the long winter famine the markets of a continent, the palates of eighty million people were waiting and fame and money awaited him who would be first to score.

A great fleet was fitting away, all eyes on the unhandicapped leaders, every skipper big with the belief that this new effort would bear the fruit of all previous trial; that when the season wore to its close and the score was counted he would be reckoned pre-eminent, the first, — in short, "high-line." This was our skipper's secret dream and the "firm" had such faith in him, was so willing to further his ambition that they had placed at his command the finest vessel the shipbuilders of Essex could turn out. His old Dad, a "killer" himself in the days of hook and line, to spur his son on continued to repeat— "Keep a-trying' Sid, keep a-tryin'; it's funny, but the more you study mack'rel, the more you know about 'em!" and the old fellow would chuckle as if he had delivered himself of a new and a rich saying.

And now, we were all ready, the last block of ice was in the bins, the seine-boat hoisted on deck, the seine stowed snugly down, the tested compass, the medicine chest and the ship's papers handed on board and the new vessel, spick and span, stood ready to give a good account of herself in the long race to the south; and all that held us back was the failure of one member of the crew to put in his appearance. The skipper was pacing the deck and expressing his opinion of the absent one in forceful and vivid phrases. No wonder he fumed! Sol Jacobs was hauling out from the wharf; Eben Lewis, anchored in the stream was hoisting his mainsail, his dory, half full of men, was passing under our bow and the crowd stimulated with more than hope was shaking a rope in our faces, which same was a challenge to come on and they would tow us down south. From their throats burst a song that echoed out over the harbor and in among the wharves:

"Watch her, catch her,
Jump up in the boog-a-boo,
Give her sheet and let her went,
We're the boys to put her through.
You'd ought to see her howlin',
The 'Onward' is her name,
She rolled over on Georges,
And she righted up again."

While we all waited, sharing the skipper's impatience, a pale looking young fellow, evidently a stranger, appeared on the wharf. After a careful survey of our vessel and her crew he swung himself into the rigging and descended to our decks. Approaching the skipper who had been pointed out he addressed him:

"Have you got your full complement of men, sir?"

The set and unusual speech brought a grin on the faces of the assembled crew.

"You mean, have we got our crowd,—you've never been seinin'!"

"Yes, sir, I'm an old fisherman,—I can reef, splice and steer!"

"You can, eh, well, here,—toss up a marline-spike down there!—let's see you put that together!"

The young man unstranded the two ropes ends presented to him and, handling the spike with unusual grace, dexterously spliced the ropes together making a neat, smooth splice.

"That's well done,—you got that from a Swede!"

"Yes, sir," said the demonstrator with a slight blush, "our sailing master was from Stockholm."

"Well, young fellow, it's pretty rough work for those fine hands of yours, but if you want you can put your goods aboard. Throw McDonald's clothes on the dock."

It was ready and willing hands that broke out the sails and sent them aloft to the merry peal of patent blocks and just as Sol Jacob's mainboom disappeared around the "Point" we began to crawl away from the wharf.

"Now, boys, put the duck on her!"

The topsails went block and becket with a song; the great balloon thrashed and bellied and was then trimmed down.

"Bend on your staysail!"

At the word of command the halyards were attached and the quadrangular piece of canvas began to ascend when it caught against the foreboom and was held down by the pressure of the wind.

"Let her come to a bit!"

The vessel came up in the eye of the wind; every sail began to quiver and then the staysail was run aloft.

"Take a pull on the mainpeak while she is up in the wind!"

A half dozen men ran to the mainpeak halyards and, while one man held the rope under the pin the remainder threw their weight on the halyards and the wrinkles in the mainsail were soon effaced.

"One more, boys, for coming up! that's good—b'lay all! Put your wheel up!"

And now, with a graceful swerve the vessel began to cover the course as if the pride of a blooded steed was beating through plank and stanchion.

A man runs, a horse gallops, a bird flies, but is there a word or phrase that will fitly describe the grace and majesty of a Cape Ann schooner coming across the harbor's bosom, leaving her anchorage astern? Do not those ports through which the hawsers run behold things? Does not perception in that bowsprit dwell? Is there not intelligence in that triangle bounded by forefoot, waterline and rail? The snowy canvas, wing-like spread, the sheer embossed bows brought up like giant shoulders for opposition, her lines, rivalling the leviathans; the tapering spars; the flaunting burgee, all bespeak that she, if not born upon, was born for the element through which she moves! Her very air is eagerness for action and seems to say: "We are outward bound and I have caught the bent and purpose of those I bear!" Lo, where she steals across that blue and placid sea, impelled as by the breath of pride, silent as light, a sister of the dawn!

The schooner "Blesing of the Bay," seventy foot keel, ninety tons burthen, carrying sixteen men all told, was an epitomized world. Before the vessel had made one day's sail, the tyrant, the timid, the sea lawyer, the cleverest fisherman, the unluckiest, the one who would be the butt of all practical jokes, the strong, the weak, the proud, the meek,—all had been fixed in their respective spheres by that immutable law that has governed and will govern the association of men to the end of time. One thing at once became apparent: the last man added to the vessel's roll, Langdon by name, was unfitted for and inexperienced in the life he had undertaken. The crew eyed him. His subdued manner, his desire to be alone, starting suddenly when spoken to, marked him out. The history of every man on board had early become known to every one else, but the antecedents of the pale and silent man remained a mystery, and soon there grew up the self-same atmosphere that hung about the ship that bore the disobedient son of Amitai to Tarshish.

"The man's running away from something!" said one.

"The mack'rel will dive any seine that that face looks into!" said another.

If there were no outspoken questions, the whole bearing of the fishermen implied: "What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country and from what people art thou? tell us we pray thee."

It was this ill-favored man that fate singled out for my watch-mate, and the incident I am about to relate occurred on the third night out. We were alone on deck,—I had the wheel and Langdon was on the lookout. It was an intensely dark night; the moon had not risen, and the low-lying black clouds threw an ebon pall over the face of the waters and shrouded the vessel in gloom. The indistinctness of the shrouds and masts made the white, new canvas appear like spectral wings floating unsupported on the night. As I sat on the wheel-box keeping the vessel on her course which on account of the smooth sea and steady character of the breeze required scarcely an effort, I could not but be conscious of an eerie feeling as I contemplated the inky blackness and the dim outlines of the silent vessel that glided over the smooth sea and through the gloom like a sheeted spirit flying intently south. The loneliness of the situation was relieved at intervals by the appearance of my watch-mate as he paced the forward deck in short, regular turns. Suddenly I missed him. While my straining sight waited for the form it had learned to expect, an instinctive fear, even then, knocking at my heart, a cry that curdled the blood in my veins, a sound like the thin screech of a throttled beast pierced the night air. Breaking in on that intense stillness, in such an hour the effect was unearthly. And now, the hair on my head stood up to hear the scamper of swift feet, and the next instant Langdon, as if a thousand demons were at his heels, burst out of the dark maindeck. He cleared the quarter deck in what appeared two bounds and stood beside me, his eyes dilated with terror, his hands beating the air as if he would fain keep back some embodied horror that was pressing upon him from the gloom ahead.

"In God's name, man," I managed to ask, "what is it? what did you see?"

"It's there!" he gasped, "it's there!"

"Who,—what's there?" I asked.

And now, I in turn began to quake, to breathe the atmosphere of a strange dread. I seized the man by the shoulders and, partly to dispel my own fears, partly to dissipate the palsy that bound his tongue, shook him fiercely: "Speak! what did you see?"

"McHenry's ghost!" he panted, "I was refastening the starboard light—it—it tried to drag me out of the rigging!"

I attempted to laugh, but I could feel that my face but stiffly wrinkled.

"Go forward," I said, "and stand your watch,"—I would not have crossed the break of the deck at that moment for a mountain of gold. "Go!—there is no such thing as a ghost!"

"No, no," he said with a shudder, "I thought the sea would deliver me, but it's here—it's here!" He wrung his hands in a spasm of agony.

"Who was McHenry?" I asked, "and why should his ghost seek you?"

"I will tell you," he began in faltering accents, as he glowered, now at the phosphorescent gleam of our wake, now into the black shadows that obscured the maindeck, "but don't tell the others, they will hound me, they will make the rest of the trip a nightmare!"

At this moment the jib block began to speak for the mute compass and glancing into the binnacle I saw that I was off the course. I heard the skipper stir uneasily in his berth.

"Speak lower," I said, "we are waking the skipper. "Who was McHenry?"

"He was my chum, my roommate, dearer than my best brother. I held a loaded pistol in my hand,—held it carelessly; it went off and the ball entered his breast. He gasped—and died at my feet. O the reproach in the eyes that glazed in death before me!"

Langdon clutched his head in both hands as if he would by mere pressure shut off the working of the cerebral cells of memory.

"In the dark," he went on, "in the places of danger, it is with me, it is on my back; I can't carry it longer—I cannot carry it longer!" He rushed to the rail and peered into the dark tide sweeping past. "They acquitted me,—it wasn't murder was it?" He appealed to me in an awed whisper. "I didn't mean it—it wasn't murder!" he repeated as if addressing some spectre presence in the gloom.

Alarmed at the man's attitude, I placed my hand on his shoulder and said soothingly: "No, no, that was an accident; it might happen to any man."

Fortunately, our watch was now up. The next watch answered the call and as I entered the cabin with Langdon I saw that his face was wan and dripping with perspiration. Rolling into my bunk I fell asleep listening to the restless movements of the man in the berth opposite.

* * * * * *

"We'll catch it off the capes of Delaware." That was the prediction of every weather prophet on board who thought they could read the signs of the sky aright. And we did catch it! The wind that had blown a fresh, whole sail breeze all day increased steadily in strength

until by sunset it blew a gale. Reefed down, we were travelling south with terrific speed and no inclination did our skipper evince of heaving to or further shortening sail. In toward the land he had seen lights that he believed to be the lights of Sol Jacobs, and had he not registered a silent vow to be the first to keep the old tryst just to the northward of "Hatteras?" As the storm increased in fury, muttered dissent arose at our skipper's too apparent recklessness. "What's the use of getting there first," growled old Bill Jeffs, "if you arrive on the ground with both spar out of her and your rudder-head gone?"

Now yawing to protestingly at the weight she was carrying, now burying herself in the bed of foam she ploughed out for herself, the vessel drove on before the gale.

The night fell, and with it came the lightning, the thunder and the rain, the rain descending in a way that northern waters know not of, the heavy downpour levelling the heads of the great seas. All hands were on deck, "oiled up," wrapped in a strange enjoyment, for the exhilaration born of such a time displaces fear.

"Maintopsail's adrift, sir!" cried out some one suddenly. The skipper looked aloft: "Whose work is that?—lay aloft, there, and take care of that sail!"

The fact that my watch-mate and I had furled this sail at the commencement of the blow left no doubt as to whose duty it was to respond to the order. It was a dangerous bit of work under the existing conditions, but topsails are topsails and without a word in protest I followed Langdon into the rigging, up the slippery shrouds and through the cross-trees. There, amid frequent flashes of lightning, the wailing storm in our ears, the pelting rain lashing our faces, now swaying far out over the dark sea that was lighted up, ever and anon, by the fitful flash of a billow, now struggling to maintain our hold on the reeling mast, we beat the wet and thrashing sail into place and secured it. Our task finished, I turned to descend, was making sure of my foothold on the first ratline, when a lurid seam of light chasmed the eastern sky. So swiftly did flash follow flash that there seemed to be but one intense auroral wave sweeping from horizon's verge to horizon's verge. The whole firmament was lighted up. What a scene! The dome above o'er-canopied by flying scud and cloud, the driving rain transformed into a vivid mist, the league on league of ocean with its transient gulfs, its mountain waves, numberless for multitude, the storm-driven vessel, hurled on from sea to sea, every individual rope, every strand of every shroud, every thread of every sail, —all was bared and distinct under that white-heat glow. A pin could have been seen on the deck beneath. A period of Egyptian darkness blotted out the sublime spectacle. Enveloped in that absolute night, my dazzled senses were awakened by a piercing shriek from my companion. "It's here!" he screamed, "it's here!" My heart seemed to cease its beating, the thought of encountering some uncanny thing, of witnessing some hideous struggle on that reeling, storm-swept height, paralyzed me. "Help, mate!" he screamed again, "help! help!"

As if the cry had called it forth,

a terrible thunder crash burst directly above our heads. The masts rocked and leaped in response to every peal, and as that awful roar crashed down the sky, it seemed as if the girders of the firmament itself were being sundered. Even with the reverberations a bolt of lightning passed between our spars. We had run into the very centre of the storm. In an instant our vessel was encircled by a ring of fire. Round and round our rails the lightning raced in a fiery and a continuous stream. From the tip of every spar and boom and down the chain-plates forked tongues of light escaped into the air and into the sea. The illumination revealed my companion on the lee cross-trees. His sou'wester was gone, the rain was beating into his wide-opened mouth, his arms were about, his face—terror convulsed, was pressed against the spar. Was it my super-heated imagination, was it a trick of the lightning's play, or did I see spectre arms encircling his form, phantom fingers clutching at his throat! "Help! mate," he panted. "help!"

Again that Egyptian darkness, again the blood curdling cries from the haunted man. There came one last gleam of light and by its glow I saw the form of Langdon launched into space and strike, head downward, the sea beneath. God deal unkindly with me and mine if I did not see a spectre shape in an exulting dance above the arm that reached out from the crest of a great wave.

"Man overboard!" I shrieked.

"Man overboard!" echoed from the deck below.

The shock and the situation sickened me at heart. I felt my senses reeling, my strength passing, and I knew that I must reach the deck instantly or I would be lost. Although my nether limbs seemed to be but leaden weights and my hands were cushioned by an electric thrill, I managed to twine my legs about the main-back-stay. With a muttered prayer that God would vouchsafe me one moment more of consciousness, I let myself go. As I struck the rail some one drew me, half-fainting, to the deck. The futility of hauling to, of attempting to launch a boat in that wind and sea, was recognized by all.

If this should meet the eye of any one that knew the man, they will now have learned how and where James Langdon died.

The Rhododendron Swamp

By Grace Stone Field

Where the tangled forest stretches
  Swampy acres dark and grim,
And the whip-poor-will and owl
  Haunt its reaches green and dim,
Girt about with quaking marsh-land
  Brave amid its sombre gloom;
There the fairy flowers blossom,
  There the rhododendrons bloom.

Like the princess in her tower,
  Drawbridge drawn and moated deep,
Safely shielded from invasion
  Dreamlessly the blossoms sleep.
Breaking buds, with opal tinted
  Leaves of emerald and jade,
Shut away from summer's sunshine
  There they burgeon, there they fade.

Sleeping beauties, grimly guarded,
  Ogre haunted, dragon held,
In your fairy fastness sharded
  By a wizard power spelled—
Tarries long the doughty princeling
  Who shall come to break the ban,
Slay the dragons, fright the ogre
  And the rusty drawbridge span.

Hush—the forest, murmuring faintly,
  Stirs their slumber, strangely still,
Soft—the wind can only whisper
  Though he shouted from the hill—
Where the fairy forest stretches,
  Arching aisles of green and gloom,
There the enchanted silence creepeth
  And the rhododendrons bloom.

Weymouth, Ancient and Modern

By George Walter Chamberlain

UNDER the gentle breezes of an August sky, making for a broad, deep inlet within whose spacious cove the angry waves of the Atlantic were stilled, anchored two small vessels, the "Charity" and the "Swan." Allured to the shores of the New World by the mysteries of the unknown and surrounded by dense forests whose towering heights raised their lofty tops, higher and higher, as turning their eyes eastward toward Great Hill and King Oak Hill and then westward toward the Blue Hills and the boundless forests beyond, Mr. Thomas Weston and his company of able-bodied men stepped upon the virgin soil of ancient Wessagusset. Sheltered from the chilly winds of the bleak Atlantic on the east, and with the deep, gigantic forests stretching to the unknown westward, this motley company from "London Town," without a clearly defined purpose, landed near Hunt's Hill in Weymouth, erected a block-house and began to make a clearing in the early autumn of 1622.

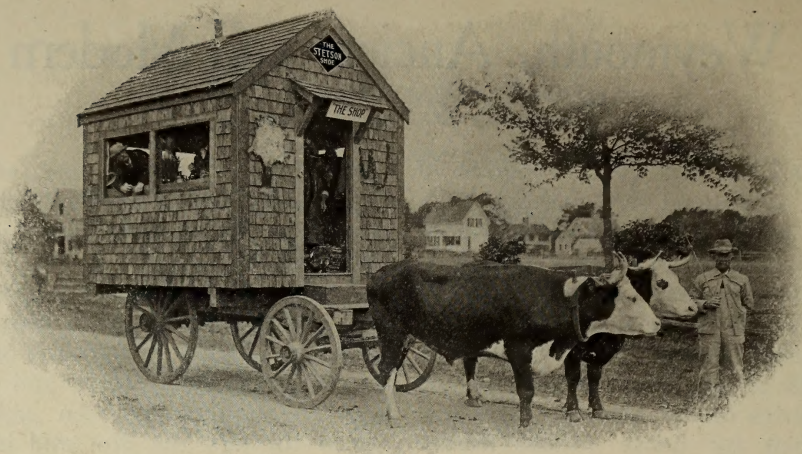


MRS. MARIA (WESTON) CHAPMAN

And so the first settlement within the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and excepting Plymouth, one of the most ancient in New England, was begun on the "South Shore" in the old days.

Of those pre-historic beginnings no clear account has been found; no artist left even a background of that crude settlement. Here and there has the antiquary been able to glean through the dim and imperfect annals of early chroniclers meagre and isolated references to the pioneers of ancient Wessagusset. Such as they are, they are most picturesque and romantic.

During the first winter these pioneers fell into disfavor with the natives, who plotted their destruction. Through an unbroken forest in mid-winter, "the old planter," Phineas Pratt, made his way in a most perilous journey to Plymouth to inform the authorities there of the troubles at Wessagusset. Captain Myles Standish with a small body of men set out for the settlement in open boats, and arrived before the Indians had accomplished their designs. On an April day in 1623, Myles Standish, in a hand to hand encounter, slew bold Wattawamat and the boasting Pecksuot



A WEYMOUTH SHOE FACTORY OF 1850, THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY'S EXHIBIT IN "THE PARADE"

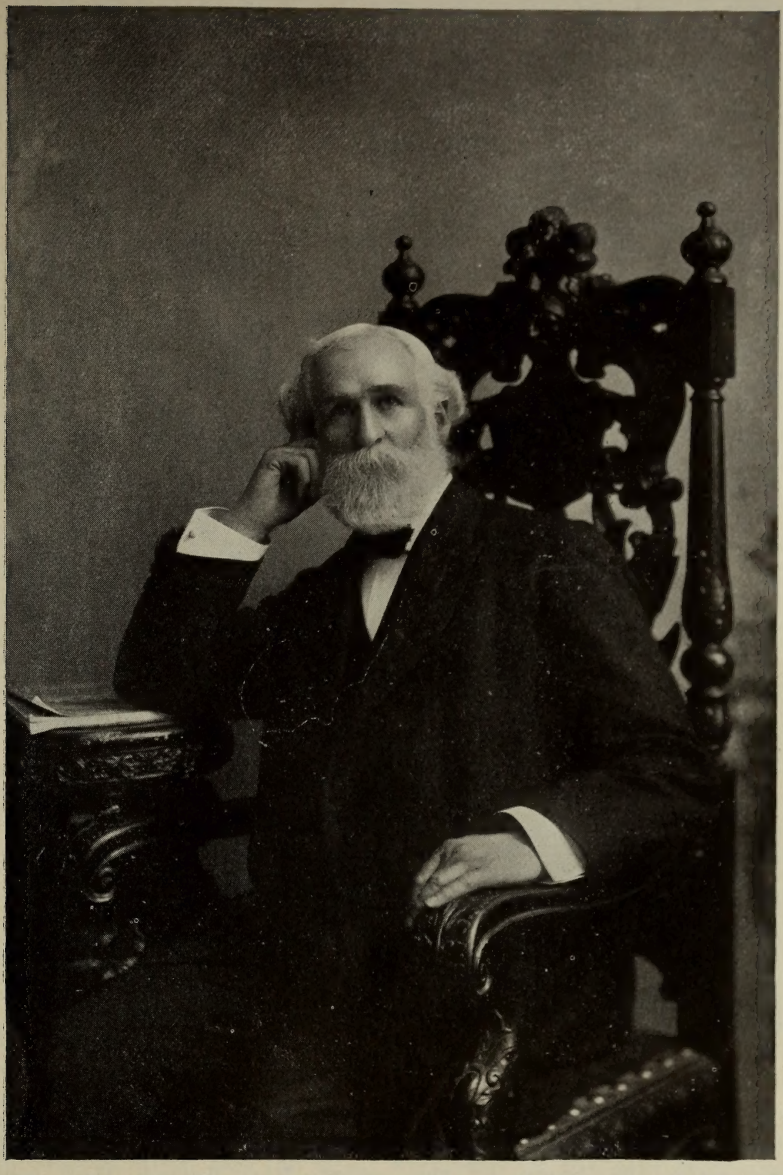
in the rude blockhouse at Wessagusset. This encounter between the English and the Indians on the shore of Boston Bay and in the town of Weymouth furnished an episode from which Longfellow created an important part of the "Courtship of Myles Standish."

"Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers."

Nor did the death of Wattawamat and Pecksuot bring the troubles at Wessagusset to an end. The chroniclers tell that in the company was a thief who was found guilty of stealing from the Indians. He was given into the hands of the savages for them to deal with as they should see fit. These natives of the "forest primeval" refused to receive or punish the offender, and his companions took him out before the natives and hanged him themselves.

Some forty years later Samuel Butler gave to the world his version of this second Weymouth episode in "Hudibras"—the most popular English book of that day. Butler drew his satirical inspiration from the 'New English Canaan" of which the humorous Thomas Morton of May-pole fame was the author. Finding in this false account of Morton, material with which to dress the Puritanism of the times in a ridiculous garb, Butler gave a most inaccurate version of the execution at Wessagusset, claiming that an old, innocent, decrepit weaver was executed to appease the savages instead of the real culprit.

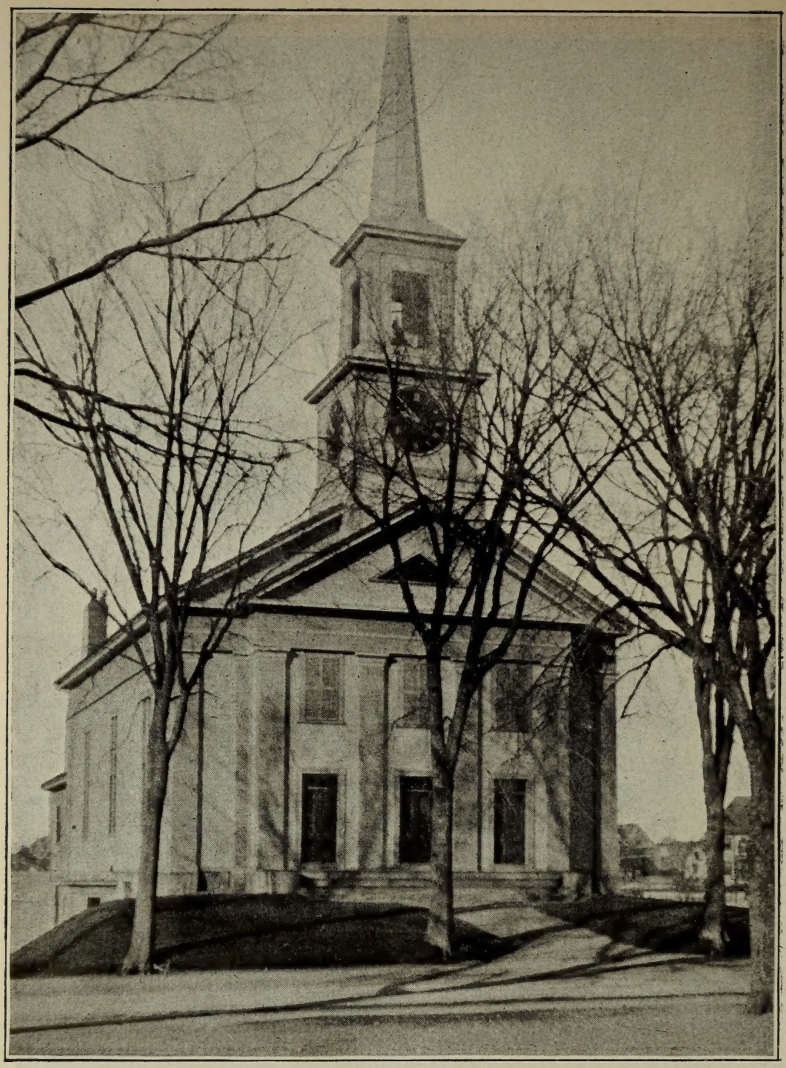
In the town seal something of the history of the town has been graphically and appropriately represented. The sword of Standish crossing the knife of Pecksuot symbolizes the



JOHN J. LOUD, PRESIDENT WEYMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

first encounter; the bow and arrows are emblematic of barbarism; the spade and axe, of civilization; while the open Bible symbolizes enlightened civilization. The sailing vessel reminds us that Weymouth is a seaport town, and the motto: "Laborare est vincere" (To labor is to conquer) emphasizes an important truth.

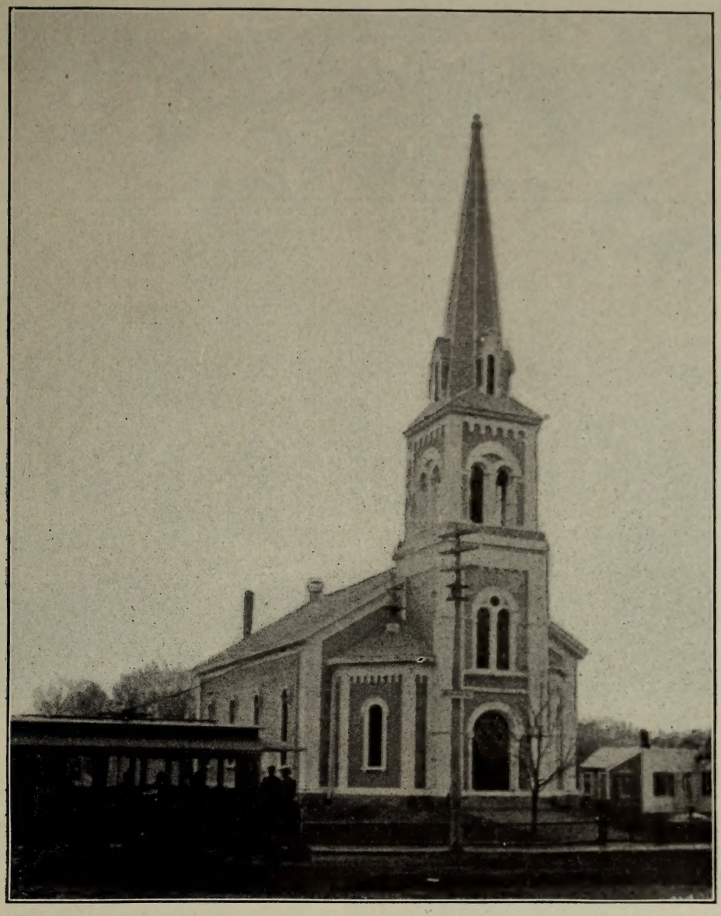
Receiving the name of Weymouth, a few weeks after the Rev. Joseph Hull with twenty-one families from Weymouth in Dorset,



THE PILGRIM CHURCH, NORTH WEYMOUTH

England, was given permission to settle here, suggests that he and his company gave the name to the town. In the quaint language of that time we read: "At the Genrall Court holden att Newe Towne [Cambridge] September 2, 1635, it was ordered that the Plantation of Wessaguscus be and hereby is changed and is hereafter to be called Waymothe."

On March 20, 1635, there sailed from Old Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, Rev. Joseph Hull with his company of about one hundred. After a prosperous voyage they reached New England and were granted permission to settle in Weymouth. This company, the largest and most prominent in the early settlement of the town, left a posterity worthy of the distinctions



BAPTIST CHURCH, LINCOLN SQUARE, WEYMOUTH

they have gained. Whoever searches the records of Dorsetshire will find the connecting links between the old and most prominent families of our own ancient town and the still more ancient mother-land and its historic institutions.

With the Back river for the northeastern boundary and the Fore river for the northwestern, no town along the "South Shore" surpasses in its native loveliness this suburb of Boston. Standing on Great Hill near the shore, or on the summit of King Oak Hill, some two miles inland, one gets a most magnificent view of the "South Shore" and of the eastern coast of Massachusetts. When the proposed monument shall have been erected on Great Hill, a memorial of the first settlement in Massachusetts Bay and of the pioneers who settled at its base in 1622 and in 1623, here indeed will be a landmark which all who visit the town, or enter the port of Boston, must cherish with admiration and forever associate with the beginning of New England civilization.

Long before the white man, or the red man, trod the primeval forests, or skirted along the beauti-



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAST WEYMOUTH

ful shores of Wessagusset, the geologic forces of nature determined what the character of its soil should be, where its romantic ravines and charming hills should be formed, how its beautiful streams should flow, where its lovely ponds should be, how its ledges should be grooved, where its famous gigantic "Sphinx" should rest through the long, long ages, where its cultivated fields should be made, and what its early settlers should do to gain a livelihood. Mother Nature decided that the town should be agricultural until man but recently found himself able to overcome Nature's pre-historic influences, and made it a manufacturing town.

For two hundred years the people were chiefly engaged in plowing and sowing, reaping and mowing, but the day of transformations came slowly. Instead of the ox and the plow came the horse and the little shoe-shop; in place of the horse and the shop came the electrics, the automobile, and the busy factory. As we travel over the town rarely shall we find a yoke of oxen as shown in the illustration. A century ago nearly every family owned a fine yoke of matched cattle.

As the "doughty" Captain Myles Standish defended the infant settlement from the boastful, taunting Pecksuot, so have her sons ever been ready to give their services and their lives in defence of home and colony, of commonwealth and nation. In not fewer than six bloody wars has the town responded patriotically and loyally. Five of her settlers went forth to defend the

embryo settlements from the Pequod Indians in 1637. When King Phillip's war came with all its fury, the Indians entered the town, slew several of her isolated families, burned their homes, and brought terror to every household. Here on the 19th of April, 1676, the brave-hearted Sergeant Thomas Pratt fell at the hands of the savage foe.

Her most distinguished citizen, Captain William Torrey, who had already rendered valuable public services as Deputy and Clerk of the House of Deputies, exerted himself to his utmost during those dark and distant years. As advancing years came on, Captain Torrey resigned his military leadership to younger men. Then Captain Ephraim Hunt, with others, went forth at the command of Sir William Phipps to defend the colony from Frontenac. Sixteen years later his services were again required in the Groton expedition. As Governor's Assistant for ten years, Captain Hunt was Weymouth's best known public man.

In 1755 the Old French and Indian war was at its height and forty of Weymouth's sons marched to Lake George and Crown Point under the command of Captain Samuel Thaxter and the youthful Lieutenant Solomon Lovell. Of that number six returned not.

In "Evangeline" Longfellow has pathetically depicted the suffering Acadian exiles. Weymouth generously cared for a "Gabriel" and an "Evangeline" — isolated it is true from their "kith and kin," but not left to wander over "the limitless wastes of the desert" in search of a lover. Simeon Ferrau, our "Gabriel," and Margaret Ferrau, his beautiful wife, our "Evangeline," their mother, with four happy children, were for years kindly cared for by the public officials of the town. The separation was not of lovers or families but of the Acadian communities, and Longfellow in his imaginary "Gabriel" and "Evangeline" fails to represent the actual conditions of separation.

Ninety-nine years to a day after Sergeant Pratt shed his blood on Weymouth soil, her "minute-men"



CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART

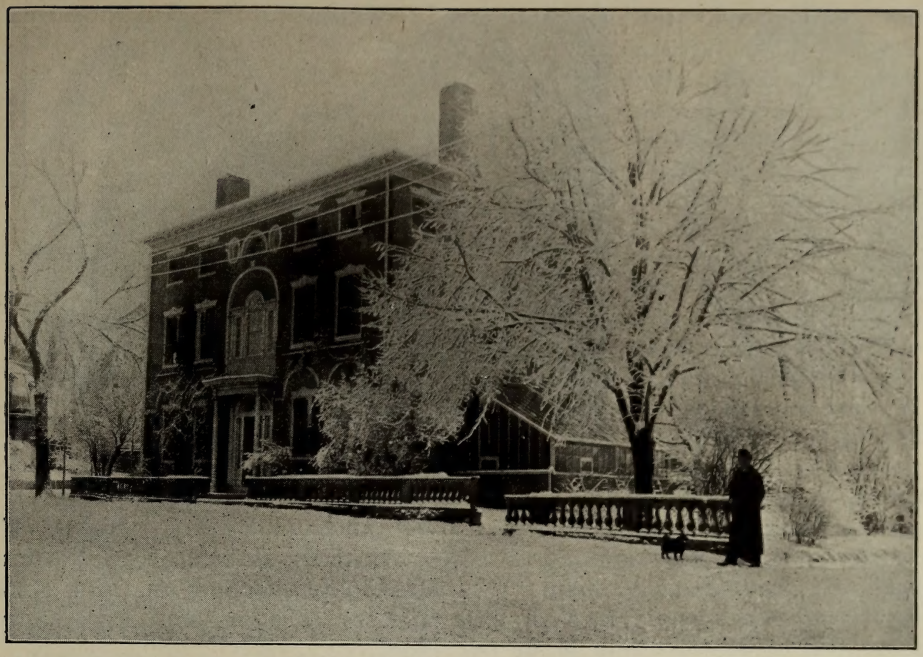
were marching to Lexington and Concord. Major James Humphrey, Dr. Cotton Tufts, Deacon Nathaniel Bayley, and General Solomon Lovell were teaching the world that "resistance unto tyrants is obedience to God." Her sons were at Bunker Hill, at Ticonderoga, at Valley Forge, and at Yorktown.

Her most distinguished officer on the battle-field, General Solomon



"PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER," BY E. AUBREY HUNT

Lovell was strengthened by his ardent, patriotic townsmen from whom not fewer than one hundred sixty-nine responded to the call that "tried men's souls." Again in the war for commercial freedom on the seas, the town was well represented. When the state and federal authorities called for troops to preserve the Union on that April day in 1861, Weymouth responded as never before. One thousand of her bravest and best went forth at their country's call, during that war. One hundred and twenty-two were buried in the far south land. May her children's children not forget what the good old town did that all might enjoy absolute freedom in a united country. Forget not the services of General B. F. Pratt, General James L. Bates, Colonel Benjamin S. Lovell, Lieutenant John W. Bates, Major Francis A. Bicknell, Captain Charles W. Hastings, Lieutenant Albert H. Tirrell, Private Bradford



RESIDENCE OF FRANCIS H. COWING

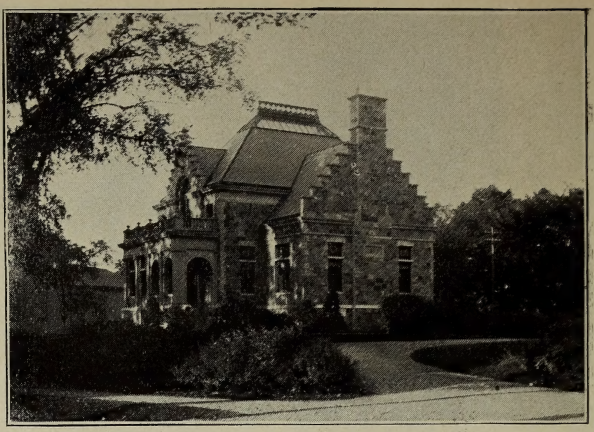
Hawes, Private Waldo Turner, and scores of other of equal valor.

William Hazlitt, the famous English literary critic, spent several of his early years with his father's family in Weymouth and his sister Peggy's diary contains a most interesting account of their Weymouth home—the temporarily vacated parsonage of the Old North Church. "The house," wrote the diarist' "stood in a most romantic spot. On a little, low hill to the eastward stood the house of prayer, and below it Dr. Tufts's, the road to Boston passing close by them; to the east King Oak Hill, which in the winter, when covered with snow, reflected the golden and purple tints of the setting sun. From the tops of these hills we had a distant view of the Bay of Boston, and many of its islands and hills beyond it, with Dorchester Heights, famous for the Battle of Kegs; Bunker Hill where so many British officers fell in the space of five minutes; to the south, dark and frowning woods, and nearer to us the river, with a mill and two houses on its banks, and a variety of meadows, fields, and trees below." Such is Peggy Hazlitt's picture of romantic Weymouth at the close of the American Revolution.

Long ago Weymouth became celebrated for its many sweet-voiced musicians and the descendants of the old families have most successfully cultivated the talent inherited from the fathers. In the olden time music centered around the village churches and among those who did most for the study of sacred music were the Newtons, the Raymonds, the Bateses, the Canterburys, the Bicknells, the Frenches, the Nashes, the Tildens, the Louds, the Hunts,

the Blanchards, the Whites, the Burrills, the Whitcombs, the Haweses, the Reeds, the Webbs, the Vinings, the Dyers and the Torreys.

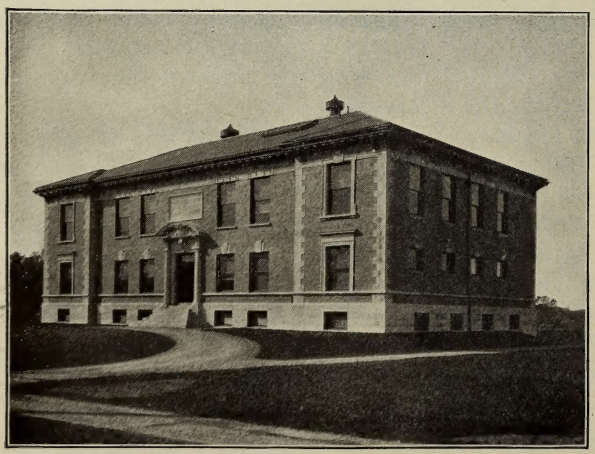
Many of the musicians of the town are famous as composers of both sacred and secular music. They are: Thomas Blanchard, William Burrell, Howard M. Dow, John H. Gutterson, Annie F. Loud, John Hermann Loud, John J. Loud, F. Stuart Mason, Arthur B. Raymond, Robert F. Raymond, William W. Raymond, Mrs. Jennie B. Worster and others. Major Elias Hunt of Weymouth was the first salaried singer at King's Chapel and Trinity Church, Boston.



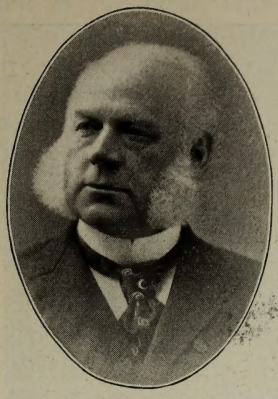
THE FOGG MEMORIAL LIBRARY

In the kindred field of art the town has won distinction. Among her exhibitors at the "Old Home Week" celebration in 1903 were found Mrs. H. B. Batchelder, W. W. Churchill, Mrs. Helen H. (Blanchard) Hobart, H. I. Senior, Mrs. F. O. Wellington, Mrs. Kate (Pierce) Thayer and E. Aubrey Hunt.

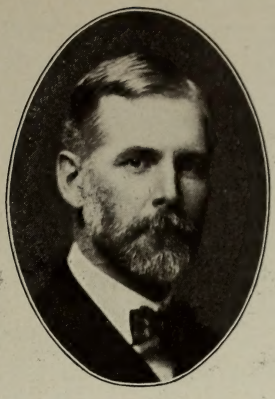
Mr. Hunt, a native of the town and the son of Edmund Soper Hunt, has become famous both in New England and Old England as a landscape and portrait painter. His paintings express strong feeling for color which though brilliant is never garish. Without strained effort he conveys to the mind what the eye sees at the first glance. A prolonged sojourn in Morocco enabled him to depict the spirit of that strange land with its sandy deserts, its queerly-garbed Arabs, and its grotesque and patient camels. In these stirring scenes, he appears at his best. His paintings are found in all the important American and European galleries.



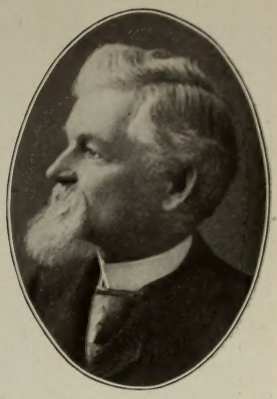
THE DAVIS BATES CLAPP MEMORIAL



JOHN S. FOGG



HENRY BEECHER REED
CHAIRMAN SCHOOL COMMITTEE



DEACON JOSIAH REED

His "Portrait of My Father," a fine likeness of the inventor of the Hunt Projectile, now used in the British navy, and senior member of the enterprising firm of Edmund S. Hunt & Sons, manufacturers of pyrotechnics — sole manufacturers of giant cannon crackers and salutes—is here reproduced.

In secret orders the town is strong. Masonic Hall at East Weymouth is the home of Orphans' Hope Lodge, of Pentalpa Royal Arch Chapter, and of the South Shore Commandery, Knights Templars. Crescent Lodge I. O. O. F. occupies Odd Fellows Hall at East Weymouth and Wildey Lodge, Odd Fellows Hall at South Weymouth. Popular among the secret orders at Weymouth "Landing" are the Knights of Pythias and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. In the residence of Mr. Francis H. Cowing Orphans' Hope Lodge was instituted in 1825. Of the patriotic societies of the town that have done much to promote good citizenship and aid the distressed, mention must be made of Reynolds Post No. 58, and of the W. R. C. No. 102. The Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society, organized in 1865, holds an annual "Fair" at South Weymouth. It is the only society in Norfolk County of its character and has a bright and useful future before it. The society is ably managed by many of Weymouth's most enterprising citizens. It has received and distributed more than $100,000 during its existence. Colonel W. W. Castle is its president.

In Middle street stands the new $50,000 high school building, a credit to the generosity of Weymouth's citizens, and not far from this Mr. Edwin Clapp, the enterprising shoe-manufacturer, has erected but recently the Davis Bates Clapp Memorial Building whose elegant physical culture apartments are attracting an excellent class from all parts of the town as well as from Braintree and Hingham.

For several years the Monday Club and the Old Colony Club consisting of some six hundred women have cultivated a finer public sentiment throughout the town. For nearly twenty-five years the Union Literary Circle has been successfully maintained. Rev. William Hyde is president. The Century Club and



TUFTS PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Shawmut Club have been long established and successfully carried on.

On both the Hingham and Weymouth shores of Back river the United States government has recently purchased a large tract of land where is to be established a naval supply station. The point is accessible for government ships cruising in the north Atlantic.

As a manufacturing town Weymouth has always taken high rank. She numbers more than one hundred factories requiring a capital of $4,427,328 annually. Her machinery is valued at $605,383, and an average of 1998 wage-earners find employment at home. Her annual pay-roll amounts to $911,502; the cost of the materials used in all her manufacturing is 3,246,899 and the value of the products, $5,583,144.

The American Agricultural Chemical Company, better known as the Bradley Fertilizer Company, has done an extensive business here since 1872. The East Weymouth Wool Scouring Company and the Old Colony Seam-Face Granite Company and the Miller Seam-Faced Granite Quarries Company have added largely to the business recently. The manufacturing of wrappers by Frederick Cate is an important industry.

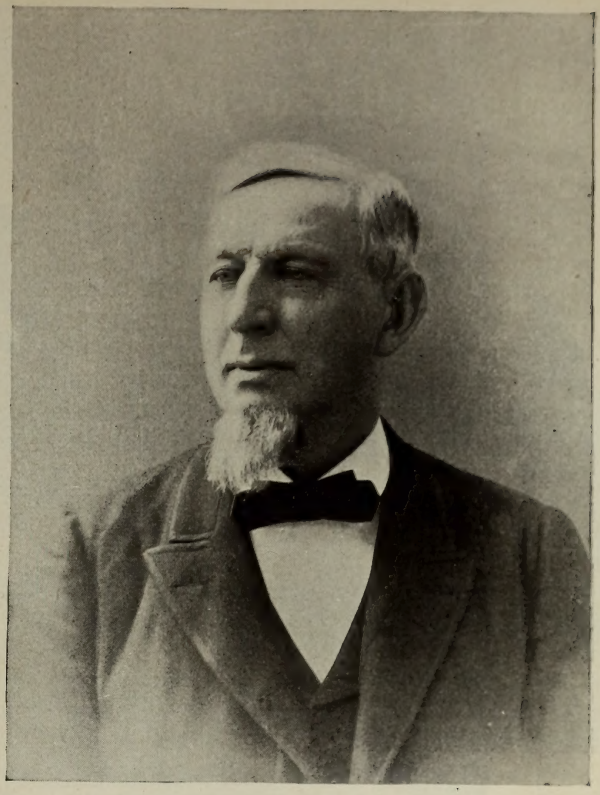
Chief among her industries is the manufacture of boots and shoes. In this industry she has taken, and continues to take, the highest rank. Her manufacturers excel in producing a fine grade of shoes for the re-

tail trade. These shoes sell in the retail market at from $3.50 to $10 per pair, and the shoe industry requires skilled workmen and fine executive management which the town possesses in no small degree.

Long ago two of her sons, Harvey and Quincy Reed, established the first wholesale boot and shoe store opened in the city of Boston, and the Weymouth manufacturers were the first to supply the California market with boots and shoes. Among the large factories are Alden, Walker & Wilde of North Weymouth; M. C. Dizer & Sons, Strong & Garfield Company Incorporated and Edwin Clapp of East Weymouth; The Stetson Shoe Company of South Weymouth; and A. W. Tilden and George H. Bicknell of Weymouth.

The A. O. Crawford Company Incorporated, Elon Sherman's Sons, and Pray & Kelley are engaged in the manufacture of boxes.

From Weymouth in Old England there came to our Weymouth in 1635 one Zechary Bicknell, and from him the town has been highly favored with worthy representatives of the name. Possessed of the excellent characteristics of this ancient and honored family was the late Zachariah L. Bicknell. For twenty years he was in the service of the town as a selectman. During the Civil war he rendered invaluable services to the town. As chairman of the committe to erect the Tufts Library building and as President of the Trustees of the library Mr. Bicknell did much to lessen the sordid interests of the town. For two years he represented the town in the General Court.



ZACHARIAH L. BICKNELL

Largely instrumental in restoring the surrendered charter of Orphans' Hope Lodge, F. & A. M., Mr. Bicknell became the first Worshipful Master and one of the founders and the first commander of the South Shore Commandery, Knights Templars. From 1874 until his death in 1897, he was a standard bearer in

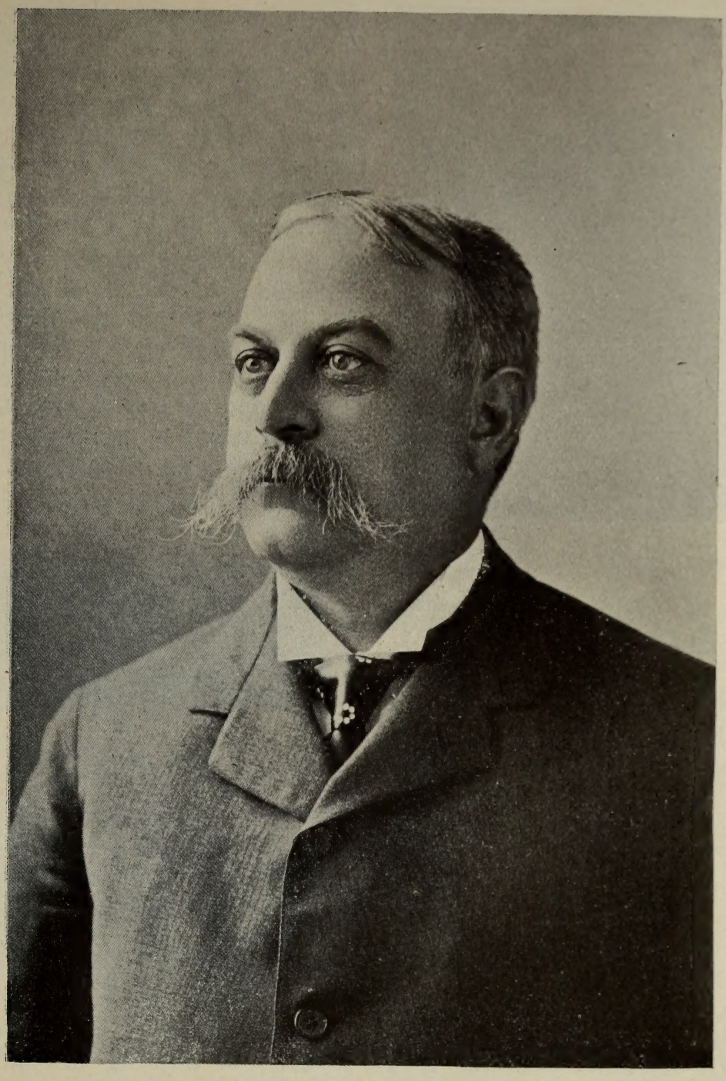


THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. In the Scottish Rites he attained the thirty-second degree. One of the founders of the East Weymouth Savings Bank, he became its honored President and was in all a representative of the best interests of the church and of the fraternal and public affairs of his environment.

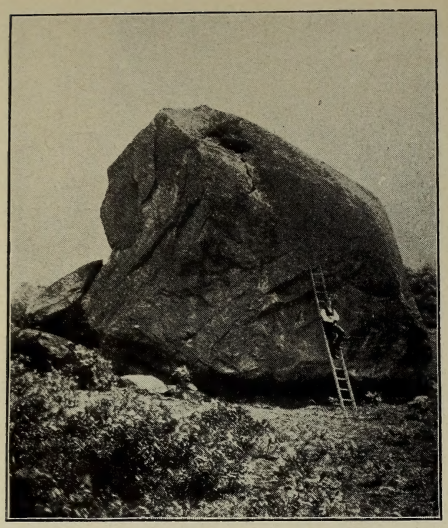
Civic duty is a sacred obligation. So thought the late Judge James Humphrey whose life was full of patriotic zeal for the welfare of his native town. Fifteen years a member of the school committee, fifteen years a selectman, twenty-two years a trustee of Tufts Library, eight years Commissioner for the County of Norfolk, nineteen years Judge of East Norfolk District Court, a representative and a senator of the General Court, for more than a generation the legal adviser of the town and prominent in the direction of all of the town affairs, Judge Humphrey stood for justice and righteousness, and for the public good regardless of personal sacrifice.

On the tenth day of October, 1788, a boy was born in Commercial street, East Weymouth. Little did his parents or neighbors dream of his future worth and usefulness to the world. True it is that his father, Colonel Joshua Bates, held a respectable position in the community, but few considered that the "boy is father to the man." At the age of four he was sent to Mrs. Porter's school and a little



HON. JAMES H. FLINT, JUDGE OF PROBATE, NORFOLK COUNTY

later he entered the public schools where he said in after years that each boy brought a stick of wood on his shoulder to keep the fire up. At the age of twelve we find him under the tuition of the Rev. Jacob Norton, a graduate of Harvard in 1785, and pastor of the Old North Church, Weymouth. In 1803 he entered the counting house of Wm. R. Gray, eldest son of William Gray, the foremost merchant of New England in his generation. Gaining in this Boston position an excellent commercial training and a good insight into the methods of transacting business throughout the world, he was selected as general agent of the Boston banking house to superintend its business in Europe. This



SPHINX ROCK, PROFILE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

took him to London where he ever after remained.

From that day until the day of his death the honored name of Joshua Bates, American partner of the house of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Company of London, stood for scrupulous integrity and keen financial sagacity, for sound judgment and public-spirited generosity. Joshua Bates was chosen by the United States and Great Britain as umpire to settle the long-standing claims between his native land and the country of his adoption. His relations with the great men of his generation were far-reaching and most praiseworthy. When Alexander Baring, senior member of the London house, was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton, Joshua Bates's influences in no small degree made it agreeable for the distinguished Lord to join hands with our own Webster in wisely settling the northeastern boundary dispute between the United States and Canada, in the famous Ashburton-Webster treaty of 1842. At a later date this distinguished man, a native of Weymouth, became the senior member of the great banking house, but while engrossed in the greatest financial institution in the world, he yet found time to share the friendship of Samuel Taylor Coleridge who, we are told, "delighted to bring his lofty and often paradoxical generalizations to the touchstone of the great banker's sterling common sense and practical discernment." In him, too, Louis Napoleon while an exile from France found an intimate friend.



"THE CONQUEROR"

The tragic death of Mr. Bates's only son brought a great cloud over his domestic life and, perhaps, occasioned his deeper interest in the future welfare of the youth of his native land. In looking toward the future Mr. Bates believed that American youth, gaining real knowledge, had nothing to fear. Actuated by that belief, in 1852 Joshua Bates gave to the city of Boston $50,000 to found a Public Library. Subsequently he made his munificent benefactions over $100,000—a sum then sufficient to purchase much more of the world's commodities than a similar sum will to-day. It is as the founder of the Boston Public Library, the richness of whose collections to-day place it second in the United States, that

Joshua Bates "being dead yet speaketh."

Among Mr. Bates's friends and acquaintances was Charles Coffin Jewett, the first librarian of the City Library, from whose beautiful home in Quincy avenue, East Braintree, he was enabled to overlook the native town of the great benefactor, and in the busy city give direction to his creations.

The name of Appleton Howe, M. D., stands high among the honored citizens of the town. Graduated at Harvard in the famous class of 1815 with Jared Sparks and John G. Palfrey, historical writers of national fame, Dr. Howe selected Weymouth for his life-long home. As a member of the Massachusetts Medical society, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as Major General of the Massachusetts Militia and as Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Appleton Howe added lustre to the town of his adoption. His successor at South Weymouth, Charles Carroll Tower, M. D., a graduate of Harvard in 1856 and a surgeon in the United States Army during the Civil War, proved himself worthy to follow his distinguished predecessor.

Among the men foremost in promoting the business interests and advancing the public welfare mention may be made of John W. Loud, who for nearly half a century was identified with the best interests of his native town. Having served the church, the town and the Commonwealth most faithfully, he died suddenly while addressing an audience in the Union Church, April 22, 1874. His mantle fell upon his son John J. Loud, who was graduated from Harvard in 1866, and who has been for forty years associated with every movement for the betterment of the town of his nativity. As a member of many historical societies and especially as President of the Weymouth Historical Society John J. Loud is a representative of the best type of citizenship to be found in New England life. As author, composer of music and patriotic hymns, local historian and public speaker, he is well and favorably known. His hymn "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts" is probably his most famous contribution to patriotic literature.

Among Massachusetts men the Hon. Judge James H. Flint takes high rank. Graduating from Phillips Andover Academy in 1872, from Harvard College in 1876 and from Boston University Law School in 1881, Judge Flint immediately selected Weymouth for his future home. The author of "Flint on Trusts and Trustees" and the editor of "Lewin on Trusts" he has done much literary work in addition to his regular law practice. He represented the town in the General Court from 1894 to 1896; and was state senator from 1897 to 1899. In August, 1899, Governor Roger Wolcott appointed him Judge of Probate for Norfolk County. As a representative citizen the town should be proud of her accomplished and distinguished Judge of Probate.

In "ye olden tymes" the town had its romance. A beautiful, charming young lady lived in the North Parish. She belonged to the most distinguished family in town. Her beauty and goodness had been sounded in the adjoining towns. A young Harvard graduate whose parents lived only a few miles away heard of her charms. Now and

then he met the young lady herself. In course of time he called at her home. Charmed with her manners and enamoured with her beauty his visits became more frequent, until for some unexplained reason the lady's parents became ungracious to their daughter's lover. He was no longer permitted to put his horse in her father's barn. On Saturday evenings the village people noticed the unfortunate beast hitched to the palings not far from her home. At this point in the couse of true love our young hero was not entirely excluded from his lover's home. In some way he convinced the young lady's parents of his true worth, and in due time succeeded in making her his happy bride. She lived to fill the highest social positions in the United States. Such is the story of the courtship of the accomplished Abigail Smith who became the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another and the first "mistress of the White House" in Washington.

Other famous women there were. Of one, Harriet Martineau, whose foreign birth and education enabled her to judge discriminately of American women of her time, wrote most charmingly of her Weymouth friend: "I hear now, as I write, the clear silvery tones of her who said, 'My hopes are stronger than my fears.' I still see the exquisite beauty which took me by surprise; —the slender, graceful form,—the brilliant complexion, noble profile, and deep blue eyes;—the aspect, meant by nature to be winning only, but so vivified by courage, and so strengthened by upright conviction, as to appear the very embodiment of heroism."

A leader among women of that noble band of abolitionists that made Massachusetts for thirty years the very cradle of American freedom, Maria (Weston) Chapman of Weymouth has been recognized. Possessed of real culture and an ardent love for humanity she exerted no small influence on the work of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Greenleaf Whittier, and hundreds of others in creating public sentiment in favor of human freedom. The town was notably the center of a famous company like herself who were permitted to see the consummation of their fondest hopes and the triumph of the principles for which they so vigorously contended. Mrs. Marcia E. P. Hunt and Mrs. Maria (Cowing) Willey are the only survivors of that company. Here on this old battle ground for human freedom Booker T. Washington, the second emancipator of the colored race, with his family, has sojourned for several summers.

Among the munificent benefactors of the town, mention should be made of Quincy Tufts, Miss Susan Tufts, and John S. Fogg,—all of a former generation. Grandchildren of Dr. Cotton Tufts, one of the most distinguished men of the town during the second half of the eighteenth century, Quincy and Susan Tufts bequeathed property to found the Tufts Library. A beautiful brick building was erected by the town at the corner of Washington and Commercial streets, and since 1879 has been constantly increasing its sphere of usefulness. Under the efficient management of Miss Caroline A. Blanchard the library has acquired over 24,000 volumes.

In 1892 John S. Fogg, whose home by choice had been in Wey-

mouth for more than forty years, bequeathed the sum of $50,000 to found and to perpetuate a memorial library in South Weymouth. On September 14, 1898, the trustees under his will dedicated a beautiful building which they had erected in Columbian Square henceforth to be the Fogg Memorial Library. With its exterior built of Weymouth seam-face granite, in a style of architecture approaching the Italian renaissance, the library is a most fitting memorial.

Fortunate in the possession of two public libraries, Weymouth offers rare inducements to those seeking desirable homes in the suburban district of Greater Boston.

In a brief sketch of a town of 12,000 people nestled around four important business centers, it is impossible to include more than a small part of the best features of the town. Her citizens will look well to her future. As a residential suburb of Greater Boston, she must grow more and more desirable. With the construction of a great ship-canal extending from Weymouth Fore River to Taunton, she is destined to have much more business brought within her borders. The day is not distant when with consolidated interests she will find herself a progressive city. Her fair-minded citizens will magnify all of her good institutions, her petty jealousies will be forgotten in the grand march for a better environment and a better government; and a higher appreciation of what the town has done, of her resources, of her ideals and of her glorious possibilities shall be more fully realized.

Nolo Contendere

By George William Gunn

ELWOOD BAKER, of the firm of Baxter & Baker, attorneys at law, broke in upon the oral study of his young friend Shelby Deane, and through the open door pointed at him an accusing finger. Deane calmly took his feet from the top of Baker's desk, folded the lexicon of legal terms and Latin commonplaces, with his finger tucked in to mark the page and regarded the interrupter defiantly.

"So," declaimed Baker with mock melodramatic effect, "you mean to carry out your vile plot after all?"

"Yes," said Deane pleasantly. "I shall descend to the level of a common lawyer."

Baker closed the door, and tossing his bag of court papers to the office boy, seated himself on top of the desk. Lighting a cigarette he blew the smoke disdainfully at Shelby Deane.

"It is you, against whom the charge of non compos mentis should be brought, and not your late lamented uncle, my cute young friend," observed the lawyer. "Have you the least idea you can carry this through successfully — for more than ten minutes?' '

"What if I can't?" asked the prospective legal light. "I've nothing to lose at any rate; I'll have the fun and excitement of playing at two degrading callings—the detective profession and the law; and perhaps there is a fortune at the other end. You may be reasonably sure I wouldn't sink so low if it wasn't for the money there may be in it."

"And the lady will discover you are an imposter and either have you arrested for false representation, or laugh you out of the house and flaunt the money before your eyes."

"In which case I shall retire ignominiously from the field and through my attorneys, Baxter & Baker, begin suit at once for the recovery of one hundred and twenty thousand plunkets." Shelby Deane surveyed his companion impressively, and then added: "And you say yourself there is a good chance to break the old duffer's will."

"As your attorney I say yes; but as just Elwood Baker I must at the same moment remark that it is a devilish pity."

"You're a sympathetic person," observed Deane.

"Too much so," replied the lawyer. "If you ever get your unreligious fist upon that money you'll fling it to the four winds of heaven; whereas if Miss Corville, whoever she may be, keeps it, it may do the lady and possibly humanity, a deal of good."

"Huh!" grunted Deane. "I expect so. I suppose she is some old maid philanthropist with a sanctimonious pie-face — always scattering little seeds of sunshine, said sunshine being the old duffer's money; just the kind of cattle he always had hang-

ing around him!" Deane kicked the brass cuspidor to emphasize his regard for Miss Corville.

"I have a zinc etching of you scattering the same little seeds of sunshine if you ever got hold of 'em," laughed Baker. "Down to Shanley's and the palm room and a few—"

"Oh forget it," snapped Deane. "I'm off on the night train for that little blot on the map called Rhode Island. Tomorrow will find me at Bayshore farms; tomorrow night will land me in the camp of the enemy; and in a day or two I'll be back here with a clear title to the money, if I have to deposit the old maid in the chilling waters of beautiful Narragansett bay."

"Well, take care of yourself," admonished the lawyer as Deane left him and went to the elevator. Don't you get too explosive with those legal terms or you'll queer yourself with the old girl."

Shelby Deane hurled a contemptuous glance at him, but it carried wide for the lawyer only chuckled softly as he closed his office door.

"Poor Shelby!" he murmured. "If he could only get over being a Happy Hooligan. I can see his ignoble finish."

But Shelby Deane taking his six feet of mingled indignation and determination down the elevator had no such disturbing thought. He was a man with a purpose at all times, and just now that purpose was to have his rights. It was the principle of the thing with him—aside from the fact that he needed the money. That his uncle Samuel Deane, the brother of his father, should have chopped him off with but a paltry thousand a year—cigar money, nothing more—constituted a felony punishable by death—if the old gentleman were not already dead. But to have left his big estate, his farm lands and his fishery interests to this unknown female person, Miss Corville, to be expended in charity or "otherwise disposed of in her desire or discretion"—why surely the old duffer was non compos mentis! This he had reflected many times since the will had been opened and he had been notified of its contents. He, the de jure heir, absolutely ignored as it were, while—she—the heir de facto, a rank outsider even unknown to him except in the knowledge that she had been his uncle's private secretary and confidant, was left to revel in the old gentleman's gold. Surely it was a case ad inquirendum at least, and after he had made the investigation it would demand no doubt an injunction or a writ of habeas corpus — or something of that kind. He would go in propria persona at least, and in this way perhaps he would, unknown to the scheming woman, arrive at the—the—er—corpus delecti. Yes indeed, that was a good one to remember too, the body of the offense.

The night was spent on the train to Providence, and a bath and a shave at the hotel in the morning made him fit for his invasion of the enemy's territory. At nine o'clock a big electric suburban was whirling him down through the village-dotted country of old Warwick to his late uncle's country estate, Bayshore, a dozen miles or more below the city. Through the car windows he could at times catch a fleeting glimpse of the big bay across a mile or two of level country, and the morning sun making the country golden and the bay a silver

sheen, only increased his cupidity to be a landholder.

It was all familiar enough to him for he had been through this same country before the electric line was run through. Then there was no Miss Corville, nor were there any rows with the old duffer to mar his visit, and as the car danced along he reflected with bitterness on these five years intervening. He had chosen his companions and his pleasures to suit himself, and now he must suffer for it. He was no slummer, that was one consolation; reclaiming dirty urchins and dying sweatshoppers was business for women—and old men. He was glad after all that he had had none of it, even if he lost every penny in the wreck of his "misspent life," as his uncle had been pleased to call it.

The suburban dropped him at the little woodshed called Bayshore station. He clambered off the platform and struck out unhesitatingly across the fields. Beyond he could see the Elm drive and once he struck that all would be plain sailing. The house was exactly one mile straight on through this avenue of sturdy elm trees that interlaced their branches over the road, forming a canopy of foliage over the parkway. From that distance, however, the big yellow country house could not be seen. Hidden by a cluster of elms and oaks the colonial mansion sat low at the head of Gaspee cove, a pretty little patch of water that made up between the high banks of Gaspee point. Stretching out into the bay in plain view of the house was Gaspee point, where the British sloop-of-war Gaspee had been burned by patriots who rowed down in the night from Providence. Behind the house he could see the cupola of the ancient barn with its treasured revolutionary coach locked in its sacred stall; tradition said that General Washington on his visit to Rhode Island in the troublesome times, had ridden in that coach as the guest of his uncle's great uncle, or something of that kind, from Bayshore to Providence.

These historical connections stirred up his sentiment. He plodded slowly up the lane of elms pondering on his misfortune. These things, these historical relics and estates, should be his. His feelings were fast approaching a fury when it occurred to him that calmness would be absolutely necessary for his self-introduction to Miss Corville. He quieted his resentment and strove to muster his nerve as he approached the yellow house, whose white-trimmed porte cochere was now visible through the trees.

Suddenly through a hedge by the parkside burst out in front of him four neat looking children, a boy and three girls. They stopped in the road staring at him, while following them from the hedge came a pretty young woman, who seeing the childen open-mouthed, turned her gaze to the stranger.

Deane tipped his hat pleasantly and tried to smile at the children as he came up to the young woman.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I am looking for Miss Corville."

The young woman evidently understood that he was a stranger.

"You will probably find Miss Corville at the house, or down on the shore bathing with the children," she said sweetly. And then noting his bewilderment added: "I am only Miss Dayne, you know;" and in a very low voice so that the children

could not hear: "I look out for the little consumptives."

"Oh yes—yes," said Deane bowing again, but nonplussed as before. "Thank you very much—I shall find her no doubt—thank you." And he bowed himself away, hastily making his escape up the avenue. Away from the little group he breathed out hard several times to expurgate if possible any consumptive germs that might have lodged in his system. He could fairly see bacteria in the air ahead of him. He passed his hand before his face and covertly expectorated as violently as possible without making a noise, choking down a shudder at the narrowness of his escape.

"What am I up against?" he asked himself in fright. "A germ factory?"

Had this Corville woman with her insane philanthropy turned his uncle's—no his own—estate into a hospital for incurables? His anger nearly assumed control again, but he throttled it knowing that he must keep an unruffled nerve to face the lioness.

Deane skirted a flower bed where the driveway widened and mounted the heavy stone steps of the pillared porch. He handled the huge brass knocker gingerly. A white-aproned maid came in response to the thump that echoed through the house. Miss Corville was not in; but she was about the grounds, probably down on the shore of the point giving the children their noonday sea-and-sun-bath.

"Are you the gentleman from the Fresh Air Society's directors?" asked the maid innocently.

"Fresh Air Society?" asked Deane amazed.

"Yes, sir, Miss Corville was expecting one of the gentlemen, sir, interested in the work, and I thought it might be you. They'll be back in an hour for lunchean, sir."

"I think I'll wander down by the shore," said Deane looking out over the well-worn path that led down to the sandy beach. "Perhaps I'll run into her there."

The maid seeing that he knew the ground did not direct him, but stood in the doorway and watched him around the bend in the cove where the greensward ran into the wilder shore-grown weed grass that loves the sand.

Deane, rounding the slope, came into a deep sand ravine that looked out on the broad white capped bay rolling in and breaking with a pleasant pounding noise on the beach. The salt laden breeze struck his nostrils in a refreshing draught through the cut, and forgetting his displeasure, he jumped lightly down shoe-deep in the sand and plunged through it to the harder footing of the beach below.

Coming from behind the bank he saw them but a short way up the beach, romping and yelping madly along the wet sand, while the heads and bodies of others were bobbing and splashing waist deep in the miniature breakers dancing upon the shore. Deane nearly collapsed. There were forty of them if there was one. All ages and sizes they piled over each other, while two boys larger than the rest apparently tried to hold the motley gang in check. A dozen or more of them seeing him flounder down the slope, left the sport of rolling one of their number across a barrel, and with a wild shout broke for him. They launched themselves at him, the

dripping bathing suits scattering the water as they ran. Closing down, however, they discovered that he was a stranger and the leaders of the horde stopped in dismay, kicking sand all over him.

"Hello, mister," said one a little braver than the rest. "We thought you was Mister Martin."

"And who is Mr. Martin?" asked Deane trying to impress them with his dignity.

"Why don't you know Mr. Martin?" they yelled in chorus. "Mr. Martin he's the great actor—he lives right over here." An indefinite jerk of the thumb over a wet shoulder gave Deane a clew that Mr. Martin lived either out on the end of the point or across the bay somewhere.

Surrounded by the children and thoroughly disturbed by the sudden onslaught he did not see the blue and white parasol till it was close upon him. Shading the sun from the head of a young woman seated on a huge log washed ashore, the parasol had suddenly risen at the commotion caused by his unexpected approach. The woman beneath it surveyed the intruder and deciding that he was a harmless stranger, she hurried to the rescue with a sharp little command to her urchins.

"Johnnie, you mustn't get so close to the gentleman—you'll get water all over him. Alec, you stand still in that sand and don't scatter it that way!" And then bowing with flushed face to Deane she said: "I must apologize for the attention my little people have showered upon you—"

"'Showered' is good," laughed Deane hat in hand, glancing down upon his water-spattered, sand-flecked trousers.

She laughed with him, a mellow, soft-voiced laugh that startled Deane into the realization that its owner was the prettiest woman he had ever seen. His admiration had ever been called out by nothing short of the ravishingly beautiful, but this was a different type. Here was the woman—the quiet, simple, brown-tanned, beautiful woman of the out-doors. The first woman he had seen on the place was pretty, but this one — surely Miss Corville had a faculty of gathering attractive care-takers about her for the fresh air scamps.

"Are these consumptives, too?" asked Deane, remembering his first experience and in his confusion failing to note the red and freckled faces of the dripping youngsters.

"Mercy, no," she laughed. "Do they look it? Why—did you run across my poor little chalk-faced girls and boys up above?" Her voice changed suddenly from the gay tone to one of pity, and for the first time Deane realized that consumptives after all were something more than germ-perambulators.

"Why yes, I did meet some poor little youngsters with a nurse on my way up to the house," he said. "I came to find Miss Corville. They said up there that she was down on the shore with the children. I suppose she is here."

"Yes," said the pretty young woman smiling a very pleasant welcome. "She is here."

"Thank you," said Deane, "would you mind taking me to her?"

"Why you don't understand," she said looking at him out of her big brown eyes. "I am Miss Corville."

"What?" gasped Deane. "Impossible!"

Her smile wavered and she regarded his surprise with mild dis-

pleasure. Quickly getting his bearings again, Deane stammered a confused apology and she immediately put him at his ease with a laugh.

"You see," said Deane, "I had never seen Miss Corville and my preconceived idea of her did not at all approach the reality." He looked intently at her out of eyes that must have conveyed his admiration, for she turned quickly to the children while the red came into her face.

"Run along now, children, and play," she said. "Time will soon be up."

"Aw, ain't you goin' to take your shoes and stockin's off and come in wadin' to-day?" asked the youngster addressed first as Johnnie.

The red cheeks quickly flamed to deepest scarlet and she dropped her parasol adroitly to shut off the stranger's view, as she gave Johnnie a vigorous push by the shoulder that sent him off about his business. The youngsters, the irrepressible John in the lead, scampered off, their cute legs flying, and dashed recklessly into the water.

Deane strove hard in the excitement of the moment to remember the name that he had selected after hours of careful thought, as having a particularly clever legal intonation. It was gone from him, however, and he jumped at the only one that naturally found its way into his mind in the crisis.

"These children are such a trial sometimes," Miss Corville was saying. "But then they are such fun."

"I regret," said Deane, "that I should have interrupted such a pleasant time. I fear I can give myself but a poor introduction, bursting in upon you this way without warning. My name is Baker, Elwood Baker of New York, and I am a lawyer." He fumbled in his card case and fished out a stray Baxter & Baker business card, supplementing his verbal prevarication with it.

She took the card and studied its face for a moment thoughtfully. Then she smiled pleasantly at him in an attempt to conceal the agitation that came upon her and beckoned him to follow her to a seat on the log. It was plain that her openhearted welcome of the stranger had been chilled, as if dipped in the cool waters of the bay, at the knowledge of his business.

"I'm very happy to know you, Mr. Baker," she said as he bowed her to a seat on the big log. "I presume it is something about the—the estate?"

"It has something to do with the estate," he said scarcely knowing what he should say, and kicking his toe into the sand. "Perhaps we would better postpone any talk of it, though, till—later."

He had pictured himself a rather pompous, brusk and businesslike young attorney appearing before a rather inferior, but charitably inclined damsel of uncertain years with a thin nose and spectacles. He had imagined himself patronizingly appraising her of her impending misfortune, and posing gallantly as her protector. It would be a fine burlesque, he had thought—but this wasn't even high class farce comedy. It was decidedly too uncomfortable. Deane felt a premonition of almost tragedy.

"You will stay to luncheon with us," Miss Corville said, "and then this afternoon we can be by ourselves."

They followed the children up

after a time, the youngsters romping and hurdling one another and calling back at them as they ran. Had Deane been in any other frame of mind it would have been a rollicking lark for him, but his brain now concerned itself deeply with how he would extricate himself from the difficulty. He listlessly watched the children through their midday meal in the huge back kitchen of the colonial house, his chief difficulty being to conceal his familiarity with the place and its surroundings. He feared only that in an inadvertent moment he would blurt out his own name.

To prolong the terrific ordeal Bradley Martin arrived. He was evidently expected to luncheon, and he drove a spanking-looking trap up the avenue of trees. Deane reflected it was extremely fortunate that neither Baker nor himself enjoyed more than a footlight acquaintance with the widely-known actor. He found Bradley Martin a superior sort of gold-tipped cigarette man, far more natural on the stage than off, for an the stage he usually spoke the lines of a genius and forgot to pose. In real life, however, Deane felt instinctively that the actor must depend mainly on an artistically trimmed mustache and a vari-colored waistcoat to carry him through. He forgot that Eleanor Corville was his enemy and wondered how she could endure such cattle for the sake of being neighborly and pleasant. Once in his preoccupied state, he forgot to answer when Bradley Martin addressed him as Mr. Baker, and twice when the subject was on colonial architecture, a hobby of his uncle, he caught himself before he had let slip the "Uncle Deane" that hovered continually on the end of his tongue. He finally, however, determined upon silence as the better part of the discretion, and allowed Miss Corville and Martin to carry the burden of the after luncheon chat.

It was plain that Martin was making an impression with Miss Corville. In various little ways, Deane felt that the actor was trying to give him the idea that she was much taken with him. Deane hushed his suspicions, feeling that he was himself not exactly in the class with Caesar's wife, and viewed Bradley Martin's departure with ill-concealed pleasure.

Miss Corville then piloted him through her "fresh air" establishment. The rooms that had not been used in years to his knowledge were now turned into bedrooms with rows of little half-beds, and the mustiness and cobwebs of age that he had known, replaced with sunlight and salt sea air that blew in through the open windows. She showed him the little sanitary dormitory built behind the cove, and the cute, vine-covered lodge for the litte pale-faces that he had first met on his arrival at Bayshore. He almost weakened as she rattled on in her enthusiasm of her work—for this was work, assuredly, he would not do with his uncle's money.

At last after both had fought away from the subject in issue as long as there was a possible excuse, they walked down the cove path to the beach and found the cast-up log. She was feverishly eager, now that the moment had come, to hear what he had to say. He was reluctant and beset with cross desires and conflicting ideas.

"Well," he began lamely, "I hate

to bring you any but pleasant news, but I suppose we must come to brass tacks. To be frank with you the knowledge has come to me—quite unexpectedly and exclusively I may say—that Shelby Deane, the nephew of old Mr. Samuel Deane, is about to contest his uncle's will."

"Yes," she said in a strained voice, inviting him to continue.

"This information came to me secretly and I am not permitted to divulge its source, but I thought perhaps you would be interested to know it in a business way—and to prepare for it, perhaps."

"And you have come all the way from New York to tell me this?" she asked looking out across the bay at a little catboat beating out toward Conimicut point.

"As a matter of business," he said, gaining a little nerve, "I thought I might undertake to put this knowledge to the advantage of both of us. I was coming to Providence anyway—and—but, of course, if you have an attorney—"

"No, no," she said, "I have none. Tell me, do you really think Mr. Deane means to try to break the will?"

"I have positive knowledge of it, Miss Corville," replied Deane.

"How can he do it?" she asked rather coldly.

"Oh, he will try to prove that the old gentleman was — er — er — non compos mentis," struggled Deane, "at the time he made the will; that he was unduly influenced by you; or that he signed the testament—er—ab invito—that is unwillingly as it were. Of course he will make any or all of these the—er—corpus delecti, and try to make a plausible showing that the estate is his, ab intestato—er—yes—ab intestato—that is rightfully his from his ancestor, there being no will de jure."

He finished fighting for breath. She turned to him a plainly bewildered face, yet trying to hide the fact that she did not absorb his complete meaning. Deane didn't himself, but seeing that she was unhinged he felt that now was the time for the impression.

"Of course," he continued gesticulating expressively, "there is a will de facto. He will not try to prove to the contrary. But the point in exitu is this—he will try to prove that while the old duf—gentleman man was in articulo mortis—that is to say, at the point of death, as it were—you preyed upon his mind so that you induced him to bequeath his estate to you in toto—or practically so; I have heard that young Deane remarked that the mere thousand wouldn't keep him in cigarettes; naturally, in his frame of mind, he regards the whole circumstance as a probabilis causa litiganda—that is—er—yes, litiganda."

Deane wasn't sure of this application of the term, but he shut his eyes and waited for the result. Miss Corville accepted it far more quietly than he had anticipated. Her chin bent forward on her hands, topping the handle of her parasol she looked thoughtfully out across the bay, following the plunges of the little catboat on its mad way in the breeze off the point.

"And do you think he would have a chance to make a judge believe—all this—or any of it?" she asked seriously.

Not being exactly positive what "all this" was in the first place, Deane hesitated in a mental effort to frame a reply that would be sufficiently legalized. Having exhausted

the stock of lexicon terms he had brought with him he must needs play for time.

"That depends," he replied.

She did not ask him on what it depended, as he had expected. She merely laughed a half-warm, half-cold laugh.

"What a perfectly silly imagination this Mr. Deane must have?"

"Perfectly," echoed Deane, his crystallized legal concoction melting in his mouth. He felt like a man with rheumatism and said almost harshly:

"He might be able to satisfy a court of law, though, that he was entitled to his uncle's estate, however silly his imagination might be."

Miss Corville turned to him suddenly, her pretty face set a trifle hard.

"That is, of course, if we—if you," he stammered, "if you did not have a good defense to offer. What have you — tangible — with which you could substantiate your claim, besides, of course, present possession, which has been said to be nine-tenths?"

Deane felt like recalling the words, for it was carrying the trick to the very door of her secret resources. Her reply startled him.

"Nothing," she said. "Not one thing—except these children here; I did want to keep them so."

Deane was silent, for he had not bargained on an encounter with the sentimental side of the matter.

"For what would you undertake my case?" asked Miss Corville. "I suppose old Mr. Deane, my benefactor, bequeathed me an attorney as well as an estate; but of course this information that you have brought to me is your own. Would you prefer to be recompensed and drop the matter, or continue and take it entirely in your own hands?"

Her business directness quite made Deane wonder. She was furnishing him numerous surprises.

"The latter, of course," he said with some hesitancy.

"Very well," she said. "Now as to the retainer?"

"We may as well waive the matter of the retainer," he said.

"Oh no," Miss Corville persisted. "That would not be business."

"I defer to you," answered Deane regaining his nerve and his wonted facetiousness at once. "How much money have you with you?"

She opened her lap-bag and searched with her fingers in its receptacle for a moment.

"A dollar eighty cents," she said.

"All right," said Deane. "Give me one eighty, and that cinches me as your attorney."

Miss Corville looked at him perplexed, not knowing how to take his answer. But Deane smiled at her one of those time-embracing smiles that gathers years of non-acquaintance in one small bundle and brings them entirely within the scope of the moment. She laughed and handed him the dollar eighty, without a word.

"What shall be our first course of action?" she ventured after a time.

"My first course of action," said Deane smiling satisfiedly, "shall be to rest in this beautiful tranquil country for developments. I shall quarter myself at the Old Warwick Inn over here, so that your attorney may be within call at a moment's notice. Then we shall see what will be the next move of this man Deane."

"No," she said. "You must stay

with us at Bayshore—that is if you can stand the children."

"You must excuse me, although I thank you beyond expression," he said. "But my slight acquaintance with tuberculean bacteria would not permit of it. I could not impose on their hospitality to that extent. With your permission I shall content myself with a daily visit to Bayshore."

Miss Corville again laughed with him, accepting his declination in his own spirit of merriment.

Thus it was settled and Deane took up his quarters at the Old Warwick Inn, but ten minutes' walk cross country from the confines of Bayshore farms. His belongings he ordered down from the Narragansett hotel in the city, and comfortably installed, he called patience to his assistance and waited. Immediately he wrote to Elwood Baker in New York detailing such portions of his escapade as he thought advisable, and telling him of his inadvertent assuming of his name. Not knowing what to do until there was some action in the case, he instructed Baker to begin the will contest at once, through another firm of attorneys.

The second day Deane contented himself, as he had said, with a visit to Bayshore. He arrived at nine in the morning, meeting Miss Corville just on her way to the consumptive lodge; he so far overcame his fear of the dread white plague as to accompany her and look into the wan faces of the poor little ones; then he listened to an entirely personal discourse from the lady on the benefits of fresh air to the poor children of the crowded city dwellings; and when it came time for the noonday romp on the shore he shared again the log on the beach with this fair director of so many youthful destinies. Then together they took luncheon in the huge back kitchen with the children, and in the afternoon they went for a sail in Miss Corville's little jib and mainsail boat that he had casually noticed moored well up in the sheltered cove in front of the big yellow house. Miss Corville sailed a boat as well as any man he had ever seen at a helm, and she kept him hustling tending the mainsheet and trimming the jibsheets at every tack. It was exhilarating sport. He knew enough about yachting to be useful and not altogether dead ballast, and Miss Corville appeared to appreciate it. Returning from the sail they found Bradley Martin waiting, and Deane put in a very unhappy two hours in boredom with this polished gentleman of the drama. It gave him no small amount of satisfaction, too, to note that Miss Corville did not mention her desire for companionship at dinner until after Martin had departed. At half after nine in the starlight he set off across the fields for the Inn, refusing her proffer of the dog cart.

At the Inn he found that the nearest telegraph station was Lakewood, so called because at all seasons of the year there were lakes in the cellars and woods in the backyards. Lakewood was four miles up the road, yet with all these things against it, he decided that Lakewood was entirely a proper place to explore, since it contained the nearest telegraph station. He wired Elwood Baker:

"Do not be in a hurry about beginning that suit. Wait till you hear from me. Explain later."

It was easier to sleep that night

than in many past. An eight-mile walk over a wooded country turnpike is sometimes a pleasant sedative—when one is in the proper frame of conscience.

The third day was practically a repetition of the one previous, except that Bradley Martin stayed longer and was included in the invitation to dinner. The sail on the bay was more pleasant than on the day before, because there was less wind. After Martin had gone, on the plea of an engagement, and the noisy calling of the youngsters through the big house had ceased for the night, they went into the library. They talked of many things and at last briefly touched on the actual business of the moment. Miss Corville was anxious to know if there had been any developments. There had not been any, he informed her, and in fact he did not look for anything for several days at least. She seemed unusually cheerful after this. Quite unexpectedly she asked:

"What kind of a man is Shelby Deane?"

He was caught unawares, but finally stumbled into a reply:

"Why he's quite—oh quite an inoffensive person I believe," he said.

"Are you very well acquainted with him?" she asked.

"Oh I have a speaking acquaintance," he said trying to act the nonchalant, but glad that the diffused light from the green-globed study lamp left his face partly in the shadow.

"Of course," she said, "his uncle told me many wild stories of him. The old gentleman was as much incensed at what he called 'that boy's wrong doing,' as he was engrossed in this work with the children. Naturally as his assistant and secretary I heard many of these tales of the younger Mr. Deane's alleged depredations. However, I sometimes felt a pang of sympathy for him, and wondered if he could be quite so wicked as his uncle painted him. Old Mr. Deane, you know, had decided views on—things—and perhaps was inclined to be a trifle unjust."

This new sympathy warmed the red blood in Deane's body. But he dared not reply for fear the response she had awakened within him would overpower him and make him confess to her his present wrong doing—more wicked by far than all the rest, he knew. What could be the penalty of such a masquerade? If he had read this in a novel he knew he would have thrown it from him in disgust. In the future he would have more patience with these "stranger than truth" fictions.

As her attorney, however, he maintained a discreet silence regarding the character of the younger Mr. Deane. She, mistaking his reluctance for business sagacity, as he thought, did not press the subject.

Two more days passed, and Deane contented himself each day with one visit—lasting from the time the dew was burned off the grass by the morning sun until the stars almost refused to point out for him the path across the fields in the low hanging darkness of the meadows. The eight-mile walks were continued, too, and in this time he sent to and received from Elwood Baker several telegrams the tone of the latter being impatient. Baker could not know why a delay was necessary or desirable, nor could he understand why Baker, the pretender, had not sent him the desired

explanation. But Deane had postponed it to the next day, each succeeding one, however, making his duty more difficult. He could not very well write that Miss Corville was the most delightful woman he had ever seen and quite the most lovely and attractive. Baker—"hard-headed cuss"—wouldn't appreciate that at all. There must be some gentler way of breaking the news. He would wait until inspiration suggested exactly the appropriate way to tell it — perhaps tomorrow.

But tomorrow, innocent looking enough as he crossed the fields to Bayshore, was the day which had been destined to stand in the way of the lawyer's knowledge of this new angle of the situation. There was a good, brisk wind blowing across the big bay from the northwest. The waves rolling in from the point were breaking higher on the shore when he went down to the beach with Miss Corville to watch the horde of youngsters at play. It would have delighted him had she suggested a foregoing of the afternoon pleasure sail, but instead he found her looking forward to it with an eagerness that troubled him. The bay was white-capped, even communicating some of its disturbance to the little, landlocked cove, seldom ruffled by the outside roughness.

With misgivings Deane let go the mooring keg and clambered aft over the cabin house to the cockpit where she, up to windward, brought the boat round in a graceful circle, and with started sheet ran for the outlet. He watched her with admiration as she bent low, like a true skipper, looking under the main-boom as she guided the little craft skilfully through the opening in the high banks. The wind on the port quarter they tripped along merrily for a time out beyond the point into the jumping, choppy, white-flecked bay. But when the skipper ordered him to trim down and brought the boat on the wind, heading for the eastern shore, it was not so pleasant. The little knockabout pounded through the chop throwing water forward, and, with an occasional puff, burying her lee rail and shipping a bucketful of water. Several times while he was bailing the spray whipping over the windward bow drenched him above the waist, but he kept gamely at it, at times forgetting his discomfiture in contemplation of the girl at the tiller. She was a picture, he thought, her sleeves rolled up showing a plump, brown forearm and elbow, her lissome body stretched taut from the foot braces on the cockpit floor to the windward rail.

She tacked up the bay to Rock Island, lying close in to the west shore above the point; then putting her helm hard up and letting her sheet flow for the run down the bay. It was just above the point that Deane saw an object in the water and expressed a curiosity to know what it was.

"All right," she said. "Jibe her. Careful now, and don't get up."

But she spoke too late, for Deane anxious to be of service in handling the mainsheet and not exactly knowing what was necessary in a jibe with a strong breeze, suddenly jumped to his feet and stretched out a helping hand. She gave a startled little cry, for she had already put the helm up and the boat was on her heel. Crashing, the solid boom came over to the starboard side as

the wind backed into the sail, striking Deane squarely on the right temple and felling him like a chip. His heavy form struck the leeward seat, breaking the wooden stanchion that held it. Miss Corville let the sheet run and held the tiller over, the boat coming up rapidly in a short circle into the wind. Then she gave him her attention, frightened, but not losing her head. Failing to revive him with dashes of salt water applied with the bailing-tin, she bound his big kerchief dipped in water about his head where the blood was showing through the hair. Her heart thumped excitedly as she again took hold of the boat to get him ashore in the shortest possible time. By filling away on the starboard tack and easing her sheet a little she could just hold the wind abeam, to and through the mouth of the little cove.

She kept the water to his head until the doctor, hastily summoned by telephone, arrived, and though nearly exhausted from the mental strain she did not leave him through the night.

Deane opened his eyes with a bright sun streaming in at the window and discovered himself unmistakeably in the pink and white confines of a woman's bedroom. The girl that he had first met with the little consumptives, and whose name he could not now remember, came out of some dim place and stood at his side. He asked weakly for Miss Corville, but she told him she was sleeping, having been with him until within an hour. Deane dozed back into oblivion and did not move again until he became conscious of another stir at the bedside. He looked up from beneath the head bandage and she bent over him putting her cool hand against his hot cheek. It was soothingly refreshing after the fire he had been walking through for so long, and he slept contentedly knowing that she was again with him.

How long this state of affairs continued was not quite clear to Deane. He did not once think of Baker, however, until he heard Miss Corville speaking his name to the doctor just outside his door. When she returned to him he asked:

"Do you know Baker, too?"

"Yes," she replied. "I know him quite well."

"That's funny," he ejaculated faintly. "He's my best friend."

"Yes," said Miss Corville stroking his hand.

"Don't you believe it?" he asked noticing a peculiar look in her eyes. And then forgetting all about Baker he added: "I guess something in that boat hit me on the head."

For a long time one afternoon, after he had completely recovered his senses, he lay in the white bed looking up at the pink-tinted ceiling and wondering why she persisted in calling him Mr. Baker. Then his fermenting memory suddenly gave it back to him and the recollection nearly worked him into another fever.

It was a week, however, before he was completely himself and about the big house. She was as careful of him as when he was in bed and he followed her around like a small boy, longing always for the nerve and strength of purpose to expose his skulking deception. But it was always the fear that she would send him away without forgiveness that kept him from it. He fought long and hard, and at last when there was no longer an excuse for re-

maining, he told her that the next day he would go back to New York to see if there had been any developments during his incapacity.

That night, which he had determined to make his last one under her roof, he went down into the library after she had left him. The letter making a clean breast of it must be written, and he would have to devise a way to insure its delivery to her after his departure. It was not a hard letter to write after he was fairly begun. The phraseology of it he had had partially in his head for days. It was necessary only to tell her who he was, of his unpardonable falsification, beg her leniency and assure her that she could go on forever with her fresh air work, with no fear of further interruption from one so unworthy as he.

After that he was quite certain what he should do—back to New York. But whether he could stop thinking of her—her face and eyes and arms and voice—long enough to go back to work, he doubted. The letter finished, he leaned his elbow on the writing desk and with his chin in his hand lost himself in bitter reflections.

The library door opened softly—so softly in fact that he did not hear her until she was well into the room. He rose, pushing the scattered sheets of paper back in the hope that she would not see them.

"Let us have it over tonight, Mr. Baker," she said speaking very slowly and softly. "You are leaving Bayshore tomorrow, you say, and before you go I have something to tell you."

Deane pushed a chair forward, but she stood nervously fingering its carved walnut top instead of sitting.

"I have known, Mr. Baker, from the start that you were not what you pretended to be."

Deane felt a guilty flush burning him. His identity was known to her. Yet she called him Mr. Baker.

"I have known that you are Shelby's Deane's attorney," she went on. "I have known that your coming to me was but a ruse to gain my confidence perhaps—ah let us speak plainly," as she saw the effect of her words upon him. "There was a familiar sound in the name of Baker and that first day you came I went through some old papers in Mr. Deane's portfolio and identified you as his nephew's lawyer. Do not think, however, that I would have made this known to you had it not been that I have determined myself, on a course of action. You are no doubt, keen enough to see that you are not the only one who is hunting me—"

"Bradley Martin," he said almost fiercely.

"But with an entirely different motive. Yet I am tired of all this pursuit for this money, which may or may not be rightfully mine. I have learned that Shelby Deane isn't a half bad man and I have decided to give it up to him—"

He put out his arm to stop her, but she would not be interrupted.

"As for me—it was never ordained that I should have money and I shan't miss it for that reason. I shall take steps at once to have the legacy transferred to Mr. Deane and—"

"Miss Corville, are you in your right senses?" Deane managed to say.

"Certainly—I mean every word," she answered holding up her head proudly.

Deane sank back against the ledging of the desk.

"I won't take it," he said stubbornly.

"What?" she said and her sharp tone of inquiry brought him to his scattered wits.

"That is," he stammered, "I won't —I won't accept such a sacrifice for my client. I think too much of you to allow that."

"Remember it is your duty to accept anything that is of advantage to your client. You have no choice. You have known me but a few days—"

"But in that time I have come to look at you as the perfection of everything womanly — of what a man most desires." He halted lamely for he did not know how to go on.

She ignored his reference to herself. "Remember, Mr. Baker, that only your client's welfare must interest you—that only Mr. Deane—"

"To the devil with Mr. Deane!" he shocked her by saying. "Tell me—why didn't you marry this man Bradley Martin?" He startled her with the force of his demand.

"I didn't care to—I—couldn't—"

"Honestly now?"

"Caring for some one else."

She must have seen even in the dim light of the library the hopeless despair that her confession brought into his eyes.

"Well," he said dropping his arms to his sides, "that being the case, I give up."

She puzzled for a moment over what bearing her regard for Bradley Martin could have on the case in his eyes.

"And you will communicate my offer to Mr. Deane?" she asked.

"No—no!" he almost shouted. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Deane must never know what you have said to me tonight. You must keep the property—every inch of it. It is yours by every right and you shall have it."

Miss Corville came closer to him and put out her hands appealingly.

"You asked me a moment ago," she said, "if I were in my right mind. I must ask that of you now."

"Yes," he answered. "I'm in my right mind—as near it as I've been since I conceived this fool plan of coming to Bayshore. And I mean it. You will oblige me by going to bed and saying no more about it."

"You can't be," she persisted. "Why should you so forcefully reject my offer of capitulation to your principal. He wants the money. I love these children, but I can find another way to care for them perhaps. All I want most now is peace —rest from this continual pursuit on every hand—"

"Do you want me to tell you why —absolutely?" he asked.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"You said something a moment since that almost forbids what I mean to tell you, but I can't help it. Look at me here and tell me that you know I can't. I can't help it if you drive me from your house in anger—I am going anyway. But I love you, and I have always loved you from the moment I saw you on the shore of the bay with those little children. I've loved you, and I've been jealous of you, and I've wished Bradley Martin in perdition because you've been pleasant to him. And I've loved you every minute of every day that I've been here—and—"

Shelby Deane suddenly realized that she was not stopping him. In-

stead of meeting him with protestation and resentment Miss Corville had dropped her gaze to the floor, a charming redness overspreading her face and reaching clear down to her neck. She looked up at him as he hesitated, but he mistook the motion for a sign of faintness, and took a step toward her. She had suddenly gone white and he reproached himself for his bluntness and presumption. It was some time before she made a sound. Then she said softly:

"Do as I say. Be honorable—for I want your honor more than any other thing. Let us give him back the property—you are his lawyer. Then we may talk of other things. I didn't hope for this. I didn't even know that you were free to love a woman, but if you love me you must prove it to me by giving it back to him."

Deane moved toward her scarcely taking in her meaning except in a wild vague way.

"Look at me," he cried. "You love me. I am the reason you couldn't marry Bradley Martin?"

She clutched his arm and turned her face away. But, so suddenly that it jarred the mantle of the study lamp, Deane had her in his arms her cheek against his face.

"Good God," he breathed into her ear. "That I should have lived away these years not knowing you were in the world."

And then he told her who was the real Shelby Deane, and she read the letter that he had written her. He held her while she cried it out—womanlike.

But Shelby Deane was certain he knew enough about the law to tell her that she could never give it back to him, because as he said, if she attempted it he would surely prove her non compos mentis, the probabilis causa litiganda having been removed when he earned the right to serve her with a writ of habeas corpus; and failing in everything else he had the situation in his own hands, for it was a clear case of nolo contendere.

The Forest Child

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

The sweet spring blossoms stir and wake;
  May she not waken too?
And once again her light steps take,
  These shadowed wood-ways through?

Too long she sleeps! The thrushes sing,
  Yet glimpse not here her face;
And, vacant now, the grape-vine swing,
  Hangs silent in its place.

But though, in vain, our spring flowers wait
  Their best interpreter:
Perhaps there winds, beyond Heaven's gate,
  Some wildwood path for her!

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One Noble Example

THAT the New England conscience is not dead but still thrills the sordid affairs of life with a vital and compelling force has lately been shown by the act of Miss Mary E. Byrd, professor of astronomy at Smith College. Miss Byrd, convinced that the funds from which her salary was drawn, donated in large part to the college by Rockefeller and Carnegie, were accumulated by methods of robbery and oppression rather than honest toil, refuses longer to take the tainted money even though it has passed through other and honorable hands in reaching hers.

"It seems to me," she says, "that colleges and churches are accepting hush money that tends to subsidize brain and conscience. Especially is this true when such money is accepted with public laudation of the giver." It is a case of conscientious adherence to what seems to her obvious duty and she does not seek to influence the opinions of others. She adds, "I know that all cannot see alike. I would not fetter another's conscience even to bind it to that for which I sacrifice so much."

Miss Byrd's action is taken with deliberation, without ostentation and seems the logical result of bringing a keen and scholarly mind to bear upon an actual condition. Once having decided that the money which she was being paid for her services, though well and nobly earned in her own case, was neither well or nobly acquired by its donors, conscience was strong enough to do the rest. The act stands out as a high light amid the shadows of doubt and the obfuscations of sophistry. It has in it the clear seeking after truth of a Sir Galahad, rather than, as has been ascribed to it, the eccentricity of a Don Quixote going forth to erratic battle with the windmills of mental suggestion.

It may be that not many college professors have the keen vision, the uncompromising conscience or the courage to follow Miss Byrd's example. It certainly takes all three. Most colleges nowadays are endowed with what many men have declared to be blood money. Many college presidents persistently seek the men who have such money and hold up the cup of endowment opportunity to them as temptingly as possible and consider themselves great presidents in just so far as they are able to turn the stream of boodle into the coffers of their institutions. It will perhaps not be so easy for the self dismissed pro-

fessor of a noble science to find an opportunity to teach in an institution not thus tainted. Thus far she stands alone and the college which needs the services of true nobility and honesty above all else is yet to be heard from. Old John Brown of Harper's Ferry had the same splendid isolation in his quixotic advocacy of what he believed to be the straightforward demands of simple conscience yet we know to-day that no act did so much for American freedom as did his, insane and foolish as it was called at the time. There are not wanting to-day people who declare that her act is in the same line of simple, heroic self sacrifice to the demands of conscience as was his and may be as far reaching in its results.

The New England conscience is still with us. It needs its heroes of expression. Maybe we shall hear and see more of them now that the noble example has been set. There is opportunity for others to answer to their inward questionings ,as did Martin Luther, "I cannot do otherwise."

Miss Byrd inherits her New England conscience from a long line of noble ancestry as will be seen from the following "appreciation" of her which appears in the Springfield Republican, written by an intimate friend.

"Miss Byrd's independence of thought and devotion to principle are what might be expected from her ancestry and early environment. Her father, Rev. John Huntington Byrd, who suffered persecution as an anti-slavery man in Kansas befor the Civil War, was great-great-grandson of Rev. Timothy Edwards, father of that immortal Edwards who wrote on 'The Freedom of the Will,' when driven for righteousness' sake into the wilderness, from the church at Northampton, where he had preached twenty-four years. John Huntington, Mr. Byrd's grandfather, was a Revolutionary soldier at the battle of the Brandywine. Miss Byrd's mother, before marriage Elizabeth A. Low, descended from John Endicott, early governor of Massachusetts. She is granddaughter of the Revolutionary soldier, Eliphalet Perley, and great-grand-daughter of Asa Perley, a member of the provincial Congress. One of her brothers, David Low, in early days a prominent judge in Kansas, served in Congress one term, but did not seek reëlection because he found 'politics and ideal honesty incompatible.'"

It seems to be one more case of "blood will tell.' Yet there are many college professors in this country of equally good blood. Will theirs tell also in the future? Time will show.

Green Acre

GREEN ACRE, the headquarters of free speech in religion, in ethical and moral culture, in great movements of the day and would-be great movements of the day, in fads and fancies even, is now in open session, in full swing and will so remain for the months of July and August. It is the thirteenth season of this unique organization and seemingly the luckiest yet. Great men and women in plentiful numbers, lesser men and women in perhaps even greater numbers, with that occasional sprinkling of people of undeniably small calibre but large bore, the self fancied great guns, all are in attendance at a beautiful spot, dispensing and receiving large hospitality in matters

of mental and moral culture, dreams, hopes and aspirations. Eliot, Maine, way down in Piscataquis County, is the lucky town which receives and gives out all this uplift of soul and outpouring of enthusiasm and the spot is as beautiful as the thoughts which are given voice there; possibly the future will know it as a Mecca toward which eyes of pilgrims will turn reverentially as they now do toward Concord in the belief that greatness like that of Emerson and Thoreau shall have left its ennobling atmosphere behind it. Surely out of so great a winnowing, though there may be great piles of bran for the feeding of cattle, there shall also be much wheat for the nourishing of man.

Those who know Green Acre best know best the nature and value of its annual offering. Every season is primarily devoted to the live and illuminating discussion of some of the most vital issues and movements of the day. As a free platform, in no wise hampered or restricted, Green Acre becomes occasionally an asylum for fads and hobbies. But the number of fads aired there is, in comparison with the matters of real moment discussed by people whose thought is of real value, surprisingly small. The self-denominated Elijahs and John the Baptists who come there to pray in their own peculiar way are apt to remain to scoff at their own foolish fancies and finally leave restored to a measure of sanity and broad-mindedness through contact with the really great and earnest thought of the real leaders. Green Acre is intolerant of only one thing, and that is intolerance. You may tell your own dreams and visions with a free voice but you must not make fun of or acrimoniously criticise those of the other fellow. Therein lies at once the charm of the place and its real value.

The most distinctive feature of Green Acre is its noble persistency in the effort to reconcile differences of faith and religious belief, to reveal the real unity of religious ideals despite their varying forms of expression and to promote a closer sympathy between such; to give a better appreciation of the peculiar genuis of each race. The philosophy of India and of Persia, the exponents of Buddhism and Brahmanism, here come in contact with western thought, with the Concord school of philosophy, with Christian Science, mind cure, latter day temperance teachings and sociology. Each learns of the other and the general public learns of all. It is the camp meeting idea broadened and put on a world basis. Mingled with it all is the glory of the dawn amid the pines and firs of Maine, the sweet somnolence of the sunsets, the vigor of high noon and the solemn radiance of the stars in the great world of out-of-doors.

One can but believe that the soul of Omar Khayam takes a jug and a loaf beneath the bough at Green Acre and mingles philosophy with the out-door life of the northern wilderness. Where inspiration and aspiration thus mingle there should surely be no expiration and the life of the hopeful movement will doubtless continue through long years to come, bringing to pass perhaps the real university of thought which is yet a dream like the many fancies which are propounded and discussed at this sylvan retreat.

Tickle-Town Topics



Awakened Memories

By Arthur William Beer

AS Mr. Harper came out of the dining room with the morning paper in his hand, he met his eighteen-year-old daughter Bessie, in charming negligée, at the foot of the stairs.

"Bessie," said he, "there is something I have been wanting to say to you for some time, but you keep such irregular hours nowadays that one seldom has the pleasure of your company."

"Well, what is it, dad? You aren't going to give me a scolding, are you?" replied Bessie, glancing up with laughing blue eyes at her father's grave face.

"When Fred Wallace was here last summer, he used to come to the house rather frequently."

"Yes, dad."

"And since his return to New York he has written to you."

"Ye-es, dad," Bessie admitted, with drooping eyelids, and the suspicion of a tear.

"Bessie, child! you are very young, and I'm afraid this will have to come to an end. Wallace is a good boy, I believe, but he's got his spurs to win yet; and, besides, he ought to have spoken to me before trying to steal my little girl's heart."

"O, dad!" cried Bessie, and there was no doubt about the tears now. "He means to speak to you just so soon as he wins his first case. He knows that he's got his way to make. When he was here, he didn't think that he had any right to say anything—he didn't know just how I felt about him."

"And now he knows? Ah, daughter!—you must show me his letters."

"Yes, dad."

"Bring them to me in the library after dinner this evening."

"Yes, dad," came the answer, very low and indistinct.

* * * * * *

When her father had gone to the office, Bessie had a long and tearful interview with her mother, who was in her daughter's confidence, and to whom the vision of Fred Wallace as a future son-in-law was not altogether unwelcome, for she had seen much of him the previous summer and recognized his sterling qualities.

"It will not do to oppose your father," said Mrs. Harper, after they had discussed the affair in all its phases; "but I have a plan in mind that may help you. At any rate it will do no harm to try it."

At the hour appointed, Bessie walked demurely into the library, carrying a little packet in her hand.

"Ah, so you have brought the letters, daughter?" said Mr. Harper, glancing up from the perusal of his evening paper.

"Yes, dad; and I'll sit down here and read some of them to you, if you are still willing to hear them," replied his obedient daughter.

"Very good; but will you promise to read them just as they are written?" he inquired.

"Yes, dad, honor bright!"

"All right, then; go ahead."

Bessie settled herself comfortably in the big chair and began to read in a very serious voice:

"My darling little Bessie!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Harper, jumping up from his seat.

"You said I was to read everything just as it was written," Bessie returned rather saucily.

"Well," muttered Mr. Harper, as he reseated himself, "I suppose I shall have to stand it. His 'darling little Bessie,' indeed! Well, what follows that brilliant opening?"

What followed, you all know, for there is little originality left in the old, old story. Mr. Harper arose again and commenced to pace the library floor as Bessie calmly plodded on through the scorching missives.

"Stop!" he interrupted presently. Of all the foolish stuff I ever listened to, that is positively the climax. Is a man capable of writing such abominable nonsense as that to a girl likely to make a sensible husband? Impossible! and he calls himself a lawyer. Why it's sheer rot, I tell you!"

"Dad," said Bessie, when his storm of words had subsided a little. "Dad! since you don't want me to read you any more of the letters, won't you just take a peep at them for yourself?"

"I don't want them, unless to have the privilege of placing them where they properly belong—in the fire," he retorted. Nevertheless he took the proferred package, while Bessie sank down in the chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Bessie!" said Mr. Harper, in a subdued tone, after the lapse of a few ominous moments.

"Yes, dad," came the muffled response from the depths of the easy chair.

"Where did you get these letters?"

"Mother lent them to me, dad; and I really did read them just as they were written, only I changed the names."

"Well, little girl, you've outwitted me. You needn't show me the letters you really have received yourself. I'm afraid they can't possibly be more idiotic than those I wrote to your mother when she was about your age. Come here, daughter! You little sinner! when I thought you were sobbing your eyes out just now, I believe you were shaking with laughter. There, run along, and when you next write to Fred you might ask him if it would suit his majesty's convenience to spend a week-end with us some time in the near future. It seems that he's won his first case rather easily, with your assistance."

"And, Bessie," he added, as that radiant nymph was tripping lightly out, after kissing and hugging her father, "will you find out where your mother is and ask her if she won't please step into the library for a little while."

The Curse in the Blessing

By George H. Westley

ONE day in the early summer there was a great ferment amongst the residents of Bowler street, down in the poor tenement quarter of the city. Two well dressed strangers had appeared there that morning and acted in a rather mysterious manner. Their attention seemed fixed upon a certain block, and after walking slowly up and down in front of this and seeming to estimate its height and length, they halted and set down some figures in a notebook. These unusual proceedings drew about them first a group of wondering children, then three or four women ventured up. It was not long before curiosity led to questioning and then the whole matter came out.

The news spread like wildfire. No one in the neighborhood was more excited by it than Mary Williams, who lived in the house on the opposite corner. When her husband came home from work that evening Mary was still out talking the matter over with her neighbors; and so John Williams went at once to the sink to scrub off some of the grime acquired at his daily toil of digging in the sewer. And thus he was engaged when Mary burst in upon him.

"Oh, John, have you heard the news?" she cried eagerly. "What do you think! You've read of that old Mr. McGregor, the rich philanthropist? Well, he had some men around here to-day looking at the block next to us, which he's bought and is going to tear down and make the place into a park."

"A park!" echoed John, looking up with his face covered with soapsuds.

"Ay," said his wife, "a park, an open place with trees and grass and flowers growing in it, right here at our very door. Just think of it! Won't it be grand? The men told us how it happened," her tongue ran on. "One hot evening the old gentleman was taking a short cut through here to the station and what he saw made him go away with tears in his eyes to think of what we poor people suffer in these hot, crowded places, with never a sight of a bit of green nor a mouthful of cool, fresh air all the summer long. So he looked around and bought the block just beyond us and he's going to make a pretty little park for us."

"Poo-oo-st!" said Williams with a final slosh at his face and grabbing blindly for the towel. "That'll be a fine thing for the kids. A gr-and thing."

"Oh, won't it!" she cried enthusiastically. "And maybe our poor little Alice 'll get stronger then when we can give her a bit of fresh air and the smell and sight of a few flowers."

"Ay, that's so," said John, polishing off now. "I hope the Lord 'll let us save her, Mary. It's mighty hard for us poor people to see our little ones fading away for want of

what God has given us plenty of, if we only had our rights."

"Well, well, little man," said his wife cheerily, "that 'll be all changed by and by. Those rich folks will wake up some day and see what's best for their interests, and that 'll be for ours, too. This park is the beginning of it."

They kept on talking about the same thing while the wife was getting supper on the table and then they sat down with the children, to eat. Presently John grew strangely silent.

"What are you thinking about, John?" asked Mary.

"I was thinking of the O'Briens. It's going to be mighty hard for them to be put out just now. Pat is working on only half time and between his work and Mrs. O'Brien's washing, I understand they can only just scrape up their rent and get a bite and sup."

"Yes," said his wife, "that's true. It 'll be hard on them, and it 'll be hard on us to lose them for neighbors. And then there's poor old Mrs. Higgins, who has lived over there in that tenement for thirty-five years. She 'll be thrown out, too. Poor soul, she loves her little room—though it is'nt much, God knows—almost as she would a child; and besides she's too old to be shifting around. It 'll well nigh break her heart."

"Dan Crowly is another that 'll feel it hard," added Williams sympathetically. "He's just after putting in fifty dollars' worth of repairs out of his own pocket and now he 'll lose it all, poor devil, and little he can afford it."

"John," said Mary, "I almost wish old Mr. McGregor had never come through here after all. I guess his fine scheme will bring as much misery as it will happiness. For my part, I think I'd go and beg him to give up the idea, if it wasn't for our poor little Alice's sake."

"After all," said Williams reflectively, "it's the way things go. I remember when I was a kid at school that the teacher told us one day something about the greatest good to the greatest number, and I guess this is a case where it ought to work. It 'll hurt thirty or forty of our neighbors, but there's hundreds of us left to enjoy the park and the grass and the flowers. So what's the use of worrying; we couldn't stop the scheme if we worried about it from now till doomsday."

"That's true," responded Mary, and then as though that objection were fully disposed of, she went on. "And just think, John, our side windows will look right out on it. Won't it be fine?" and her eyes danced with very delight at the prospect.

This was in May. A large gang of men were set to work in a little while to tear down the doomed tenements, and in a few weeks the block of ramshackle buildings was removed and the place leveled off. Soon, under the power of the sun's rays grass began to show itself and by the end of July there was an embryo park, already a cheer to the eye and a pleasant breathing spot for hot and tired humanity.

In the centre a large fountain was erected and this added considerably to the beauty and coolness of the place. Around this fountain seats were arranged and rarely was there one of them vacant, for here through the hot days sat the mothers with their sleeping infants, and other women, some talking, some sewing, all enjoying themselves

and gaining new strength and courage to face life's struggle.

At night there were more men, poor, weary fellows with drawn, tired faces and aching limbs, to whom this park was a very gift from God. Sometimes when the weather was too stifling to sleep indoors, they stayed on the grass or benches all night.

Scarce a week had passed after the park was opened, before the dwellers began to notice a change in themselves and in their children, and their hearts were full of thanks to the kind old gentleman who had brought into their dreary, comfortless lives this blessed ray of sunshine. Mary and John had never been so happy. Their tenement facing on the park, they got the full benefit of it, and their little ones, from continually breathing pure air and having a good open place on which to run and play, began to grow rosy and lively as children should be. Little Alice, too, lost much of her pallor and weakness and had gained in appetite, so that her parents were rid of a good deal of their worry concerning her. With five bodies to clothe and feed, Williams had never been able to set anything aside from his wages, but thanks to steady work and good health he had been able to keep his family in sufficient food and clothing.

"John," said Mary one morning as he was about to set off for his daily toil, "I wish you would let me have a dollar before you go. Little Willie needs shoes and I have also bread to buy for supper."

Williams fished in his pockets. "I'm afraid I haven't got all of that, little woman," he said, pulling out some change. "Somehow the money's been going a little faster than usual lately."

"The children's clothes wear out quicker somehow," said Mary, "and they seem to eat more as they grow bigger."

"Guess it's all along o' that blessed park," laughed John good humoredly. "But it's all right. Please God we'll get the kids enough to eat and to put on, though it's going to be hard scraping, lass, with nothing to spare. But thank God we're living now, Mary, thank God we're breathing!"

"Good man," said Mary smiling and patting him on the arm affectionately; and with a kiss she sent him off to his work.

When Williams came home that evening, his wife did not greet him in her usual cheerful manner. He saw at once that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, Mary?" he inquired anxiously.

"The landlord has been here today, John," she answered.

"Well, lass?"

"He has—oh, John, it's such bad news! He has raised the rent ten dollars a month."

"Raised the rent!—ten dollars!"

"It's the park," she explained. "The landlord says that on account of the park he can get better prices. He says that he has people ready to come in here and pay him twenty dollars a month. Oh, John, isn't it a shame?" And poor Mary buried her face in her husband's shoulder and sobbed.

John Williams stood like one petrified. The blow was a sudden and a terrible one, a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. He had watched his dear ones grow healthy and happy in their improved surround-

ings and his heart had been full of gratitude for it all. He had never for a moment dreamed that their enjoyment would be so short lived, that he would soon have to take his happy wife and littles ones back again to the old, cramped, sweltering, heart and body sickening life. But the necessity had befallen, suddenly and without warning. The curse in the blessing had lain sheathed like the cruel claws of a cat, and now the claws had shot out and scratched.

"Mary," he said, and there was a tremor in his voice, "Mary, my poor little wife, I have bad news, too. Work has been getting slack of late and the boss has put us on three quarter's time."

It was with sad hearts that John Williams and his little family gathered up their belongings and moved from the poor tenement that had been their home for nearly seven years. It was as it stood no very attractive place, being poorly arranged and lacking conveniences, but having the sublime patience of the poor, the patience that demands so little in life, John and his wife had come in a way to love it. It was full of associations for them. Here they had spent the first tender years of their wedded life, and here had their little ones been born, And so when they turned their steps away from the little tenement for the last time, looking sadly back at it, there were tears in their eyes and lumps in their throats that almost choked them.

John had before this step taken a turn around the park to see if he could rent some place nearby; but he found that the other landlords like his own had aroused to their opportunity and dozens of his neighbors had been forced out like himself. Some of them were not slow to anathematize the "old fool" who had aimed to be their benefactor.

Their new home the Williamses found in a dismal street about half a mile away. It was perhaps no worse than the old had been, a close, dingy, ill-smelling, sweltering place, but it seemed worse, ten times worse. The blame was still with the park. The fresh air and the green at their door had poisoned their minds against the old life.

The first night they spent in their new home, John Williams had a dream. He saw an old, white-haired man, with a kind, benevolent face, sitting alone in a handsome room with books all around it. His head was resting on his hand and he seemed lost in thought. Presently the old man lifted his head and gazed at John, and his look was full of pity. Then his lips moved and John, listening, heard him murmur pathetically: "I did not mean it so, my poor, poor brother! I did not mean it so! It is the curse in the blessing!"

Up Top

By Ellen J. Cooley

I

IN the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, at the mystic hour when the month of May gave place to June, an immortal soul entered upon its earthly pilgrimage. Its humble environments warranted neither pomp nor ceremony at the outset. Indeed, the parents, only a farmer and his literal helpmeet, would have considered any announcement of the event a shock to modesty. Neighbors were informed only by accident: through the necessity of calling in the doctor, or by the minister on his periodical visit. Months elapsed before the parish register recorded it, and if the neglect had been permanent no one in their little community would have thought the baby wronged or the country defrauded.

But if the testimony of the nurse is to be credited, the party chiefly interested did not accept the situation meekly. In a confidential chat with a crony over a cup of tea she impressively declared:—"From the very first moment that baby drew breath she set up such a yell as never was, and she's kept it up most ever since. She eats well, so there can't be no reason for it, and her eyes are blue, and her complexion blondā — as the French say — so there can't be no sense in it. We expect temper in black eyes, but from its looks this child ought to be an hangel from heaven. But she's smart, there's no doubt about that! She's right cute, and smart!"

Meantime the mother pondered upon a name befitting her offspring. Through puzzled days and wakeful nights did she attempt to recall those of the heroines of the few romances that her busy, unromantic life had given her time or inclination to read. She finally decided upon Arabella, and thus was it chronicled by the parish clerk.

The little brown house under the hill no longer knew quiet. All through her childhood wee Arabella kept up her reputation for "smartness," if strong lungs and a dominant will are indicative of that talent. Her positive character utterly belied all her nurse's preconceived ideas of the temperament of a blond. Whatever she willed to have, fruit forbidden or unforbidden, she acquired, using no concealment, but gaining her point by untiring zeal and persistency.

"Up Top" became her motto from her earliest speech. Even as a babe, when nothing else would quiet her, the mother would climb the steep ascent at the back of the house, where, in the increased sunlight and freshened breeze, the before fretful atom of humanity would blossom into dimples and smiles, and coo after the most approved method of babyhood.

When she had learned the use of her feet they first turned in the direction of the hill. "Up top, up

top, Mama!" was her cry, as she scrambled up the steep ascent, undeterred by boulder, bush or brier, her progress similar to that of the frog of mathematical fame in his attempts to scale the well.

As she grew older her playhouses, such as child build of sticks and stones, were made on the hill's summit: her comrades were entertained there, her lessons were conned there, and her flower garden was cultivated there. It did not flourish nearly as well as though protected by sheltering cliff: "I don't care, it ought to do better," she would assert, "everything ought to do better up top, where the sun, and the rain, and the wind come free."

The educational advantages offered by a country district school were not of the highest order even in Massachusetts: but Arabella made rapid progress in all that it could teach, at the same time learning household occupations from her mother and husbandry from her father, indefatigable to get "up top" of all knowledge within her reach. When the day finally came that she could "beat the teacher," she obtained a position to teach, and during the intervals between the summer and winter terms accepted any lucrative occupation that offered,—dressmaking, seamstress, nurse, or to do general housework: no matter what, so that it was honest work, and would assist in increasing the sum she was saving to defray the expense of a college education.

Arabella certainly did not inherit her ambition from the present generation of Thompsons. From her mother she learned only contentment according to the instruction of the English catechism: from her father a love of study that, undisciplined, led him to neglect farm duties, without producing any practical results in an educational direction.

"There is no call for your working out all the time," Mrs. Thompson made complaint. "We can keep you as well as other girls hereabouts are kept, and I'm lonesome. I don't see what good this everlasting study has been to your father, or what good it's likely to be to you."

This was no new topic between mother and daughter, and Arabella had thought out the answer years before. What good? Centuries ago the heathen Greek wrote over his Temple of Science, "Knowledge is Power." Its power could win all there is in life worth having, wealth, influence, fame. Better to be a quadruped, fulfilling the instincts thereof, than to drag out an existence not one whit nobler, as did the farmers in her vicinity. Toil, toil, toil, until limbs are stiff, back is bent, brain is dazed, to eat and sleep their only capacity of enjoyment. Let the hind do its work, bolt its food to repletion, then sleep the sodden sleep of imbecility!

Intellectual toil Arabella embraced. It was manual labor only that she resolved to escape. At present her ideas were quite vague as to what position she would gain in the world. Wealth, for her, had no more enlarged significance than sufficient to purchase the elegances of life:—efficient service, soft raiment, aesthetic surroundings. Nor did she sigh for knowledge with a view thereby to benefit mankind. Her present motive power was simply ambition for her own advancement.

"Why not start up a business that will keep you at home?" advised her father. "You're smart enough. We own the place clear: there's no call

for your being anybody's servant."

New England soil, where "weeds and stones contend for mastery," promised small remuneration in any direction. Arabella finally decided to try poultry raising, and to try, with her, meant success. In pursuance of the eternal fitness of things, she remodelled her dresses to suit the convenience of her work, not unmindful of artistic effect. The uneducated customer or caller pronounced the result "queer:" but that it found favor was testified by the vain attempts of spinsters at its imitation, as also by the admiration of bachelors either for the garments, or for their wearer.

About the same time that Arabella started her new business the farm adjoining her father's changed hands. Gossip pronounced the new occupant eccentric, wealthy, poor, dishonest, philanthropic, moral, a social villain.

His first call at the Thompson's was on an evening in May. His errand was prosaic enough, — the purchase of a dozen fresh laid eggs. The sound of his horse's hoofs brought Mrs. Thompson to the open door of her cottage, so, without dismounting, he introduced himself, satisfied her curiosity in regard to his liking for his new home, the size of his family, and also, in reply to questions, enlightened her on several other personal topics of equal public interest.

"Oh, you want to see Arabella," she replied, when an opportunity was finally given for him to state his errand. "The hens are hers. She's up top," pointing toward the steep acclivity which they were facing. "You can run up if you've a mind to."

Mr. Kingston looked in vain for a path available for his horse. "You'll have to hitch down here," his informant added. "You'll find it easy enough climbing round on the other side those bushes yourself; but the hill's too steep for almost any animal except a hen."

Mr. Kingston followed directions, and was soon literally lost among the intricacies of the indicated shrubbery. After various detours the summit was gained, as was also the object of his search:—a young girl with a basket of grain upon her arm, feeding her chickens. A commonplace picture to the common eye: but to him endowed with artistic sense, and a soul in harmony with the pulse of nature and appreciative of its effects, the scene gave the purest delight.

Far reaching earth and sky met in tender embrace. Sward, shrub and tree shone vivid in the green of early spring. The western sky, painted by the setting sun, was aglow with amber and gold, its reflection faintly pencilling the east and marking more distinctly the glorious blue of the zenith. A breeze, soft and heavenly sweet with budding life, entranced the sense. For central figure was a young girl clad in graceful garments of Grecian mode, with hair so deeply golden that the sinking sun must shade it brown and eyes equally dark and "eloquent as a ready tongue," scattering grain to the brood of fowls which gathered about her with the confidence of Hilda's doves.

Such was the picture painted, in its intensest form, upon the retina of Mr. Kingston's vision.

The new neighbor proved very friendly, and was a decided acquisition to the society, or rather lack of society, in their town. He never seemed to want money, though he

lived as does a man with moderate means. His family consisted only of a mother, who performed the household tasks. Arabella, quick to see opportunity unembraced, thought that he did not make the most of his land. Since she had settled at home, through her management the income of their own farm had considerably increased, which fact proved her no unworthy critic. But if Mr. Kingston neglected opportunities, she might in a measure have been held responsible, for it was only at her father's house that this ill advised leisure was spent.

He had many tastes in common with Mr. Thompson. They were each well read, though self educated; but Mr. Kingston had the advantage of travel. In his society even Arabella was sometimes tempted to indulge in the scholarly leisure that had hitherto been only a dream. Then she would bid him go home, telling him that he neglected his own work as well as interfered with theirs. But when he was gone she was not quite happy until his return, lest her dictation should have marred their friendship.

With a temperament like Arabella's time never lags, even when one is waiting the opportunity to pursue the great life work of one's dreams. So the months and years fled swiftly until she had at last accumulated a sufficient sum of money to defray her expenses through college.

"Alas!" she thought, "I do not go as gladly as I would have gone three years ago. I have degenerated. I have become attached to my present work. A little longer delay and I should forget Latin, grow drowsy over French, eschew philosophy, and banish ethics. 'Enceladus, arise!'" and she shook herself like a lioness preparatory to battle, until her shining hair unloosed its fastenings and rippled down her skirt like coils of spun gold.

Father or friend made no remonstrance to her departure, and Mrs. Thompson's plaints, though founded on reason, were treated with little respect. Although Mother Kingston's acquaintance with the family had not ripened into the warm friendship that had grown up between them and her son, she felt that the bond was sufficiently strong not only to warrant, but to impel her, through duty, to advise Arabella in regard to the important step she was about to take.

"You make a mistake," she unhesitatingly declared. "This modern fashion of woman's seeking a career is all a grievous mistake. The place for our sex is at home. Your father and mother are already on the shady side of life, and the need of your help and company will be greater every year. Then by and bye you should marry. That is woman's proper mission. Of what use, then, will your college education be?"

Arabella answered coldly. Indeed, so offended was she that it was only by a struggle with courtesy that she answered at all:—"As to my parents, they are still comparatively young and strong. Of course the lower instincts lead them to desire my companionship. The spiritual needs of every soul receives sustenance only through its own strength. I make no boast of intended celibacy, but conditions are hardly likely to be such as to induce me to unite my life with that of any man."

Mr. Kingston was not present at this interview, but his mother repeated the substance of it to him with comment, to which he replied not.

So through the dreamy autumn days "up top" missed its central figure. The pines sighed for her, the willowy birches drooped for her, the animals she had cared for felt the want of her. Mrs. Thompson repined, but the void in her father's life, and in that of her friend, was too deep for utterance.

II

The first two years of Arabella's college life were a season of unmitigated toil. She took no vacation, but spent the holiday seasons and the long summer months alone, save for the servants in charge, in the great, dreary, college buildings. But she accomplished what she designed, three years' work in two. She was then given a minor position as instructor, and partially admitted into the privileges of the professors. This gave her some society outside the college, a cultured class from whom she had hitherto been debarred. She enjoyed it. It stimulated her intellect, it gratified her pride, for her beauty and talents won her considerable attention.

Now indeed had she commenced the career toward which her aspirations had so long tended. She indulged in a party dress, the first she had ever worn, and surprised herself as she surveyed its effect in the mirror. After the custom of human nature to admire one's opposite, Arabella had thought a beautiful woman must needs be petite. But even modesty had to confess that the tall, white-clad figure which confronted her was surpassingly fair.

She was appreciative of the luxury of being taken to entertainments without responsibility, in an easy carriage. To ride was no novelty, for all farmers keep horses, but they are not of the pedigree that take one over the road as though borne by magic, nor are the carriages particularly conducive to comfort.

Among the people whom Arabella oftenest met in society was a Mr. Blackstone, a lawyer of some reputation, and on the winter in question in the Senate. Blue blood coursed in his veins, and he inherited wealth as well as culture. He was at the meridian of life, forty, or thereabouts, and was known in society as a confirmed bachelor. That he knew his worth was evident, though he had the reputation of being a most agreeable man. His knowledge was varied, his conversational powers unexceptional, and his courtesy unexampled. To be counted his friend was counted an honor even among his own set.

He paid Arabella no marked attention, but she met him so invariably wherever she went, that she mentally styled him the omnipresent. That such had not been his former custom she accidently overheard, and comments on the wherefore of his present devotion to society. Of course it did not signify to her, though she was conscious that his absence would leave a void.

Whether designedly or by accident, he never for a moment allowed her to remain unentertained in company. This attention was so unobtrusive that even Arabella herself was but half aware of it. That

they did not agree on many of the political as well as social topics of the day rather added piquancy to their intercourse, although she, in her practical earnestness, felt that this difference must always be a barrier to true friendship.

Another year brought our heroine a more advanced position in the college, while her own studies afforded her increased satisfaction. The more she learned, the more keenly she felt that her lips had but touched the brim of the goblet overflowing with the nectar of science, and her thirst grew apace.

Nor had she so incessantly tasted pleasure that its zest had palled. Party, opera, or play, had the relish of a well earned recreation. But even Arabella's peerless physique was not proof against such incessant strain. The spring term found her pale and languid, and when she applied to the president of the college for permission to pursue her studies in the building, as heretofore, during the summer vacation, it was not granted.

"I understand you have a home somewhere in the country," said Miss Ingraham.

Arabella bowed assent.

"And the surroundings are pleasant? The home ties are congenial?"

Arabella made still lower obeisance, this time partially to hide gathering tears, for her friend's kindly interest had aroused long dormant affections. At that moment she felt like a child who longs, above every earthly desire, to be safely cradled in that quiet home; for she was mortally tired.

"Then go there," continued Miss Ingraham. "You have earned a rest. Your health demands it. Do not touch a book for the next three months. I am far older than you and have learned too late the wisdom of not overtaxing one's strength."

So the "rare" June days found Arabella at home, and, unquestioning, she felt her heart, her mind, her body, at rest. She donned the cotton dresses that her mother had preserved with scrupulous care, petted the animals, fed the poultry, now greatly diminished in numbers, and washed dishes with ineffable content.

Mr. Kingston made an early call. It chanced that he and Arabella had had only short and infrequent meetings since she commenced her course of study, and she now received his visit with mingled sensations of diffidence, pleasure, and criticism. She tried to analyze her feelings. Why should crimson have dyed her face when she had often met statesmen and scholars unembarrassed? Why did her heart beat to suffocation as their hands met? Wherefore did she cast about in vain for topics of conversation, she of the ready tongue, so prompt in interchange of sentiment, so apt at repartee? Why should she dwell so minutely upon his every phase of demeanor, approving this or criticizing that with a mental warmth that even their past friendship would hardly warrant? Ah, me! Why?

He speedily fell into the old habit of coming every evening and the visits settled into the old customs; conversation, reading, or music. Often Mr. Thompson monopolized the whole conversation, and Arabella felt that she had never before appreciated her father's varied attainments. Her mother's

bright humor and naive simplicity also surprised her. Verily by her own growth was she able to estimate justly the value of her home surroundings. She was also constantly impressed by the fact that her friend had kept pace with the world's progress.

In one month's time she had regained so much of her old vigor that sundry misgivings haunted her lest she was wasting precious time, but, fortunately, Miss Ingraham did not forget her self-instituted guardianship of Arabella, and continued urging the necessity of entire rest.

Arabella had not a voluminous correspondence, consequently an afternoon that brought her two letters seemed sufficiently marked to justify her going "up top" to read them. Miss Ingraham's superscription only was familiar. Proud to be counted worthy of such friendship, she hastened to break the seal. After the usual courtesies the letter proceeded: "For the last year I have studied your character and watched your progress with two-fold interest and am now decided to take you fully into my confidence. I am affected with a mortal disease that will give me but a few more years of usefulness. Every one who knows me must know that I love the work in which I am engaged above every earthly tie. Ever since knowing my condition I have cast about in wrestling and prayer for the person to whom I can trust the position I now occupy: for I have the entire confidence of the trustees, and she whom I appoint they will confirm. I have decided to give the position to you —you who at present are so young and inexperienced. But, as I before said, I have studied you thoroughly, and am sure that you have the requisite characteristics:—executive ability, the power of self-application, and self-abnegation. More study and added experience are of course necessary to fit you for the position. But unless something unforseen occurs, I shall be able to keep my place long enough to thoroughly train you for the situation. I tell you all this now to stimulate you to redoubled exertions. My decision was made before the close of the spring term, but, knowing the work you must accomplish the coming year, I counselled entire rest for the summer. I knew the thought of the glorious career open to you must work fever in your veins."

Miss Ingraham was right. Her words had kindled a fire that sent the hot blood to Arabella's cheek and trebled her pulse. She rose and rapidly paced the path trodden three years before in her poultry raising, and still only partially grass grown.

She chosen to fill a position more noble than her most ambitious dream had ever pictured! Its capacity for usefulness was unlimited. Men and women of the highest stamp honored the principal of ——— College. The name even was an open sesame to the doors of the most select society. But—had her friend and intended benefactor done wisely in withholding her intention? Had she had this goal before her all through the summer months, would the mental sleep in which she had rested have been haunted by a dream, a dream so unformed that it could be called no more than the shadow of a dream, yet was it so passing sweet that it

added charm to the commonest events of life?

Then Arabella remembered her other letter and resumed her seat. The superscription was bold and firm: but it was unfamiliar. She glanced at the date:—Boston, Aug. 10th, then she hastily ran her eye down its pages. It was signed Benjamin Blackstone.

Again hot blood painted her cheek. Then her instincts were right. Mr. Blackstone had not sought her society so constantly without a purpose. He deplored their disparity of age, fourteen years, if that perchance might seem a barrier between them. She was the only woman he had ever desired to make his wife. He would be proud to confer upon her all that wealth could bestow. He knew her to be athirst for knowledge—she should have leisure for study. He would travel with her. He knew her to be philanthropic—she should have money for any charitable object that appealed to her sympathy. She had his respect, his love. Could she reciprocate the sentiment?

Again the fever of rapid thought drove Arabella to her feet. Here indeed was a chance for the fullest life—travel, time for study, money to bestow. Despite the honor, a teacher's life, with all its hardships, palled before this fascinating picture. Sumptuous attire, regal surrounding, immunity from thought even of filthy lucre. Though the philosopher may pronounce these the accidents of life, they must be an incalculable stimulant to mental growth. But—but—the—adjunct—the man. Why could not heaven bestow all this without—Mr. Blackstone? Though really, he was a gentleman, good looking, courteous, interesting in conversation. It was impossible for him ever to become a disagreeable companion.

Why need that shadow of a dream that had haunted her sleeping and her waking hours for the past two months molest her now, just now, when it was so imperative that, unhindered, she come to a decision? Her pace to and fro, to and fro, on the grass grown path, slackened, but thought would not let her rest.

It was yet early for Mr. Kingston's usual evening visit, but the maturity of a weighty purpose had impelled him to forestall the hour.

"Oh, she's been 'up top' these last two hours," said Mrs. Thompson, in reply to his inquiry for her daughter. "Come in and sit down with father—he's in the parlor—and I'll ring the bell for her. She often forgets herself up there, and wouldn't come down from meal time to meal time if I didn't ring. Oh, don't trouble yourself to go up, it's steep to climb, and dirty. Besides, it's time she came down to set the table for supper."

But Mr. Kingston evidently scorned fatigue and ignored dust, for he turned his face obstinately cliff-ward.

With slight variation, but augmented intensity, the picture of five years before repeated itself upon the retina of Mr. Kingston's vision. Too well he remembered it.

In place of early spring, with its tender growth, the high tide of summer reigned:—grass deeply green, trees full leaved, the young fruit perfectly formed: an azure sky, softened by fleecy clouds that shadowed the sun's rays to grateful coolness, but gave no wind or token of summer rain: birds lazily wing-

ing from tree top to tree top, their song intermittent: the vesper service of insects already commenced. For central point, a figure in the ripeness of beautiful womanhood leisurely pacing the open between the cliff verge and the thickening growth of forest trees a rood beyond.

Mr. Kingston had carried this picture upon his heart since its first impress, and the time had now come when he could carry it as a doubt no longer. Better the pain of defeat than the disquiet of uncertainty.

Arabella greeted him with a warm hand clasp. His presence always brought her confidence, rest. At this moment his coming was Beulah, a haven of rest for tortured thought.

Like King Henry, when wooing the Princess Katherine, Mr. Kingston knew "no ways to mince it in love," so straightway he told his tale in a direct, manly fashion.

The hope of winning her for his wife had been his dream since he first made her acquaintance. He knew his personal unworthiness, and the unworthiness of his position. He could give her competence, but neither wealth nor luxury. His wife must be a helpmeet in the struggle of life. When she first went away he had thought to go forth and battle for money as she was battling for an education, for she was worthy the environments of a queen, and he would gladly surround her with such. But he dared not narrow his soul to the accumulation of gold. To cheat, to prevaricate, to dream how he could best out-wit his fellow man, to grind his ignorant brother to longer hours of labor at less wages, all the time heaping up his own coffers, were poor preparation for making himself worthy to wear a jewel of the rarest type! He paused, his every fibre palpitating for her answer. He had confidence in his manhood, in his purpose of life: but life apart from her would have dreary significance.

Arabella answered slowly, and with evident thought:—"It is very pleasant to have you for a friend," and she gave him her hand. "Let me say, dear friend." But kindly as were her words, her manner was not such as to inspire confidence in her intention.

"Do not answer me to-night," he hastened to add. "I am afraid I have been premature, if six years' patient waiting can be called such." Both smiled at the contradiction. "At any rate, evidently I find you at a disadvantage," he added. "Take your own time to consider the subject, only remember the vital importance your decision has for me."

Again she thanked him, then her mother's signal, the bell, sounded a grateful call, which she obeyed, while he descended the cliff on the further side.

Mrs. Thompson wondered why Mr. Kingston did not stop to supper. She had laid the table with company china, and she "wondered" if he would not come back later. But when he did not appear she followed her daughter to her room for the purpose of relieving her mind on two subjects that had heavily weighed thereon for several days.

"Arabella, you have settled down so contented that I do hope you've given up all idea of going back to college. This is your right place.

Your father and I need you. We are getting old—I might say we have got old. We're lonesome. What's the good of the worry and work of bringing up a child to leave you as soon as she is old enough to be of any comfort? Don't any of your books teach that a child's first duty is to its parents? And if, as I suppose some of your high flown professors would say, you lack scope with only us old folks, there is one who lives not far away who would give his very eyes for the privilege of taking care of you, or of letting you take care of him, which, as I understand, is more in the line of the modern woman. He is the best man I ever met and nothing would make your father so happy as to see you settled down so near us."

Having thus relieved her mind, Mrs. Thompson kissed her daughter good night and departed. "Has a reflex of his magnetic personality touched mother, that she divines his wish, and must needs sing his praises so warmly on this night of all nights?" mused Arabella.

She sat by the open window and repeatedly went over the ground—she counselled with pleasure, she heard the argument of duty, she gave ambition a voice, and listened to the enticing whisper of love. She ignored self, and took counsel how she would advise another. The setting moon found her no nearer a decision than had the setting sun. But the walls of her room suffocated her. They prisoned thought. It was only "up top" that she could intelligently grasp the magnitude of the question. So she threw a shawl about her, stole softly from the house and ascended the hill. The night was surpassingly calm. No dew had fallen, and the path was as dry as was her chamber floor. Glimmering stars gave a sense of companionship. She paced the oft trod path, then rested on the rustic bench only to rise and walk again.

With the boundless heavens for canopy, her thought took broader, deeper scope. The advantages of each position for self were merged into an honest, fervent desire to help those less capable of helping themselves than she. How happy to be able to endow colleges, to help orphanages, to support homes for the aged. How blessed the ability to assist in every worthy cause presented! What nobler task could earth offer than to be the almoner of wealth? But the great model master chose to set an example that those most scantily furnished with this world's goods could be brought into closer contact with mankind. Pulse to pulse, she could establish a chain of influence that would widen in endless ramifications throughout the cycles of time, even into eternity.

Wife and mother, the crowning, queenly gift to womanhood, heaven bestowed. Her heart paused, faint at the honor. Who dares take the responsibility of refusal?

When the sun's red disc painted the eastern sky, Arabella's mind was at peace, for, for weal or for woe, her choice was made. Did she choose the brooding wings of love? Or did wealth entice her with its glittering thrall? Or was she lured by philanthropy, born of ambition and its attendant homage, though regenerate by grace?

Gentle Reader, whichsoever course you would have chosen, such was our heroine's decision.

The National Society of N.E. Women



By E. Marguerite Lindley and Juanita Leland

At the Biennial Session of the Federation of Women's Clubs recently held in St. Paul, Minnesota, five hundred clubs were represented. In such a representation a large majority were from the west and middle west. But it is emphasized that the club idea originated in New England. The New England Women's Club was started in Boston a few weeks before Sorosis first saw the light in New York; and the idea of Women's Federation of Clubs, had its inception in New England. As usual, when anything was to be accomplished in war or peace, New England was always to the fore.

At the first meeting of the New England Women's Club, half a century ago, Julia Ward Howe said: "Although seemingly feeble we are the suggestion of a mighty theme." Mrs. Howe's words were certainly prophetic.

Among the women who distinguished themselves at the Biennial this year, was Mrs. Philip Carpenter, of New York, an ex-president of the National Society of New England Women, and president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. She is a woman of personal force and distinction and one who has brought fine qualities into club life. She has a fund of good stories, and made the wittiest address on the program of the last evening's session, on June 6th.

She was free of the purely feminine habit of telling the story with the point left out or put first. She had some rubs for the men, which every man in the audience enjoyed, and once in a while she gave the women something to sit up about.

"The same traits that make a woman a good wife and mother help her in the law. Her intuition is as good as a man's judgment and very much quicker. The intuition seems to have been all in the rib which was taken from Adam and made into Eve."

Of the broadening effect of women's clubs she said: "It makes the woman able to talk about something more than Bridge and Bridget."

The National Society of New England Women was represented at the Biennial by the president, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, Mrs. Edwin A. Tuttle and Miss E. Marguerite Lindley, Chairman of Colony Committee. Mrs. Stoddard Hammond and Mrs. E. P. McKinney were also present as delegates from Colony Thirteen, Binghamton, New York. Other Colonies were also represented.

Mrs. Seward and Miss Lindley held various conferences during the week with women of New England ancestry in regard to establishing Colonies in the various locations represented. As was expected a Colony was started in each of the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The inhabitants of these two cities are largely New Englanders; and the women are deeply interested in the fraternal relations represented in the National Society. There was no hesitation about the organization of Colonies in each of the twin cities. The Committee *pro tem* for St. Paul are Mrs. N. J. Hawkins, Miss Clara L. Start and Mrs. L. M. Sander, and in Minneapolis, Mrs. La Penotière.

Several other Colonies were started during the Biennial and will be officially organized later on this year.

Toledo cannot be considered an outgrowth of the Biennial influence as Miss

Temperance Pratt Reed, a member of the Colony Committe of the National Society has been residing there the past year; and through her influence invitations were sent out which convened about thirty-five New England Women to meet Miss Lindley on her way to New York. She gave a pleasing and comprehensive talk on the aims and purposes of the Society, answering many questions relative to eligibility and the proper method of filling out the membership blanks.

The following officers were elected: President, Miss Temperance Pratt Reed; 1st Vice President, Miss Harriet May Barlow; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Ella Ford Bennett; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Monroe Wolverton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace Jennings; Treasurer, Mrs. S. H. Waring; Chairman of the Board of Managers, Mrs. Bailey Hitchcock.

Those present at this first meeting were: Mrs. Bailey Hitchcock, Mrs. Justice H. Bowman, Mrs. M. V. Barbour, Mrs. Ferdinand Welch, Mrs. Edwin Jackson, Misses Maria and Alice Waite, Mrs. H. Waring, Mrs. John B. Bell, Mrs. E. B. Field, Miss Alice Campbell, Mrs. Emma Leidy, Mrs. Homer Comstock, Mrs. Harriet May Barlow, Mrs. E. P. Hickox, Mrs. Charles A. Merrill, Mrs. C. E. Browning, Mrs. Mary Wood Yeager, Mrs. Ella Ford-Bennett, Mrs. Edwin Hale Jewett, Mrs. Lillian Read, Mrs. S. J. Hall and several others.

A meeting with equally good results was held by Miss Lindley at the Colonial Hotel, Cleveland. On account of lack of time in which to elect their officers it will not be possible to publish the list in this issue. Mrs. Francis E. Shippard is Chairman *pro tem* and is thoroughly capable of handling the work not only as an organizer and a parliamentarian but also as a thorough New Englander in heart and brain. Their charter membership includes many distinguished women among whom are Mrs. James M. Bryer, President of Cleveland Sorosis, Mrs. W. G. Rose, President of the International Health Protective Association and Miss Marshall Honk a well-known pen-woman.

The officers of Buffalo, Colony Two, entertained Mrs. Seward and Miss Lindley most delightfully on their way east from the Biennial. Unfortunately their visits were not made at the same time hence separate functions were arranged for each guest. The following report has been forwarded by their Secretary.

"The month of June will be marked with a red letter in Colony Two's calendar inasmuch as two members of the Parent Society stopped over in Buffalo on their return from the Federation Meeting at St. Paul. The National President, Mrs. Theodore F. Seward was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Board of Managers at the Park Club on Wednesday, June 12. On the following Tuesday, Miss E. Marguerite Lindley, Chairman of the Colony Committe and Miss Adele Lindley Sumner, who represented Brooklyn, Colony Eight, were entertained with a trolley ride to Niagara Falls, followed by a luncheon at 'The Lochiel' and later by a visit to the home of one of the members, Miss Elizabeth C. Trott, who gave the party this opportunity to inspect her unusually fine collection of New England antiques—heirlooms in the Winslow family. Miss Trott is a descendant of John Winslow and Mary Chilton and owns the original diary of Anna Green Winslow which has been given to the world of letters by Alice Morse Earle. It was a great pleasure to the officers and other members of the Board to entertain these guests and a matter for regret that it was not possible to give all the members this opportunity.

Washington, Colony Four, as usual holds her own in response to all interests that concern the New England Fraternity. She reports as follows:—"The regular monthly meeting for June was held at Elywood Farm, the home of a member, Mrs. Mary F. Gibson, Vienna, Virginia, June 19, 1906. The ladies being invited to luncheon left Washington in the morning. The exercises of the day were opened by Mrs. Julia T. Bodfish, singing the song entitled, 'I live for those who love me;' the regular routine business was transacted, followed by a most delightful luncheon, then came the literary hour when the hostess, Mrs. Gibson, related the history of her house, a portion of which had been built before the Revolutionary period, had therefore passed through the wars of the Revolution, 1812, and of the Rebellion and from its history one might say had seen active service in all three wars. Other members recited interesting anecdotes. The poems read were original. Mrs. Logan read a poem entitled 'Johnny Appleseed.' Mrs. Gilfillan read a short history of the first meeting of the Parent Society in New York. It was an ideal meeting for the last of the season. The Colony adjourned until October."

The meeting of the Washington Colony previous to this was held at the residence of Mrs. J. A. Gilfillan. The literary program was one of the finest given and consisted of a paper by Mrs. Lydia I. Y. Wythee on the founding of Salem Colony, Massachusetts, in 1628, which was ably prepared and rendered. Mrs. Ellis Logan gave an equally creditable paper on the "History of Roger Williams" and his founding of the Colony at Providence, Rhode Island. Hon. Charles Lyman also addressed the Colony on its success as to the study of Colonial history; he also touched upon that history and what has developed from it. Mrs. Bertha Robbins, (ex-President, 1905-6) read a poem en-

titled "The First Plymouth Marriage" by Ralph Shaw. A social hour with light refreshments followed.

It may be of help to Colonies who are planning their year's work to suggest that they confer with the Washington Colony, Mrs. C. David White, 1459 Girard street, (President, Colony Four, National Society of New England Women), regarding their study on early New England history.

Editor's Table

A year ago the editor, who had heard much of the "vision of New Clairvaux" and had read many accounts of the work being done there, went to Montague to see for himself the things of which he had read. He went full of kindly interest in, indeed enthusiasm for, the ideals set forth and hoping to see evidence of what the many accounts gave as actually being done there. He spent a day in seeing all there was to see and in interviewing such people as he could find connected with the work, including its founder and chief exponent, Mr. Pressey. On his return he set forth in what he believed to be a kindly spirit, the results as he saw them. This was embodied in an article on "Country College Settlements" which appeared in the New England for January, 1906. The article excited considerable interest and was duly commented on by the newspapers of the region, including the Springfield Republican. These comments upheld his view of the matter, so far as he saw them. He still believes that his criticisms, so far as he criticised, were deserved. With the vision he has no quarrel, nor indeed with the intent of those who have sought to carry it out. He thought then and he thinks now that a vision is one thing and its fulfilment another and to set forth the vision in such terms that it seems to the casual reader an actual fulfilment, as seemed to be done in some of the articles on "New Clairvaux" which he had read was not fair to the faithful who believe in visions and hope earnestly for their fulfilment. In his article he took care to set forth the condition and not the theory. Mr. Pressey in the following communication criticises the critic and in the interests of fair play his statement is given in full. The editor assumes to be neither judge nor jury. He gave his testimony in the January number of the New England and, referring his readers to it, is willing they should draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Pressey writes as follows: — If judgment is to be passed, I wish it could be upon what I proposed in starting out, and upon the understanding that after that every undertaking has a beginning, a middle and an end.

I went out in the world to seek my fortune as they say when I was some months over ten years old. I got a thorough discipline at several kinds of farming; and prepared for college while the hired men slept. I did not do this of my own sheer will—a vision led me on.

Between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five I was getting training in business and working my way through Harvard University, working myself in two shifts of eight and nine hours each. I do not recollect my college days with any pleasure, but with some satisfaction because the path of the vision led through that way.

At twenty-five I entered the Unitarian ministry. I had to do with founding a new church in Connecticut which has since flourished. I settled and preached for four years in a hill parish and married a girl whose father had followed a vision similar to my own for thirty-five years. And she shared the vision.

The union of two visions by slow degrees led me to the most laborious period of my life. About this time while I was plodding through the routine of parish duties I wrote out in the form of a vision certain things which had been gathering and been burning at my heart since I was nine years old, to be read as a mere literary entertainment, a sort of midsummer night's dream, under the chestnut trees by an old New England house set on a hill. It was taken seriously by some, though I do not know why. I afterwards myself took it seriously. I called it the "Vision of New Clairvaux. It was reprinted nearly in full in the January New England.

The connection between this vision and what we are doing at Montague is of course one of poetry and suggestion and not literal. Nevertheless it must be said, the vision itself was an evolution of a dreamer's fancy of a model town, through nearly twenty-five years of dreaming and knocking up practically against a material world eight or more hours a day through it all.

Now I will not repeat the vision which has been so many times reprinted; but will state in plain terms what we proposed to do here. First of all we did not propose to go and join something or get anybody else to come and join something. As minister and wife we felt under certain simple obligations to society which we have modestly striven to fulfill. The Arts and Crafts Society grew out of an earnest and modest desire to help our "Ladies' Aid Society" to nobler usefulness. It became popular on its own apparent merits, not by our promotion, and soon outgrew the church and attracted one or two trained helpers who constituted the nucleus of what we began to call "The Settlement," adopting the phraseology of the college settlements and not to indicate an organization. It is not, however, the settlement idea that we have at any time been interested in promoting. The settlement came providentially to assist in organizing a work that had already outgrown two willing pairs of hands.

Early in the work we set up a printing press in the parsonage kitchen. This too was simply the end of a growth and not an attempt to promote something beyond in the air. It came out of our Sunday school work. We had collected all the children of liberal parents and those left out from the other Sunday school and in our anxiety to have them do well had originated a new series of lessons and had risen from a cheap hectograph to a real printing press in getting them out. Then the Arts and Crafts development so lively amongst us suggested a broader scope of usefulness for the press which was really a fine machine. A neighbor helped us rig up our first water power, a bed-cord belting stretched a hundred feet through the back yards to our woodshed, and kept tucking in suggestions for a shop further down the canal where was a better power.

The printing business grew. We hired some help and took in a little home school of apprentices besides the Sunday school children.

Then we found we had to have a farm. In fact it had been a dream of mine for some time to get back to the land, where I originated; and quit preaching for hire, and help out the Arts and Crafts by building a model village handicraft shop. This dream has been realized. We have the farm half paid for, stock, such as it is, a pretty good horse, some machines and tools and have had our entire living from this in connection with caring for boys for the last three years. We have the shell of the shop, (only a small mortgage on it), which is thought by some to be an ornament to the village . When completed it will be deeded in sections to citizens who are free teachers of their own crafts to a reasonable extent, all previous attempts to incorporate the shop having fallen through on account of the neglect of associates to do their duty promptly.

The Arts and Crafts Society has become a modest financial success and its roots deepen from year to year. Much of my time has been spent in developing a market for the products of the society. The first attempts in this direction made four years ago resulted in practically no sales when we had transported considerable quantities of the goods a great distance. Now it is common when we open the trunks to sell $50 worth and up to a hundred dollars. This done frequently enough in the year, keeps a considerable group of home workers interested and developing their skill and knowledge for the greater work that is ahead for the Arts and Crafts Societies. This is success. The Arts and Crafts movement is doubtless coming to be recognized as the greatest and wisest system of popular education that has ever come into existence. And our Montague group past and present has been a much quoted part of the whole American movement which now permeates every state in the Union.

We estimate now that in three years more we shall have completed the beginning of our work which as we understand it includes the permanent establishment of an Arts and Crafts Society, the completion and equipment of the village shop, the establishment of our own home. That was to be the program of seven years from the beginning of a penniless family with a vision. The larger and harder half of it is already accomplished fact.

It is not lawful for me to speak at this time of the end of our work. But I will suggest a few things we are already planning for the *middle*. That should be a period of production, of doing things, of making country life interesting, of organizing our firesides and workshops, of establishing our ideals. As our first period has been devoted wholly to getting a simple foot-hold upon the earth, so our middle period will be devoted to getting a new environment for the child of tomorrow, by simply working the plants now in process of development, planned exclusively for carrying out the vision.

The scores of comments and "write-ups" on our movement that have been brought to our attention have been remarkably free from harsh criticism. In fact Mr. Packard's article in the January New England is one of only three of its kind that I have seen. This like the others is due partly to a temperament that finds its own fulfilment in things nearly as they are and upon finding in the idealist

a halt, though but an imaginary one, often from the mouth of a jealous enemy who easily pursuades himself of the truth of rumor of damaging circumstances and of it makes seed for more of its kind, our writer cannot resist the temptation to report, conscious as he is of sympathy from the "I-told-you-so's," a large percentage of his readers. This temperament also finds full verification of its rumorings in the poor material showing the idealist often can render. Five cents worth of discolored canvas to one man is another man's $10,000 painting. I do not think this writer was an expert sociologist or idealist from the irreverent language he uses in speaking of the fundamental conceptions of those sciences. Those of us who gradually conceived of New Clairvaux and in five years have made it possible to remain the rest of our lives here to work out the rest think that much has been accomplished, none of which Mr. Packard either reported or looked into. He seems to have made up his mind what to look for and because he did not find *that,* he concluded it had gone. He conversed with one or two who had come and gone from us in the same error. That verified his conclusions.

I have written the main part of this statement as a guide to those who wish to know what to look for when they come to New Clairvaux—not a manufacturing plant, that is not the idea of the village shop; not a communist settlement, only a work that attracted teachers and helpers, necessarily temporary in most instances because they must needs sacrifice or get down to such common practical labor as farming. A good number had not this teaching spirit or anything to teach when the truth came to be known and sometimes not practical sense to get along at common labor which they had professed. Sometimes such have blamed us when they have failed, though in inviting cooperation we have offered in advance no compensation but loss. And in no instance have we received any personal assistance or money from any co-worker at Montague. We have strictly fulfilled all financial contracts with those engaged in the public work. We have had our difficulties and we have met them and are meeting them. There is nothing to go to pieces or vanish. We have not pinned our faith upon vanishing things. What is done is done and cannot be undone. Amongst it all we know there has been some good. And it is not less to-day but more, and promises still greater things.

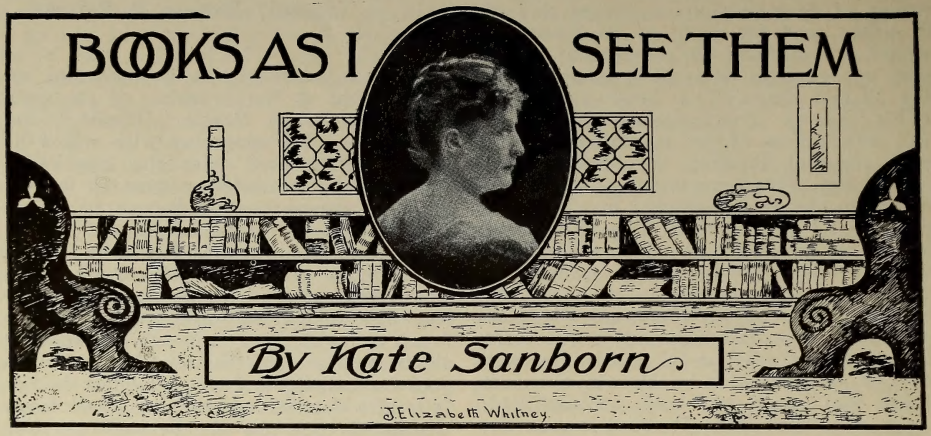
(Signed) EDWARD P. PRESSEY.

* * *

Wireless telegraphy is a wonderful invention but it has troubles of its own. Recently a lad at Newport, Rhode Island rigged up a toy apparatus with which he seriously interfered with the established stations, and produced a general mix-up until his enterprise was discovered. Tapping of wires to secure information illicitly is a recognized crime, but who has a monopoly of the circumambient air? Besides, there is a suspicion that the "wireless" has joined the labor unions. It refuses to work overtime. Every day, at about sunrise and sunset the apparatus goes on a strike and much trouble results. It is also determined that damp and foggy weather is best for the perfect operation of the apparatus. As there is more of sunshine than of cloud in this world, this, too, is a bar to the complete success of the new system. Much yet remains to be learned. The lad who interfered with the established stations made good unexpectedly, for his skill and interest in the business attracted attention and he has been appointed as a third class electrician in the navy.

* * *

Now we have it! Mr. J. Riggs, a Jerseyman who is a member of the Hygienic Association of Zurich, Switzerland is out with a proclamation that all diseases in men, animals and plants are due to malnutrition, and to correct this is to insure perpetual health. He says lava, or in fact any igneous rock, contains all necessary food elements, and that just as air is adapted to respiration by its polaric currents, so the polaric nutrition obtainable from the stones of the field is adapted to the maintenance of life. He evidently assumes that because plant life is promoted by disintegrated mineral substances, they are equally useful in promoting animal life and health. He ignores, however, nature's alchemy in adapting these elements. If his plan should prove practicable the food problem would be settled for all time, and "the hearthstone" which has become mainly a poet's dream, will again be, in a material sense, the foundation as well as the symbol of the home.



It is to wonder, to laugh aloud, to be disgusted, to pity, when the work of a learned young German, Dr. Otto Weininger, entitled "Sex and Character" comes into the hands of a woman!

This extraordinary and sensational volume has already gone through six editions in German, where the men naturally like it. One of his admirers says, "A great philosophical, biological and social question is here treated by a gifted and learned author with perfect freedom and breadth, yet with a seriousness, a wealth of scientific knowledge, that would ensure the book a place in the front rank, even were the style less excellent, vivacious, and individual than it is."

The German publisher, in a note to the last edition seems to fully endorse the absolutely insane or idiotic statements of this mentally askew degenerate, who having, in his own estimation, upturned and remodelled the whole system of woman's place, power, and progression, blew out his brains at the age of twenty-three. He says, "In the science of Characterology, here formulated for the first time, we have a strenuous scientific achievement of the first importance. All former psychologies have been the psychology of the male, written by men, and more or less applicable only to man, as distinguished from humanity. 'Woman does not betray her secret,' said Kant, and this has been true till now. But now she has revealed it: by the voice of a man. The things women say about themselves have been suggested by men; they repeat the discoveries, more or less real, which men have made about them. Weininger, working out an original system of characterology (psychological typology) rich in prospective possibilities, undertook the construction of a universal psychology of woman which penetrates to the nethermost depths, and is based not only on a vast systematic mastery of scientific knowledge, but on what can only be described as an appalling comprehension of the feminine soul in its most secret recesses."

Yes, it may well be called appalling if it could be taken seriously, for the author allows woman no character, no mind, no modesty, no sympathy, no brains, no thoughts, save very bad ones, "a woman only thinks in 'henids,'" no soul, no power of loving, no reverence, "a purely male virtue." "No real memory; only an animal-like power of recollection." " All women are liars." Hysteria is woman's poor attempts to imitate male virtue. "The meaning of woman is to be meaningless." "However degraded a man may be, he is immeasurably above the most superior woman." "It is almost an insoluble riddle that woman, herself incapable of love, should attract the love of man."

And so on and on, more and more severe.

And the more outrageous and preposterous his asseverations the more I laugh. Just listen to him! "Women have no existence and no essence; they are not; they are nothing." A female genius is a contradiction in terms, for genius is intensified, perfectly developed, universally conscious *maleness.*" "A man may become a genius if he wishes to." "Male liars are not common." "No men who really think deeply about women retain a high opinion of them; men either despise women or they have never thought seriously about them." "The prostitute, not as a person, but as a phenomenon, is much more esti-

mable, in my opinion, than the motherly woman."

Frenchmen have for ages written about women, neglecting no variety of type: the fanatic, the devotee, coquette and cocotte, Queen of the demi-monde, Leader of the Salon, Madame Guyon and Ninon de L'enclos, the inciters of rebellion and riot; Michelet has devoted a volume to Woman as an Invalid. They gladly acknowledge that their wives by their economic wisdom helped pay off the national debt; they bow to their taste and artistic skill in matters of dress and home decoration; they own with Victor Hugo that woman is a conundrum but decide with him that they will never, never, give her up!

The German women have always been especially devoted to their husbands, and their home life; they are now thoroughly awake and are forming influential clubs, as advanced as our own; writing novels of great merit, lecturing on questions that concern the sex; travelling the world over, observing and thinking, yet never unwomanly nor rebellious but keenly aware of the unfairness of their position and longing for the abolition of the necessity for armies and greater opportunities for themselves.

An Austrian woman, the Baroness von Suttner, in her strong and convincing novel, "Ground Arms," emphasizes the necessity of better training for women, if the highest degree of civilization is to be attained by the world at large. Grave ministers of finance commend this powerful presentment of facts; its influence in Germany is as profound as "Uncle Tom's Cabin was here; it won the Nobel "Peace Prize" of $40,000, as its perusal helped to bring about the Hague Tribunal. The wisest men own that its philosophy is profound, its logic strong and unanswerable: she cynically exposes the egotism of man, in ascribing to the Christian God convenient sympathy with conditions which are relics of barbarism.

And a German youth of unusual ability, endeavored to erase woman, and incidentally the human race!

What a pitiful arrogance must have possessed this man to make him believe himself capable of writing an ultimate judgment, from which he admits of no appeal; condemning one-half of humanity.

His mother? what sort of woman was she? Possibly a consumptive, unmarried criminal, of dissolute ancestry: such a combination occasionally produces perverted genius. What women could he have known and where did he, at so early an age gain all his pitiful half knowledge? Do you remember Heine's beautiful appeal to the Venus of Milo; she had no arms with which to lift him up; this unhappy boy could only have known those wrecked creatures who had no spiritual uplift, or else he was essentially vile and soul blind.

He states that "Every man in his own life becomes intimate only with a group of women defined by his own constitution, so naturally he finds them much alike." Judging by his own dicta on women what must have been his make-up?

He declares that "he who destroys himself, destroys at the same time the whole universe." Living in the "universe" (whatever that means that *his* must have been) I don't wonder that he wanted to destroy it, even at his own expense.

But why give more attention to an erudite maniac? Yet one footnote I must give to make my opinion of his madness conclusive.

"A male criminal even feels guilty when he has not actually done wrong. He can always accept the reproaches of others as to deception, thieving, and so on, even if he has never committed such acts, because he knows he is capable of them. So also, he always feels himself 'caught' when any other offender is arrested."

Poor Otto! the victim of a false theory which in spite of his learning landed him nowhere. His only solution of the terrible condition he worries over is celibacy: "that the human race should persist is of no interest whatever." He can allow nothing good to the Jew; hates the Anglo-Saxon, asserts that England has only produced two really great men and so he drivels on.

Pope, the crooked little invalid, embittered by his physical defects, spit and snapped in sparkling couplets at a woman, while Lady Mary Montagu's scornful laughter at his adoration still rang in his ear and rankled in his unsatisfied heart. And there is a modicum of truth in much of the wit expended on women.

Still most men realize with Dryden

"As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em."

And after such a nauseating exhibition of conceit and masculine egotism grown rank I love to turn to dear old Chaucer and copy his verdict,

"Withoute women were al our joye lore;
Wherefore we ought alle women to obeye
In al goodnesse: I can no more saye."

This erotic and erratic (rot and rat) volume is republished in London by William Heinmann, and in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Some reviewers were amazed that such a firm should bring out this revolting illustration of mental morbidity: a pathological study. But to me who happen to know how they have always been most happily associated with the highest types of women; one of the Sons having sought and secured a former Dean of Barnard College for a second

wife it seems plain that they desired to expose the author to deserved ridicule; and possibly make a little money out of his monstrous and crazy conclusions.

I do not know the price: some men may want it at any price. But the man who has reason to love and honor his mother, sister, and wife, would no more care to own the book than he would wish to entertain in his home a loathsome Leper.

Ugh! Pugh! I feel as if I had been trying some of Armour's messes. Let us turn at once to something sane and agreeable. I used the word footnote which suggests that in the Contributor's Club of the July Atlantic there is a most delightful and original chat on "Footnote Persons," those fortunate semi-great ones of their generation who catch on to the robes of their adored friends and masters and hold so hard as to be immortalized with them. "It is all very well for us to sniff and remark that So-and-so lives only in the lines of some poet or in the footnote of some biographer."

Well are we in a position to patronize him? Wouldn't we give our boots and bottom dollar to be sure of as much?" Then several are mentioned; as Johnson's Savage, Lamb's Manning, Carlyle's Sterling, Emerson's Alcott.

The Atlantic Monthly is the only magazine of which I read every word: but I always turn first to the Contributor's Club because there something that comes straight from head or heart can surely be found; a refreshing contrast to articles prepared for pay or fame or both. I have been devoted to this best of Boston's products since old enough to appreciate its rare flavor and I once got a hint from Judge Chase when visiting at his home which makes me smile to-day. We were going to have quite a large dinner company, and when I came down stairs looking no doubt primed to do my level best as a converser, my kindly host said, "Kate, don't quote from the Atlantic Monthly to-night." No doubt I had bored every one unconsciously by repeating its contents nearly in entirety.

Rev. Dr. Hale, our "grand old man," delivered two addresses at the Brooklyn Institute in their courses on government and sociology in 1903 and 1905 and these are now printed by James Pott and Company, New York, with the title, "The Foundation of the Republic." As ever with the writings of this optimistic sage, we are strengthened by encouraging facts and hopeful thoughts. He always makes one more satisfied with the conditions in our own country, more proud of its advantages. But his last words are a warning prophecy.

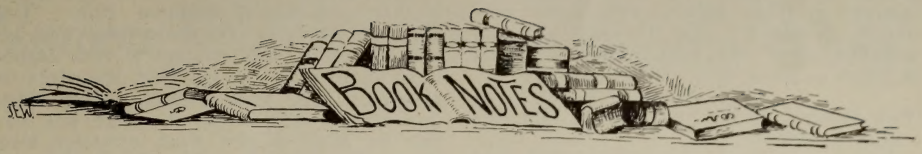
"Just so far as we do not like to retain God in our knowledge, so far and so fast do we fall away from the eternal successes. We think we are very grand, we think we are very ingenious. We think we are very rich. Yes. There is no harm in thinking so, if we really know and make our children know from whom comes our strength, whose law is our law. If we forget that, or if we are too proud to assert it, our sun is gone down, our twilight begins, and after twilight, midnight."

Little, Brown and Company send a new and finely illustrated edition of that uncommonly good novel, "Truth Dexter," the pictures admirably done by Alice Barber Stephens, who is gifted with the power to make sketches of the heroine which satisfy the author as well as the many readers. We are promised the name of the woman who wrote this fascinating story, before long. An anonymous lure never interests me. If a novel is so capital as to be engrossing I don't care to speculate about the name, sex and age, of the one who has achieved it.

With one exception. Before the radiant, lovable and unique Elizabeth of the "Solitary Summer" and "German Garden" had written herself out and was reduced like many another, to producing books, she was a fascinating Anonym. How well her secret has been kept.

Now we know who "Barbara," the Commuter's wife is; Mrs. Mabel Wright of bird lore and out-door books. Her latest "The Garden, You and I," is a series of informal talks on a garden; how to place and start one, not forgetting the two mighty rulers that must be consulted the Sun and the Wind. She writes in poetical prose, of Nature and her ways, and brightens her instruction by amusing criticisms and genuine humor. As "I always tremble for the lowlander, who down in the depth of his nature, has a prenatal hankering for rocks, because he is apt to build an undigested rockery! These sort of rockeries are wholly separate from the rock gardens, often majestic, that nowadays supplement a bit of natural rocky woodland, bringing it within the garden pale. The awful rockery of the flat garden is like unto a nest of prehistoric eggs that have been turned into stone, from the interstices of which a few wan vines and ferns protrude somewhat, suggesting the garnishing for an omelet."

Personally, I do not need to have a budding romance of two mature friends and the coming of a baby, mingled with my gardening guide. But it makes a pretty story and the whole is well done. And twenty-five illustrations add to the charm and value of the book. Macmillan Company. $1.50.



THE CITY THAT WAS. By Will Irwin.

A vivid pen picture of San Francisco as it as before the earthquake and fire, by Will Irwin, now managing editor of McClure's Magazine. This account was published originally in The Sun of April 18, 1906, and it struck such a popular note that the author was induced to revise the article and expand it for publication in book form. To this The Sun kindly consented.

Mr. Irwin tells, in an entertaining manner, of the men and women who peopled the city, of its unique institutions, of its clubs, restaurants and pleasures, and of the conditions which made life there so different from anywhere else in the world. He reports faithfully the habits and surroundings of the alien races which made San Francisco their home; he describes the life of slum and waterfront as truly as that of club and drawing-room.

The book as a whole presents a picture as true to its subject as a photograph, but with all the charm of an impressionistic painting. It will occupy a high and undisputed place in literature of the San Francisco of the past. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE POLES. By William S. Reed.

This book is certainly entertaining summer reading. In it the author, William Reed, advances a theory which if not new is startling and is backed up by what he regards as proofs deduced from the reports of Arctic and Antarctic explorers.

Mr. Reed claims that the reason why the poles have never been discovered is because there are none. The earth he says is hollow and instead of the north pole, for instance, is a great rounded hole into which explorers sail and then sail out again in their search, misled by the vagaries of the magnetic needle.

The author declares that "when Lieutenant Greeley was beholding the mock sun at 120 deg. L., he was looking into our sister-world; and when Nansen saw the square sun lined with horizontal bars he was gazing on what may be the future home of his daughter, then but two years old."

The old complaint of the unsatisfying explanation of books is also expressed by the author. "School-books teach that the earth is round, and flattened at the poles," but do not tell us why. He opens our eyes with this belief: that the earth is hollow and that the opening causes the appearance of flatness. Again, "when Nansen was going into the interior of the earth, he was under the impression that he was going north." Of course, as the author says, "travellers must go north when they go into the interior, until they reach the farthest point, but long before they do, they will have sunk a long way into the earth."

"What of the compass?" some investigating mind will ask. The author replies: "as soon as the curve begins, the compass will try to follow north, and will rise to the glass at the top, or as far as adjustment permits. On the explanation that the earth is hollow, the needle worked just as it should have. Had it worked differently, it would have been wrong."

In the various chapters the author discusses the flattening of the earth at the poles, length of polar nights, the aurora, meteors, dust in the Arctic, open water far north, why it is warmer near the poles, the bergs, tidal waves, winds, centre of gravity, the earth's interior and other matters that produce phenomena which he uses to prove his theories. The book has many illustrations and whether or not we are convinced as to the truth of the theories advanced it is an interesting addition to the discussion of the polar problem. (Walter S. Rockey & Company, New York.)

THE NEW FAR EAST. By Thomas F. Millard.

This book is a critical examination into the new position of Japan and her influence upon the solution of the far eastern question, with special reference to the interests of America and the future of the Chinese Empire. The material was gathered during the last six years by the author who was an observer of and often times a participant in the events from which he draws his conclusions. It deals in successive chapters with the true position of Japan, the seizure of Korea, Japan's dealings with the policies in China,

the new China, the relations of Japan and China with western nations, and America's positin and policy. To all who have an interest in trade politics and social conditions in the far east this will prove a work of value and deep interest. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

THE FRENCH BLOOD IN AMERICA. By Lucian J. Fosdick.

This bulky volume contains a great deal of fascinating information about the French families that came to the colonies and the part they played in our development. It shows how Revere, Faneuil, Bowdoin and Dana in New England, Jay, Desbrosses, Hamilton and a host of others in New York, Girard, and Bayard in Pennsylvania came from the French refugees.

The French immigration to America brought a splendid strain of blood that has done its part in supplying ideals and energy to the American stock, a part that has been too often overlooked in the eulogizing of other nationalities. To the student, the historian, the biographer and the general reader who likes to get understanding in an enjoyable way the facts and the interesting way in which they are set forth with their broidery of romance and folk-lore, will bring a mass of interesting information. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $2.00.)

KENELEM'S DESIRE. By Hughes Cornell.

A romance whose scene is laid in British Columbia, a part of the globe distinctly new to most of us, but charming none the less. Kenelm, a young Alaskan Indian brought up and educated by white people, is the gifted, but refreshingly human hero of the tale. It would be difficult to imagine a girl who would contrast more sharply with Kenelm than does Desire, the heroine.

It is the love story of these two which forms the central interest of "Kenelm's Desire," but there are mingled with this. exciting outdoor adventures, not to mention the Indian's long and finally successful struggle for recognition in his chosen profession to help make the story as vitally interesting as it is. (Little, Brown & Company. Price $1.50.)

"THE CIRCULAR STUDY." By Anna Katharine Green.

A new and cheaper edition of Anna Katharine Green's detective story "The Circular Study." To those who are acquainted with the writings of this author it is unnecessary to say that the story is absorbing; that goes without saying when one knows who wrote it. The tale has for its basis a plot even stranger than those of its predecessors. (R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 E. 17th St., New York. $1.50))

Will Irwin, author of "The City That Was" has had a wide experience in the Far West. Born in New York State, he was taken by his parents as a baby to Leadville, Colorado, in the great mining stampede of 1879. He was brought up in that lively and interesting camp, the last gasp of the old, '49 days in the West—a camp where, for a year, they had "a man for breakfast"—Westernese for a murder —every morning. Until he entered Stanford University in 1894, he knocked about the West as cowboy, herder, barn-storming actor and laborer. At Stanford he paid a great deal more attention to "college activities," especially dramatics, than to his Greek; and three weeks before his time of graduation he was dropped, the specific offence being a seditious song of his, which had grown very popular in college, and in which nearly all the college authorities were mentioned. His brother Wallace, the writer of light verse, had simiar troubles. In 1899, the Stanford faculty gave Will Irwin a belated degree.

After he left college, Irwin plunged into life as sub-editor of the old "Wave," a publication which never seemed able to do much for itself, but which has been a great seed-ground for writers. Frank Norris, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, Gelett Burgess, and Jack London all did more or less toward learning their trades on the "Wave." Those were its dying days; and Irwin's job, for a year, was to write it from cover to cover. In those days, it was owned by J. O'Hara Cosgrave. Time has swung half a circle for Cosgrave and Irwin; the former is now managing editor of "Everybody's Magazine." and the latter managing editor of "McClure's."

Women Who Do Things Worth While

NUMBER ONE

The Popular Young Hostess of the West Hotel, Minneapolis

By Olive Olivera

Everybody likes to know people worth knowing, particularly those who do things of importance, either in the arts or in the more relevant domain of business. It is especially so of women, purposeful, intelligent women who accept large responsibilities and achieve success in lines that have taxed the best resources of men. It is really very delightful to meet a woman who controls a great business, actually runs it, manages its many details and does it as easily and gracefully as she would serve five o'clock tea — especially if she is a very young and charming woman.



Some of the absurd persons who are seeking to curtail the opportunities for women in the business world, on the ground that they are not as capable of efficient performance as men, would change their views if they were to observe the systematic, calm, unruffled dispatch of details with which Miss Helen E. Wood conducts the famous West Hotel at Minneapolis, Minnesota. One could hardly select, as a test of a woman's business grasp, a more exacting illustration than the management of a big trans-continental hotel. It requires a rare kind of cleverness to handle an army of servants and employes, to cope with the needs and exactions of hundreds of guests every day—some of them capricious to a point of exasperation: to keep in touch with the daily price and movement of every market supply: to see that all the appointments of a vast establishment are kept in perfect order for public entertainment and yet Miss Wood does all of this with the expertness and decision of a veteran boniface.

The West is universally known as one of the largest and finest hotels in the northwest—the leading hostelry of St. Paul and Minneapolis. It has long been a favorite of tourists and travellers generally. It was owned and managed for some time by Mr. Charles H. Wood, a genial and popular landlord, father of the present charming hostess and came under her direction by inheritance. She was a mere girl but rather than lease The West she courageously determined to carry on her father's work and organized a company for the purpose. It was a surprising exhibition of grit on the part of this gentlewoman and the result was watched by many friends and admirers with no little misgiving as to the outcome but it is now the verdict of all those who visit the Twin cities that The West gains in attractiveness and that the fascinating young hostess ranks among the best hotel keepers in the country. She proved that she inherited something more than an estate from her father.

The people best worth knowing from every point of view should have at least two qualities. They should be entirely sincere in what they undertake and they should be enthusiastic. With these two qualities a person is almost certain to be interesting and to be interesting is to be worth knowing. In these respects Miss Wood is a most inspiriting personality. She has learned the importance of being in earnest through the perplexities of arduous occupation and success in her work

has broadened her view toward life in all its branches. In all she does there is the spring and freshness of youth and a bubbling enthusiasm that inflects all her surroundings. She is never confused, never without a fine feminine poise: she turns in a moment from a puzzling business affair to most engaging naivette. It would be hard to find a more perfect or pleasing example of independent young womanhood with the eccentric components of business acumen. It is worth a trip to Minneapolis from any distance just to be the guest of this winsome young boniface who is teaching her sex a broader usefulness for their faculties and skeptical man that with all his vaunted superiority he may be a good sized pebble but he is not the whole beach.

The Great Northern Railroad

By Herbert Churchill

Almost at the head of the scenic railroads of the world is the Great Northern. Nearly every mile of its five hundred leagues from Minneapolis to Seattle is a link in a panoramic spectacle of rugged nature that the traveller can never forget. There is a pastoral charm in the great wheat fields, the sylvan forests, the lakes and rivers of Minnesota that suggests Arcadia. Through Dakota as the foot hills of the rockies are approached the great cattle and sheep ranges come in view their countless herds looking vast waves of brown and grey undulating over the green expanse of rich food land. Here and there are hints and outcroppings of nature's opulence in ores and minerals, even before Wyoming is reached and then for scores of miles on the thickly timbered mountainsides, down in the craggy gaps, in the valleys and along the river-bed curling smoke from mine shafts show how coal and iron, silver and lead, copper and other materials are being dug out for man's uses. Along this mighty steel highway as it approaches nearer to the Pacific are evidences of amazing wealth and the traveller who is crossing for the first time is bewildered by the contemplation of this vast territory where nature has stored treasures for men so alluring that in the next quarter century its towns, mining camps, farm villages, passes and trails will be peopled by a race as rugged as the Rockies that will be able to feed and clothe half the world.

The writer recalls without much stretch of memory the days when the far northwest was separated from the rest of the country figuratively as unreachable as the planets. As late as the sixties a trip across America meant ten-fold more danger and fatigue than a trip around the world means to-day. What wonderful changes have been wrought since then? What was considered a terror in cognito, a wild man's country full of dangers and dreaded apprehensions, is to-day a vast field of industry with a civilization equal to the oldest parts of the world, with schools and churches, pleasure and health resorts, universities and electric railroads, where business and social morality are at the base of growth and prosperity unequalled anywhere.

To those Americans who are fond of foreign travel yet have never seen the wonders of their own country, the writer gives this wholesome hint: see your own country, particularly the scenic splendors and multiform attractions of the northwest: come out on the Great Northern Railroad and let your eyes behold what would make Switzerland pale by comparison. If you are in search of new fields of energy where wealth awaits you, come out into Montana or Washington: if commerce is your bent, take Seattle or Tacoma as your base and develop where the beacon light of commerce bids the trade of the Orient to come hither. Are regions of recreative delight suggesting a summer journey of unequalled enjoyment? Take a handbook of the Great Northern railroad and you will find places as enticing as the Elysian fields.

The various branches and extensions of the Great Northern running from the main line give it the appearance of a backbone of a fish on the map. There are eleven of these extensions and they afford unusual opportunities for the home-seeker and in-

vestor. They traverse country peculiarly adapted to diversified farming and stock-raising and all the varied business professional and mechanical pursuits that thrive where these conditions exist in the best form. The Great Northern furnishes adequate transportation for all the products of this region and a ready market for all the crops.

The equipment of the Great Northern is equal to that of any American railroad, and the daily trains operated between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Seattle, Portland, Vancouver and Puget Sound are so elegant as to make the tour one of pleasure and luxury at any season of the year. "The Oriental Limited" is the highest attainment of railroad comfort and sumptuous appointments. It is made up of a locomotive of the most powerful type, handsome day coaches, new tourists' sleepers, magnificent dining cars, palace sleeping cars and a compartment, observation and library car. This train is an innovation in trans-continental travel. It is the embodiment of comfort and elegance. Luxurious in appointment, perfect in construction, complete in every detail from headlight to rear-end lantern there is little left to be desired. The placing in service of "The Oriental Limited" was done with a view not only to retain travel but to create it and that this end was accomplished is obvious in the growing popularity of this most comfortable overland train.

The Winnipeg service of the Great Northern has won the title of "The Comfortable Way" between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. The superior facilities afforded by the "Winnipeg Limited," the fast mail train of the Great Northern makes it the popular one between the twin cities and Winnipeg.

The lake passenger service that is an adjunct to the Great Northern and is conducted by the Northern Steamship Company is exceptionally fine, superb floating palaces running between Chicago and Duluth touching at Mackinac Island and passing all the places of interest on Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. The sailing season of these boats is from June to September. The "Northland" being in commission between Buffalo and Chicago and the "Northwest" between Buffalo and Duluth.

The Pacific Ocean service of the Great Northern is decidedly the best between this country and the Orient. The Great Northern Steamship Company has two magnificent steamships the "Minnesota" and the "Dakota." Speaking of his homeward trip from Korea on the "Minnesota," Hon. Horace N. Allen, the retiring American Minister, said:

"I have made twelve trips across the Pacific on various lines but for speed and comfort the last on the great 'Minnesota' was by far the best and most enjoyable. I did not know that this trip could be made without a trace of sea-sickness until we made that passage with no more motion than we would experience at anchor in the harbor."

All first cabin staterooms are outside rooms located amidships. There are electric reading lights and telephones in each stateroom. Other features of the superb accommodatins are the music room, library, social hall, smoking and children's playroom.

The Great Northern also operates in connection with the Boston Steamship Company which has a fine line of steamers between Seattle, Yokohama, Hongkong and Manila. It further operates in connection with the Japan Mail Steamship Company across the Pacifice to, Japan China and Oriental ports from Seattle. This is the most northerly steamship route and is the shortest by several hundred miles.

Those who are sufficiently interested in the Great Northern Railroad or the location, history, climate, resources and products of the important territory it traverses may, by writing Mr. F. I. Whitney, Passenger Traffic Manager at St. Paul, Minnesota, obtain further information of interest.

Nature's Gymnasium or Automatic Athletics

By Lewis Franklin Small

Our little people are where the Greek "daughters" were in the time of Homer and his description of their condition cannot be improved upon.

"Lame are their feet and wrinkled is their face."

Shoes are made to sell. The machinery raises a welt all around the foot. Sawdust and other waste material fills the bottom spaces. The arbitrary plane is set on a box of scraps or mud rubber. This acts as a rudder and steers the treadle or wedge by the heel. Time and order are thus disturbed and sense of place and position are destroyed. Toes backslide and a web and three-toed hoof and frog is formed. Muscular locomotion under these conditions is productive of a painful process. It is easy to procure wrong muscular and mental attitudes. As a logical result everybody is protesting about uncomfortable conditions.

"They" are up against it good, hard and plenty. "It" is a condition external that continuously adjusts and changes the internal conditions. That law is in fact life itself.

Gravitation instantaneously and everlastingly does just that to the human animal. This is nature's gymnasium but the management and administration is our own in trust. The orthopedic trust.

This sort of mismanagement has produced in our Athens 100,000 children whose legs do not run straight from hip to toes, nervous, conscious organs that are not mates in form, in action inefficient.

Their pedals don't track. Twisted frames that are not consistent with weighted super-structure spell dislocation and disintegration of physical compactness.

That's lack of ease of motion—disease.

As in other lines of human endeavor the popular and highly profitable remedy is worse. In her school of physical education Nature has no need of "hot air, fixed ideas and the flat foot plate" treatment.

She does not need the money and uses alternating exercise and rest to cure.

That means more than a sign of almost human intelligence restoring, transforming and reforming external conditions.

To be sure there is a lack of, first, a moral mental attitude towars nature and compliance with her fool-proof laws. Second, knowledge on the subject based upon applied common sense and good feeling invention. Modern man is not the superior being he imagines.

The difference between what he thinks is so and what really is so and his absent minded treatment of this subject proves this. The trust teaches that the foundation foot frame is a "tripod." As a matter of fact there are ten pad bearings and we have a series of "tripods."

The human animal is muscle strung and nerve wired up in unstable equilibrium properly set upon twenty ball-bearing weight balancing foundation thrust points. Here are the A B C's of law and order.

As Bradford says, "Man is the only animal that can stand upon his feet and fight with his hands."

When trained by nature as this one was he can stand upon one foot, fight with the other, both hands and his mouth.

The orthopedic trust haven't a leg to stand upon, but put up a pretty stiff fight for the foot brace and keep it in all the hospitals with one exception, the City.

When one of Lovett's men saw this cast he said, "He has no arch, he is very flat footed." I had personally watched this foot and given it room and balance for four generations.

The boy stands by choice upon the knuckles or tops of the toes and kicks a football in the same handy manner that Jake Kilrain taught me to punch, with the dorsum or back of the hand up, straight from the hip and shoulder.

On seeing the cast of the same foot the same medicine man said, "The poor half club-footed baby."

Therein lies the secret of good feet, flattening, clubbing, arching, turning and twisting; all action is good. It is the habit that is bad. The fixed arch is another foolish dream. Nature's smile, a large dimple, a part of the arch of life that is enthroned in the body everywhere there is free and easy motion restates the facts. There is a low speed clutch and a high speed but no hole for "support."

In order to sell a pot boiler or plate a place must be found to put it.

There are in this country ten pairs of artificial frogs, splints or crutches to every man, woman and child.

"Man has built himself a coach and has lost just so much muscle support," said Emerson. "Go," said the old X-Ray-Eyed student of viviaction, "swift erect and unconfined." In all the body of fiction that balls up this subject there is nothing of greater value to be remembered.

398 Boylston street.



Impression
Of an
Ideal Foot
Taken in
Hot wax
Under water.

It simulates
Nature's process
Which produced
In hot lava
The foot of
Pre-historic man
Now in
Peabody Museum,
Harvard University.

Among the Mountains of New England

By J. S. English

The mountains of New England are her choicest possessions—treasures over which physiographers ponder and enthuse in their scientific researches and whose rugged schists and even uplands have earned the appelation of peneplain;—sacred regions where the Great Manitou of the aborigines dwelt in power and splendor;—and glorious retreats where thousands of tourists annually journey in search of health and repose in the most refreshing of climes and amid the most gorgeous of landscape views. All parts of the great Appalachian System, they lie scattered over three states, New Hampshire has her wonderful Granite Hills, the White Mountains; Vermont looks toward her sponsors and patrons the Green Mountains; Maine has her twin peaks, Katahdin and Kineo, (described in a previous issue), while in Massachusetts. the Hoosac and Taconic Ranges and the beautiful Berkshire Hills, afford a wonderful diversity of scenery.

The White Mountain Region proper embraces an area of about three thousand square miles, extending over fifty miles from North to South and a like distance from East to West. Four large rivers, the Connecticut, Merrimac, Saco and Androscoggin have their sources in these mountains and nowhere is there a vista of nature more diversified in its matchless magnificence than the glorious scenes presented among the "Crystal Hills." Rich intervales of deep emerald verdure, surrounded by rising hills, shrouded in a woodland coat of deeper hue; trickling cascades, winding like silvery serpents round rocks and ledges; blossoming fields of fresh, perfumed flowers; roaring cataracts and waterfalls; wonderful grottoes and caverns, wilder and more attractive than the greatest works of sculptor and artist! In this region are some forty different summer resorts, each with its own particular attributes to lure the tourist. Plymouth is the popular gateway, situated near the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Baker's Rivers, which flow through the delightful meadows and intervales of the Pemigewasset Valley. Plymouth is a fitting approach to the further wonders of the White Mountains. The Pemigewasset House, where Hawthorne died while on a visit to the mountains with Franklin Pierce, is the chief hotel, and the same building esrves as hotel and railroad station. From Plymouth, there are two paths leading to the center of the monutains; so we will pursue first the course followed by the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad to Bethlehem Junction. The route lies along the banks of the Baker River through the quaint sequestered villages of Quincy, Rumney and Wentworth across the bridge to Warren, almost at the base of Mt. Moosilauke. Moosilauke is the favored peak of this portion of the mountain district and is in the town of Benton. Like a giant, standing among the lesser hills of Rumney and Wentworth, with no nearer neighbors than the Franconia Mountains, Moosilauke reigns supreme with his 4.811 feet the highest elevation in the state, east of Mt. Lafayette. On the summit, which is a broad plateau, is located the Tip Top House. This hotel has lately been remodelled and can comfortably accommodate fifty guests. The summit is reached by carriage from Warren Station to Breezy Point, where buckboards can be procured for the trip to the top. Breezy Point is a southern spur of the mountain, seventeen hundred feet high, five miles from the summit and equally distant from Warren. The Moosilauke is an excellent hotel, delightfully situated well up on the spur, and looks after the tourist at this point. Distance lends enchantment to the view, as seen from Moosilauke's summit, and even the outlook from Mt. Washington fails to surpass it in many ways. Glencliff and Haverhill, both farming towns lie en route from Warren, and next is Woodsville, the gateway to the mountains proper. Woodsville has two hotels, the Johnson and the Wentworth. From here the journey leads through Bath and commences the ascent of the winding Ammonoosuc Valley. Beyond Bath, the Ammonoosuc is crossed and the town of Lisbon with its beautiful environs is at hand. Haut's Mountain is reached from Lisbon and Parker's Hill is an eminence nearby which commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Lisbon has three hotels and several good boarding houses. Sugar Hill, within the town of Lisbon, has a railroad station. About fifteen hundred feet above the sea, this eminence commands a grand panoramic view of the Green Mountains to the west and the nearer valleys and peaks of the Franconia Range. A reverend gentleman stopping some years ago at this heavenly resort, wrote concerning it—

"An agreeable surprise awaits everyone who comes here for the first time to find how near he is to the mountains and yet not of them. Long ranges of mountain peaks are before him; the grand slopes and curves coming gracefully almost to his feet, yet he stands upon a rich limestone and slate soil, and the waving grain and the luxuriant foliage of the forest—a fitting dress for the Shenandoah Valley—please the eye on every hand." Some elegant summer hotels, about ten in all, are located here. Littleton, a few miles beyond Sugar Hill, on the line of the railroad is one of the most prosperous towns of northern New Hampshire. It has a considerable summer colony and half a score of hotels to care for them, besides a number of cottages. Eustis Hill, just to the south of the town; Main's Hill, one and a half miles distant and Morrison's Hill, about a mile along the Franconia road present views of mountain scenery as fine as are to be found throughout the region. On the road to Bethlehem, the entire extent of the White Mountain Range is brought into view. Wing Road is the railroad junction point from where the traveller can continue north to the dominions of Coos County or turn to Bethlehem, Fabyans and Profile House. Profile House and these other mountain centers have another approach however, and far more entrancing and pleasing to the eye is the way of the Profile Notch! From Plymouth, the journey on a branch of the railroad is through Campton Village in the valley of the Pemigewasset, where the vista of meadow and woodland, blended with their variegated tints of foliage, the gray tips of the nearby hills and the shimmering surfaces of green-fringed mountain streams, have produced the rich result so earnestly sought after by landscape lovers and artists. West Campton, West Thornton and Woodstock all share the joys and benefits of the blessed Pemigewasset and all are amply equipped with hotels and boarding houses.

At North Woodstock, the stage leaves for the trip through Franconia Notch. North Woodstock is in full view of the Notch and is one of the most beautiful spots in the White Mountains. It is remarkable for its great variety of views and the numerous points of interest nearby. Among the many visiting places are "The Eddy," "The Sweetheart Rocks," Mt. Cilley, the Ice Caves, Mirror Lake, Loon Pond and Cascade, Bells Cascade and the wonderful Lost River, a region replete with natural curiosities and never discovered until 1895. North Woodstock contains ten large hotels some of the most luxurious of the mountain inns. The stage is the means of transportation through the "Notch," a wonderful mountain pass, about six miles long. It lies between the Franconia and Pemigewasset Ranges. The commencement of the Notch is at the "Flume" a deep and narrow gorge, the bottom of which is a ravine seven hundred feet in height, with cascades and waterfalls scattered about everywhere. Here is located the Flume House and the trip from here to the Profile House, Starr King says, "contains more objects of interest to the mass of travellers than any other region of equal extent within the usual compass of the White Mountains tour," and he especially recommends this course to "Those who would thoroughly enjoy and taste with eye and ear the freshness of the forest, the glancing light on a mountain stream, the occasional rare beauty of the mosses on its banks, the colors at the bottom of its cool, still pools, the over arching race of its trees, or the busy babble of its broken and sparkling tide." Among the natural attractions which are plentifully observed throughout the mountains, the Notch has first call; the pool is a rocky basis surrounded by high cliffs in the midst of the forest and catches the waters of the rushing Pemigewasset as it courses from the cascade above. The Basin, about one and a half miles from the Flume House, is a large rocky bowl, hollowed in the rocks by the wearing of the waters and filled to a depth of fifteen feet with the clear waters of the Pemigewasset; Echo Lake, a beautiful, crystal like sheet is guarded by Eagle Cliff; Bald Mountain is close by and Mt. Cannon is about three quarters of a mile north from the Profile House at the head of the Notch. A short distance south, at the foot of Mt. Cannon, is another body of clear, limpid water, Profile Lake. Mt. Cannon is a precipitous peak, nearly four thousand feet high, composed of huge exposed areas of granite ledges. "The Profile" or "Old Man of the Mountains" is a remarkable profile in rock of a man's features. It looks towards the southeast and is formed by three separate ledges of granite. This wonderful natural phenomenon has been admired by and written of by thousands of travellers from all parts of the globe. Hawthorne's story on the "Great Stone Face" is a tale of the Profile. The Flume House is a magnificent hotel with accommodation easily for one hundred, while at the end of the stage ride is the Profile House. The new Profile House, which was opened in June. is one of the most elegant and costly hostelries in New England.

South of Wing Road and north from Profile House but a few miles, is Bethlehem, the mountain mecca, the paradise of the upland regions. Bethlehem is the highest of New England's villages and is

situated on a slope 1,450 feet above sea level. Blessed with an abundance of beautiful scenery, pure, revivifying atmosphere, the salubrious qualities of which prove a sure-cure treatment for sufferers from hay fever, it favors this particular class of health seekers; but combining with its healthful climate a full quota of pleasure essentials, Bethlehem rightfully exacts honor as the mountains' "ideal summer resort." From Bethlehem's golf links one can survey the imposing Presidential Range, and the long line of the Franconias; while from its magnificent "street," the town of Littleton, and fading in the distance, the Green Mountains greet the view. The drives are numerous and attractive;—it is but eighteen miles to the base of Mt. Washington; seventeen to Crawford's; twelve to Fabyans; fifteen to Jefferson; ten to Profile; seven to Sugar Hill and five to Littleton—and the roads are suitable for driving and automobiles. Mt. Aggasiz is within easy walking distance of the center of the town. The golf links are a nine hole course. Tennis is a popular pastime among the guests and Bethlehem's baseball team of college amateurs is the pride of the resorters. A mile east of the center of the town is Maplewood. Maplewood's fame as a summer resort is justly due to its grand location on an extensive plateau, in the very heart of the White Mountains. The Maplewood Hotel is a high grade house, favored with a generous and most desirable patronage. It accommodates about five hundred guests and is supplied with all the modern accessories of a strictly first class summer hotel. It has admirable facilities for the care and repair of automobiles. The golf course, unlike many courses abounds in natural bunkers and is more like Scottish links in its upkeep. The links have a range of forty-six hundred yards and is an eighteen hole course.

Using Wing Road as a central point, and follwing the railroad route north, we pass through Whitefield Junction, Scott and Dalton, all delightful little mountain villages, on the way to Lancaster. Lancaster is protected by high mountains on the east and borders on Israel's River. The Lancaster House is the principal hotel and the view from the veranda is perfect. Lunenburg Heights, a picturesque hill section lies just beyond the Connecticut in Vermont, but a few miles' drive from Lancaster. West from Whitefield Junction are Whitefield, Jefferson, Cherry Mountain, Gorham and Berlin. Whitefield is a farming village with a hilly surface and excellent opportunities for enjoyment. Seven hotels and boarding houses afford accommodations at rates of $1.25 a day and upwards. The largest hotel is the Mountain View House, fourteen dollars per week, and accommodates three hundred. Jefferson is a mountain village laid out on a beautiful spur of Mt. Starr King over the valley of Israel's River. Its elevation has made it the rival of Bethlehem and Jefferson disputes the claim of superiority of altitude with that village. It is certain however, that Jefferson possesses the same medicinal qualities prescribed and compounded for hay fever sufferers at Bethlehem, and nowhere does the entire White Mountain Range present such a striking and imposing scene as in the view observed from Jefferson. Jefferson Highlands, another popular summer center is nearby and the drives include those to Lancaster, Stage Hollow, Randolph, a neighboring town patronized by vacationists and the top of Mt. Prospect and the base of Cherry Mountain. Jefferson has a dozen smaller hotels and boarding places and the palatial Waumbek and cottages, which can easily accommodate five hundred guests. Next is Cherry Mountain and following is Gorham, at the entrance to the famous Glen. The trip to the summit of Mt. Washington via the Glen route is through the most beautiful and romantic scenery imaginable, for sixteen and a half miles. Gorham has two hotels and several large boarding houses. Berlin is the busy city of the mountains, yet her scenic adornments are even superior to Gorham, for here the Androcoggin and the foaming Berlin Falls add their decorations to the glory of the mountains. Some people maintain that the finest view from the base of Mt. Washington is the Fabyan House in the town of Fabyan. The Fabyan House is one of the best of the mountain hotels run by the popular O. W. Barron and can easily care for five hundred. It is situated at an elevation of 1571 feet and within plain view are all the peaks of the Presidential Range, the prospect is complete. At Bretton Woods, the works of nature and the arts of man have combined and through their unison have produced one of the most gorgeous scenic effects in the mountains. Anderson and Price are the hosts and the beautiful Pleasant and the sumptuous Mt. Washington, the most magnificent summer hotel in the world, offer every inducement of comfort and luxury to the thousands who annually assemble here. Beautiful drives and walks, spacious golf courses and baseball parks, surround the hotel. The near view of the mountains is grand, the summit of Mt. Washington, when not enveloped in clouds, is clearly seen, and but a short distance across is the the base, where the mountain train is preparing for its "climb to the clouds."

Mt. Washington is the monarch of the White Hills; 6, 293 feet high, the loftiest peak east of the Rockies and north of the

Carolinas; exactly 4,722 feet higher than Fabyan. The summit of Mt. Washington is reached by bridle or footpaths, the Crawford Trail, leading from the Crawford House, requiring a whole day to make the ascent. From the old Glen House, a carriage road leads up the east side and a pathway from Fabyan; but the popular route is via the Cogwheel Railway. The trip occupies about an hour and the panorama is truly wonderful. On the summit is a comfortable hotel, for visitors invariably remain over night to experience the exquisite enjoyment of a mountain sunrise. On a clear day, from the summit one can gaze over a circle of perhaps a thousand miles in circumference; east to the Atlantic Ocean; west to the shores of Champlain; south beyond the borders of Winnipesaukee and north to the Province of Quebec. The temperature rarely exceeds forty and snow may be encountered on the summit the year round. Within walking distance of the summit is the famouse "Lake of the Clouds" and many other points of interest. From Bretton Woods our exit from the White Mountains will be via the wonderful Crawford Notch, which by many is preferred as an entrance to the White Mountains. Below Bretton Woods on the Maine Central Railroad is Crawfords, the site of the Crawford House. This splendid hotel, now meets every want of the army of tourists who visit here during the summer, and where years ago the sturdy pioneers of the mountains, Abel and Ethan Allen Crawford extended their hospitality in the first hotel established in the region. About three miles from the Crawford House, a little before reaching the Willey House, the Notch proper begins, extending to the gate or entrance at Bartlett, a distance of three miles. The railroad winds along the terraces several hundred feet high and from the car windows, the splendor of the Notch can be viewed much better than from the road. This pass is between Mt. Willard and Mt. Willey on the west, and Webster and Jackson on the [illegible]n 1826, the Willey family, fearful of a tremendous slide from Mt. Willey, fled from the house, but ere they found shelter, were caught in the terrible crash, and all perished while the house which they feared would be demolished first, escaped destruction. Barstow in his history of New Hampshire thus describes the Crawford Notch: "Descending the river, the mountains in some places seem to close before you and meet together. In other places, their bare sides, scarred with avalanches, rise perpendicularly at first, then receding, swell into rugged pinnacles, with projecting craggs on either side, which nod over the bleak ridges underneath, threatening to burst from the gigantic mounds and crush the lower falls that surround them. The Saco has now swelled to a maddening torrent, and thunders down the chasm with a deep roar and a wild echo. After struggling through the mountains, the river issues with a calm flow upon the plain below and scarcely can the country furnish a more pleasant vale than that which borders the slow winding current of the Saco in the towns of Conway and Fryeburg." The general term, as applied to Crawford Notch, embraces as far as North Conway, which is looked upon as the entrance. Bartlett has two hotels and plenty of summer boarding places. Jackson, reached from Glen and Jackson Station on the Maine Central Railroad claims the famous Wildcat River, a handsome mountain stream which bisects the town. Jackson Falls, Ellis River, Glen Ellis Falls, Goodrich Falls, Iron Mountain, Double Head and Mt. Bartlett are all within easy driving and tramping distance. North Conway and Intervale are the "East Side" resorts of the mountains. They are situated in the choicest intervales of the mountains, watered by the pure Saco and guarded on east and west by the White Horse Ridge and Rattlesnake Range. Nearby is Mt. Kearsarge and across the river is Moat Mountain. At Intervale the view of the green valley with the giant peaks of the mountain range in the distance and nearer the verdant tops of the three "Thorns" is one of the loveliest combinations of pastoral and mountain vistas in the country. From the veranda of the Intervale House, one gets the entire sweep and at North Conway, likewise one surveys landscape pictures on all sides. Artist's Falls, Diana's Baths, Cathedral Woods, Humphrey's Ledge, Mt. Surprise, Goodrish Falls, Bartlett Boulder, Conway Corner, Jackson Falls, Pitman's Arch, Hurricane Mountain, Ridge Ride, Potter's Farm, Carter's Notch, Buttermilk Hollow, Fryeburg and Lovewell's Highland Park, Glen Ellis Falls, Swift River and Chicoma Lake are points of interest easily reached. Bath, Intervale and North Conway, have each a dozen first class summer hotels and boarding houses, with varying prices and accommodations to suit. South of North Conway are Madison and Ossipee, ideal summer resorts, blessed with fine mountain air; an abundance of trout brooks and lakes and nearby cosy walks and drives. Mt. Chocorua, one of the most interesting peaks of the Sandwich Range is easily reached from these towns and is a favorite climb with mountain trampers. On the Maine Central Railroad, west of North Conway, is Fryeburg, Maine, a town filled with Indian traditions and historical landmarks, enjoying all the benefits of the mountains in the shape of scenery, fresh air and good

view points. Lovewell's Pond in Fryeburg, is an excellent resort for campers and fishermen. Away up in northern New Hampshire is Dixville Notch, not exactly a White Mountain resort, but near enough to be classed thus. It is neighborly to the Rangeley and Connecticut Lakes and its brooks and ponds are favorite resorts for the fishermen. The Notch is a deep ravine among high hills and is one of the most imposing scenes of rock and mountain views in America. Colebrook is the prominent summer center in this vicinity and also a departing point for the Connecticut Lakes on the Canadian border. In northern Vermont the Lake Memphremagog and Lake Willoughby regions, surrounded by high hills, are the nearest counterparts of Swiss Lakes to be found in the country and may be properly styled "mountain mirrors." But ten miles of Memphremagog starting at Newport, lie within the territory of Vermont, the rest is in Canada. A steamer, "The Lady of the Lake" sails from Newport, past the towering peak of Bear Mountain and the Majestic Owl's Head. Willoughby is reached from West Burke, Vermont, an eight mile stage ride. The lake is six miles long and about one and a half miles wide and lies between two mountains, Pisgah and Hor. Indeed, the hills of northern Vermont which lie scattered between the White Mountains on the east and the Green Mountains on the west, have every right to be classed in the mountain district. Their scenery is both rugged and pastoral, grand and sublime, valley follows mountain and meadow succeeds highland.

But Vermont looks for mountains not towards her scattered hills, but to the range of Green giants which have given her her name. The Green Mountains have two New England portals, one via the Central Vermont Railroad and the other via the Rutland Railroad at Bellows Falls. Entering the Central Vermont Portal at White River, the train reaches Bethel, before we are aware of our proximity to the mountains. Six miles more and at Randolph we come within sight of the higher summits. Beyond is Braintree, huddled midst a heap of rising hills and at Roxbury, the next station, the Dog River rises one thousand feet above the sea level. At Roxbury, the train crosses the summit pass of the Green Mountains. Next is Northfield, sheltered by two ranges of hills, one on each side of the river. From Montpelier Junction, a spur track runs to Montpelier, but a short distance. Montpelier, the capital city of the state, is in the Winooski Valley, guarded by high, round-topped hills and craggy mountain peaks which enhance the vista of broad, green fields and rich meadows. A city with a reputation free from hay fever and warranted to dispel all germs with beautiful drives and parks and one of the best hotels in the state, Montpelier has all the appurtenances of a New England summer resort. At Middlesex, the river plunges into Middlesex Narrows, a canyon about a quarter of a mile in length and thirty feet deep and at Waterbury, eight miles from Montpelier, Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield meet our gaze. These two loftiest peaks of the Green Mountains are within easy riding distance of Waterbury. Waterbury has two hotels and boarding houses. North Duxbury, Richmond and Williston lie in an agricultural district and are favored with the excellent valley and river pictures of this region. At Stowe, which is 227 miles from Boston, Mansfield's summit looms up, but nine miles distant, easily reached. The view from the summit of Mount Mansfield is surpassed only by that from Mt. Washington. The Summit House is situated at the foot of what is known as the Nose and is a modern hotel; first class in every respect. Lake Mansfield, a beautiful sheet of water, covering an area of about one hundred acres, is four miles south of the summit. Between Stowe and Waterbury, the Mt. Mansfield electric railway makes five trips daily, connecting with all passenger trains. Six miles southeast of Montpelier is Barre, the Granite center and Williamstown, the site of the healthful Williamstown Springs, a celebrated summer resort, is connected by train with Barre. The Gulf House is the popular rendezvous for resorters. Northfield, ten miles south of Montpelier, is in the very heart of the Green Mountains, and has a wealth of picturesque scenery. Camels' Hump is reached from Stowe by a sixteen mile drive and a five mile walk, but at Barre her high hills and wild mountains vista is shown to best advantage. The summit of Camel's Hump is but three miles distant. There is a first class hotel here and several smaller boarding houses. Next follows Richmond, a noted dairy section, and then Williston, a farming town with a summer hotel admirably located on a high hill, overlooking Lake Champlain. Here the Winooski Valley ends, at the gates of Burlington.

From Bellows Falls, the route is via the Rutland Railroad and in the valley of the Black River at Ludlow we enter the mountains. The train ascends heavy grades and just north of Ludlow the railroad is built, through a picturesque pass in the Green Mountains, continuing on to Headville and thence to Summit, over one thousand feet above sea level. Both Summit and Headville are favorite places for hunting and fishing. Mt. Holly, three miles beyond the summit, is a typical lit-

tle Green Mountain hamlet and the forest covered tops of Mt. Hillington, Pico and Shrewsbury are nearby. East Wallingford, three miles further on, and Mott Haven, secluded in the mountains, are choice retreats. Cuttingville, also boasts of a hotel and is patronized by many during July and August. And easily reached from Cuttingville by stage are Lake Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury, North Shrewsbury and Cold River. At North Clarendon is the Clarendon Gorge, where the Miller River rolls rumbling along and in a few minutes the city of Rutland comes into view. Rutland is situated at an elevation of five hundred and sixty-two feet and facing the city on the east are the commanding spires of the Green Mountains; Pico, Shrewsbury, East Mountain and Ball Mountain. There are magnificent drives in the vicinity of the city to Proctor's Falls, the mountains, Killington Peak, Lake Pico, Bridgewater, Lake St. Catherine and Lake Bomoseen. An electric railway runs throughout the city and to many of the neighboring points of interest. Proctor, a marble center, the home of U. S. Senator Proctor, and Pittsford, located on a hill about three miles north of Proctor, are pleasant little mountain hamlets. Pittsford is admirably located on a hill overlooking the valley of the Otter and has pure sand springs in the near neighborhood and a wealth of historic landmarks and associations. It is gradually growing as a vacation center. From Brandon, the two lovely lakes, Dunmore and Silver are reached. Lake Dunmore is eight miles from the village. The lake is five miles in length and one and a quarter miles wide. Two modern summer hotels, accommodating three hundred guests, take care of the summer visitors. At Sudbury, eight miles west of Brandon, is Lake Hertonia, and one mile from the Lake is the famous Hyde Manor. Hyde Manor has accommodations for two hundred and fifty guests; is ideally placed midst the richest of the Green Mountain scenery and is blessed with pure air and good piscatorial opportunities, for the anglers may try a cast for black bass and pickerel in Lake Hertonia and at Lake Hinkum ,a forty minutes' drive. Seven miles beyond Salisbury is Middlebury, and eleven miles east of Middlebury is the Bread Loaf Inn and Bread Loaf Mountain, four thousand feet high. The Inn stands upon a plateau at an altitude of sixteen hundred feet and is one of Vermont's best known summer resorts. Burnt Hill, Silent Cliff and Lake Pleiad are points of interest in the neighborhood. Bristol, the terminus of the Bristol Railroad, six miles in length, running from New Haven Junction, is a fertile little farming town, sheltered by Hog Back Mountain. Hotels and boarding houses are within easy walking distance of some of the best known places of interest in the mauntains. Devil's Windpipe, Money Diggers' Cave and Rattlesnake Den are among them. Leaving Bristol, the glory of the Green Mountains fades and a few miles beyond, we are outside the realms of the mountains. Let us now hie toward the hills of Massachusetts, to the inviting towns midst the Hoosac Range and the Berkshire Hills.

The famous Hoosac Tunnel bores the range through Hoosac Mountain for a distance of four and a half miles. The east portal is beyond Zoar and the west at North Adams. North Adams is situated in the very heart of the Hoosac Mountains, surrounded by hills ranging from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. Although a busy city of commercial proclivities, North Adams has also a store of cherished gifts in the shape of scenery and pure air for the vacationist and many nearby features of interest, reached by driving or walking, one of the most popular of which is the wonderful Natural Bridge. The bridge is located on Hudson's Brook, the waters of which have worn a passage through the solid rock a distance of a mile and fifteen feet wide. Sadawga Springs and Stamford are reached by stage from North Adams. Sadawga Springs is situated twenty-one hundred feet above the sea and possesses a beautiful lake and a famous floating island and is a delightful retreat for rest and health. Stamford is a lovely little town sheltered on one side by the Hoosac Mountains and on the other by the Green Mountains. Fifteen miles' drive from North Adams is Heartwellville, Vermont, a quiet little farming town with a summer colony. Williamstown, the handsome college town, is one of the most beautiful summer sections in New England. Henry Ward Beecher referred to it as situated "in a country of valleys, lakes and mountains that is yet to be as celebrated as the lake district of England or the hill country of Palestine." At Williamstown is located Williams College and from here Greylock is easiest reached by carriage road. Sand Springs, whose curative powers are well known, is a favorite visiting place. Greylock is 2525 feet above the sea and an excellent panorama rewards the tourist who climbs to the summit. Looking eastward, the Hoosac Range meets the prospect, while toward the north, the long line of the Green Mountains greets the vision. One large hotel, the Greylock, besides several smaller ones and boarding houses, are well prepared to serve the visitors to Williamstown. Following the winding of the mountains, the railroad leads us from Williamstown, across the State line to Pownal and North Pownal,

Vermont, both beautiful hamlets in the midst of the mountains. The Hoosac River shows its presence here and adds materially to the picturesqueness of the surroundings. Bennington, the sacred battelground of John Stark's victory, is but a few miles distant and having journeyed hence, one has toured the few but striking haunts of the "Hoosac."

And now for the Berkshire Hills! which comprise a magnificent territory of mountains, valleys and lakes, reaching from Salisbury to Williamstown and from Williamstown to Bennington, Vermont. The Boston & Albany Railroad winds through the principal cities of this region. And one writer on this territory said, "We hve entered the Berkshires by a road far superior to the Appian Way. On every side are rich valleys and smiling hillsides and deep set in their hollows, lovely lakes sparkle like gems." From early summer until late autumn, the Berkshires attract the tourists and in October when the vacationists have fled from the seashore and country and the frosts of the Green and the White Mountains have forced a departure, a farewell vacation pilgrimage is made to the Berkshires, where the splendor of the autumn foliage and the freshness of the atmosphere not only satisfies but enthralls the visitors. Beecher, speaking of October in the Berkshires, says, "Have the evening clouds suffused with sunset, dropped down and become fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms faded upon the mountains and left their mantles there? What a mighty chorus of colors do the trees roll down the valleys, up the hillsides and over the mountains." Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been termed the "Gem City of the Berkshires." It is 150 miles from Boston and 52 miles from Albany, New York. It is the center of a superb circumference of drive and view. It has all the conveniences and accommodations that modern life requires, good walks, good roads, water, electric lights, churches of all denominations, library, etc. The principal hotel is the Maplewood. Balanced Rock is Berkshire's greatest natural curiosity. It is located to the northeast of Pittsfield and is reached by a very pleasant drive. Its height is eighteen feet, estimated weight of 150 tons and rests upon one square foot of surface. Onota Lake is one and a quarter miles distant; Pontoosuc two miles; Silver Lake one and a half miles; Ashley Lake, five miles and Morewood Lake two miles. Greylock is reached by good roads and by electric cars from Pittsfield. Electric cars connect Pittsfield with Lenox, which is on the line of the Boston & Albany Railroad and New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Lenox has attained the highest rank as a vacation resort, surrounded by all the charms of the Berkshires, while the wealth of her patrons has fixed upon her the same exclusive mark which stamps Newport the seashore city of the "smart set." Driving and riding, automobiling, walking or golfing, offer opportunities for pleasure beyond the ordinary. The distant views are fine; the Green Mountains on the north; the Salisbury Hills in Connecticut and the Catskill Mountains to the west are in plain view The Hotel Aspenwall, a magnificently equipped hostelry and the "Curtis" are two of the principal hotels. Stockbridge, a smaller town than Lenox, possesses charming social life and the famous Red Lion Inn, where tourists gather. Stockbridge has a golf club and a few minutes' walk from the hotel are the links. Just to the east of Pittsfield, reached by the Boston & Albany and trolley cars is Dalton, Massachusetts. Dalton has excellent hotel accommodations and numerous scenic attractions. Wahcanah Falls, one of the handsomest of the Berkshire cascades, is located near the town. Dalton has acquired fame as being the site of the "Crane Paper Mills" where the paper used by the government for greenbacks is manufactured. Hinsdale, Massachusetts, a few miles east of Dalton, is a busy little town and has a hotel and several boarding houses, beautiful walks and drives and many attractions for the summer vacationist. Becket is sixteen miles east of Pittsfield, and here Centre and Yoakum Lakes afford boating and fishing opportunities. Beautiful roads penetrate the mountain district. Centre Lake is a fine sheet of water, about one mile in length. It is located on the top of a hill and is fifteen hundred feet above sea level. The summer home of the late W. C. Whitney is located at Becket, in the October Mountains.

Templeton, twelve hundred feet above the sea, is one of the oldest towns in the state. It is five hours' ride from Boston and is situated on the western slope of a long plateau, and whichever way you turn, a constantly changing picture of beautiful landscape is presented. Middlefield, which is situated three and a half miles from the Boston & Albany Railroad station, on the top of one of the lofty hills of the Berkshires, at an altitude of eighteen hundred feet, is fast growing as a summer resort. Middlefield has a country club of about one hundred members. This greatly adds to the social life of the community. Cummington and Worthington are popular summering spots. Cummington is reached by stage from Dalton and Worthington is reached from Hinsdale, Massachusetts, by stage. Huntington is a pretty little village nestling among the hills, and two miles from Huntington is



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